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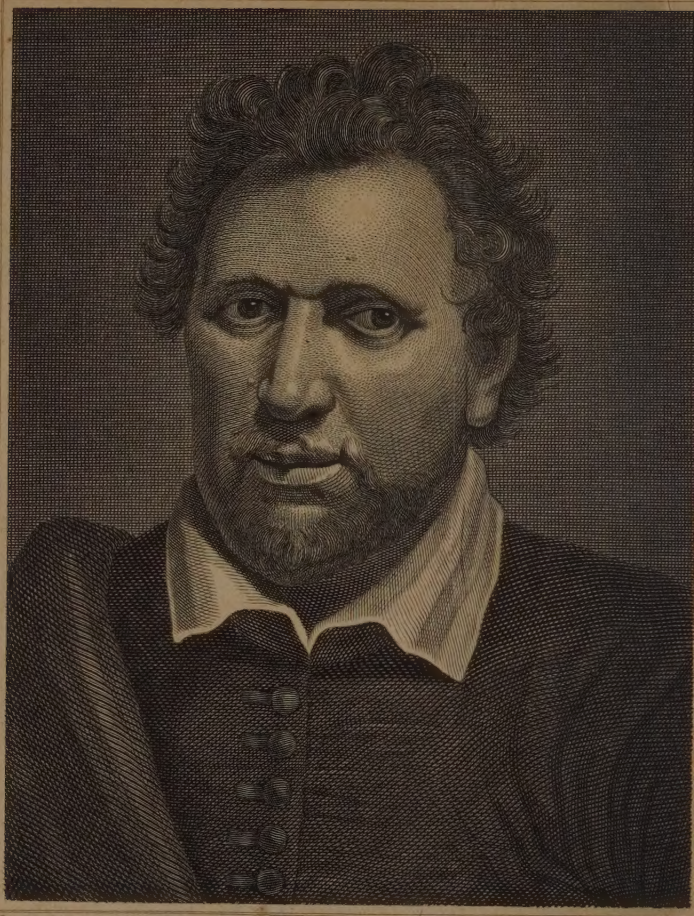

Gerard Honthorst pinxit. Phillip Audinet Sculp.

BEN JONSON.

Published by John Stockdale, Piccadilly 29th April 1811.

THE

Dramatic Works

OF

BEN JONSON,

AND

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:

THE FIRST

Printed from the Text,

AND

WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY;

THE LATTER,

From the Text, and with the Notes

OF

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

1811.

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THE LIFE

OF

BEN JONSON.

COLLECTED FROM LATE WRITERS:

1811.

Although we have thought it right to insert the Preface and Life of Jonson from Whalley's edition, in order that the reader may have in this, all that the editor did, yet we cannot forbear, in the impression now offered to the Public, giving those other particulars relating to our Poet, which have come to light since the time of Whalley, from whose edition the present has been carefully printed.

Ben Jonson was born in Hart's Horne Lane, near Charing-Cross, Westminster, June 11, 1574, about a month after the decease of his father. His family was originally of Annandale, in Scotland, whence his grand-father removed to Carlisle, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, under whom he enjoyed some office. But his son, the father of Ben, being deprived of his estate and liberty in the reign of Mary, went afterwards into holy orders, and leaving Carlisle, settled in Westminster. When of a fit age, our Poet was sent to a private school in the church of St. Martin's, and was afterwards removed to Westminster school. While successfully

pursuing his studies, his mother married a second husband, a bricklayer by trade, and took home her son with a view of bringing him up to her husband's business. This occupation ill accorded with his views, and he quickly left it and went to Cambridge; but necessity obliged him to return, when it is believed he was employed on the new building at Lincoln's Inn; again he quitted the trowel, enlisted as a common soldier, and served in the English army, at that time engaged against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. On his return from this expedition, in which he acquired some glory, he resumed his studies at Cambridge.

When he left the University, he saw no way open for the acquirement of a subsistence: he had obtained a large portion of learning, but he knew of no method of rendering it subservient to the wants of life; he accordingly embarked with a company of strolling players, who exhibited in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch; and in a very short time became a writer for the Stage, as well as actor. One of his pieces attracted the attention of Shakspeare, who recommended him and his writings to the public notice. In the year 1598, his comedy of "Every Man in his Humour" procured him celebrity. Decker, a contemporary, censures his acting as awkward and mean, and his temper as rough and untractable. The principal works of the Poet are mentioned in Whalley's Life, which will prevent us from going over the same ground here. His Alchymist gained him such reputation, that in 1619 he was made poet-laureat to King James the First, and obtained the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. The King had already granted him an annuity of one hundred marks during life, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service heretofore done, and hereafter to be done by the said B. J." In the year 1630, King Charles, by letters patent, reciting the former grant, and that it had been surrendered, was pleased, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service done to us, and our father, by the said B. J., and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen, which we have enjoined him, and which we expect from him," to augment his annuity of one hundred marks to one hundred pounds per annum, during his life, payable from Christmas 1629. He enjoyed also a pension from the City, which

was probably withdrawn about the year 1631, as he seems to allude to such an occurrence, in the postscript to a letter in the British Musæum, in which he says, "Yesterday the barbarous court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlerly pension." The letter was addressed to the Earl of Newcastle, and as it refers to his own situation, as afflicted with the palsy, and as very poor, we shall give an extract from it.

"I myself being no substance, am faine to trouble you with shaddowes, or what is less, an apologue, or fable in a dream. I being stricken with a palsy in 1628, had by Sir Thomas Badger, some few months since, a foxe sent mee, for a present; which creature, by handling, I endeavoured to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year, 1631, and this verie weeke beeing the weeke ushering Christmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dreame, (and morning dreames are truest) to have one of my servants come to my bedside, and tell me, master, master, the fox speaks! whereas mee thought I started and troubled, went down into the yard to witness the wonder. There I found my Reynard in his tenement, the tubb I had hired him, cynically expressing his own lott, to be condemned to the house of a poet, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not any thing heard but the noise of a sawe dividing billates all the weeke long, more to keepe the family in exercise, than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master, and went on in this way, as the fox seemed the better fabler of the two. I, his master, began to give him good words, and to stroak him: but Reynard, barking, told mee this would not do, I must give him meat. I angry called him stinking vermine. Hee replied, looke into your cellar, which is your larder too, youle find a worse vermin there. When presently calling for a light, mee thought I went downe, and found all the floor turned up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of salt-petre vermin. Whereupon I sent presently into Tuttle-street, for the King's most excellent mole-catcher, to release mee and hunt them: but hee, when he came and viewed the place and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handful, smelt to it, and said, master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin, the K. or some good

man of a noble nature must help you : this kind of mole is called "a want," which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the worsting of it in tyme. And therefore God keepe you and send you health. The interpretation both of the fable and dream is, that I, waking, doe find *want* the worst and most working vermin in a house : and therefore, my noble lord, and next the king my best patron, I am necessitated to tell you, I am not so imprudent to borrow any sum of your lordship, for I have no faculty to pay, but my needs are such, and so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give mee in the name of good letters and the bond of an ever grateful, an acknowledging servant to your honour."

After this he wrote other pieces for the Stage, till his death, which happened on the 16th of August, 1637. Within a few months of his decease, his contemporaries joined in a collection of Elegies and encomiastic Poems. The character of Ben Jonson has been drawn by various writers. Drummond, the Scotch poet, says of him, "that he was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and despiser of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest ; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived ; a dissembler of the parts that reign in him ; a bragger of some good that he wanted, thinking nothing well done, but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep ; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both ; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a translation."

According to Lord Clarendon, "his name can never be forgotten, having by his very good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the Stage, and indeed the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were, judgment to govern the fancy, rather than excess of fancy, his productions being slow and upon deliberation, yet then abounding

with great wit and fancy, and will live accordingly ; and surely as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety and masculine expressions, so he was the judge of and fittest to prescribe rules to poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since, if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty yet, as to ascribe much of this example and learning to Ben Jonson. His conversation was very good, and with men of most note ; and he had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde (Lord Clarendon), till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company."

From this and from other accounts that might be quoted, it is inferred that Jonson, in his life-time, occupied a high station in the literary world. So many memorials of character, and so many eulogia on his talents have fallen to the lot of few writers of that age. His failings, however, were so conspicuous as occasionally to obscure his virtues. Addicted to intemperance, with the unequal temper which habitual intemperance creates, and disappointed in the hopes of wealth and independence which his opinion of his own talents led him to form, he degenerated even to the resources of a libeller, who extorts from fear what is denied to genius, and became arrogant, and careless of pleasing those with whom he associated. He was hailed by his contemporaries as the reformer of the Stage, and as the most learned of the critics : he did for the lovers of drama what had never been done before, and he furnished examples of regular comedy which have not been surpassed. His memory was remarkably tenacious, and his learning superior to that of most of his contemporaries. Pope gives him the credit of having brought critical learning into vogue, and for having instructed both actors and spectators in what was the proper province of the dramatic muse. He has been regarded as the first person who has done much with respect to the "grammar of the English language." This and his "Discoveries," both written in his advanced years, discover an attachment to the interests of literature, and a habit of reflection, which place his character as a scholar in a very favourable point of view. Dryden

considers Jonson as the greatest man of his age, and observes that if we look upon him when he was himself, he was the most learned and judicious writer any theatre ever had.

It is certain that his character as a dramatic writer has not descended undiminished. Of his fifty dramas, there are not above three which preserve his name on the Stage, but those indeed are excellent. It was his misfortune to be obliged to dissipate on court-masks and pageants, those talents, which concentrated might have furnished dramas equal to his "Volpone," "Alchymist," and "the Silent Woman." Contrasted with the boundless and commanding genius of Shakspeare, Dr. Johnson has hit his character very successfully in his celebrated prologue:

> Then Jonson came, instructed from the school
> To please by method and invent by rule!
> His studious patience, and laborious art,
> With regular approach essayed the heart;
> Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
> For they who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

THE PREFACE.

THE favourable reception, which the labours of those applauded men have met with from the publick, who have given new and correct editions of our English poets, illustrated with notes, was a principal inducement for publishing the works of Jonson in the same manner. A good edition of this author was much wanted; and if properly performed, would be deserving well of our literature and language. It is only to be wished, that the edition now presented to the reader, may be executed with as much taste and judgment, as those which have preceded it in the same kind of criticism.

The plan which we have followed, is what a just criticism upon any author doth naturally require. Care hath been taken, to exhibit the text with the utmost correctness; and notes are added, to explain those places which seemed most to need them. These are of two kinds; such as illustrate his sentiments, and such as point out and support the peculiar marks of his appropriate character. Under the first of these, are included the obscurities of diction and expression, and what arise from allusions to the customs of the age, and the fashions then in use. The second chiefly consists of passages from antient authors, which Jonson, who had various and extensive learning, hath imitated or adopted as his own. In printing the text, we have had a much easier task, than the ingenious editors of our other dramatic poets; for a folio volume of Jonson's works was printed in his life-time, and under his own inspection; so that we have an authentic copy for our pattern, and which we found of great use in correcting the mistakes of subsequent editions. In following this copy we had little else to do, than to set right some errors of the press, and a corrupted passage or two, which seem to have been derived from the same source. That part of his works which were published after his death, was undoubtedly printed from his original manuscripts; but as they had not the benefit of the author's revisal, there are many more, as well as more material blunders in that volume, than in the volume I have just now mentioned; but these mistakes are now, as we hope, properly emended, though it is possible that some may have escaped our notice; and it

is probable too, that an inattentive reader may suspect some other places to be faulty, which are really sound and uncorrupt; for there are two mistakes, and both proceeding from the same cause, which an editor of Jonson's works may be led to commit. The cause I mean, is his references and allusions. In one case, he is tempted to an alteration of the text, in order to preserve an allusion, which he imagines the poet had, or, which with some criticks is the same, which he imagines the poet ought to have had then in his mind. In the other case, he gets rid of the obscurity by an alteration of the text, when he should only have explained the passage, and pointed out the allusion that was couched in it. There is another peculiarity deserving notice, which hath caused some ingenious criticks to question the received reading of the text, and to substitute their conjectures in its place; and this is, the latinized phrascology, and hard construction, with the brevity and conciseness of Jonson's style. But the difficulties from hence arising, should be cleared by a comment and explanation, without ejecting the lawful possessors from their proper rights. For it frequently happens, that almost every author, by the comparison and collation of similar passages, will in many instances explain himself; and when a tolerable sense can be assigned, we should not hastily proceed to a fanciful and arbitrary change. Absolute nonsense indeed must be cured by whatever method we can; and if an easy conjectural alteration will lead us into light from darkness, there is the highest reason to receive it as true. The mere improvement of a writer's sense, can never authorize the alteration of his words; for should this be once admitted as a canon of true criticism, what defence is left us against the wildest guesses, and the most extravagant conjectures of absurd imagination? Criticks of this adventurous and daring temper, must proceed upon the following maxims; that the author did certainly use the most significant and proper word, and that his commentator is the sole infallible judge of what is so. I have therefore ventured to insert my own conjectures in the text, in these cases only; when the best explanation given, would be but blundering round about a meaning, and when no assistance could be had from any of the printed copies; and lastly, when the emendation approaching nearly to the traces of the former reading, would evidently shew that the mistake was occasioned by the negligence of the editor or printer.

With respect to Jonson's character as a writer, he is universally allowed to have been the most learned and judicious poet of his age. His learning indeed is to be seen in almost every thing he wrote; and sometimes perhaps it may appear, where we could wish it might not be seen, although he seldom transgresseth in this point; for a just decorum and preservation of character, with propriety of circumstance and of language, are his striking excellencies, and eminently distinguish his correctness and art. What he borroweth from the

antients, he generally improves by the use and application, and by this means he improved himself, in contending to think, and to express his thoughts like them; and accordingly those plays are the best, in which we find most imitations or translations from classic authors; but he commonly borrows with the air of a conqueror, and adorns himself in their dress, as with the spoils and trophies of victory.

To make a proper estimation of his merits, as a dramatic writer, we are to consider what was the state of the Drama, and the usual practice of the stage-writers in those early times; and what alterations and improvements it received from the plays of Jonson. Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are the only contemporary writers that can be put in competition with him; and as they have excellencies of genius superior to those of Jonson, they have weaknesses and defects which are proportionably greater. If they transcend him in the creative powers, and the astonishing flights of imagination, their judgment is much inferior to his: and if he doth not at any time rise so high, neither perhaps doth he sink so low as they have done. We mean not to insinuate any thing to the discredit of Jonson's genius; yet his fancy had, perhaps, exerted itself with greater energy and strength, had he been less a poet, or less acquainted with the antient models. Struck with the correctness and truth of composition in the old classicks, and inflamed by passionate admiration to emulate their beauties, he was insensibly led to imagine, that equal honours were due to successful imitation, as to original and unborrowed thinking. Jonson was naturally turned to industry and reading: and as to treasure up knowledge must be the exercise and work of memory, by the assiduous employment of that faculty, he would necessarily be less disposed to exert the native inborn spirit of genius and invention: and as his memory was thus fraught with the stores of antient poetry, the sentiments impressed upon his mind, would easily intermix and assimilate with his own; and when transfused into the language of his country, would appear to have all the graces and the air of novelty. It is owing to these reasons, that Jonson became constrained in his imagination, and less original in his sentiments and thoughts; but from hence he obtained that severity of collected judgment, and that praise of art, which have given his authority the greatest weight in the decisions and the laws of criticism.

Enlightened with these assistances, Jonson was enabled to see through, and effectually to surmount the prejudices of vulgar practice: and by a departure from the beaten track of unreasonable custom, he struck at once into the less frequented road of probability and nature. Let us proceed then to examine what was the reigning mode in the composition of our antient drama. In designing the plots of their several comedies, our old poets ge-

nerally drew them from some romance, or novel: and from thence also they derived the different incidents of the various scenes; and the resemblance between the original and the copy, was every way exact. The same wildness and extravagance of fable prevailed in both; all the miracles and absurdities of story being faithfully transcribed into the play: and hence it is, that the scene of action is generally placed abroad; the principal characters are also foreign; or to speak more truly, they are Englishmen disguised with foreign names: for the manners of all the different persons are entirely English, as is more particularly observable in the inferior characters of the play. So that whether the scene may lie at Athens, at Venice, or Vienna, all the wit and all the humour are of British growth, and are adapted to the taste and genius of the poet's own age. When Jonson first applied himself to writing for the stage, he conformed in like manner to the general practice of his contemporary poets. A plain instance of this appears in his comedy called *The Case is Altered;* and this reason concurs with other evidences, to determine that piece to have been one of his earlier dramatic compositions. The scene is Milan, the principal personages are of the same place; and the sentiments they have occasion to use, are what nature in any climate, would express her thoughts in, upon a similar occasion. The droll and comic part of the drama shews itself in the manners of the servants, the mechanicks, and lower characters of the comedy; and although these are exhibited to us under the sounding names of Sebastian, Balthasar, and Vincentio, their whole dialogue and humour are a lively copy from the home-spun wit of the clowns and artisans of the poet's native country. The same observations may be extended to the generality of Shakspeare's and Fletcher's plays, where under exotic characters and story, the authors are continually glancing at domestic incidents, and comment on the times, skreened beneath the cover of antient or foreign fable. But Jonson was soon sensible, how inconsistent this medley of names and manners was in reason and nature; and with how little propriety it could ever have a place in a legitimate and just picture of real life: and hence, as he improved in critical learning, and became acquainted with the true principles and laws of dramatic writing, he reformed the extravagances which had universally prevailed in the times before him. His plays were real plays of five acts, in which the continuity of the scenes, and the unities of time and place were regularly observed. And the better to effect this, we must remark that he no longer borrowed his fable from a well-known, or pre-invented story, but formed his plot, and drew his characters from the stores of his imagination, and his observations upon men and manners. In consequence of this, his scene was generally laid at home; his characters and manners are equally domestic, and are uniform and congruous throughout the

whole: and this was really adapting comedy to its proper end, in making it *vitæ speculum, et exemplar morum;* a mirror to reflect the follies and vices of the age. That this reform was truly the result of conscious and reflecting art, we shall demonstrate to the reader by a singular instance, which confirms the account we have laid down above, and sets the judgment of Jonson in the fairest point of view. *Every Man in his Humour* is one of his earliest pieces, and was originally written in the manner we have just described. The scene was at Florence, the persons represented were Italians, and the manners in great measure conformable to the genius of the place: but in this very play the humours of the under-characters are local, expressing not the manners of a Florentine, but the gulls and bullies of the times and country, in which the poet lived. And as it was thus represented on the stage, it was published in the same manner in 4to, in 1601. When it was printed again in the collection of his works, it had a more becoming and consistent aspect. The scene was transferred to London, the names of the persons were changed to English ones, and the dialogue, incidents, and manners were suited to the place of action. And thus we now have it in the folio edition of 1616, and in the several editions that have been printed since. That the reader may perceive the variations at one view, we shall subjoin the several characters, as they stand in both copies of the play.

The Persons of *Every Man in his Humour*, as they are prefixed to the Quarto edition, in 1601; and Folio edition, in 1616.

Lorenzo de Pazzi, sen.	Old Know'ell.
Lorenzo, jun.	Ed. Know'ell, his son.
Musco.	Brainworm.
Stephano.	Mr. Stephen.
Giulliano.	Downright.
Prospero.	Wellbred.
Doctor Clement.	Justice Clement.
Peto.	Roger Formal.
Thorello.	Kitely.
Hesperida.	Dame Kitely.
Biancha.	Mrs. Bridget.
Mattheo.	Mr. Matthew.
Pizo.	Cash.
Cob.	Cob.
Tib.	Tib.
Bobadilla.	Capt, Bobadill.
Scene, FLORENCE.	Scene, LONDON.

But notwithstanding the art and care of Jonson to redress the incongruities taken notice of, a remarkable instance of Italian manners is still preserved, which in transferring the scene he forgot to change. It is an allusion to the custom of poisoning, of which we have instances of various kinds, in the dark and fatal revenges

of Italian jealousy. Kitely is blaming Well-bred for promoting, in his house, the quarrel between Bobadill and Downright; and Well-bred offers to excuse himself by saying that no harm had happened from it. Kitely's wife then objects to him; "But what "harm might have come of it, brother?" To whom Well-bred replies,

"Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband
"wears be poison'd, for any thing he knows; or the wholesome
"wine he drunk, even now at the table." Kitely's jealous apprehension is immediately alarmed, and he breaks out in a passionate exclamation;

"Now, God forbid! O me, now I remember
"My wife drank to me last and chang'd the cup;
"And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day."

And thus he goes on, imagining that he feels the poison begin to operate upon him. Nothing could be more in character than this surmise, supposing the persons, as was the case at first, to have been natives of Italy. But had Jonson recollected, it is probable he would have varied the thought, to adapt it more consistently to the genius and manners of the speaker.

The choice then of a domestic fable, is a considerable article in the sum of Jonson's merit; and an article of no little consequence, when we reflect either upon the end or moral destination of the drama, and upon the means that are necessary to attain that end. It is universally allowed, that the end of Tragedy is much better answered by the celebrating a domestic event, than by selecting any foreign occurrence, how great or important soever; for the exhibition of foreign characters can never affect the mind in so interesting a manner: and be the poet never so exact in preserving the decorum and propriety of his personages, they will insensibly assume the mode and fashion of his own country. To this purpose it is judiciously remarked by a learned French critick: *Ceux qui paroissent sur la scene Angloise, Espagnole, François, sont plus Anglois, Espagnols, ou François, que Grecs ou Romains; en un mot, que ce qu'ils doivent être. On veut plaire à sa nation, et rien ne plait tant que la ressemblance de manières et de génie.* P. Brumoy, Vol. I. p. 200. And every writer will paint the character and manners of his own nation, with much greater life and spirit, and with a much closer resemblance to nature and truth. The reasons here advanced, conclude with more cogency and force, when applied to the province and design of Comedy; for if comedy attains its end by the delineation of character, the poet will undoubtedly succeed much better, in drawing the characters with which he is more perfectly acquainted; and for the same reasons, the spectator likewise will receive greater pleasure and improvement from it. The manners he is used to in his daily intercourse, and conversation in

real life, will seize his affections the more strongly, when represented in a fictitious scene; and by an act of reflection, he will derive a pleasure to himself, in comparing the just resemblance which he finds between them: for, in the words of a consummate judge, "as "what we chiefly seek in comedy is a true image of life and "manners, we are not easily brought to think we have it given us, "when dressed in foreign modes and fashions."

There are only two comedies of Jonson, where the scene is laid abroad, the *Poetaster* and the *Fox*. The former was purposely designed as a vindication of himself, and to expose the pretensions of his adversary Decker. This led him to make Rome his scene, and to choose the times of Augustus Cæsar, for the period of action. His intention in this, as he hath declared in the apology annexed to the play, was to shew that Virgil and Horace, and every candidate for honest and fair fame, had their enemies and detractors, envious of them and of their writings; and by these examples it is insinuated to the reader, that the excellencies and merits of Jonson were the sole occasion of the calumnies thrown out against him; and that he had only the fortune to be abused, in like manner as his betters had been before him. And here it must be said, that he is careful in the main, to observe the decorum of character, which his plan required; but as it naturally led him to allude to particular persons and incidents of his own times, we have occasional references to both these; disguised indeed under the cover of Roman forms, and affecting the style and manners of the supposed times and persons of the play. In the design of *Volpone*, the poet had a more generous design in view; and by his admirable execution of that design, he hath left posterity a lasting monument of his genius and art. And here he was induced, for the sake of probability, and to give lively and strong colouring to his draught, to fix on Venice for the scene of his drama. By this choice he gained an opening for the introduction of a domestic character, which, placed upon a middle ground, gratified his favourite passion of displaying a particular folly of his age and nation; for as the scene was thus laid abroad, he had the inviting opportunity in the character of Sir Politick Would-be, to expose the reigning affectation of knowing men and manners; when the youth of the kingdom were sent, in quest of policy and knowledge, to poison their faith and morals, by the acquisition of Italian atheism and Italian deceit.

In his design and exhibition of characters, Jonson was particularly happy in delineating those which are generally known by the name of characters of humour; a subject which he perfectly understood, and which he executed with equal felicity and perfection. But as humour is the excess of a particular passion, and appropriate only to a single character, it hath from hence been thought, that Jonson's characters are only passions or affections personized, and not faithful

copies from living manners. But to this we might reply, that far from being thought to build his characters upon abstract ideas, he was really accused of representing particular persons then existing; and that even those characters which appear to be the most exaggerated, are said to have had their respective archetypes in nature and life. It is further to be observed, that many of Jonson's comedies are of that kind, which may be called particular and partial: the follies they were designed to censure were more immediately local; and as the pursuits which they expose, are now disused or forgotten, we find it difficult to enter into the humour or propriety of the characters. Yet even at this distance, we can perceive that truth of design, and strength of colouring in each, as highly entertain us with their representation or perusal; and render us equally sensible of the poet's excellence, and art in his masterly performance: "But "we may remark in general on such subjects, as an exact critick of "great taste expresseth it, that they are a strong temptation to the "writer, to exceed the bounds of truth and mediocrity in his draught "of them at *first*, and are further liable to an imperfect and even "unfair sentence from the reader *afterwards*. For the welcome "reception which these pictures of prevailing local folly meet with "on the stage, cannot but induce the poet, almost without design, "to inflame the representation; and the want of archetypes, in a "little time makes it pass for immoderate, were it originally given "with ever so much discretion and justice." HORACE's *Art of Poetry illustrated with English Notes, &c.* p. 278. Add to this, that in presenting a character on the stage, the due distance and point of view should have a place in the poet's consideration; and this may probably require some enlargement of the lineaments and features, provided that a just proportion and symmetry of parts be observed in the composition of the whole. I do not mean that he should give us a distorted caricatura, in the room of an agreeable and pleasing picture; but if it be considered that many diverting pleasantries or actions of ridiculous humour, with lively dialogues in common life, would appear flat and insipid, and have little or no effect upon a general audience, when set before them in the plain and simple habit of nature and fact: the poet may possibly be under the necessity of bestowing on them some *relief* and ornament, from art; and of seasoning his conversations with a high poignancy of wit or repartee, adapted to the less exquisite taste of an undistinguishing populace. These causes concurring, seem to have given rise to the opinion, that Jonson, in the portraiture of his characters, forbore to copy from real life. And as the preceding observations account for this opinion, with a probable verisimilitude, we are apt to flatter ourselves, they may be a fair representation and solution of the matter.

In the collection of Jonson's poems there are two Tragedies; and

of each of these something should be said in reference to his conduct of the drama, and to his judgment in the choice of his subjects. The poet himself appears to have placed no small value on these plays, and they are not without their proper share of merit; but as the piercing eye of criticism hath discovered errors and defects in both, let us attend to the faults which are objected to them. And first, it is said the poet was unfortunately mistaken in the choice of his fable; the characters of Catiline and Sejanus are so well known, and are so infamous in history, that no kind of pity, the most amiable emotion in the spectator's breast, can possibly be shown to the distresses which befall them; but to this, a reply is elsewhere given in the proper place, where the objection itself is made. A second objection chargeth the author with offending against the laws or cautions advanced by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*, and which an exact dramatist should be careful to observe in the management of his fable. The cautions of Horace are comprised in the following verses:

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Non circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
Ars Poet. v. 131. et seq.

From these verses his excellent commentator deduceth the three following rules, which the poet directs us to observe: 1. Not to follow the trite, obvious round of the original work, *i. e.* not servilely and scrupulously to adhere to its plan or method in its plain historic order. 2. Not to be translators instead of imitators: *i. e.* if it shall be thought fit to imitate more expressly any part of the original, to do it with freedom and spirit, and without a slavish attachment to the mode of expression. 3. Not to adopt any particular incident that may occur in the proposed model, which either decency or the nature of the work would reject; and unluckily for Jonson, this ingenious critick hath pitched on the tragedy of *Catiline*, as particularly offending against these several rules. For, as he proceeds to remark, this tragedy is in fact the Catilinarian war of Sallust, put into poetical dialogue; and so offends against the *first* rule of the poet, in following too servilely the plain beaten round of the chronicle. 2. The speeches of Cicero and Catiline, of Cato and Cæsar, are all of them direct and literal translations of the historian and orator, in violation of the *second* rule, which forbids a too close attachment to the mode or form of expression. 3. As a transgression of that rule, which enjoins a strict regard to the nature and genius of the work, the following is selected as the most obvious and striking. In the history, which had for its subject the

whole Catilinarian war, the fates of the conspirators, and the preceding debates concerning the manner of their punishment, were to be distinctly recorded. Hence the long speeches of Cæsar and Cato in the senate, have great propriety, and are justly esteemed amongst the leading beauties of that work. But the case was totally different in the drama, which taking for its subject the single fates of the other conspirators, should only have been hinted at, not debated with all the circumstances and pomp of rhetorick on the stage. I have given these objections at full length, and in the words of the elegant remarker; for it is a pleasure to transcribe as well as read, the observations of a polite critick; and we are likewise obliged to own that these mistakes in Jonson are in a great measure indefensible. For although the poet was conscious of what might possibly be objected to him upon these heads, yet he was so far from regarding them as errors, or imperfections in his poem, that he, in truth, considered them as beauties, and prided himself upon his translations, as so many real excellencies, and the chief ornaments of his play. But he was misled, as the learned critick judiciously adds, by the beauty which these speeches appeared to have in the original composition, without attending to the peculiar laws of the drama, and the indecorum it must needs have in so very different a work. It must be acknowledged, however, in justice to Jonson, that he hath discovered great art and spirit in designing and supporting his characters; and that he hath occasionally deviated from the leading thread of the story, and varied the arrangement of circumstances, in the manner that was most conducive to draw out his characters, and display the ruling passion inherent in the breast of each.

These remarks upon the *Catiline*, are in some degree applicable to the *Sejanus* of Jonson. In this indeed the narration from which he copied was less obvious and direct; and hence it demanded a greater share of judgment to combine and connect the distinct periods and members, to form a regular and consistent whole; but as the story lay before him, from which he drew his incidents, he copied with too close an attachment to historic composition; and in breach of the second rule, what he hath translated from the Latin, is expressed with too exact a conformity to the mode and letter of the original expression. And lastly, he hath adopted incidents which the law and nature of his work would reject. The play should naturally have ended with the fall and tragical death of Sejanus. For this reason the subsequent descriptions, taken from Juvenal, of the indignities and insults, offered by the multitude, both to himself and his statues, are wholly out of place. Nor was it less improper to describe, with the attendant circumstances, the unfortunate ends of the son and daughter of Sejanus; who with brutal violence were dragged from home, and inhumanly put to death by the public executioner. But the poet intended to recount a tale of horror, and

excite pity in the breast of the spectators, by relating the untimely fate of the innocent and tender sufferers; and this further contributed, in concurrence with the moral, to insinuate that divine vengeance would not fail to punish and exterminate the whole race of those, who contemned the providence and power of Heaven.

The character of Jonson as a poet, may be discovered by attending to his character and disposition as a man; which would naturally give that prevailing cast to his comedies and poems, which in effect we find they have. "For his nature, (says the discerning critick "above cited,) was severe and rigid; and this, in giving a strength "and manliness, gave at times too, an intemperance to his satire. "His taste for ridicule was strong but indelicate; which made him "not over-curious in the choice of his topicks; and lastly, his style "in picturing characters, though masterly, was without that "elegance of hand, which is required to correct and allay the force "of so bold a colouring. Thus the bias of his nature leading him "to Plautus rather than Terence for his model, it is not to be "wondered at that his wit is too frequently caustic, his raillery "coarse, and his humour excessive." But it is here to be observed, that humour, which Jonson particularly aimed to express, is principally to be found in the inferior stations and lower classes of mankind: for as it is the excess of a prevailing passion, its influence will be there exerted with less confinement and controul from the restraints of education. The civility and politeness of good-breeding will keep within its due bounds that ebullition of temper, which would be apt to flow out to the annoyance and disgust of others So that Jonson in exposing those follies, and lesser kinds of vices, which render men contemptible, was necessarily led to picture what was inordinate in a character, that he might give the fullest and strongest image of the original.

To enter completely into the humour and propriety of Jonson's characters, we should as it were drop the intervening period, and image to ourselves the manners and customs of the times wherein he lived, that so we may more perfectly comprehend his various references and allusions to them. But as this is a matter of real difficulty, the representation of many of his comedies must fail to produce the same delight in the spectator, as they naturally did when first acted; and therefore a correct edition, with explanatory notes, will give that satisfaction in the reading, which cannot be so well attained, from their performance on the stage. It is greatly to be wished indeed, that Jonson had possessed that poetic passion, and power to touch the heart, which would have made his dramas universal; equally felt and understood in all ages. But as in this point he must indisputably yield to Shakspeare, so few of his characters can receive the same advantages from the best action and expression that ever added grace and energy to the stage. And in

thus wanting Mr. Garrick's performance, he wants that living explanation, which no comment of the most learned critick can possibly give.

But what the author was incapable of receiving, hath been largely made up to his editor, for the public benefit, and the service of this edition. Mr. Garrick hath a very large and valuable collection of old quarto plays: and from that he supplied me with *Every Man in his Humour*, published in 1601, which hath been taken notice of above; and which enabled me distinctly to point out the alterations, introduced by Jonson in the structure of the Drama. I am likewise obliged to him for the use of the quartos, which contain the entertainment of King James in passing to his coronation, the panegyrick on holding his first parliament, and the entertainment of the queen and prince at Althrop: as also for Decker's Supplement to the coronation entertainment, and his Satiromastix, in answer to the Poetaster of Jonson. But mine and the public thanks are more particularly due to Mr. Garrick, for enriching this edition with a comedy, unquestionably written by Jonson, and which was never published in any collection of his works. That comedy is called, *The Case is Altered*, and with corrections and emendations is annexed to the end of the seventh volume. This was really reviving a lost or forgotten play: for it was hardly known, and what I could no where find but in the treasury of our antient dramatic wit. The edition with which he favoured me is a quarto, printed in 1609, and perhaps the only edition that was ever printed. And it seemeth like many of the old quartos, to have been printed from the playhouse copy, without the knowledge of the author. Mr. Garrick hath always shewn great taste and judgment in doing justice to the genius of our old dramatists, by the revival of such pieces, from which the elegance of the present times could receive an agreeable entertainment. And Jonson is obliged to him for giving new life to *Every Man in his Humour*, in which by the proper cast of the several parts, and his own performance of a principal character, he hath displayed the excellencies of our old comic bard in their fullest and fairest glory. But it is not on the stage only, that this gentleman hath a title to our thanks and our esteem; and in acknowledging the services in which the publick and myself are equal sharers, I must not forget many personal civilities which I have received from him; nor to add, to his ready concurrence in furnishing whatever would adorn this work, his kindness in procuring some names, the most distinguished for quality and taste, to honour my subscription.

Some other gentlemen, who were occasional contributors in the course of this work, deserve an honourable mention; and the grateful acknowledgment of my sincere thanks. The late ingenious Mr. Sympson and Mr. Seward have both favoured me with their

conjectures and remarks on some passages of Jonson. It is unnecessary to say, they are conceived with the same felicity and judgment, which distinguish their conjectures and corrections in their edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. I am likewise obliged to the learned Dr. Zachary Grey, who communicated to me some classical imitations he had observed in Jonson, and who hath pointed out some allusions to the times, with that exact knowledge which he hath shewn in clearing up the various references of a like kind, which abound in Hudibras. The remarks of these ingenious gentlemen, which will be known by the addition of their names, are, indeed, but few in number; but their excellence will induce the reader to set a proper value on them, and to wish they had found leisure to have favoured me with more. The late learned Dr. Rawlinson, who was always ready to encourage and promote every polite and literary exercitation, expressed his usual humanity upon this occasion. From him I received a copy of the warrant by which Jonson was created Poet Laureat, the *Catiline* in 4to, and the first edition of *Sejanus* in 4to, printed in 1605. This last was a very fine copy, and had been a presentation-book from the poet to his friend. In a blank leaf, at the beginning, was the following inscription, written in Jonson's own hand: "To my perfect friend Mr. Francis Crane, I erect this pillar of "friendship, and leave it as the eternal witnesse of my love.

"BEN. JONSON."

It was thus the poet spelt his name, as appears from this, and from other instances, which we have seen, of his hand-writing. It is so spelt in the quarto copies, and in the folio edition of his poems published in 1616. We have thought it necessary to mention this, in order to justify our departure from the common way of spelling it, in later editions, by an insertion of the letter *H*: that if the reader should think it a singularity, he will see it is not our own, but the poet's.

About the time that I was digesting and preparing the notes for the public view, an anonymous pamphlet was published, containing remarks upon the *Volpone*, the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*. In this the learning and critical penetration of Mr. Upton, are so apparent, as to leave no room for doubting who is the real author of it. I had here the satisfaction to find the generality of the notes confirmed, which I had made before; and there were observations on some passages which had escaped me, as there were others omitted, which I thought deserving a remark. Of this pamphlet I have made some use; and have faithfully given the most material observations it contains, having sometimes expressed my own sentiments and thoughts in his words; and

sometimes affixed his name to remarks in which we mutually concurred.

When this edition went to the press, I received the 4to impression of the *Poetaster*, the first copy of the *New Inn* in 1631, 8vo, and the last edition of Jonson's works, which formerly belonged to Mr. Theobald. In the margin of that copy are corrections and various readings, which Mr. Theobald had noted from a collation of the older copies, with some conjectural emendations of his own. Yet these were of no great use; for the old copies had been collated by me before, and his conjectures were rather fanciful than just. I have taken notice, however, of the most material in their proper places; so that the reader will be able to judge and determine of them, as to himself shall seem good.

But although the advantages of this copy were not so many as I at first expected, it was a satisfaction to me to find that had Mr. Theobald published an edition of Jonson's works, he would have proposed the same plan, and executed it in the manner that I have done. For most of the passages which I have illustrated with notes, were underlined and scored by him, as wanting the assistance of an explanatory remark.

The method I have observed in the distribution of the plays and poems, is different from what hath been observed in preceding editions. I have here given the plays in the order of time, according to which they were first performed: the Masques are likewise placed in the same order. The Epigrams follow next, with the Forrest and Underwoods, in the same succession as the poet himself had ranked them. The *Discoveries*, and the *English Grammar*, succeeded to these, and the *Case is Altered*, as a kind of posthumous piece, is added in conclusion of the whole. I have found it necessary upon some occasions, to dissent from the observations and remarks advanced by others; but I have been careful to do it upon reasonable grounds; and I have always proposed my own judgment with a proper deference and respect, that I may at least have some pretension to pardon, for the mistakes committed by myself. A positive and dogmatizing manner, must be greatly offensive in so fallible a science as conjectural criticism; and when accompanied with injuries, and insults on those who differ from us, it should seem that the critick neither desires nor deserves excuse, for the errors he may possibly be guilty of. The design itself requires no apology: to promote the interests of good letters, and to instruct, or to amuse with innocence, can be inconsistent with no character in life; and the objection, if it should ever be made, will be found to proceed from those who condemn what they do not understand; but should the performance stand in need of an excuse, I would apologize for its defects, as

defects it undoubtedly hath, in the words of one, who had long laboured in the province of editorial drudgery; and who thus appeals to the judgment and benevolence of his reader: "If thou "ever wert an editor of such books, thou wilt have some com- "passion on my failings, being sensible of the toil of such sort "of creatures; and if thou art not yet an editor, I beg truce of "thee till thou art one, before thou censurest my endeavours."

THE LIFE

OF

BENJAMIN JONSON.

THE life of a poet is his works; the author of genius, which cannot die, still continueth to flourish, and to survive in them. But as curiosity inclines us to be equally acquainted with the man, as well as with the writer; and as custom hath made it necessary to prefix some history of his life and person, we shall endeavour to gratify the reader, by presenting him with such particulars as we have been able to collect, relating to the author of the following poems.

Benjamin Jonson was descended from an ancient family in Scotland: his grandfather was originally of Annandale in that kingdom, and removed from thence to Carlisle in the reign of Henry VIII. under whom he enjoyed some post or office. The father of Jonson was a sufferer in the time of Queen Mary, and probably on the account of religion. He was not only imprisoned, but lost his estate, and afterwards entered into holy orders. It should seem that he did not enter into orders, till after the death of Mary, and when Queen Elizabeth was in possession of the crown. Whether he then lived at Carlisle, or at what time he left it with his family, is uncertain. But we find that he resided in Westminster at the time of his death. This happened in the year 1574, about a month before the birth of Benjamin his son. It is no where said on what day, or in what month of that year, nor in what part of Westminster, Jonson was born. Conjecture would lead us to imagine that he was born in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields. There was then a private school in that church, and to that he was first sent for education. He was afterwards removed from thence, and sent to Westminster school, where Camden was his master. Whilst he continued there, his mother married a second husband, by trade a bricklayer. As her son grew up, and was fit to be employed, his mother took him home, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's business.

There is some little difference in the relations given us, with regard to the earlier part of Jonson's life, and the time he continued to work at the trade of a bricklayer. Dr. Fuller saith, that he soon left his father, and went to the University of Cambridge; but being unable to continue there for want of a proper maintenance, he returned to his father in a few weeks, and was employed in the new structure of Lincoln's-Inn, with a trowel in his hand, and a book in his pocket. Mr. Wood tells us, that when he worked with his father, he was pitied by some generous gentlemen, and received assistance from them: and that he was recommended by Camden to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose son he attended in his travels abroad. On his return to England, he and his pupil parted, not in cold blood; that Jonson then went to Cambridge, and was statutably elected into St. John's College. But this account by Mr. Wood hath great difficulties, not to be reconciled with the age of either of Sir Walter's sons, nor with the incidents of Jonson's life. The account we follow is given by himself.

Disliking his father's business, he went into the Low Countries as a soldier; there he distinguished himself by his valour, killing and despoiling one of the enemies in the view of both armies. Poets have been seldom memorable for their military atchievements, or actions in the field; we may the less wonder therefore, that Jonson hath touched on this incident of his life, with some elation of heart, in an epigram addressed to true soldiers. After his return home, he resumed his former studies; and then became a member of the University of Cambridge; but his name doth not occur, either in the public or private registers of that place. It hath been a constant tradition, that he was a sizar of St. John's College; but as no account was then taken in that college of those who were admitted, but of those only who received a scholarship, there is no mention of him in their books; neither doth his name occur in the list of those who were matriculated: for it appeared, on consulting the university register, that there was an omission or neglect for about ten or twelve years together; in which time it is supposed that Jonson was admitted. There are, however, several books in the library of St. John's college, with his name in them, and which were given by him to that college; and these books were probably given in his life-time, for we do not find that he left a will, although a diligent search hath been made for that purpose. It is not easy to determine how long a time he continued at Cambridge; it was undoubtedly but short, his fortune not supplying him with the decent conveniencies of a learned ease.

When he left the university, he betook himself to the play-house: a transition not peculiar to Jonson, nor uncommon in the present age. The play-house he entered in was an obscure one,

in the skirts of the town, and called the Green Curtain, in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. At this time likewise he turned his thoughts to compositions for the stage; yet at first, his talents for writing, as well as those for acting, were far from being excellent; and the success in both was answerable. Most of his earlier pieces are said to have miscarried in the representation, or were afterwards neglected by him, when his genius and his judgment improved. His attempts in acting could neither procure him a subsistence, nor recommend him to a share in any of the companies or theatres, which in that age were numerous in the town. His inabilities as a player were a topick of satire to Jonson's adversaries; and they have mentioned some characters in which he appeared with no great credit or applause. Decker reproacheth him "with leaving his former occupation of morter-treader, to "turn actor;" and informs us particularly, "that he performed "the part of Zuliman at Paris-garden: that he ambled by a "play-waggon in the highway, and took mad Jeronymo's part "to get service among the mimicks; that in this service he would "have continued, but could not set a good face on the matter, "and so was cashiered." It is ungenerous to reproach a man with imperfections he cannot prevent; but Decker had no wit nor humour, and made up what was wanting in both by contumely and abuse. Happy was it for Jonson, that his poverty was his chief crime; and that his adversaries could accuse him rather of the lowness of his fortunes, than the ignominy of his mind or manners.

Whilst he was thus a retainer to the stage, he had the misfortune to be engaged in a duel; but Jonson was not the aggressor. In this rencounter he killed his opponent, who had challenged him; and he himself was wounded in the arm, by his adversary's sword, ten inches longer than his own. Decker hath casually told us, this antagonist was a player. For this offence he was committed to prison; and during his confinement, he was visited by a popish priest, who taking the advantage of his melancholy and dejection of spirits, made him a convert to the church of Rome. He continued twelve years in the Romish communion, but afterwards recanted, and was reconciled to the church of England. It is unknown how long he was kept in prison, and equally uncertain by what method he obtained a releasement from it.

We have now brought Jonson to about the twenty-fourth year of his age, from whence we are to date the rise of his reputation as a dramatic writer. About this time his acquaintance commenced with Shakspeare, who began it, as we are told, with a remarkable piece of service and good-nature; nor is Jonson to be taxed with want of gratitude, or esteem for his friend. He had wrote a play or two which neither added to his reputation or his

profit. He was now offering another to the publick, and had put it into the hands of a person, who running it over in a careless supercilious manner, was returning it to him with answer, that it would be of no service to their company. Shakspeare happened luckily to cast his eye upon it ; and found something so well in it as to engage him to read it through, and afterwards to recommend the poet and his writings to the publick. The name of the play is no where mentioned ; and I do not imagine it to have been any of those we now have ; for he omitted some plays, unquestionably his own, when he published a volume of his works in folio ; and one of those plays we have here reprinted from an old quarto, and placed at the end of the seventh volume.

In the year 1598, his comedy intitled *Every Man in his Humour*, was acted by the lord chamberlain's servants. Their theatre was called the Globe, and situate on the bank-side in Southwark. Shakspeare belonged to it, and was a performer in this comedy of Jonson. The principal comedians belonging to this house, were Shakspeare, Burbage, Hemings, Condel, and several others, all eminent in the profession of acting. Hemings and Condel were the first editors of Shakspeare's plays in folio, about seven years after his decease. The edition is incorrect and faulty, but their intention was good ; and it was but fitting that he who had given life to them and others, should himself live in the fame and memory of admiring posterity.

Every Man in his Humour is the first dramatic performance, in the several editions of Jonson's works. After this he produced a play regularly every year, for some years successively. *Every Man out of his Humour*, his second comedy, was represented in 1599, at the same place, and by the same performers as the former play. There is much less design and action in this, than in the preceding piece ; but the characters are very strongly marked, and some of them have been thought to glance at particular persons of the author's acquaintance.

Cynthia's Revels was acted in the year 1600, and the performers were the children of queen Elizabeth's Chapel. Jonson hath called this not a comedy, but a comical satire. This too hath little or no plot, and the persons of the play are rather vices or passions personized, than characters copied from real life ; his principal intention seemeth to have been, a desire to compliment the Queen, under the allegorical personage of the goddess Cynthia.

His next performance was the *Poetaster*, which hath also the title of a comical satire, and was represented by the same performers in 1601. There was at this time a quarrel between Jonson and Decker ; possibly they were contending heroes for the poetic crown, but certainly the competition between them was very unequal. Decker was personally alluded to in this play, under

the character of Crispinus: and Jonson was further taxed of particularly reflecting in it on some professors of the law, and on some military men, who were both well known in that age. The popular clamours against him upon this occasion ran very high; and to these he replied, in vindication of himself, by an apologetical dialogue, which was once spoke upon the stage; and which he annexed on the publication of his works, to the end of this play. But Decker was bent upon revenge, and resolved if possible to conquer Jonson at his own weapons; for immediately after he wrote a play, intitled *Satiromastix, or the untrussing the Humorous Poet;* and in this Jonson is introduced, under the character of Horace junior. Of Decker's performance we may say, it has much malice mingled with no wit: the *Poetaster* of Jonson hath indeed some merit; but it was abusing his talents, and his time, and paying no great compliment to an audience, in presenting them with the idle quarrels of himself and his rival; and whatever it might cost his adversary, part of the entertainment was undoubtedly at his own expence. As we have said so much of these plays, we shall take leave to say something of the performers in them. Jonson's was presented by the children of the chapel, and Decker's by the children of Saint Paul's. These children were the choristers belonging to both those places: and their reputation for acting, enabled them to vie with the most celebrated players of that age: and it should seem from what Shakspeare hath hinted in *Hamlet,* in relation to this matter, that the public suffrage was divided between them. There is an Epitaph in Jonson on the death of one of these children, which I omitted to take notice of in its proper place. His name, as we conjecture from the initial letters *S. P.* was Sal. Pavy, who had a part in *Cynthia's Revels,* and the *Poetaster.* The epitaph informs us he had acted with applause for three years; that he was remarkable for playing the character of an old man, and was but in the thirteenth year of his age when he died. It is the 120th of his Epigrams.

The tragedy of *Sejanus* succeeds the *Poetaster.* It was acted in 1603, and the players were the king's servants. These were the company belonging to the Globe, and were at first the servants of the Lord Chamberlain. But in the beginning of this year, they had a patent or licence for playing, granted them by James the First, who at the same time honoured them with the title of his servants. It appears from the preface to this play, that Shakspeare, who was an actor in it, wrote also, as we suppose, some parts of the tragedy; but when Jonson published it in 1605, those parts or speeches were omitted by him.

After an intermission of two years, he wrote his comedy of *Volpone or the Fox,* which was acted in 1605, by the same performers as the tragedy of *Sejanus;* only we may observe, that as

Shakspeare's name is not in the list of the principal comedians, it is probable he had now left the stage, to close his life in an easy and honourable retirement. The enemies of Jonson industriously gave out, that all he wrote was produced with extreme pains and labour, and that he was not less than a year about every play. This objection, had it been true, was really no disgrace to him; for the best authors know by experience, that what appeareth to be the most natural and easy writing, is frequently the effect of study, and the closest application; but their design was to insinuate, that Jonson had no parts, and a poor unfruitful imagination. To this objection, he hath retorted in the prologue to this play: and from thence we learn, that the whole was finished by him in five weeks. About this time he joined with Chapman and Marston, in writing a comedy called *Eastward-Hoe*, wherein they were accused of reflecting on the Scots. For this they were committed to prison, and were in danger of losing their ears and noses: however, they received a pardon; and Jonson, on his releasement from prison, gave an entertainment to his friends, amongst whom were Camden and Seldon. In the midst of the entertainment, his mother, more an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, having first taken a potion of it herself, if the sentence for his punishment had passed.

A longer interval succeeded before the appearance of his next play; and it was not till the year 1609, that *Epicœne or the Silent Woman* was first acted; but in these intervals his muse did not enjoy a perfect leisure, or cessation from business.

In the reigns of James the First, and his successor Charles, the exhibition of *Masques* became a principal diversion of the court. The queens to both these princes, not being natives of England, could not perhaps at first so readily understand the language; so that the musick and dancing and decorations of a masque, were to them a higher entertainment than what they could receive from any other dramatic composition; and their pleasure was increased, as they often condescended themselves to take a part in the performance. But Jonson was the chief factor for the court; most of these Masques and Entertainments were written by him; and there seldom passed a year in which he did not furnish one or two poetical pieces of this kind. In March 1603, he composed a part of the *Device*, intended to entertain king James, as he passed through the city, from the Tower, to his coronation in Westminster-abbey; and in the month of June in the same year, a particular entertainment of his was performed at the lord Spencer's house at Althorp in Northamptonshire, for the diversion of the queen and prince, who rested there some days, as they came first into the kingdom. In 1604, there was a private entertainment of the king and queen, on May-day

morning, at sir William Cornwallis's house at Highgate, and of this likewise Jonson was the author. His first masque, which he hath called *Of Blackness*, was performed at court on the twelfth-night in 1605; and this masque, as all the others, was exhibited with the utmost magnificence and splendour, which the luxuriant elegance of a court could supply. In 1606, a marriage was solemnized between the earl of Essex, and the lady Frances, second daughter to the earl of Suffolk. This marriage had a much more auspicious beginning, than it proved in the issue. It was celebrated by a masque on one day, and by barriers on the day following. Jonson was the author of both. No expence was wanting on this occasion; and the poet hath lavished the profusions of his art and learning, to dignify the subject. In the same year the king of Denmark came into England, on a visit to his sister, consort to James the First: they were entertained on the 24th of July, by the earl of Salisbury, at Theobalds; and Jonson contributed his share of the festival, in Epigrams and Verses which were affixed to the walls of the house. The situation of Theobalds was particularly agreeable to the king, who in the next year exchanged his palace at Hatfield for this seat. Accordingly on the 22d of May 1607, the house with possession was delivered up by the earl of Salisbury to the queen. At this ceremony the king himself was present, with some foreign princes, and the chief nobility of his court. Jonson again solicited his muse, who supplied him with a compliment becoming the appearance. A second masque, which he hath styled *Of Beauty*, was presented in 1608: this was a counterpart to the first, and had the queen and her ladies for the performers, as that also had. On Shrove-tuesday in the same year, the lord Haddington was married, and Jonson was entrusted with the honour of adorning the solemnity by the celebration of a masque. The entrance of the following year gave him an employment of the like kind; when the queen called upon him for the third time, to serve her in the representation of another masque; and this he hath intitled the *Masque of Queens*, celebrated from the house of Fame. In the scenical decoration of these several entertainments, Jonson had Inigo Jones for an associate; and the necessary devices for each seem to have been designed and ordered by him with delicacy, and grandeur of taste. But these servants of the muses could not preserve an harmony with each other, and Discord subsisted between them during the greater part of thirty years, in which they administered to the pleasures of two successive sovereigns and their court.

But these lighter efforts were only the recreations of his muse; and we now return to those weightier labours which he dignified with the title of works. The *Alchemist*, a comedy, was acted in 1610; and though seemingly the freest from personal censure

and reflection, it could not secure him the general applauses of the people. A contemporary author, and a friend to Jonson, hath told us, that on some account or other, they expressed a dislike either to the poet, or his play. The scribblers of the age had indeed a loud and numerous party at their call; and they were constantly let loose on Jonson, whenever he brought a new play upon the stage. But their censure was his fame, whilst he was loved and respected by genius, wit, and candour; and could number in the list of his friends, the prodigies of poetry, and miracles of learning and science. Shakspeare had cherished his infant muse, Beaumont and Fletcher esteemed and revered him, Donne had commended his merit, and Camden the Strabo of Britain, and Selden a living library, knew how to prize his literature and judgment.

Mr. Dryden hath supposed that the *Alchemist* of Jonson was wrote in imitation of the comedy intitled, *Albumazer*. I can oppose nothing certain to this tradition. The author of *Albumazer* is unknown; but the earliest edition of that play is several years later than the *Alchemist;* and as the silence of Jonson's enemies is a presumption in his favour, it is possible that Dryden might be misinformed or mistaken.

The tragedy of *Catiline* was his next labour, which appeared in 1611. The long and frequent translations in this play, from Sallust and Tully, were fresh matter of calumny and malice to his railing adversaries; but the manner in which he appears to have received these attacks, sheweth us that he thought himself in no great danger of being hurt by them. There was now an intermission of three years, before the next performance of his next play: but he had full employment for his muse at court, though he denied her labours to the people. The annual custom of a masque at Christmass, and some intervening marriages of the nobility, contributed to keep his hand in use: so that we have a succession of these pieces, though some of them indeed without date, from the year 1609 to 1615. Two of them were written for the entertainment of prince Henry; and the rest were presented by the queen and her ladies, or by the lords and others, servants of the king.

It appears that in 1613 Jonson was in France; but the occasion of his going, and the stay he made, are alike uncertain. During his continuance there, he was admitted to an interview and conversation with cardinal Perron: their discourse, we may imagine, turned chiefly upon literary subjects; the cardinal shewed him his translation of Virgil; and Jonson, with his usual openness and freedom, told him it was a bad one.

His next play was the comedy called *Bartholomew Fair*, acted in 1614; and that was succeeded by *The Devil is an Ass*, in 1616. In this year he published his works in a fair volume in folio, many

of which had been separately printed before in quarto. In this volume were inserted all the plays excepting the two last, with his Masques and Entertainments; and to these were added a book of Epigrams, and a collection of longer Poems, which he intitled *The Forest.*

The pompous title of works, which Jonson gave to his Plays and Poems, was immediately carped at by those who had a mind to cavil; and we meet with this Epigram addressed to him upon that occasion:

"Pray tell me, Ben, where does the myst'ry lurk?
"What others call a Play, you call a Work."

And the following answer was returned, in behalf of Jonson;

"The author's friend thus for the author says;
"Ben's plays are works, when others' works are plays."

We are now to look for him in the bosom of the muses; and we find that soon after this, he resided in Christ-church college, in Oxford, to which place he had been invited by some members of the university, and particularly by Dr. Corbet, a poet, and an admirer of Jonson. Mr. Wood saith, that whilst he continued there he wrote some of his plays; but that matter is not very certain. This however is unquestionable, that there he received a very ample and honourable testimony to his merit; being created in a full house of convocation, a master of arts of that university, in July 1619. On the death of Samuel Daniel in October following, he succeeded to the vacant laurel. It is something strange, that when Daniel was laureat, his province for many years should have been discharged by Jonson: although Daniel wanted not for genius, and was honoured with the good opinion of the queen. The laureat's pay was originally a pension of one hundred marks *per annum;* but in 1630, Jonson presented a petition to king Charles, requesting him to make those marks as many pounds. His petition was granted; and accordingly on the surrendry of his former letters patent, new ones were issued, appointing him the annual pension of one hundred pounds, and a tierce of Spanish wine. The same salary is continued to this day. At the latter end of this year, he went on foot into Scotland, on purpose to visit Drummond of Hawthornden. His adventures in this journey, he wrought into a poem; but that copy, with many other pieces, was accidentally burned. During his stay with Drummond he gave him an account of his family, and several particulars relating to his life; nor was he less communicative of his sentiments with regard to the authors, and poets of his own times. Drummond committed the heads of their conversation to writing; and they are published in a folio edition of his works, printed at Edinburgh. From these minutes we learn

several circumstances concerning Jonson, which do not occur in any other relation, and the account is authentic, as it was taken from his own mouth.

His opinion and censure of the poets will be entertaining to the reader; and we shall give it him in Mr. Drummond's words, with some necessary remarks and observations. He said that Sidney did not keep a decorum, in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter: the meaning of the allegory of his *Fairy Queen*, he had delivered in writing to sir Walter Raleigh; which was, that by the bleating beast he understood the puritans, and by the false Duessa the queen of Scots. Spenser's goods, he said, were robbed by the Irish, and his house, and a little child burnt; he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King-street: he refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, and was no poet: he wrote the civil wars, and yet hath not one battle in all his book. Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, if he had performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent; that he was challenged for intitling one book *Mortimeriades*. Sir John Davis played on Drayton in an Epigram, who in a sonnet, concluded his mistress might have been the ninth worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in *Arcadia*, who said his mistress for wit might be a giant. Silvester's translation of *Du Bartas*, was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer; and those of Fairfax were not good. He thought that the translation of Homer and Virgil in long alexandrines, were but prose: that Sir John Harrington's *Ariosto*, under all translations, was the worst. When Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrams, he answered him, that he loved not the truth; for they were Narrations not Epigrams: he said, Donne was originally a poet, his grandfather on the mother's side was Heywood the epigrammatist; that Donne for not being understood would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things; his verses of *The lost Ochadine* he had by heart; and that passage of *The Calm*, that dust and feathers did not stir, all was so quiet. He affirmed that Donne wrote all his best pieces, before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's Transformation or Metempsychosis was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eva pulled: and hereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she-wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the hereticks, from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this, and since he was made doctor, repented hugely, and resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his

Anniversary was prophane and full of blasphemies; that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable; to which Donne answered, that he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was: and we may add, from Donne's Letters, that he never saw the lady, whom he had made the subject of his poem. It is to the honour of Jonson's judgment, that the greatest part of our nation had the same opinion of Donne's genius and wit; and hath preserved part of him from perishing, by putting his thoughts and satire into modern verse. Jonson's objections to the verses of Fairfax, must have proceeded from the same principle as his objections to Spenser; and that is, his dislike to the stanza form in Epic poetry. He said further to Drummond, Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles. What Jonson alluded to, is in the 6th and 7th scenes of the third act of the *Winter's Tale*. But Shakspeare, we may suppose, copied implicitly the novel from whence he took the plot. Sir Walter Raleigh, he said, esteemed fame more than conscience: the best wits in England were employed in making his history; and he himself had written a piece to him of the Punic War, which he altered, and set in his Book. He said, there was no such ground for an Heroic poem as king Arthur's fiction; and that Sir P. Sidney had an intention to have transferred all his *Arcadia* to the stories of king Arthur. Owen was a poor pedantic schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children, and has nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was thirty years of age; who, he said, was a good poet, as were Fletcher and Chapman, whom he loved. That sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton; that sir R. Ayton loved him dearly. He fought several times with Marston, and said that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies. His judgment of stranger poets was, that he thought not Bartas a poet, but a verser, because he wrote no fiction. He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses into sonnets, which he said was like that tyrant's bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That Guarini, in his *Pastor Fido*, kept no decorum, in making shepherds speak as well as himself; that the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes. But all this was to no purpose, says Drummond, for he never understood the French or Italian languages. It is true, that Jonson was ignorant of French, but I think there are plain proofs, that he was a competent master of the Italian language; and as to his judgment of Ronsard, it is probable that he took it from cardinal Perron, whom he conversed with in France in 1613: for Ronsard was the favourite poet of his Eminence, who, as it appears, professed

an uncommon admiration of his odes. Petronius, Plinius Secundus, and Plautus, as he said, spoke best Latin, and Tacitus wrote the secrets of the council and senate, as Suetonius did those of the cabinet and court; that Lucan taken in parts was excellent, but altogether naught; that Quintilian's 6th, 7th and 8th books were not only to be read, but altogether digested. That Juvenal, Horace, and Martial were to be read for delight, and so was Pindar, but Hippocrates for health. Of the English nation, he said, that Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* was best for church-matters, and Selden's Titles of Honour for antiquities. Such was Jonson's opinion of authors antient and modern; and if we except an instance or two, where he seemeth to have been influenced by personal prejudices, we may safely trust his integrity and judgment.

Jonson's office as poet laureat injoined him to provide the Christmas diversion of a masque; and we have accordingly a series of these, and other entertainments of a like kind, most of which were presented at court, from 1615 to 1625. In this last year was exhibited his comedy called *The Staple of News;* and from thence to the year 1629, the writing of masques was the chief employment of his pen, excepting possibly some shorter pieces, to which there is no date. In that year his comedy intitled *The New Inn, or the Light Heart,* was attempted to be acted; but a strong opposition was formed against it, and some of the players were negligent and careless in their parts. Jonson resented with indignation the ill treatment which his play received, and wrote an ode to himself, as a dissuasive to leave the stage. The *New Inn,* with the ode annexed, was printed in 1631, and a very severe reply was soon after written by Owen Feltham, in verse, and in the same measure with Jonson's ode. He was at that time ill, and lived in an obscure necessitous condition, and there is a printed story which tells us, that the king, who heard of it, sent him a benevolence of ten pounds, and that Jonson when he received the money, returned the following answer: "His majesty hath sent me ten pounds, because I am old and poor, "and live in an alley; go, and tell him, that his soul lives in an "alley." The bluntness of Jonson's temper might easily afford occasion for such a story to be made; and there is an expression not unlike it, occurring in his works; but the fact is otherwise. It is true, that he was poor and ill; but the king relieved him with a bounty of one hundred pounds, which he hath expressly acknowledged, by an epigram written in that very year, and on that particular occasion.

Jonson continued for some time in this low state; and in 1631 he solicited the lord treasurer for relief, in a short poem addressed to him, which he called an *Epistle Mendicant,* and in which he complains that he had laboured under sickness and want for five years. Superfluous wealth hath been seldom a part of the muse's

dowry; and but few of her train have been able to boast the splendour and the gifts of fortune. Bnt the frequency of distress hath been their mutual relief; and with this thought Cowley alleviates his misfortunes, when he so feelingly complains, that such

" Were all th' inspired tuneful men,
" Such all his great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben."

The want of success attending the preceding play, did not discourage him from taking the field again. There are two comedies subsequent, in point of time, to the *New Inn*, but both are without a date. Of these, the *Tale of a Tub* was probably his last performance, and is undoubtedly one of those later compositions which Dryden hath called his dotages; but yet they are the dotages of Jonson. The *Magnetick Lady* succeeded the *New Inn*, though the time of its being first acted is uncertain. The malevolence of criticism, which had marked him for its prey in his younger years, could not be persuaded to reverence his age, but pursued him with unwearied steps, nor left him as long he could hold a pen; and if we adopt the maxim of a celebrated wit, Jonson must have been certainly a genius, from the confederacy of the dunces against him. Alexander Gill, a poetaster of the times, attacked him with a brutal fury, on account of this last play; but Gill was a bad man, as well as a wretched poet; and Jonson with both these advantages, revenged himself by a short but cutting reply. There are two other pieces which are left unfinished, the *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral tragedy, and the *Fall of Mortimer*. Of this last, there is only the plan of the drama, and one or two scenes; but the other is carried on almost to the conclusion of the third act; and it is a doubt whether he left it so by design, or whether he was prevented by death.

The Masques and Entertainments go on in the same successive order as before; and the last of these was personated in July 1634. His smaller poems were most of them occasional; the greatest part are without date, nor is there any thing in the subject that leads us to determine the precise time of their composition. Besides the plays which are entirely his own, Jonson joined with Fletcher and Middleton in writing a comedy called the *Widow;* and he assisted Dr. Hacket, afterwards bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, in translating the Essays of Lord Bacon into Latin.

After the year 1634, we do not find that he wrote any thing, or at least, not any thing designed for the stage. He made indeed a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, an *English Grammar*, and *Observations on Men and Things*, which he hath called *Discoveries*. But the *Art of Poetry* was translated by him very early; for he mentions it in the preface to *Sejanus*, as what he proposed shortly to

publish, illustrated with notes; but it doth not appear to have been published, till after he was dead: and much of what was probably intended for the notes, is inserted in the *Discoveries*. These are a very excellent piece, the fruits of mature and judicious age; valuable not only for the sentiments and observations, but as a pattern of a nervous and concise style. His Grammar was also written by him when advanced in years, and in the judgment of Mr. Wotton, Jonson was the first who did any thing considerable, with regard to the grammar of the English Language; but as that author observeth, Lilly's Grammar was his pattern; and for want of reflecting upon the grounds of a language, which he understood as well as any man of his age, he drew it by violence to a dead language, that was of a quite different make, and so left his book imperfect.

In the decline of his life, Jonson was seized with the palsy, which we suppose afflicted him till the time of his death. He died on the sixth of August 1637, in the sixty-third year of his age, and three days after he was interred in Westminster-Abbey, at the north-west end near the belfry, under the escutcheon of Robert de Ros or Roos Over his grave is a common pavement stone, given, saith Anthony Wood, by Jack Young of Great Milton in Oxfordshire, afterwards knighted by king Charles the Second, and on it are engraven these words: O RARE BEN JONSON! In the beginning of the year following, a collection of Elegies, and Poems on his death, was published, under the title of *Jonsonius Virbius;* or *the Memory of Ben. Jonson revived by the friends of the Muses.* In this collection are poems by most of the men of genius in that age: by the lord Falkland, the lord Buckhurst, sir John Beaumont, sir Thomas Hawkins, Mr. Waller, by Waring, Mayne, and Cartwright, of Oxford, with many others; and among the rest is Owen Feltham, who attacked him so severely in answer to his Ode on the *New Inn*. This piece was published by Dr. Duppa, bishop of Chichester, and tutor to Charles the Second, then prince of Wales. What is there so desirable as to be loved in life, and lamented after death by wise and good men; or what more honourable to a poet, than to have his memory embalmed by the tears of the muses? Soon after, a design was set on foot to erect a monument and a statue to him, and a considerable sum of money was collected for that purpose: but the rebellion breaking out, the design was never executed, and the money was returned. The monument now erected to him in the Abbey, was placed there at the expence of that great encourager of learning the second earl of Oxford, of the Harley family. It is said that in 1616 Jonson lived in Black-friars, where there was then a play-house; and from thence he removed to a house in Aldersgate-street, at the corner of Jewin-street, where it is reported he died. Mr. Wood acquaints us, Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester, informed him, that Jonson had a pension from the city, from several of the

nobility and gentry, and particularly from Mr. Sutton, the founder of the Chartreux hospital in London; and Mr. Wood insinuates, that these pensions were paid him, to prevent being made objects of his satire; as if Jonson, like another Aretine, was the scourge of the great, who refused to become tributaries to his muse. The prelate above-mentioned, when master of arts, had been acquainted with Jonson, and often visited him in his last illness. And at those times, he expressed great uneasiness and sorrow for profaning the Scripture in his plays. He had undoubtedly a sense, and was under the influence of religion; and it may be offered in his favour, that his offences against piety and good manners are very few. Were authority or example an excuse for vice, there are more indecencies in a single play of the poet's contemporaries, than in all the comedies which he wrote; and even Shakspeare, whose modesty is remarkable, hath his peccant redundancies, not less in number than those of Jonson; and something must be allowed to the rudeness and indelicacy of the age, when grosser language was permitted, than the chaste ears of more polished times will bear.

It appears that Jonson was married, and had several children; but none survived him: and we know nothing of his wife, or her descent. His eldest son was Benjamin, which was probably the name of Jonson's father, and his eldest daughter Mary. His twenty-second epigram is on the loss of this daughter, who died when six months old; and the forty-fifth is on the decease of his son, at the age of seven years.

His person was corpulent and large; and his face, if we may believe his admirers, resembled Menander's, as the head of that poet is represented upon antient gems and medals: in like manner Vida is said to have resembled Virgil. His disposition was reserved, and saturnine; and sometimes not a little oppressed with the gloom of a splenetic imagination. He told Drummond, as an instance of this, that he had lain a whole night fancying he saw the Carthaginians and Romans, Turks, and Tartars, fighting on his great toe. He hath been often represented as of an envious, arrogant, over-bearing temper, and insolent and haughty in his converse: but these ungracious drawings were the performance of his enemies; who certainly were not solicitous to give a flattering likeness in their portraits of the original. But considering the provocations he received, with the mean and contemptible talents of those who opposed him, what we condemn as vanity or conceit, might be only the exertions of conscious and insulted merit. He was laborious and indefatigable in his studies; his reading was copious and extensive; his memory so tenacious and strong, that when turned of forty, he could have repeated all that he had ever wrote: his judgment accurate and solid; and often consulted by those who knew him well, in branches of very curious learning, and far remote from the flowery paths

loved and frequented by the muses. The lord Falkland, in his elegy, celebrates him as an admirable scholar; and saith, that the extracts he took, and the observations which he made on the books he read, were themselves a treasure of learning, though the originals should happen to be lost. In his friendships he was cautious and sincere, yet accused of levity and ingratitude to his friends: but his accusers were the criminals; insensible of the charms, and strangers to the privileges of friendship. For the powers of friendship, not the least of virtues, can be only experienced by the virtuous and good; and with these Jonson was happily connected in the bonds of intimacy and affection. Randolph and Cartwright revered him as the great reformer, and as the father of the British stage; and gloried in the honorary title of his adopted sons: and Selden hath acknowledged the good offices which Jonson did him by his interest at court, when he had incurred the royal displeasure by publishing his *History of Tithes*. Stern and rigid as his virtue was, this Cato of poets was easy and social in the convivial meetings of his friends; and the laws of his Symposia, inscribed over the chimney of the Apollo, a room in the Devil-Tavern near Temple-Bar, where he kept his club, shew us that he was neither averse to the pleasures of conversation, nor ignorant of what would render it agreeable and improving. It is true that he was sparing in his commendations of the works of others, which probably gave occasion to accuse him of envy, and ill-nature; but when he commends, he commends with sincerity and warmth. A man of sense is always cautious in giving characters; nor will an honest man applaud where he cannot approve; and Jonson well knew the people may admire, but to praise is an act of knowledge and of judgment.

In 1640 the volume of plays and poems, which was published in his life-time, was reprinted; and there was added to it another volume in folio, containing the rest of his Plays, Masques, and Entertainments, with a translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, his *English Grammar*, and the *Discoveries*. But besides what is contained in these two volumes, there are copies of Verses written by Jonson, prefixed to the plays and compositions of his friends. To what I could find most considerable of these, I have here given a place among the Epigrams, where I have inserted likewise a satire upon Inigo Jones, which is now first printed from a manuscript; and I would have added his commendatory Verses prefixed to May's *Translation of Lucan*, had I been possessed of the book in proper time. At the end of this life, is a copy of the warrant for creating him Poet Laureat, which I was favoured with by the late Dr. Rawlinson, who was possessed of the original: and to that is subjoined the licence for acting, granted by James the First, to the company at the Globe, where many of Jonson's plays were performed, which is extracted from *Rymer's Fœdera*. Mr. Wood

in the catalogue of Jonson's writings, mentions a piece, which he calls his Motives in 1622, 8vo. I have not been able to meet with it; and as Mr. Wood is the only person who ascribes this piece to him, it is possible he hath mistaken the real author: since he also assigns to Jonson the tragedy of *Thierry King of France*, which was written by Beaumont and Fletcher.

By the death of Jonson his family itself became extinct, the only issue he left being his Plays and Poems; and their fate hath in some measure resembled his. Yet such is the felicity of their better fortunes, that surviving the attacks of envious contemporary rivals, they have received from the justice of discerning unprejudiced posterity, a fair, and an increasing fame. With those, whose taste for simple and striking copies of nature, is yet uncorrupted by the fastidious delicacy of fashionable refinements, the works of Jonson stand high in esteem: and as they are read from age to age, they will perpetuate his name with all the honours which his genius and his learning deserve.

CHARLES, R.

CHARLES, by the grace of God, Kinge of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to the Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs and successours, now beinge, and that hereafter shall be, and to all other the officers and ministers of the said court, and of the receipt there now beinge, and that hereafter shall be; and to all others to whom these presents shall come, or to whom it shall or may apperteyn, greeting. Whereas our late most deare father King James of happy memorie, by his letters pattents under the great seale of England, bearing date at Westminster, the first day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign of England (for the considerations therein expressed) did give and graunt unto our well beloved servaunt, Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred marks of lawful money of Englande, during his life, to be paid out of the said Exchequer, at the feast of the Anunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the birth of our Lord God, quarterly, as by the said letters patents more at large may appear. Which annuity or pension, together with the said letters patents, the said Benjamin Johnson hath lately surrendered vnto vs. Know yee nowe, that wee, for divers good considerations vs at this present especially movinge, and in consideration of the good and acceptable service, done vnto vs and our said father by the said Benjamin Johnson, and especially to encourage him to proceede in those services of his witt and penn, which wee have enjoined vnto him, and which wee expect from him, are graciously pleased to augment and encrease the said annuitie or pension of one

hundred marks, vnto an annuitie of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England for his life. And for the better effecting thereof, of our especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, we have given and graunted, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, upon the surrender aforesaid, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson, one annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of England by the year, to have, hold, and yearly to receive the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England by the year, unto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, from the feast of our Lord God last past, before the date hereof, for and during the natural life of him the said Benjamin Johnson, at the receipt of the Exchequer of vs, our heirs, and successours, out of the treasure of vs, our heirs and successours, from time to time there remayning, by the Theasurer and Chamberlens of vs, our heirs and successours there, for the time beinge, at the foresaid foure usual terms of the year, (that is to say) at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, St. Michael the Archangel, and the Birth of our Lord God, by even and equal portions quarterly to be paid. The first payment thereof to begin at the feast of the Annuntiation of the blessed Virgin Mary, next before the date of these presents. Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and we do by these presents for vs, our heirs and successors, require, command, and authorise the said Theasurer, Chancellour, under Theasurer, Chamberlens, and Barons, and other officers and ministers of the said Exchequer, now and for the time being, not only to paie or cause to be paide vnto the said Benjamin Johnson, or his assignes the said annuitie or yearly pension of one hundred pounds of lawful money of England according to our pleasure before expressed: and also from time to time to give full allowance of the same, according to the true meaning of these presents. And these presents, and the enrollment thereof, shall be unto all men whom it shall concern, sufficient warrant and discharge for the payinge and allowinge of the same accordingly, without any farther or other warrant to be in that behalf procured or obtained. And further know yee, that wee of our more especial grace, certen knowledge and meer motion, have given and granted, and by these presents for us, our heires and successors, do give and graunt unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns, one terse of Canary Spanish wine yearly: to have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said terse of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns during the term of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellers within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall. And for the better effecting of our will and pleasure herein, we do hereby require and command all and singular officers and ministers whom it shall or may concerne, or who shall

have the care or charge of our said wines, that they or some one of them do deliver or cause to be delivered the said terse of wine yearly, and once in every year vnto the said Benjamin Johnson or his assignes, during the terme of his natural life, at such time and times as he or they shall demand or desire the same. And these presents or the inrollment thereof shall be unto all men whom it shall concerne a sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf, although express mention, &c. In witness, &c.

Ex per Ro. Heath.

Witness, &c.

Maie it please your most excellent Majestie,

This conteyneth your majestie's graunte unto Benjamin Johnson, your majestie's servaunte, during his life, of a pension of 100*l.* *per annum,* and of a terse of Spanish wine yearly out of your majestie's store remaining at White-hall.

And is done upon surrender of a former letters patents granted unto him by your late royal father, of a pension of 100 marks *per annum.*

Signified to be your Majestie's pleasure by the Lord Theasurer.

RO. HEATH.

Endorsed thus: *March* 1630.

Expl. apud Westm' vicesimo-sexto die Martii anno R. Ris Caroli quinto.

per WINDEBANK.

Pro Laurentio Fletcher & Willielmo Shakspeare & aliis.

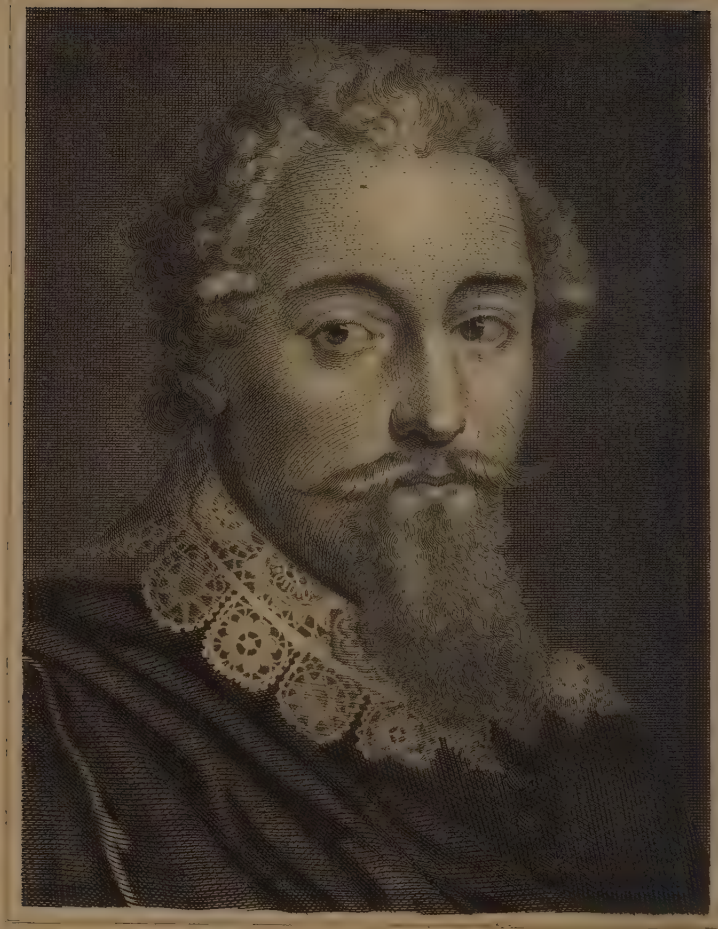
A. D. 1603. *Pat.* 1 *Jac. P.* 2. *m.* 4. JAMES, by the grace of God, *&c.* to all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughs, and other our officers and loving subjects, greeting. Know ye that wee, of our special grace certeine knowledge and meer motion, have licensed and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize theise our servaunts, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty, of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like others as theie have alreadie studied or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our lovinge subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thincke good to see them, during our pleasure: and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire nowe usuall house called

the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie toune halls, or moute halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other citie, universitie, toun, or boroughe, whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commanding you and everie of you, as you tender our pleasure, not onlie to permit and suffer them herein, without anie your letts, hindrances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be aiding or assistinge to them if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them such former curtesies as hathe bene given to men of their place and quallitie; and also what further favour you shall shew to theise our servaunts for our sake, we shall take kindlie at your handes.

In witness whereof, &c.

Witness our selfe at Westminster, the nynteenth daye of Maye.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.



FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Published by John Stockdale, Piccadilly 22d July 1811.

LIFE

OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

1811.

Francis Beaumont was third son of Francis, the judge, and born at Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, in the year 1586. In 1596, he, with his two brothers, Henry and John, was admitted a gentleman commoner of Broadgate-hall, now Pembroke-college, Oxford. Wood, who refers his education to Cambridge, has mistaken him for his cousin Francis, master of the Charter-house, who died in 1624, an error not at all wonderful, inasmuch as there were four Francis Beaumonts of this family, all living in 1615, and of these, three were poets, viz. the master of the Charter-house, the dramatic writer, and one who was a Jesuit. The subject of this article studied some time in the Inner Temple, and his Mask of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, was acted and printed in 1612-13, when he was only in his twenty-sixth year. His application to the law was probably not very intense; he devoted himself to the Dramatic Muse from an early period; but at what time he commenced a partnership with Fletcher is not known. The date of their first plays is in 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year: in all the editions of their works, and in every notice of their joint productions, notwithstanding Fletcher's seniority, the name of Beaumont stands first. Their connection, from similarity of taste and studies, was very intimate; they lived together on Bank-side, not far from the play-house, both bachelors, and it is said that they had one bench between them, and that they made use of the same clothes, cloak, &c. and that Beaumont's chief business was

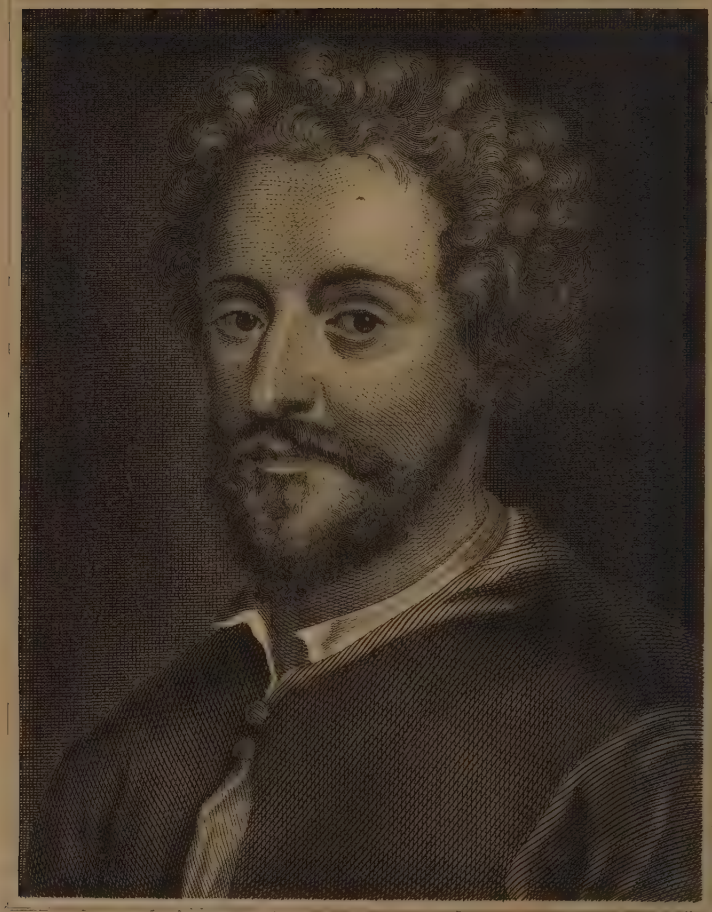
to

to correct the overflowings of Fletcher's wit. The latter part of this allegation is not admitted by certain writers, particularly Sir Egerton Brydges, who suspects that great injustice has been done to Beaumont, by the supposition that his merit was principally confined to lopping the redundancies of Fletcher. The editors of the Biographia Dramatica say, "It is probable that the forming of the plan, and contriving the conduct of the fable, the writing of the more serious and pathetic parts, and lopping the redundant branches of Fletcher's wit, whose luxuriances frequently stood in need of castigation, might be in general Beaumont's portion of the work." This is to afford him high praise, and there are other facts to prove that he was considered by his contemporaries in a superior light, and that this estimation of his talents was common in the life-time of his colleague, who from candour, or friendship, appears to have acquiesced in every respect paid to the memory of Beaumont.

How his life was spent his works will testify. The production of so many plays, and the interest which he would naturally take in their success, were sufficient to occupy his mind during the short span of his mortal existence, which cannot be supposed to have been diversified by any other events than those incident to candidates for theatrical fame and profit.

Mr. Beaumont died in March 1615-16, and was buried in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. The first edition of his poems appeared in 1640. The only poem printed in Beaumont's life-time was, Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, from Ovid, which he published in 1602, when he was only sixteen years of age.

His original poems, says his biographer, give him very superior claims as a poet; he is generally more free from metaphysical conceits than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined, and his versification is unusually harmonious. His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the impassioned spirit of Shakespeare and Milton.



JOHN FLETCHER

Published by John Stockdale Piccadilly 20th Sept 1811

LIFE

OF

JOHN FLETCHER,

1811.

John Fletcher, son of Richard Fletcher, bishop of London, was born in Northamptonshire, in 1576, and educated at Cambridge. It is not known that he followed any profession except that of a poet, in which capacity, as we have seen, he was the inseparable partner of Francis Beaumont. He is said to have written a comedy in partnership with Ben Jonson. After the death of Francis Beaumont, Fletcher is supposed to have consulted James Shirley on the plots of several of his plays. He died of the plague in 1625, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's church, Southwark. Different accounts, it has already been observed, are given both of the joint and separate title of each author to the plays under the name Beaumont and Fletcher, and of the share each took in the plays written by them in common. It is generally allowed by the most judicious critics that Beaumont excelled in that judgment which is requisite for forming the plots, and Fletcher in the fancy and vivacity which characterise the poet. Their plays, as may be seen in the present volumes, are numerous, consisting of tragedies, comedies, and mixed pieces. They were so popular for a long time, that they almost engrossed the stage. In general their plots are more regular than Shakespeare's, their comedies are gay, and imitate the language of genteel life better than Jonson's, and their tragedies have many poetical beauties and striking incidents and characters. But their display of passion is rather the product of study than of real observation, and in knowledge of the human heart

heart they fall many degrees short of Shakespeare. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, though once so popular, are now rarely acted. Most of them run into luxuriance, and abound in grossness of language, which would not now be tolerated by any decent audience. The poetical powers of Fletcher are very advantageously displayed in a piece of his sole composition, "The Faithful Shepherd," a dramatic pastoral on the model of the Italian. It possesses many fine beauties, and has been imitated by Milton in his Comus, but its plot is defective and unpleasant. The reader will find much excellent criticism, and abundance of judicious remarks on the labours of this pair of poets, in the following prefaces. The present edition is taken from Mr. Colman's, published in ten volumes, 1778, which is by far the most correct of any that has hitherto appeared before the public.

PLAYERS' DEDICATION.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, *Earl of* PEMBROKE *and* MONTGOMERY; *Baron Herbert of Cardiff and Sherland; Lord Parr and Ross of Kendall; Lord Fitz-Hugh, Marmyon, and Saint Quintin; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council: and our singular good Lord.*

MY LORD,

THERE is none among all the names of honour, that hath more encouraged the legitimate muses of this latter age, than that which is owing to your family; whose coronet shines bright with the native lustre of its own jewels, which, with the access of some beams of Sidney, twisted with their flame, presents a constellation, from whose influence all good may be still expected upon wit and learning.

At this truth we rejoice, but yet aloof, and in our own valley; for we dare not approach with any capacity in ourselves to apply your smile, since we have only preserved, as trustees to the ashes of the authors, what we exhibit to your honour, it being no more our own, than those imperial crowns and garlands were the soldiers', who were honourably designed for their conveyance before the triumpher to the capitol.

But directed by the example of some, who once steered in our quality, and so fortunately aspired to choose your honour, joined with your (now glorified) brother, (patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon Shakspeare[1]; and since, more particularly bound to your lordship's most constant and diffusive goodness, from which we did for many calm years derive a subsistence to ourselves, and protection to the scene (now withered, and condemned, as we fear, to a long winter and sterility) we have presumed to offer to yourself, what before was never printed of these authors.

Had they been less than all the treasure we had contracted in the whole age of poesy (some few poems of their own excepted, which, already published, command their entertainment with all lovers of art and language) or were they not the most justly admired and beloved pieces of wit and the world, we should have taught ourselves a less ambition.

Be pleased to accept this humble tender of our duties; and, till we fail in our obedience to all your commands, vouchsafe we may be known by the cognizance and character of,

My LORD,

Your Honour's most bounden,

JOHN LOWIN,
RICHARD ROBINSON,
EYLÆRD SWANSTON,
HUGH CLEARKE,
STEPHEN HAMMERTON,
JOSEPH TAYLOR,
ROBERT BENFEILD,
THOMAS POLLARD,
WILLIAM ALLEN,
THEOPHILUS BYRD.

[1] *The example of some*, &c.] *i. e.* Heminge and Condell; who in 1623 published the first edition of Shakespeare's Works. They dedicated them to this same nobleman, then Earl of Montgomery, and his elder brother, William Earl of Pembroke.

MR. SHIRLEY'S PREFACE.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

POETRY is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition, nay the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages: for it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir, than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit, upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!

And now, Reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only shewed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as the greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent, and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand, admiring the subtil tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have the

the least room left in their souls for another passion; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none, but the same hands, could work them.

Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself; and but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elisium; and when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence, and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies; but let the ingenuous reader[2] peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a Preface to the rest; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not so remote in time, but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: What I have to say is, we have the precious remains; and as the wisest contemporaries acknowledge they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more specially concerns these authors and their works is told thee by another hand, in the following epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farewell: Read, and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee: and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself; and at the same time forgive

Thy friend,

And these authors humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY[3].

[2] Ingenuous *Reader.*] In Coles's Dict. 1677, it is remarked, '*Ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded.'

[3] *James Shirley.*] It is much to be regretted, that this ingenious gentleman did nothing more to the First Folio than writing the Preface; we should not then so justly lament the incorrectness of that Edition.

STATIONER'S ADDRESS.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

GENTLEMEN,

BEFORE you engage further, be pleased to take notice of these particulars. You have here a *new book;* I can speak it clearly; for of all this large volume of comedies and tragedies, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A collection of plays is commonly but a *new impression*, the scattered pieces which were printed single, being then only republished together: 'Tis otherwise here.

Next, as it is all *new*, so here is not any thing spurious or imposed: I had the originals from such as received them from the authors themselves; by those, and none other, I publish this edition.

And as here is nothing but what is genuine and theirs, so you will find here are no *omissions;* you have not only *all* I could get, but *all* that you must ever expect. For (besides those which were formerly printed) there is not any piece written by these authors, either jointly or severally, but what are now published to the world in this volume. One only play I must except (for I mean to deal openly); it is a comedy called the Wild-Goose Chase,[1] which hath been long lost, and I fear irrecoverable; for a person of quality borrowed it from the actors many years since, and (by the negligence of a servant) it was never returned; therefore now I put up this *si quis*, that whosoever hereafter happily meets with it, shall be thankfully satisfied if he please to send it home.

Some plays (you know) written by these authors were heretofore printed: I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itself is entirely new. And indeed it would have rendered the book so voluminous, that ladies and gentlewomen would have found it scarce manageable, who in works of this nature must first be remembered. Besides, I considered those former pieces had been so long printed and reprinted, that many gentlemen were already furnished; and I would have none say, they pay twice for the same book.

One thing I must answer before it be objected; 'tis this: when these comedies and tragedies were presented on the stage, the actors omitted some scenes and passages (with the authors' consent) as occasion led them; and when private friends desired a copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they acted: But now you have both *all* that *was acted*, and *all* that *was not;* even the perfect full originals, without the least mutilation; so that were the authors living, (and sure they can never die) they themselves would challenge neither more nor less than what is here published; this volume being now so complete and finished, that the reader must expect no future alterations.

For literal errors committed by the printer, it is the fashion to ask pardon, and as much in fashion to take no notice of him that asks it; but in this also I have done my endeavour. 'Twere vain to mention the chargeableness of this work; for those who owned the manuscripts, too well knew their value to make a cheap estimate of any of these pieces; and though another joined with me in the purchase and printing, yet the

[1] *The Wild-Goose Chase.*] This comedy, in the year 1652, was published in folio, by Lowin and Taylor, two of the players, with a 'Dedication to the Honour'd, Few, Lovers of Dramatick Poesie,' and several commendatory verses annexed.

care

care and pains was wholly mine, which I found to be more than you will easily imagine, unless you knew into how many hands the originals were dispersed: They are all now happily met in this book, having escaped these public troubles, free and unmangled. Heretofore, when gentlemen desired but a copy of any of these plays, the meanest piece here (if any may be called mean where every one is best) cost them more than four times the price you pay for the whole volume.

I should scarce have adventured in these slippery times on such a work as this, if knowing persons had not generally assured me that these authors were the most unquestionable wits this kingdom hath afforded. Mr. Beaumont was ever acknowledged a man of a most strong and searching brain; and (his years considered) the most judicious wit these later ages have produced; he died young, for (which was an invaluable loss to this nation) he left the world when he was not full thirty years old. Mr. Fletcher survived, and lived till almost fifty; whereof the world now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have printed Mr. Fletcher's works by themselves,[2] because single and alone he would make a just volume; but since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to separate their ashes.

It becomes not me to say (though it be a known truth) that these authors had not only high unexpressible gifts of nature, but also excellent acquired parts, being furnished with arts and sciences by that liberal education they had at the university, which sure is the best place to make a great wit understand itself; this their works will soon make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Mr. Beaumont's picture; but could not possibly, though I spared no enquiry in those noble families whence he was descended, as also among those gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the Inner-Temple: The best pictures, and those most like him, you will find in this volume. This figure of Mr. Fletcher was cut by several original pieces, which his friends lent me; but withal they tell me, that his unimitable soul did shine through his countenance in such air and spirit, that the painters confessed it was not easy to express him: As much as could be, you have here, and the graver hath done his part.

Whatever I have seen of Mr. Fletcher's own hand, is free from interlining; and his friends affirm he never writ any one thing twice:[3] It seems he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all first in his own brain; to shape and attire his notions, to add or lop off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to stand as firm and immutable as if engraven in brass or marble. But I keep you too long from those friends of his whom 'tis better for you to read; only accept of the honest endeavours of

One that is a Servant to you all,

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

At the Prince's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
Feb. the 14th, 1646.

[2] *Fletcher's works by themselves.*] If Mr. Moseley *could* have made this separation, it is greatly to be regretted that he left us no intimation which plays were written by Fletcher alone.

[3] *He never writ any one thing twice.*] May we not suppose this to have been a sort of common-place compliment? but surely it is a very injudicious one. A similar assertion, applied to Shakespeare, has afforded much conversation in the literary world.

BOOKSELLERS'

BOOKSELLERS' ADDRESS.

(FOLIO 1679.)

COURTEOUS READER,

THE first edition of these plays in this volume having found that acceptance as to give us encouragement to make a second impression, we were very desirous they might come forth as correct as might be: And we were very opportunely informed of a copy which an ingenious and worthy gentleman had taken the pains (or rather the pleasure) to read over; wherein he had all along corrected[1] several faults (some very gross) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them. His corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our authors, and had been a spectator of most of them when they were acted in their life-time. This therefore we resolved to purchase at any rate; and accordingly with no small cost obtained it. From the same hand also we received several prologues and epilogues, with the songs appertaining to each play, which were not in the former edition, but are now inserted in their proper places. Besides, in this edition you have the addition of no fewer than seventeen plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of quarto in this volume, which for distinction sake are marked with a star in the catalogue of them facing the first page of the book. And whereas in several of the plays there were wanting the names of the persons represented therein, in this edition you have them all prefixed, with their qualities; which will be a great ease to the reader. Thus every way perfect and complete have you, all both tragedies and comedies that were ever writ by our authors, a pair of the greatest wits and most ingenious poets of their age; from whose worth we should but detract by our most studied commendations.

If our care and endeavours to do our authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine edition of their works) and thereby to gratify and oblige the reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encouraged to bring Ben Jonson's two volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old Shakespeare: Both which are designed by

Yours,

Ready to serve you,

JOHN MARTYN,
HENRY HERRINGMAN,
RICHARD MARIOT.

[1] *He had all along corrected*, &c.] Notwithstanding this boast, in many plays, the first folio is more correct than the second.

PREFACE[1].

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHORS AND THEIR WRIT[ings].

(OCTAVO, 1711.)

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, Esquire, was descended from the ancient family of that name, at Gracedieu in Leicestershire, and brother to Sir Henry Beaumont, Knight, of the same place; his grandfather was John Beaumont,

[1] *Preface.*] To this *Preface*, Mr. Sympson, in the Edition of 1750, prefixes the following Introduction.

"Tis really surprising that all we know of two such illustrious authors as Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fletcher were is, That we know nothing. The composer of the following Preface, and editor of their works in 1711, *calls* it "An Account of the Lives, &c. of his Authors." But he greatly *miscalls* it, for that they were born in such a year, and died in such a one, is all he has given us of their history and actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a comedy, we should not have known, but upon Mr. Shirley's word, that in conversation they ever had talked one.

Our authors, 'tis true, take up articles in two dictionaries, but these contain little more than remarks on their dramatic performances. Believing therefore that the *no account*, of the following Preface, contains as *good an account* of our authors as any can be given, I submit it to the reader pure and unmix'd, as it came out of the editor's hands, without any alteration or interpolation at all, only striking out a long quotation from a very imperfect answer of Mr. Dryden's to the objections made against Shakespeare and our authors by Mr. Rhymer.

But their dramatic is no better known than their civil history; I mean what part each sustained in their poetical capacities. Did Beaumont plan, and Fletcher raise the superstructure? Then 'tis no wonder the work should be all of a piece.

But if each sustained both characters (as I think is so plain as not to be doubted) 'tis strange there should appear no greater diversity in their writings, when the separate parts came to be put together.

For, unless I be greatly mistaken, we cannot say that *here* one laid down the pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can say of any two contiguous colours in the rainbow, here *this* ends and there *that* begins, so fine is the transition, that

> ——— *Spectantia lumina fallit,*
> *Usque adeo quod tangit idem est.*———

Mr. Seward will lay before the reader what *internal evidence* he thinks he has discovered of a distinction of their hands; but in general Beaumont's accuracy, and Fletcher's wit, are so indistinguishable, that were we not sure, to a demonstration, that the Masque was the former's, and the Shepherdess the latter's sole production, they might each have passed for the concurrent labour of both, or have changed hands, and the *last* been taken for Beaumont's and the *former* for Fletcher's.

And where is the wonder, that Fletcher's Works, which he wrote singly after Beaumont's death, should carry the same strength, wit, manner, and spirit in them, so as not to be discerned from what both wrote in conjunction, when as Sir J. Berkenhead tells us,

> "Beaumont died; yet left in legacy
> His rules and standard wit (Fletcher) to thee;
> Still the same planet, tho' not fill'd so soon,
> A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full-moon.
> Joint Love before, now Honour doth provoke;
> So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak,
> One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
> Grasp'd the whole tree and single held up all."

And

mont, Master of the Rolls; and his father Francis Beaumont, Judge of the Common-Pleas, who married Anne daughter of George Pierrepont of Home-Pierrepont, Nottinghamshire. He was educated at Cambridge, and after at the Inner-Temple. He died before he was thirty years of age, and was buried the 9th of March, 1615, at the entrance into St. Benedict's Chapel in Westminster-Abbey. He left one daughter behind him, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who died in Leicestershire since the year 1700: she had been possessed of several poems of her father's writing, but they were lost at sea coming from Ireland, where she had some time lived in the Duke of Ormond's family. There was published, after our author's death, a small book containing several poems under his name, and among them the story of Salmacis, from the Metamorphoses of Ovid; and a translation of the Remedy of Love, from the same author. The Poem of Bosworth-Field, which has been universally esteemed, was written by his brother John Beaumont.

John Fletcher, Esquire, (son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, who was created by Queen Elizabeth Bishop of Bristol, and after removed to Worcester, and from thence, in the year 1593, to London), was educated at Cambridge, and probably at Bennet-College, to which his father was by his will a benefactor. He died of the plague in the first year of the reign

And since I have quoted one poetical authority, let me give another (with a little variation) from the immortal Spenser, which may farther illustrate, if not confirm our opinion. The poet speaking of Priamond, after he had died by Cambell's hand in single combat, says,

> "His weary ghost assoyl'd from fleshly band
> Did not, as others wont, directly fly
> Unto her rest in Pluto's grisely land,
> Ne into air did vanish presently,
> Ne chaunged was into a star in sky,
> But by traduction was eftsoon deriv'd
> Into his other *brother* that surviv'd,
> In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd."

The application of these lines to our authors, is so *easy* that no reader can *miss* it, and the reason given for the sameness of manner, spirit, *&c.* in their *joint* and *single* performances, so clear for a *poetical one*, that no one can *dispute* it.

And as to *external evidence*, though we have enough of it, 'tis so little to be depended on, that it has no weight with me, whatever it may have with the intelligent reader. The testimony of the versifiers, before our authors works, is so extravagant on the one side or on the other, that if we trust *this* panegyrist, Fletcher was the sole author, if *that*, Beaumont wrote alone, and if a *third*, the whole was the united work and labour of both.

The printers of the quarto editions are no more concordant; for in different years and editions, you have sometimes Beaumont's and Fletcher's name, and sometimes the latter's singly before the same play.

The prologue and epilogue writers may perhaps be more depended upon, but they do not go quite through with their work; for neither the quarto copies, nor the thirty-four plays in the 1647 edition, have all their full quotas of head and tail-pieces; and of these we have, there are few that speak out, and tell us from whose labours their audiences were to expect either pleasure or instruction.

However this evidence, such as it is, I shall lay before the reader, by way of notes to the alphabetical account of our authors pieces (as drawn up by Dr. Langbaine) towards the conclusion of the following Preface; and leave it to his judgment to determine, how far upon such testimony, the authors were singly or jointly concerned; only I must give this caution, that where the prologue mentions poet, or author in the singular, there I suppose Fletcher is only designed, where in the plural, Beaumont is included.

[The *evidence* Mr. Sympson here speaks of, the reader will find, with much additional information, in the title of each play of the present edition.]

of

of King Charles the First, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church in Southwark, August the 19th, 1625, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Several of their plays were printed in quarto while the authors were living; and in the year 1645, (twenty years after the death of Fletcher, and thirty after that of Beaumont) there was published in folio a collection of such of their plays as had not before been printed, amounting to between thirty and forty. At the beginning of this volume are inserted a great many Commendatory Verses, written in praise of the authors by persons of their acquaintance, and the most eminent of that age for wit and quality. This collection was published by Mr. Shirley, after the shutting up of the theatres, and dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke, by ten of the most famous actors, who profess to have taken great care in the edition; they lament their not being able to procure any picture of Mr. Beaumont, from which to take his effigies, as they had done that of Mr. Fletcher: but, through the favour of the present Earl of Dorset, that is now supplied; the head of Mr. Beaumont, and that of Mr. Fletcher, being taken from originals in the noble collection his lordship has at Knowles.

In the year 1679, there was an edition in folio of all their plays published, containing those formerly printed in quarto, and those in the before-mentioned folio edition. Several of the Commendatory Verses are left out before that impression; but many of them relating to particulars of the authors, or their plays, they are prefixed to this; and a large omission of part of the last act of the tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret, is supplied in this.

The frequent and great audiences that several of their plays continue to bring, sufficiently declares the value this age has for them is equal to that of the former; and three such extraordinary writers as Mr. Waller, the Duke of Buckingham, and John late Earl of Rochester, selecting each of them one of their plays to alter for the stage, adds not a little to their reputation.

The Maid's Tragedy[2] was very frequently acted after the Restoration, and with the greatest applause; Mr. Hart playing Amintor, Major Mohun, Melantius, and Mrs. Marshal, Evadne, equal to any other parts for which they were deservedly famous. But the latter ending of that play, where the king was killed, making it upon some particular occasion not thought proper to be farther represented, it was by private order from the court silenced. This was the reason Mr. Waller undertook the altering the latter part of that play, as it is now printed in the last edition of his works.—Upon which alteration, this following remark was made by an eminent hand:

"It is not to be doubted who sat for the two brothers characters. 'Twas agreeable to Mr. Waller's temper to soften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expresses it; but whether it be agreeable to the nature of tragedy itself, to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the critics."

The Duke of Buckingham, so celebrated for writing the Rehearsal,

[2] As our authors were planning one of their plays *(this most probably)* in a tavern, Mr. Fletcher was over-heard, by some of the house, to say, *I'll undertake to kill the King.* Words in appearance so treasonable as these were, could not long be kept concealed, and the discovery of them had like to have cost our poet dear: but it being demonstrated that this design was only against the person of a *scenical sovereign*, our author was freed from any farther trouble, and the intended process entirely dropped. *Vide Winstanley's English Poets.*
SYMPSON.

made the two last acts of the Chances almost new. Mr. Hart played the part of Don John to the highest satisfaction of the audience; the play had a great run, and ever since has been followed as one of the best entertainments of the stage. His Grace, after that, bestowed some time in altering another play of our authors, called Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding: He made very considerable alterations in it, and took it with him, intending to finish it the last journey he made to Yorkshire, in the year 1686. I cannot learn what is become of the play with his Grace's alterations, but am very well informed it was since the Revolution in the hands of Mr. Nevil Payne, who was imprisoned at Edinburgh in the year 1689.

The alterations in Valentinian, by the Earl of Rochester, amount to about a third part of the whole; but his lordship died before he had done all he intended to it. It was acted with very great applause, Mr. Goodman playing Valentinian, Mr. Betterton, Æcius, and Mrs. Barry, Lucina. My lord died in the year 1680, and the play was acted in the year 1684, and the same year published by Mr. Robert Wolsly, with a Preface, giving a large account of my lord, and his writings. This play, with the alterations, is printed at the end of his lordship's poems in octavo.

Mr. Dryden, in his Essay of Dramatic Poetry, page 17, (in the first volume of the folio edition of his works) in a comparison of the French and English comedy, says, "As for comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces. The greatest pleasure of an audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides, and swiftly managed: And this our forefathers (if not we) have had in Fletcher's plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French poets can arrive at."

And in the same Essay, page 19, he says, "Beaumont and Fletcher had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study. Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots What value he had for him appears by the verses he wrote to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was Philaster; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ Every Man in his Humour. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death. And they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all *love*. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all mens humour. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs."

This

This Essay of Mr. Dryden's was written in the year 1666.[3]

Mr. Dryden said he had been informed, that after Beaumont's death, Mr. James Shirley was consulted by Fletcher in the plotting several of his plays.

[3] ——— *in the year* 1666.] After this sentence was inserted Mr. Dryden's Remarks on Rymer, which Sympson, in his Introduction, p. xiv. mentions having rejected. They here follow, with the Prefacer's Observations.

"In the year 1677, Mr. Rymer (now Historiographer Royal) published 'The Tragedies of the Last Age considered, in a Letter to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.' In this treatise he criticises upon Rollo Duke of Normandy, the Maid's Tragedy, and the King and No King; all three written by our authors, and the most taking plays then acted. He has there endeavoured to the utmost the exposing their failings, without taking the least notice of their beauties; Mr. Rymer sent one of his books as a present to Mr. Dryden, who on the blank leaves, before the beginning, and after the end of the book, made several remarks, as if he designed an answer to Mr. Rymer's reflections; they are of Mr. Dryden's own hand-writing, and may be seen at the publisher's of this book; 'tis to be wished he had put his last hand to 'em, and made the connection closer, but just as he left them be pleased to take them here *verbatim* inserted.

"He who undertakes to answer this excellent critic of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our English poets against the Greek, ought to do it in this manner.

"Either by yielding to him the greatest part of what he contends for, which consists in this, that the μῦθος *(i. e.)* the design and conduct of it is more conducing in the Greeks, to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle and he propose, namely, to cause terror and pity; yet the granting this does not set the Greeks above the English poets.

"But the answer ought to prove two things; first, That the fable is not the greatest master-piece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation of it.

"Secondly, That other ends as suitable to the nature of tragedy, may be found in the English, which were not in the Greek.

"Aristotle places the fable first; not *quoad dignitatem, sed quoad fundamentum*; for a fable never so movingly contrived, to those ends of his, pity and terror, will operate nothing on our affections, except the characters, manners, thoughts and words are suitable.

"So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, That in all those, or the greatest part of them, we are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides; and this he has offered at in some measure, but, I think, a little partially to the ancients.

"To make a true judgment in this competition, between the Greek poets and the English in tragedy, consider,

"I. How Aristotle has defined a tragedy.

"II. What he assigns the end of it to be.

"III. What he thinks the beauties of it.

"IV. The means to attain the end proposed. Compare the Greek and English tragic poets justly and without partiality, according to those rules.

"Then, Secondly, consider, whether Aristotle has made a just definition of tragedy, of its parts, of its ends, of its beauties; and whether he having not seen any others but those of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had or truly could determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and wherein they consist.

"Next show in what ancient tragedy was deficient; for example, in the narrowness of its plots, and fewness of persons, and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek poets; and whether their excellency was so great, when the variety was visibly so little; or whether what they did was not very easy to do.

"Then make a judgment on what the English have added to their beauties: As for example, not only more plot, but also new passions; as namely, that of love, scarce touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer, and in that how short they were of Fletcher.

"Prove also that love, being an heroic passion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied; because of the example alledged of Phædra: And how far Shakespeare has outdone them in friendship, &c.

"To return to the beginning of this enquiry, consider if pity and terror be enough for tragedy to move, and I believe upon a true definition of tragedy, it will be found that its work extends farther, and that it is to reform manners by delightful representation of human life in great persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not only pity and terror are to be moved as the only means to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and hatred to vice, by

plays. It does seem that Shirley did supply many that were left imperfect, and that the old players gave some remains, or imperfect plays of Fletcher's

by shewing the rewards of one, and punishments of the other; at least by rendering virtue always amiable, though it be shown unfortunate; and vice detestable, though it be shown triumphant.

"If then the encouragement of virtue, and discouragement of vice, be the proper end of poetry in tragedy: Pity and terror, though good means, are not the only: For all the passions in their turns are to be set in a ferment; as joy, anger, love, fear, are to be used as the poets common places; and a general concernment for the principal actors is to be raised, by making them appear such in their characters, their words and actions, as will interest the audience in their fortunes.

"And if after all, in a large sense, pity comprehends this concernment for the good, and terror includes detestation for the bad; then let us consider whether the English have not answered this end of tragedy, as well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

"And here Mr. Rymer's objections against these plays are to be impartially weighed; that we may see whether they are of weight enough to turn the balance against our countrymen.

"It is evident those plays which he arraigns have moved both those passions in a high degree upon the stage.

"To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

"One reason is, because whatever actors they have found, the event has been the same, that is, the same passions have been always moved: Which shows, that there is something of force and merit in the plays themselves, conducing to the design of raising those two passions: And suppose them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only adds grace, vigour, and more life upon the stage, but cannot give it wholly where it is not first. But secondly, I dare appeal to those who have never seen them acted, if they have not found those two passions moved within them; and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's prejudice will take off his single testimony.

"This being matter of fact, is reasonably to be established by this appeal: As if one man say it is night, when the rest of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no further argument against him that it is so.

"If he urge, that the general taste is depraved; his arguments to prove this can at best but evince, that our poets took not the best way to raise those passions; but experience proves against him, that those means which they have used, have been successful, and have produced them.

"And one reason of that success is, in my opinion, this, that Shakespeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of the age and nation in which they lived: For though nature, as he objects, is the same in all places, and reason too the same; yet the climate, the age, the dispositions of the people to whom a poet writes, may be so different, that what pleased the Greeks, would not satisfy an English audience.

"And if they proceeded upon a foundation of truer reason to please the Athenians, than Shakespeare and Fletcher to please the English, it only shows that the Athenians were a more judicious people: But the poet's business is certainly to please the audience.

"Whether our English audience have been pleased hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the next question; that is, whether the means which Shakespeare and Fletcher have used in their plays to raise those passions before-named, be better applied to the ends by the Greek poets than by them; and perhaps we shall not grant him this wholly. Let it be yielded that a writer is not to run down with the stream, or to please the people by their own usual methods, but rather to reform their judgments: It still remains to prove that our theatre needs this total reformation.

"The faults which he has found in their designs, are rather wittily aggravated in many places, than reasonably urged; and as much may be returned on the Greeks, by one who were as witty as himself.

"Secondly, They destroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of the fabric, only take away from the beauty of the symmetry. For example: The faults in the character of the King and No King, are not, as he makes them, such as render him detestable; but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and for the most part excused by the violence of his love; so that they destroy not our pity or concernment for him. This answer may be applied to most of his objections of that kind.

"And Rollo committing many murders, when he is answerable but for one, is too severely

Fletcher's to Shirley to make up: And it is from hence, that in the first act of Love's Pilgrimage, there is a scene of an Ostler, transcribed *verbatim*

severely arraigned by him; for it adds to our horror and detestation of the criminal. And poetic justice is not neglected neither, for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits; and the point which the poet is to gain upon the audience, is not so much in the death of an offender, as the raising an horror of his crimes.

"That the criminal should neither be wholly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but so participating of both, as to move both pity and terror, is certainly a good rule; but not perpetually to be observed, for that were to make all tragedies too much alike; which objection he foresaw, but has not fully answered.

"To conclude therefore, if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written; and if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius in tragedy is greater, for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled them.

"For the fable itself, 'tis in the English more adorned with episodes, and larger than in the Greek poets, consequently more diverting; for, if the action be but one, and that plain, without any counterturn of design or episode *(i. e.)* under-plot, how can it be so pleasing as the English, which have both under-plot, and a turned design, which keeps the audience in expectation of the catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see through the whole design at first?

"For the characters, they are neither so many nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in Shakespeare and Fletcher; only they are more adapted to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle commends to us; pity and terror.

"The manners flow from the characters, and consequently must partake of their advantages and disadvantages.

"The thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more noble and more poetical in the English than in the Greek, which must be proved by comparing them somewhat more equitable than Mr. Rymer has done.

"After all, we need not yield that the English way is less conducing to move pity and terror; because they often shew virtue oppressed, and vice punished; where they do not both or either, they are not to be defended.

"That we may the less wonder why pity and terror are not now the only springs on which our tragedies move, and that Shakespeare may be more excused, Rapin confesses that the French tragedies now all run upon the *tendre*, and gives the reason, because love is the passion which most predominates in our souls; and that therefore the passions represented become insipid, unless they are conformable to the thoughts of the audience; but it is to be concluded, that this passion works not now among the French so strongly, as the other two did amongst the ancients. Amongst us, who have a stronger genius for writing, the operations from the writing are much stronger; for the raising of Shakespeare's passions are more from the excellency of the words and thoughts, than the justness of the occasion: and if he has been able to pick single occasions, he has never founded the whole reasonably, yet by the genius of poetry, in writing he has succeeded.

"The parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

"I. The fable itself.

"II. The order or manner of its contrivance, in relation to the parts of the whole.

"III. The manners, or decency of the characters in speaking or acting what is proper for them, and proper to be shewn by the poet.

"IV. The thoughts which express the manners.

"V. The words which express those thoughts.

"In the last of these Homer excels Virgil, Virgil all other ancient poets, and Shakespeare all modern poets.

"For the second of these, the order; the meaning is, that a fable ought to have a beginning, middle, and an end, all just and natural, so that that part which is the middle, could not naturally be the beginning or end, and so of the rest; all are depending one on another, like the links of a curious chain.

"If terror and pity are only to be raised; certainly this author follows Aristotle's rules, and Sophocles and Euripides's example; but joy may be raised too, and that doubly, either by seeing a wicked man punished, or a good man at last fortunate; or perhaps indignation, to see wickedness prosperous, and goodness depressed; both these may be profitable to the end of tragedy, reformation of manners; but the last improperly, only as it begets

batim out of Ben Jonson's New Inn, act iii. scene 1. which play was written long after Fletcher died, and transplanted into Love's Pilgrimage after the printing the New-Inn, which was in the year 1630. And two of the plays printed under the name of Fletcher, *viz.* the Coronation, and the Little Thief, have been claimed by Shirley to be his; 'tis probable they were left imperfect by one, and finished by the other.

begets pity in the audience; though Aristotle, I confess, places tragedies of this kind in the second form.

"And, if we should grant that the Greeks performed this better; perhaps it may admit a dispute whether pity and terror are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

"It is not enough that Aristotle has said so, for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides; and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind.

"And chiefly we have to say (what I hinted on pity and terror in the last paragraph save one) that the punishment of vice and reward of virtue, are the most adequate ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good example of life; now pity is not so easily raised for a criminal (as the ancient tragedy always represents his chief person such) as it is for an innocent man and the suffering of innocence and punishment of the offender, is of the nature of English tragedy; contrary in the Greek, innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes.

"Then we are not touched with the sufferings of any sort of men so much as of lovers; and this was almost unknown to the ancients; so that they neither administered poetical justice (of which Mr. Rymer boasts) so well as we, neither knew they the best common-place of pity, which is love.

"He therefore unjustly blames us for not building upon what the ancients left us, for it seems, upon consideration of the premises, that we have wholly finished what they begun.

"My judgment on this piece is this; that it is extremely learned; but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English Poets; that all writers ought to study this critic as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given, is excellent, and extreme correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy; because it is too much circumscribed in plot, characters, &c. and lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference, with this author, in prejudice to our own country.

"Want of method, in this excellent treatise, makes the thoughts of the author sometimes obscure.

"His meaning, that pity and terror are to be moved, is that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are pleasure and instruction.

"And these two ends may be thus distinguished. The chief ends of the poet is to please; for his immediate reputation depends on it.

"The great end of the poem is to instruct, which is performed by making pleasure the vehicle of that instruction: for poetry is an art, and all arts are made to profit.

"The pity which the poet is to labour for, is for the criminal, not for those, or him, whom he has murdered, or who have been the occasion of the tragedy: the terror is likewise in the punishment of the same criminal, who if he be represented too great an offender, will not be pitied; if altogether innocent, his punishment will be unjust.

"Another obscurity is where he says, Sophocles perfected tragedy, by introducing the third actor; that is, he meant three kinds of action, one company singing, or speaking, another playing on the music, a third dancing.

"Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words and discourses of a tragedy, than Aristotle has done, who places them in the last rank of beauties; perhaps only last in order, because they are the last product of the design of the disposition or connexion of its parts, of the characters, of the manners of those characters, and of the thoughts of proceeding from those manners.

"Rapin's words are remarkable:

"'Tis not the admirable intrigue, the surprizing events, and extraordinary incidents that make the beauty of a tragedy, 'tis the discourses, when they are natural and passionate.

"So are Shakespeare's."

"Here Mr. Dryden breaks off.

"About a year after Mr. Rymer's publishing his criticism, he printed a tragedy written by himself in rhime, called Edgar; or, The English Monarch; an heroic tragedy, dedicated to King Charles the Second; this play never appeared on the stage, the players, not thinking it worth their while, nor has any one made any criticisms upon that."

Mr.

Mr. Langbaine, in his account of the Dramatic Poets, printed in the year 1691, is very particular upon the several plays of our authors, and therefore I shall conclude with transcribing from him, page 204, *viz.* "Mr. Beaumont was a master of a good wit, and a better judgment, that Mr. Jonson himself thought it no disparagement to submit his writings to his correction. Mr. Fletcher's wit was equal to Mr. Beaumont's judgment, and was so luxuriant, that like superfluous branches it was frequently pruned by his judicious partner. These poets perfectly understood breeding, and therefore successfully copied the conversation of gentlemen. They knew how to describe the manners of the age; and Fletcher had a peculiar talent in expressing all his thoughts with life and briskness. No man ever understood or drew the passions more lively than he; and his witty raillery was so dressed, that it rather pleased than disgusted the modest part of his audience. In a word, Fletcher's fancy and Beaumont's judgment combined, produced such plays, as will remain monuments of their wit to all posterity. Mr. Fletcher himself, after Mr. Beaumont's death, composed several dramatic pieces, which were worthy of the pen of so great a master." And this Mr. Cartwright alludes to, in his verses before the book.

The following verses, put under his folio picture, were written by Sir John Berkenhead.

Felicis ævi, ac Præsulis natus; comes
BEAUMONTIO; *sic, quippe Parnassus,* biceps;
FLETCHERUS *unam in pyramida furcas agens.*
Struxit chorum plus simplicem vates duplex;
Plus duplicem solus; nec ullum transtulit;
Nec transferrendus: Dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo theatro, orbi, sibi, superstitites.
FLETCHERE, *facies absque vultu pingitur;*
Quantus! vel umbram circuit nemo tuam.

There are fifty-two plays written by these authors, each of which I shall mention alphabetically.

Beggars' Bush, a comedy. This play I have seen several times acted with applause.

Bonduca, a tragedy. The plot of this play is borrowed from Tacitus's Annals, lib. 14. See Milton's History of England, book ii. *Ubaldino de Vita delle Donne Illustri del Regno d' Inghelterra & Scotia, p.* 7. *&c.*

Bloody Brother, or *Rollo Duke of Normandy,* a tragedy much in request; and notwithstanding Mr. Rymer's criticisms on it, has still the good fortune to please: it being frequently acted by the present company of actors, at the Queen's Playhouse in Dorset-Garden. The design of this play is history: See Herodian, lib. 4. *Xiphilini Epit. Dion. in Vit. Ant. Caracallæ.* Part of the language is copied from Seneca's Thebais.

Captain, a comedy.

Chances, a comedy, revived by the late Duke of Buckingham, and very much improved; being acted with extraordinary applause at the Theatre in Dorset-Garden, and printed with the alterations, London, 4to, 1682. This play is built on a novel written by the famous Spaniard Miguel de Cervantes, called The Lady Cornelia; which the reader may read at large in a folio volume called Six Exemplary Novels.

Coronation,

Coronation, a tragi-comedy.

Coxcomb, a comedy, which was revived at the Theatre-Royal, the prologue being spoken by Joe Haines.

Cupid's Revenge, a tragedy.

Custom of the Country, a tragi-comedy. This is accounted an excellent play; the plot of Rutilio, Duarte, and Guiomar, is founded on one of Malespini's novels, deca. vi. nov. 6.

Double Marriage, a tragedy, which has been revived some years ago; as I learn from a new prologue printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 14.

Elder Brother, a comedy, which has been acted with good applause.

Faithful Shepherdess, a pastoral, writ by Mr. Fletcher, and commended by two copies written by the judicious Beaumont, and the learned Jonson, which are inserted among the Commendatory Poems at the beginning of this edition. When this pastoral was first acted before their majesties at Somerset-House on twelfth-night, 1633, instead of a prologue, there was a song in dialogue, sung between a priest and a nymph, which was writ by Sir William D'Avenant; and an epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the reader may read in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 86.

Fair Maid of the Inn, a tragi-comedy. Mariana's disowning Cæsario for her son, and the duke's injunction to marry him, is related by Causin in his Holy Court, and is transcribed by Wanley in his History of Man, fol. book 3. chap. 26.

False One, a tragedy. This play is founded on the adventures of Julius Cæsar in Egypt, and his amours with Cleopatra. See Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion, Appian, Florus, Eutropius, Orosius, &c.

Four plays, or *Moral representations in One:* viz. *The Triumph of Honour; The Triumph of Love; The Triumph of Death; The Triumph of Time.* I know not whether ever these representations appeared on the stage, or no. *The Triumph of Honour* is founded on Boccace his novels, day 10. nov. 5. *The Triumph of Love*, on the same author, day 5. nov. 8. *The Triumph of Death*, on a novel in The Fortunate, Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers, part 3. nov. 3. See besides Palace of Pleasure, nov. 40. Belleforest, &c. *The Triumph of Time*, as far as falls within my discovery, is wholly the author's invention.

Honest Man's Fortune, a tragi-comedy. As to the plot of Montague's being preferred by Lamira to be her husband, when he was in adversity, and least expected, the like story is related by Heywood, History of Women, b. 9. p. 641.

Humorous Lieutenant, a tragi-comedy, which I have often seen acted with applause. The character of the Humorous Lieutenant refusing to fight after he was cured of his wounds, resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. but the very story is related in Ford's Apothegms, p. 30. How near the poet keeps to the historian I must leave to those that will compare the play with the writers of the lives of Antigonus and Demetrius, the father and the son. See Plutarch's Life of Demetrius, Diodorus, Justin, Appian, &c.

Island Princess, a tragi-comedy. This play about three years ago was revived with alterations by Mr. Tate, being acted at the Theatre Royal, printed in 4to. London, 1687, and dedicated to the Right Honourable Henry Lord Walgrave.

King

King and No King, a tragi-comedy, which notwithstanding its errors discovered by Mr. Rymer in his criticisms, has always been acted with applause, and has lately been revived on our present theatre with so great success, that we may justly say with Horace,

"*Hæc placuit semel, hæc decis repetita placebit.*"

Knight of the Burning Pestle, a comedy. This play was in vogue some years since, it being revived by the King's House, and a new prologue (instead of the old one in prose) being spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin. The bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the stage, was possibly in imitation of Ben Jonson's Staple of News, who has introduced on the stage Four Gossips, lady-like attired, who remain during the whole action, and criticise upon each scene.

Knight of Malta, a tragi-comedy.

Laws of Candy, a tragi-comedy.

Little French Lawyer, a comedy. The plot is borrowed from Gusman, or the Spanish Rogue, part ii. chap. 4. The story of Dinant, Cleremont, and Lamira, being borrowed from Don Lewis de Castro, and Don Roderigo de Montalva. The like story is in other novels; as in Scarron's Novel, called The Fruitless Precaution; and in The Complaisant Companion, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the above-mentioned original.

Love's Cure, or *The Martial Maid*, a comedy.

Love's Pilgrimage, a comedy. This I take to be an admirable comedy. The foundation of it is built on a novel of Miguel de Cervantes, called The Two Damsels. The scene in the first act, between Diego the host of Ossuna, and Lazaro his ostler, is stolen from Ben Jonson's New Inn; which I may rather term borrowed, for that play miscarrying in the action, I suppose they made use of it with Ben's consent.

Lovers' Progress, a tragi-comedy. This play is built on a French romance written by Mr. Daudiguier, called Lysander and Calista.

Loyal Subject, a tragi-comedy.

Mad Lover, a tragi-comedy. The design of Cleanthe's suborning the Priestess to give a false oracle in favour of her brother Syphax, is borrowed from the story of Mundus and Paulina, described at large by Josephus, lib. xviii. chap. 4. This play Sir Aston Cokain has chiefly commended in his copy of verses on Mr. Fletcher's plays. See the verses before this edition; and Cokain's Poems, p. 101.

Maid in the Mill, a comedy. This play, amongst others, has likewise been revived by the Duke's House. The plot of Antonio, Ismenia, and Aminta, is borrowed from Gerardo, a romance translated from the Spanish of Don Gonzalo de Cespides, and Moneces; see the story of Don Jayme, p. 350. As to the plot of Otrante's seizing Florimel the miller's supposed daughter, and attempting her chastity: 'Tis borrowed from an Italian novel writ by Bandello; a translation of which into French, the reader may find in *Les Histoires Tragiques, par* M. Belleforest, *tom.* 1. *hist.* 12 The same story is related by M. Goulart; see *Les Histoires admirables de nôtre tems*, 8vo. *tom.* 1. p. 212.

Maid's Tragedy, a play which has always been acted with great applause at the King's Theatre; and which had still continued on the English stage, had not King Charles the Second, for some particular reasons, forbid its further appearance during his reign. It has since been revived by Mr.

Waller, the last act having been wholly altered to please the court. This last act is published in Mr. Waller's Poems, printed 8vo. in London, 1711.

Masque of Grays-Inn Gentlemen, and the Inner-Temple. This masque was written by Mr. Beaumont alone, and presented before the King and Queen in the Banqueting-House of Whitehall, at the marriage of the illustrious Frederick and Elizabeth, Prince and Princess Palatine of the Rhine.

Monsieur Thomas, a comedy, which not long since appeared on the present stage under the name of Trick for Trick.

Nice Valour; or *The Passionate Madman,* a comedy.

Night-Walker; or *The Little Thief,* a comedy, which I have seen acted by the King's servants, with great applause, both in the city and country.

Noble Gentleman, a comedy, which was lately revived by Mr. Durfey, under the title of The Fool's Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunstable.

Philaster; or, *Love Lies a-Bleeding,* a tragi-comedy, which has always been acted with success, and has been the diversion of the stage, even in these days. This was the first play that brought these excellent authors in esteem; and this play was one of those that were represented at the old theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, when the women acted alone. The prologue and epilogue were spoken by Mrs. Marshal, and printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 18. About this time there was a prologue written on purpose for the women by Mr. Dryden, and is printed in his Miscellany Poems in 8vo. p. 285.

Pilgrim, a comedy, which was revived some years since, and a prologue spoke, which the reader may find in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 12.

Prophetess, a tragical history, which has lately been revived by Mr. Dryden, under the title of The Prophetess; or The History of Dioclesian, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, represented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed 4to. London, 1690. For the plot consult Eusebius, lib. viii. Nicephorus, lib. vi. and vii. Vopisc. Car. and Carin. Aur. Victoris Epitome. Eutropius, lib. 9. Baronius An. 204. &c. Orosius, l. vii. c. 16. Coeffeteau, l. xx. &c.

Queen of Corinth, a tragi-comedy.

Rule a Wife and have a Wife, a tragi-comedy, which within these few years has been acted with applause, at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Garden.

Scornful Lady, a comedy, acted with good applause, even in these times, at the theatre in Dorset-Garden. Mr. Dryden has condemned the conclusion of this play, in reference to the conversion of Moorcraft the usurer; but whether this catastrophe be excusable, I must leave to the critics.

Sea-Voyage, a comedy lately revived by Mr. Durfey, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women. This play is supposed by Mr. Dryden, (as I have observed) to be copied from Shakespeare's Tempest.

> "The storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore,
> Was taught by Shakespeare's Tempest first to roar;
> That innocence and beauty which did smile
> In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle."

Spanish Curate, a comedy, frequently revived with general applause. The plot of Don Henrique, Ascanio, Violante, and Jacintha, is borrowed from Gerardo's History of Don John, p. 202, and that of Leandro, Bartolus, Amarantha, and Lopez, from The Spanish Curate of the same author, p. 214, &c.

Thierry and Theodoret, a tragedy. This play is accounted by some an excellent old play; the plot of it is founded on history. See the French Chronicles in the reign of Clotaire the Second. See Fredegarius Scholasticus, Aimoinus Monachus Floriacensis, De Serres, Mezeray, Crispin, &c.

Two Noble Kinsmen, a tragi-comedy. This play was written by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Shakespeare. The story is taken from Chaucer's Knight's Tale, which Mr. Dryden has admirably put into modern English; it is the first poem in his Fables.

Valentinian, a tragedy revived not long ago by that great wit, the Earl of Rochester; acted at the Theatre Royal, and printed in 4to. 1685, with a preface concerning the author and his writings. For the plot see the writers of those times; as Cassidori Chron. Amm. Marcell. Hist. Evagrius, lib. ii. Procopius, &c.

Wife for a Month, a tragi-comedy. This play is in my poor judgment well worth reviving, and with the alteration of a judicious pen, would be an excellent drama. The character and story of Alphonso, and his brother Frederick's carriage to him, much resembles the history of Sancho the Eighth, King of Leon. I leave the reader to the perusal of his story in Mariana, and Louis de Mayerne Turquet.

Wild-Goose Chase, a comedy valued by the best judges of poetry.

Wit at several Weapons, a comedy which by some is thought very diverting; and possibly was the model on which the characters of the Elder Palatine and Sir Morglay Thwack were built by Sir William D'Avenant, in his comedy called The Wits.

Wit without Money, a comedy which I have seen acted at the Old House in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with very great applause; the part of Valentine being played by that complete actor Major Mohun, deceased. This was the first play that was acted after the burning of the King's House in Drury-Lane, a new prologue being writ for them by Mr. Dryden, printed in his Miscellany Poems in 8vo. p. 285.

Woman-Hater, a comedy. This play was revived by Sir William D'Avenant, and a new prologue (instead of the old one writ in prose) was spoken, which the reader may peruse in Sir William's Works in folio, p. 249. This play was one of those writ by Fletcher alone.

Women Pleas'd, a tragi-comedy. The comical parts of this play throughout between Bartello, Lopez, Isabella, and Claudio, are founded on several of Boccace's novels. See day 7. nov. 6. and 8. day 8. nov. 8.

Woman's Prize; or, *The Tamer Tam'd*, a comedy, written on the same foundation with Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew; or which we may better call a second part or counterpart to that admirable comedy. This was writ by Mr. Fletcher's pen likewise.

MR. SEWARD'S PREFACE.

(OCTAVO 1750.)

THE public at length receives a new edition of the two great poets, who, with a fate in each case alike unjust, were extolled for near a century after their deaths, as *equals, rivals,* nay, *superiors* to the immortal Shakespeare; but in the present age have been depressed beneath the smooth-polished enervate issue of the *modern drama.* And as their fame has been so different with respect to other poets, so has it varied also between themselves. Fletcher was a while supposed unable to rise to any height of eminence, had not Beaumont's stronger arm bore him upwards. Yet no sooner had he lost that aid, and demonstrated that it was delight and love, not necessity, which made him *soar abreast* with his amiable friend; but the still injurious world began to strip the plumes from Beaumont, and to dress Fletcher in the whole fame, leaving to the former nothing but the mere *pruning* of Fletcher's luxuriant wit, the *limæ labor,* the *plummet,* and the *rule,* but neither the *plan, materials, composition,* or *ornaments.* This is directly asserted in Mr. Cartwright's Commendatory Poem on Fletcher.

> "Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
> To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth,
> Working again until he said, *'twas fit,*
> And made him the *sobriety* of his wit.
> Tho' thus he call'd his *judge* into his *fame,*
> And for that aid allow'd him *half the name.*" &c.
>
> SEE CARTWRIGHT'S POEM BELOW.

Mr. Harris, in his Commendatory Poem, makes Beaumont a mere dead weight hanging on the boughs of Fletcher's palm.

> ——————— "When thou didst sit
> But as a joint commissioner in wit;
> When it had *plummets* hung on to suppress
> Its too-luxuriant growing mightiness.
> 'Till as that tree which scorns to be kept down,
> Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone."

I believe this extremely injurious to Beaumont; but as the opinion, or something like it, has lived for ages, and is frequent at this day, it is time at length to restore Beaumont to the full rank of fellowship which he possessed when living, and to fix the standard of their respective merits, before we shew the degree in which their united fame ought to be placed on the British theatre.

Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Harris wrote thirty years after Beaumont's death, and twenty after Fletcher's; and none of the numerous contemporary poems, published with theirs before the first folio edition of our authors, degrade Beaumont so very low as these. Sir John Berkenhead allows him a full *moiety* of the fame, but seems to think his genius more turned to *grave sublimity* than to sprightliness of imgination.

> "Fletcher's keen *treble,* and deep Beaumont's *base.*"

Thus

Thus has this line of Sir John's been hitherto read and understood, but its authenticity in this light will be disputed when we come to that poem, and the justness of the character at present. We have among the Commendatory Poems, one of Mr. Earle's, wrote immediately after Beaumont's death, and ten years before Fletcher's. He seems to have been an acquaintance as well as contemporary, and his testimony ought to have much more weight than all the traditional opinions of those who wrote thirty years after. He ascribes to Beaumont three first-rate plays; The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and The King and No King. The first of these has a *grave sublimity* mingled with more *horror and fury* than are frequently seen among the *gay-spirited* scenes of Fletcher, and probably gave rise to the report of Beaumont's deep base. But there is scarce a more lively-spirited character in all their plays than Philaster, and I believe Beaumont aimed at drawing a Hamlet racked with Othello's love and jealousy. The King and No King too is extremely spirited in all its characters; Arbaces holds up a mirror to all men of *virtuous principles* but *violent passions*. Hence he is as it were at once *magnanimity* and *pride*, *patience* and *fury*, *gentleness* and *rigor*, *chastity* and *incest*, and is one of the finest mixture of virtues and vices that any poet has drawn, except the Hotspur of Shakespeare, and the *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis Acer*, of Homer. (For a defence of this character against Mr. Rymer's cavils, see the concluding note on King and No King.) Bessus and his two Swordsmen in this play are infinitely the liveliest comic characters of mere bragging cowards which we have in our language; and if they do not upon the whole equal the extensive and inimitable humours of Falstaff and his *companions*, they leave all other characters of the same species, even Shakespeare's own Parolles far behind them.

Our excellent Congreve has consolidated the two Swordsmen to form his Captain Bluff. And be it his honour to have imitated so well, though he is far from reaching the originals. Beaumont lived in the age of *duelling* upon every slight punctilio. Congreve wrote his Bluff in the Flanders war: times when a braggart was the most ridiculous of all characters; and so far was Beaumont from the supposed *grave solemn tragic poet* only, that *comic humour*, particularly in drawing *cowardice*, seems his peculiar talent. For the spirit of Bessus *paulum mutatus*, changed only so as to give a proper novelty of character, appears again in The Nice Valour; or, Passionate Madman. The traces of the same hand, so strongly marked in this play, strike a new light upon Beaumont's character. For in a letter to Jonson, printed at the end of The Nice Valour, vol. x. he speaks of himself not as a mere *corrector* of others works, but as a poet of acknowledged eminence, and of The Nice Valour, and some other comedy, (which the publisher of the second folio[1] took for the Woman-Hater) as

[1] The publisher of the second folio added several genuine songs, prologues, epilogues, and some lines in particular plays not contained in any former edition, which, by the account given, they perhaps got from either an old actor, or a playhouse-prompter; they say, from a gentleman who had been intimate with both the authors, they probably were directed by lights received from him to place The Woman-Hater directly before The Nice Valour, and to make this the other play Beaumont claims. The Little French Lawyer, and The Knight of the Burning Pestle, are most certainly two plays which Beaumont had a large share in, for his hand is very visible in the extreme droll character of The French Lawyer who runs *duello-mad*; the prologue talks of the authors in the plural number, and the strain of high burlesque appears very similar in the two characters of Lazarillo in The Woman-Hater, and Ralpho in The Burning Pestle. Beaumont's name too is put first in the title-page of the first quarto of this last play, published a few years after Fletcher's death.

his

his plays (which must be understood indeed as chiefly his, not excluding Fletcher's assistance.) Now these two plays totally differ in their *manner* from all that Fletcher wrote alone. They consist not of characters from real life, as Fletcher and Shakespeare draw theirs, but of *passions* and *humours personized*, as *cowardice* in Lapet, *nice honour* in Shamont, the madness of different passions in the Madman, the love of *nice eating* in Lazarillo, the *hate of women* in Gonderino. This is Jonson's *manner*, to whom in the letter quoted above, Beaumont indeed acknowledges that he owed it.

> ——————— "Fate once again
> Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
> The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
> Who have no good but in thy company,
> Protest it will my greatest comfort be
> T' acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.
> Ben, when these scenes are perfect we'll taste wine:
> I'll drink thy *muse's* health, thou shalt quaff mine."

Does Jonson (who is said constantly to have consulted Beaumont, and to have paid the greatest deference to his judgment) does he, I say, treat him in his answer as a mere *critic*, and *judge* of others works only? No: but as an *eminent poet*, whom he loved with a zeal enough to kindle a love to his memory, as long as poetry delights the understanding, or friendship warms the heart.

> "How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
> That unto me dost such religion use!
> How I do fear myself, that am not worth
> The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!"

See the remainder of this poem iii. of the Commendatory Verses; see also the *first* of these poems by Beaumont himself, the close of which will sufficiently confirm both his vigour of *imagination* and *sprightliness* of *humour*. Having thus, we hope, dispersed the cloud that for ages has darkened Beaumont's fame, let it again shine in full lustre *Britanniæ sidus alterum et decus gemellum*. And let us now examine the order and magnitude of this *poetic constellation*, and view the joint characters of Beaumont and Fletcher.

These authors are in a direct *mean* between Shakespeare and Jonson, they do not reach the *amazing rapidity* and *immortal flights* of the former, but they soar with *more ease* and to *nobler heights* than the latter; they have less of the *os magna sonans*, the *vivida vis animi*, the *noble enthusiasm*, the *muse of fire*, the *terrible graces* of Shakespeare, but they have much more of all these than Jonson. On the other hand, in *literature* they much excel the former, and are excelled by the latter; and therefore they are more *regular* in their *plots* and more *correct* in their *sentiments* and *diction* than Shakespeare, but less so than Jonson. Thus far Beaumont and Fletcher are *one*, but as hinted above, in this they differ; Beaumont studied and followed Jonson's manner, *personized* the *passions*, and drew *nature* in her *extremes;* Fletcher followed Shakespeare and *nature* in her *usual dress* (this *distinction* only holds with regard to their *comic works*, for in tragedies they all chiefly paint from *real life.)* Which of these *manners* is most excellent may be difficult to say; the former seems most *striking*, the latter more *pleasing*; the *former* shews *vice* and *folly* in the most ridiculous lights, the

the *latter* more fully shews each man himself, and unlocks the utmost recesses of the heart.

Great are the names of the various *masters* who followed the one and the other *manner*. Jonson, Beaumont, and Moliere list on one side; Terence, Shakespeare, and Fletcher on the other.

But to return to our *duumvirate*, between whom two other small differences are observable. Beaumont, as appears by various *testimonies* and chiefly by his own *letter* prefixed to the old folio edition of *Chaucer*, was a hard student; and for one whom the world lost before he was *thirty*, had a surprising compass of literature: Fletcher was a *polite* rather than a *deep scholar*, and conversed with *men* at least as much as with *books*. Hence the *gay sprightliness* and natural *ease* of his young gentleman are allowed to be inimitable; in these he has been preferred by judges of candour even to Shakespeare himself. If Beaumont does not equal him in this, yet being by his *fortune* conversant also in high life (the son of a judge, as the other of a bishop) he is in this too *alter ab illo*, a good *second*, and almost a *second self*, as Philaster, Amintor, Bacurius in the three first plays, Count Valore, Oriana, Clerimont, Valentine, and others evidently shew.

This small difference observed, another appears by no means similar to it: Beaumont, we said, chiefly studied *books* and Jonson; Fletcher *Nature* and Shakespeare, yet so far was the *first* from following his *friend* and *master* in his frequent close and almost servile imitations of the ancient *classics*, that he seems to have had a much greater confidence in the *fertility* and *richness* of his own imagination than even Fletcher himself: the *latter* in his *masterpiece*, The Faithful Shepherdess, frequently imitates Theocritus and Virgil; in Rollo has taken whole scenes from Seneca, and almost whole acts from Lucan in The False One. I do not blame him for this, his imitations have not the *stiffness*, which sometimes appears (though not often) in Jonson, but breathe the free and full air of *originals;* and accordingly Rollo[2] and The False One are two of Fletcher's first-rate plays. But Beaumont, I believe, never condescended to *translate* and rarely to *imitate*; however largely he was supplied with classic streams, from his own *urn* all flows *pure* and *untinctured*. Here the two friends change places: Beaumont *rises* in merit towards Shakespeare, and Fletcher descends towards Jonson.

Having thus seen the features of these *twins* of poetry greatly *resembling* yet still distinct from each other, let us conclude that all reports which separate and lessen the fame of either of them are ill-grounded and false; that they were, as Sir John Berkenhead calls them, *two full congenial souls*, or, as either Fletcher himself, or his still greater *colleague* Shakespeare expresses it in their Two Noble Kinsmen. Vol. x. p. 32.

> "They were an endless *mine* to one another;
> They were each others *wife*, ever begetting
> New births of wit."

[2] Rollo is in the first edition in quarto ascribed to Fletcher alone. The False One is one of those plays that is more dubious as to its authors. The prologue speaks of them in the plural number, and 'tis probable that Beaumont assisted in the latter part of it, but I believe not much in the the two first acts, as these are so very much taken from Lucan, and the observation of Beaumont's not indulging himself in such liberties holds good in all the plays in which he is known to have had the largest share.

They

They were both extremely remarkable for their *ready flow* of wit in *conversation* as well as *composition*, and *gentlemen* that remembered them, says Shirley, declare that on every occasion they *talked a comedy*. As therefore they were so *twinned* in *genius, worth, and wit, so lovely and pleasant in their lives*, after death, let not their fame be ever again *divided*.

And now, reader, when thou art fired into rage or melted into pity by their *tragic scenes*, charmed with the genteel elegance or bursting into laughter at their *comic* humour, canst thou not drop the intervening ages, steal into Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher's *club-room* at the Mermaid, on a night when Shakespeare, Donn, and others visited them, and there join in society with as great *wits* as ever this *nation*, or perhaps ever Greece or Rome could at one time boast? where animated each by the other's presence, they even excelled themselves;

——————— "For *wit* is like a *rest*,
Held up at *tennis*, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole *wit* in a *jest*,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able' enough to justify the *town*
For three days past; *wit* that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
'Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright *fools, mere wise*."

BEAUMONT'S LETTER to JONSON, vol. x.

Hitherto the reader has received only the *portraits* of our authors without any proof of the similitude and justice of the *draught*; nor can we hope that will appear just from a mere cursory view of the originals. Many people read plays chiefly for the sake of the *plot*, hurrying still on for that discovery. The happy contrivance of surprising but natural incidents is certainly a very great beauty in the *drama*, and little writers have often made their advantages of it; they could contrive *incidents* to embarrass and perplex the *plot*, and by that alone have succeeded and pleased, without perhaps a single life of *nervous poetry*, a single *sentiment* worthy of memory, without a *passion* worked up with natural vigour, or a character of any distinguished marks. The best *poets* have rarely made this *dramatic mechanism* their point. Neither Sophocles, Euripides, Terence, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or Jonson, are at all remarkable for forming a *labyrinth* of *incidents* and entangling their readers in a *pleasing perplexity*: our late dramatic poets learnt this from the French, and they from *romance-writers* and *novelists*. We could almost wish the readers of Beaumont and Fletcher to drop the expectation of the event of each story, to attend with more care to the beauty and energy of the *sentiments, diction, passions*, and *characters*. Every good author pleases more, the more he is examined; (hence perhaps that *partiality* of *editors* to their *own authors*; by a more intimate acquaintance, they discover more of their beauties than they do of others) especially when the *stile* and *manner* are quite *old-fashioned*, and the beauties hid under the uncouthness of the dress. The

taste

taste and *fashion* of poetry varies in every age, and though our old dramatic writers are as preferable to the modern as Vandyke and Rubens to our modern painters, yet most eyes must be accustomed to their *manner* before they can discern their *excellencies*. Thus the very best plays of Shakespeare were forced to be dressed *fashionably* by the *poetic taylors* of the late ages before they could be admitted upon the stage, and a very few years since his *comedies* in general were under the highest contempt. Few, very few durst speak of them with any sort of regard, till the many excellent *criticisms* upon that author made people study him, and some excellent *actors* revived these comedies, which completely opened men's eyes; and it is now become as *fashionable* to admire as it had been to decry them.

Shakespeare therefore even in his *second-best manner* being now generally admired, we shall endeavour to prove that his *second-rate* and our author's *first-rate beauties* are so near upon a par that they are scarce distinguishable. A preface allows not room for sufficient proofs of this, but we will produce at least some parallels of poetic *diction* and *sentiments*, and refer to some of the *characters* and *passions*.

The instances will be divided into three classes: the first of passages where our authors fall short in comparison of Shakespeare; the second of such as are not easily discerned from him; the third of those where Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage.

In The Maid's Tragedy there is a similar passage to one of Shakespeare, the comparison of which alone will be no bad scale to judge of their different excellencies. Melantius the general thus speaks of his friend Amintor.

> "His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,
> And one that never thinks his life his own
> If his friend need it: when he was a boy
> As oft as I returned (as, without boast
> I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,
> And view me round, to find in what one limb
> The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
> Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
> The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
> Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;
> His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
> Will see it all performed." Vol. i. act i.

A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his sword, feeling its edge, and poising it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expressive of the inward ardor and ecstasy of soul: but what is most observable is,

> ——————"And in his hand
> Weigh it——He oft, &c."

By this beautiful pause or break, the *action* and *picture* continue in view, and the poet, like Homer, is *eloquent in silence*. It is a species of beauty that shews an intimacy with that *father of poetry*, in whom it occurs extremely often[3]. Milton has an exceeding fine one in the description of his Lazar-House.

> ——————"Despair
> Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,
> And over them triumphant Death his dart
> Shook,—but delay'd to strike, &c." Paradise Lost, book xi. line 489.

[3] See two noble instances at l. 141. of the 13th Book of the Iliad, and in the application of the same simile a few lines below.

As Shakespeare did not study *versification* so much as those poets who were conversant in Homer and Virgil, I do not remember in him any striking instance of this species of beauty. But he even wanted it not, his *sentiments* are so amazingly striking, that they pierce the heart at once; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the *beauty* and *nerves* adorning and invigorating the *thoughts* of other poets, to him are but like the *bodies of angels, azure vehicles*, through which the whole *soul* shines transparent. Of this take the following instance. The old Belarius in Cymbeline is describing the in-born royalty of the two *princes* whom he had bred up as peasants in his cave.

——— "This Paladour, (whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius) Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: Say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words."—

CYMBELINE, act iii. scene iii.

Much the same difference as between these two passages occurs likewise in the following pictures of *rural melancholy*, the first of *innocence forlorn*, the second of *philosophic tenderness*.

——— "I have a boy
Sent by the gods I hope to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun
Which still he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew,
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Exprest his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that methought I could
Have studied it."— PHILASTER, vol. i. act i.

Jaques, in As You Like It, is *moralizing* upon the fate of the deer goared by the hunters in their native confines.

"The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,

To day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

Unde

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much; then being alone
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion, &c." AS YOU LIKE IT, act ii. scene i.

Shakespeare is certainly much preferable, but 'tis only as a Raphael is preferable to a Guido—Philaster alone would afford numbers of passages similar to some of Shakespeare's, upon which the same observation will hold true, they are not equal to his very *best manner*, but they approach near it. As I have mentioned Jonson being in poetic energy about the same distance below our authors, as Shakespeare is above them, I shall quote three passages which seem to me in this very *scale*. Jonson translates *verbatim* from Sallust great part of Catiline's speech to his soldiers, but adds in the close:

"Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
What we will do; and all the Heaven at leisure
For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords:
And if our Destiny envy our Virtue
The honour of the day, yet let us care
To sell ourselves at such a price, as may
Undo the world to buy us; and make Fate
While she tempts ours, fear for her own estate." CATILINE, act v.

Jonson has here added greatly to the *ferocity*, *terror*, and *despair* of Catiline's speech, but it is consonant to his character both in his life and death. The image in the three first lines is extremely noble, and may be said to emulate though not quite to reach the poetic ecstasy of the following passage in Bonduca. Suetonius the Roman general having his small army hemmed round by multitudes, tells his soldiers that the number of the foes,

"Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load you with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance, draw your swords
As daring and as confident as Justice.
The Gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye
Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows

The

To all the under world, all nations, seas,
And unfrequented desarts where the snow dwells;
Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues*."

The four first lines are extremely nervous, but the image which appears to excel the noble one of Jonson above, as Fame pitched on mount Apennine (whose top is supposed viewless from its stupendous height) and from thence sounding their *virtues* so loud that the dead awake and are re-animated to hear them. The close of the sentiment is extremely in the spirit of Shakespeare and Milton; the former says of a storm——

"That with the hurly Death itself awakes;"

Milton in Comus, describing a lady's singing, says;

"He took in sounds that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death."

To return to Shakespeare—With him we must soar far above the *topless* Apennine, and there behold an image much nobler than our author's Fame.

"For now sits *Expectation* in the air[4],
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial."——

CHORUS in HENRY V. act ii. scene i.

As we shall now go on to the second class, and quote passages where the hand of Shakespeare is not so easily discerned from our author's, if the reader happens to remember neither, it may be entertaining to be left to guess at the different hands. Thus each of them describing a beautiful boy.

——————— "Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part."

The other is

"Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them."

[* Is but to stick, &c.]—*Mr. Seward has in this passage amended the punctuation, which in the former copies materially injured the sense. The reader is desired to consult the lection of the present edition, and note*[41] *act iii. scene ii. of The Tragedy of Bonduca, vol. ii. p.* 323-4.

[4 *For now sits Expectation,* &c.] See Mr. Warburton's just observation on the beauty of the imagery here. But, as *similar beauties* do not always strike the same taste alike, another passage in this play that seems to deserve the same admiration is rejected by this great man as not Shakespeare's. The French King speaking of the Black Prince's victory at Cressy, says,

"While that his *mountain Sire*, on *mountain* standing,
Up in the air crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroic *seed*, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of Nature." HENRY V. act ii. scene 4.

I have marked the line rejected, "and which seems to breathe the full soul of Shakespeare." The reader will find a defence and explanation of the whole passage in note[43] act iv. scene i. of Thierry and Theodoret, vol. iii. of this edition.

The

The one is in Philaster, page 131. The other in Twelfth-Night, act i. scene 4.—In the same page of Philaster, there is a description of *love*, which the reader, if he pleases, may compare to two descriptions of *love* in As You Like It—both by Silvia, but neither preferable to our author's. I cannot quote half of those which occur in the play of Philaster alone, which bear the same degree of likeness as the last quoted passages, *i. e.* where the hands are scarce to be distinguished; but I will give one parallel more from thence, because the passages are both extremely fine, though the hands from one single expression of Shakespeare's are more visible, a prince deprived of his throne and betrayed as he thought in *love*, thus mourns his melancholy state.

> "Oh! that I had been nourish'd in these woods
> With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
> The *right of crowns*, nor the dissembling trains
> Of *womens looks*; but dig'd myself a cave,
> Where I[5], my fire, my cattle and my bed,
> Might have been shut together in one shed;
> And then had taken me some mountain girl,
> Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
> Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
> With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts
> Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
> My large coarse issue!"

In the other, a king thus compares the state of royalty to that of a private life.

> "No not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,
> Not all these laid in bed majestical,
> Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
> Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
> Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
> Never sees horrid Night, the child of hell:
> But, like a lackey*, from the rise to set,
> Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
> Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
> Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
> And follows so the ever-running year
> With profitable labour to his grave.
> And (but for ceremony) such a wretch
> Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
> Hath the forehand and 'vantage of a king."

The instances of these two classes, particularly the former, where the exquisite beauties of Shakespeare are not quite reached, are most numerous; and though the design of the notes in this edition was in general only to settle the text, yet in three of the plays, The Faithful Shepherdess, The False One, and The Two Noble Kinsmen, that design is much enlarged, for reasons there assigned. And if the reader pleases to turn to these, he will find several parallels between Fletcher, Shakespeare, and

[5] Juvenal, Sat. vi.

[* But like *a* lackey, &c.—*Seward proposes altering* A *to* HIS; *for* A lackey *being* "the idlest of all servants," "the simile is absurd;" *but* HIS lackey "(i. e. the lackey of Phœbus)" *means* "one who follows the motions of the sun as constant as a lackey does those of his master." *Is not this a distinction without a difference? or does Apollo keep but* one lackey?—*In supporting the variation, he makes some remarks (which we think uninteresting) on* remote antecedents, *and digresses on the subject of Richard mentioning* the formal Vice, Iniquity, *with which every reader of Shakespeare's Commentators must be already surfeited.*]

Milton,

Milton, that are most of them to be ranged under one of these classes: But there is a third class of those instances where our authors have been so happy as to soar above Shakespeare, and even where Shakespeare is not greatly beneath himself.

In The Two Gentlemen of Verona, the forlorn Julia, disguised as a boy, being asked of Silvia how tall Julia was, answers:

> "About my stature: For at Pentecost,
> When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
> Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
> And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown.
> And at that time I made her weep a-good,
> For I did play a lamentable part.
> Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
> For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
> Which I so lively acted with my tears,
> That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
> Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,
> If I in thought felt not her very sorrow."[6]
>
> *Act* iv. *scene the last.*

There is something extremely tender, innocent, and delicate, in these lines of Shakespeare, but our authors are far beyond this praise in their allusion to the same story. In the Maid's Tragedy, Aspatia in like manner forsaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne; and after several fine reflections upon Theseus, says;

> "But where's the lady?
> *Ant.* There, madam.
> *Asp.* Fy, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
> These colours are not dull and pale enough,
> To shew a soul so full of misery
> As this sad lady's was; do it by me;
> Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,
> And you shall find all true.—Put me' on th' wild island.[7]

I stand

[6] *If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.*] Whoever fully catches the tender melancholy of these lines, will know that Julia under such distress could not feign a case so exactly the parallel of her own, without such emotions as would speak themselves in every feature, and flow in tears from her eyes. She adds the last line therefore to take off the suspicion of her being the real Julia. But would she only say, that she *felt* Julia's sorrow formerly, when she saw her weep? No! She must excuse the present perturbation of her countenance, and the true reading most probably is:

> "And would I might be dead,
> If I in thought feel not her very sorrow."

This better agrees with the double meaning intended, and with Silvia's reply, who says,

> "She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
> I *weep myself* to think upon thy words."

[*The text is surely unexceptionable, and the alteration a needless refinement.*]

[7] *Put me' on th' wild island.*] I have given these lines as I think we ought to read them, but very different from what are printed in this edition. Four of the old *quarto's*, the *folio*, and the late *octavo* read,

> "*And you shall find all true* but *the wild island.*
> *I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think,*" &c.

I observed

I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown by the wind,
Wild as that desart, and let all about me
Be teachers of my story; do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; see, see, wenches,
A miserable *life* of this poor picture." Vol. i. act ii.

Whoever has seen either the original or print of Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne will have the best *comment* on these lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughness of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafless trees, and in both she looks like *Sorrow's monument*. So that exactly *ut pictura poesis;* and hard it is to say, whether our authors or Guido *painted best*. I shall refer to the note below for a farther comment, and proceed to another instance of superior excellence in our authors, and where they have more evidently built on Shakes-

I observed to Mr. Theobald, that here was a glaring *poetical contradiction*. She says, you'll find all true except the *wild island*, and instantly she is upon the island.

" *I stand upon the sea-beach now*," &c.

The wild island therefore in her imagination is as true as the rest. The enthusiasm is noble, but wants a proper introduction, which the change only of a *b* for a *p* will tolerably give.

" *And you shall find all true.—Put the wild island;*
I stand," &c.

But as there are numberless instances of many words, and particularly monosyllables, being dropt from the text (of which there is one in the same page with these lines, and another in the same play, vol. i. p. 59. very remarkable) I suppose this to have happened here; for by reading *Put me on the wild island;—I stand upon*, &c. how nobly does she start as it were from *fancy* to *reality*, from the *picture* into the *life? Me' on th'* by elisions common to all our old poets, may become one syllable in the pronunciation; but if we speak them full, and make a twelve syllable verse, it will have a hundred fellows in our authors, and should have had one but three lines below the passage here quoted,

" *Make a dull silence, till you feel a* sudden *sadness*
Give us new souls."

As Aspatia's grief had been of long continuance, *sudden* was evidently corrupt, and I therefore proposed to Mr. Theobald to read *sullen*, which is an epithet perfectly proper and extremely nervous; but as he could by no means be persuaded to mention the former conjecture, and the only objection he urged was, that it made a twelve-syllable verse, he would not let one of twelve syllables remain so near it; and therefore without authority of any prior edition, discarded the epithet intirely from the text, and adopted the reading of the first quarto in the former passage.

" Suppose *I stand upon the sea-beach now*," &c.

As this is much the most unpoetical of all the readings, and the first introducers of the text in the intermediate editions claim their corrections from the original manuscript, I can by no means approve the choice he has made.

[*We cannot perceive any necessity for these variations; the oldest quarto is therefore followed in this edition.*—But *is certainly preferable to* put, *with Seward's* elisions; *and* suppose, *at the beginning of the line, seems much better than* and think *at the end, as it continues the dialogue more easily. As to* sudden, *Theobald's silent omission is very faulty; the expression is dark, but we cannot find that* sullen *at all assists it.*]

peare's

peare's foundation. At the latter-end of King John the King has received a *burning poison;* and being asked,

> " How fares your majesty?
> *K. John.* Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
> And none of you will bid the winter come,
> To trust his icy fingers in my maw;
> Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
> Thro' my burnt bosom; nor entreat the North
> To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
> And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much,
> I beg cold comfort."

The first and last lines are to be ranged among the *faults* that so much disgrace Shakespeare, which he committed to please the corrupt taste of the age he lived in, but to which Beaumont and Fletcher's learning and fortune made them superior. The intermediate lines are extremely beautiful, and marked as such by the late great editor, but yet are much improved in two plays of our authors, the first in Valentinian, where the Emperor, poisoned in the same manner, dies with more *violence, fury,* and *horror,* than King John; but the passage I shall quote is from A Wife for a Month, a play which does not upon the whole equal the poetic sublimity of Valentinian, though it rather excels it in the poisoning scene. The Prince Alphonso, who had been long in a phrenzy of melancholy, is poisoned with a hot fiery potion; under the agonies of which he thus raves:

> " Give me more air, more air, air; blow, blow, blow,
> Open thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me;
> Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,
> And rivers run thro' my afflicted spirit.
> I am all fire, fire, fire; the raging dog-star
> Reigns in my blood; oh, which way shall I turn me?
> Ætna and all her flames burn in my head.
> Fling mé into the ocean or I perish.
> Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the springs fly up,
> The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into them,
> And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their *purling pleasures*;
> Or shoot me into the higher region,
> Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,
> And banquets of sweet hail.
> *Rug.* Hold him fast, friar,
> Oh, how he burns!
> *Alph.* What, will ye sacrifice me?
> Upon the altar lay my willing body,
> And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense;
> And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,
> Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you're ashes.
> * * * * * * * *
> * * * * * * * *
> *Mart.* To bed, good Sir.
> *Alph.* My bed will burn about me;
> Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes
> Am I enclos'd; let me fly, let me fly, give room;
> 'Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,
> Lies my safe way; oh, for a cake of ice now
> To clap unto my heart to comfort me.
> Decrepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,
> And let me wear thy frozen icicles,

Like

Like jewels round about my head, to cool me.
My eyes burn out and sink into their sockets,
And my infected brain like brimstone boils;
I live in hell and several furies vex me.
Oh, carry me where never sun e'er shew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,
Never to be dissolv'd, where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping frosts and winds,
That cut the stubborn rocks, and make them shiver;
Set me there, friends."————

Every reader of taste will see how superior this is to the quotation from Shakespeare. The images are vastly more numerous, more judicious, more nervous, and the passions are wrought up to the highest pitch; so that it may be fairly preferred to every thing of its kind in all Shakespeare, except one scene of Lear's madness, which it would emulate too, could we see such an excellent comment on it as Lear receives from his representative on the stage.

As these last quotations are not only specimens of *diction* and *sentiment*, but of *passions* inflamed into *poetic enthusiasm*; I shall refer the reader to some other parallels of *passions* and *characters* that greatly resemble, and sometimes rival the spirit and sublimity of Shakespeare. He will please therefore to compare the *phrenzy* and the whole sweet *character* of the Jailor's Daughter in the Two Noble Kinsmen to Ophelia in Hamlet, where the *copy* is so extremely like the *original* that either the same *hand* drew both, or Fletcher's is not to be distinguished from Shakespeare's:—To compare the deaths of Pontius and Ætius in Valentinian with that of Cassius, Brutus and their friends in Julius Cæsar, and if he *admires* a little less, he will *weep* much more; it more excels in the *pathetic* than it falls short in *dignity*:—To compare the *character* and *passions* of Cleopatra in the False One, to those of Shakespeare's Cleopatra:—To compare the pious deprecations and grief-mingled fury of Edith (upon the murder of her father by Rollo, in the Bloody Brother) to the *grief* and *fury* of Macduff, upon his wife and children's murder. Our authors will not, we hope, be found *light* in the *scale* in any of these instances; though their *beam* in general fly some little *upwards*, it will sometimes at least tug hard for a *poise*. But be it allowed, that as in *diction* and *sentiment*, so in *characters* and *passions*, Shakespeare in general excels, yet here too a very strong instance occurs of pre-eminence in our authors. It is Juliana in the Double Marriage, who, through her whole *character*, in conjugal fidelity, unshaken constancy and amiable tenderness, even more than rivals the Portia of Shakespeare, and her *death* not only far excels the others, but even the most *pathetic deaths* that Shakespeare has any where described or exhibited; King Lear's with Cordelia dead in his arms, most resembles, but by no means equals it; the grief, in this case, only pushes an *old man* into the *grave*, already *half buried* with age and misfortunes; in the other, it is such *consummate horror*, as in a few minutes *freezes youth and beauty* into a *monumental statue*. The last parallel I shall mention, shall give Shakespeare his due preference, where our authors very visibly emulate but cannot reach him. It is the quarrel of Amintor and Melantius in the Maid's Tragedy compared to that of Brutus and Cassius. The beginning of the quarrel is upon as just grounds, and the passions are wrought up to as great violence, but there is not such extreme *dignity* of character,

nor such noble sentiments of *morality* in either Amintor or Melantius as in Brutus.[8]

Having thus given, we hope, pretty strong proofs of our authors excellence in the *sublime*, and shewn how near they approach in splendor to the *great sun* of the British Theatre; let us now just touch on their *comedies* and draw one parallel of a very different kind. Horace makes a doubt whether *comedy* should be called *poetry* or not, *i. e.* whether the comedies of Terence, Plautus, Menander, &c. should be esteemed such, for in its own nature there is a *comic poetic diction* as well as a *tragic* one; a diction which Horace himself was a great master of, though it had not then been used in the *drama;* for even the sublimest sentiments of Terence, when his *comedy raises its voice* to the greatest dignity, are still not clothed in *poetic diction*. The British *drama* which before Jonson received only some little improvement from the *models* of Greece and Rome, but sprung chiefly from their own *moralities*, and *religious farces;* and had a birth extremely similar to what the Grecian *drama* originally sprung from; differed in its growth from the Greeks chiefly in two particulars. The latter separated the *solemn* parts of their religious shews from the *satiric farcical* parts of them, and so formed the distinct species of *tragedy* and *comedy;* the Britons were not so happy, but suffered them to continue united, even in hands of as great or greater poets than Sophocles and Euripides. But they had far better success in the second instance. The Greeks appropriated the spirit and nerves of poetry to *tragedy* only, and though they did not wholly deprive the *comedy* of metre, they left it not the shadow of *poetic diction* and *sentiment;*

> *" Idcirco quidam, comœdia necne poema*
> *Esset, quæsivêre: Quod acer spiritus ac vis*
> *Nec verbis nec rebus inest."*

The Britons not only retained metre in their comedies, but also all the *acer spiritus*, all the strength and nerves of poetry, which was in a good measure owing to the happiness of our blank verse, which at the same time that it is capable of the highest *sublimity*, the most extensive and noblest *harmony* of the *tragic* and *epic;* yet when used familiarly is so near the *sermo pedestris*, so easy and natural as to be well adapted even to the drollest *comic dialogue*. The French common metre is the very reverse of this; it is much too stiff and formal either for *tragedy* or *comedy*, unable to rise with

[8] One *key* to Amintor's heroism and distress, will, I believe, solve all the objections that have been raised to this scene; which will vanish at once by only an *occasional conformity* to our authors *ethical* and *political* principles. They held *passive obedience* and *non-resistance to princes* an indispensable duty; a doctrine which Queen Elizabeth's goodness made her subjects fond of imbibing, and which her *successor's king-craft*, with far different views, carried to its highest pitch. In this period, our authors wrote, and we may as well quarrel with Tasso for Popery, or with Homer and Virgil for Heathenism, as with our authors for this principle. It is therefore the violent shocks of the highest provocations struggling with what Amintor thought his eternal duty; of *nature* rebelling against *principle* (as a famous partisan for this doctrine in Queen Ann's reign expressed it, when he happened not to be in the ministry) which drive the *heroic youth* into that *phrenzy*, which makes him challenge his dearest friend for espousing too revengefully his own quarrel against the *sacred majesty* of the most *abandonedly wicked king*. The same *key* is necessary to the heroism of Æcius, Aubrey, Archas, and many others of our author's characters; in all which the reader will perhaps think, there is something unnaturally absurd; but the absurdity is wholly chargeable on the doctrine not on the poets.

proper

proper dignity to the sublimity of the one, or to descend with ease to the jocose familiarity of the other. Besides the cramp of rhime every line is cut asunder by so strong a *cæsure*, that in English we should divide it into the *three-foot stanza*, as

"When Fanny blooming fair
First caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her shape and air
I felt a strange delight." *

Take one of the rhimes from these, and write them in two lines, they are exactly the same with the French *tragic* and *epic* metre.

"When Fanny blooming fair, first caught my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her air and shape, I felt a strange delight."

In a language where this is their sublimest measure, no wonder that their greatest poet should write his *Telemaque* an epic poem in prose. Every one must know that the *genteel parts of comedy*, descriptions of polite life, moral sentences, paternal fondness, filial duty, generous friendship, and particularly the delicacy and tenderness of lovers' sentiments are equally proper to poetry in *comedy* as *tragedy*; in these things there is no sort of real difference between the two, and what the Greeks and Latins formed had no foundation in nature; our old poets therefore made no such difference, and their comedies in this respect vastly excel the Latins and Greeks. Jonson who reformed many faults of our *drama*, and followed the plans of Greece and Rome very closely in most instances, yet preserved the poetic fire and diction of comedy as a great excellence. How many instances of inimitable *poetic beauties* might one produce from Shakespeare's *comedies*? Not so many yet extremely numerous are those of our authors, and such as in an ancient classic would be thought *beauties* of the first magnitude. These lie before me in such variety, that I scarce know where to fix. But I'll confine myself chiefly to *moral sentiments*. In the Elder Brother, Charles the scholar thus speaks of the joys of *literature*; being asked by his father——

——"Nor will you
Take care of my estate?
Char. But in my wishes;
For know, Sir, that the wings on which my soul
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
T' enjoy myself; that place that does contain
My *books*, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old *sages* and *philosophers*;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With *kings* and *emperors*, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their *victories*, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd *statues*." Vol. i. act. i. scene ii.

[* *This is the first stanza of a song by Lord Chesterfield.* R.]

In

In Monsieur Thomas, a youth in love with his *friend's* intended wife, after resisting the greatest temptations of *passion*, is thus encouraged by the young *lady* to persevere in his integrity.

> *Francis.* Whither do you drive me?
> *Cellide.* Back to your *honesty*, make that good ever,
> 'Tis like a strong-built *castle* seated high
> That draws on all *ambitions*; still repair it,
> Still fortify it: There are thousand *foes*,
> Beside the tyrant *beauty* will assail it.
> Look to your *centinels* that watch it hourly,
> Your *eyes*, let them not wander,———
> ——————————— Keep your *ears*,
> The two main *ports* that may betray ye, strongly
> From *light belief* first, then from *flattery*,
> Especially where *woman* beats the *parley*;
> The *body* of your *strength*, your noble *heart*
> From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
> Ridg'd round about with *virtue*, that no *breaches*,
> No subtle *mines* may find you.[9]

[9] Our authors, in carrying the metaphor of a *citadel* compared to the *mind* through so many divisions, seem to have built on the foundation of St. Paul, who in like manner carries on a metaphor from *armour* through its several parts. Ephesians vi. 11.

Put on the whole armour of God—having your *loins* girt about with *truth*, and having on the *breast-plate of righteousness*.—Above all, taking the *shield of faith*, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the *fiery darts* of the wicked; and take the *helmet of salvation*, and the sword of the *Spirit* which is the *Word of God*. See also the same metaphor in Isaiah, lix. 17. from whom St. Paul took his. Were I to quote our author's frequent resemblance to the stile and sentiments of the *Scriptures*, another very large field would open to us; and this would help us to the solution of two questions, which they who have a just taste of the excellencies of our old English poets naturally ask: 1. How came the British muse in the very infancy of literature, when but just sprung from the dark womb of monkish superstition, to rise at once to such maturity, as she did in Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson and Massenger? 2. What spirit is it that has animated the *frozen foggy genius of Britain* into a nobler and fiercer flame of *poetry* than was ever yet kindled in the bright invigorating climes of France and modern Italy; insomuch, that a Gallic and Italian eye is dazzled and offended at the brightness of the noblest expressions of Milton, and the authors above-mentioned? We answer. It was no less a spirit than the *Spirit of God*, it was the *sun of righteousness*, the *hallowed light of the Scriptures* that was just then risen on the British clime, but is still hid in clouds and darkness to France and Italy. A *light* to which the brightest strokes of Milton and Shakespeare are but as rays of the mid-day *sun*, when compared to that *ineffable inconceivable lustre* which surrounds the *throne of God*. When the zeal of religion ran high, and a collection of far the *noblest poems* that were ever wrote in the world, those of Job, David, Isaiah and all the prophets were daily read, and publicly, solemnly and learnedly commented upon, in almost every town in the kingdom; when every man thought it a disgrace not to study them in private, and not to treasure the noblest parts of them in his memory, what wonder was it that our poets should catch so much of the sacred fire, or that the British *genius* should be arrayed with the beams of the east? But when the love of the *scriptures* waxed faint, the *nerves* of our *poetry* grew in the same proportion weak and languid. One of the best means therefore to gain a true taste of the extreme poetic sublimity of the sacred *scriptures*, is to converse with those *poets* whose stile and sentiments most resemble them. And the very best means to restore the British *genius* to its pristine vigour, and to create other Shakespeares and other Miltons, is to promote the study, love and admiration of those Scriptures.

A concurrent cause, which raised the spirit of *poetry* to such a height in *Queen Elizabeth's reign*, was the encouragement and influence of the *queen* herself; to whom *polite literature* was the most courtly accomplishment. Look into Spenser's Description of her Lords and Favourites, and you'll find a *learned queen* made a whole court of poets, just as an *amorous monarch* afterwards made every flowery courtier write romance; and martial princes have turned intimidated armies into heroes.

As

As Cellide had before used a *light behaviour* in trial of his virtue, upon finding it only a *trial*, and receiving from her this virtuous lecture, he rejoins;

> ——————— "How like the sun
> Labouring in his *eclipse*, *dark* and *prodigious*
> She shew'd till now? when having won his way,
> How full of wonder he *breaks out* again
> And sheds his *virtuous beams?*"

Such passages as these are frequent in our authors *comedies;* were they exprest only in genteel prose, they would rank with the very noblest passages of Terence, but what reason upon earth can be assigned, *but mere fashion*, why, because they are parts of *comedies*, they should be weakened and flattened into prose[10] by drawing the *sinews* of their *strength* and *eclipsing* those *poetic beams* that shed vigour, life and lustre on every sentiment?——

Such *poetic* excellence therefore will the reader find in the genteel parts of our author's *comedies*, but, as before hinted, there is a *poetic stile* often equally proper and excellent even in the lowest *drollery of comedy*. Thus when the jocose old Miramont in the Elder Brother catches austere solemn *magistrate* Brisac endeavouring to debauch his *servant's wife*—Before he breaks in upon him, he says;

> "Oh, th' infinite frights that will assail this gentleman!
> The *quartans*, *tertians*, and *quotidians*,
> That'll hang, like *sergeants*, on his *worship's* shoulders!
> How will those solemn looks appear to me,
> And that *severe face* that *speaks chains and shackles!*"

How small a change of the comic words would turn this into the sublime? suppose it spoke of Nero by one who knew he would be at once deserted by the *senate* and *army*, and given up to the fury of the *people*.

> "What infinite frights will soon assail the tyrant?
> What *terrors* like stern *lictors* will arrest him?
> How will that fierce terrific eye appear,
> Whose slightest bend spake dungeons, chains, and death?"

Such as the former, is the general stile of our author's drollery, particularly of Fletcher's; Beaumont deals chiefly in another species, the *burlesque epic*. Thus when the Little comic French Lawyer is run *fighting-mad*, and his *antagonist* excepts against his shirt for not being *laced* (as gentlemen's shirts of that age used to be) he answers,

> "Base and degenerate cousin, dost not know
> An old and tatter'd colours to an enemy,
> Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?
> This shirt five times victorious I've fought under,
> And cut thro' squadrons of your curious *cut-works*,
> As I will do thro' thine; shake and be satisfy'd."

[10] There is much less *prose* left in this edition than there was in all the former; in which the *measure* was often most miserably neglected. Wit Without Money, the very first play which fell to my lot to prepare for the press after Mr. Theobald's death, was all printed as prose, except about twenty lines towards the end; but the reader will now find it as true measure as almost any *comedy* of our authors.

This

This *stile* runs through many of Beaumont's characters, besides La-Writ's, as Lazarillo, the Knight of the Burning-Pestle, Bessus's two Swordsmen, *&c.* and he has frequent allusions to and even parodies of the sublimest parts of Shakespeare; which both Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobold look upon as *sneers* upon a poet of greater eminence than the supposed *sneerer* (a very great [11] crime if true) but I believe it an entire *mistake*. The nature of this *burlesque epic* requires the frequent use of the most known and most acknowledged expressions of sublimity, which applied to low objects render *them*, not the *author* of those expressions, ridiculous. Almost all men of wit make the same use of Shakespeare and Milton's expressions in common conversation without the least thought of sneering either; and indeed if every quotation from Shakespeare thus jocularly applied is a real *sneer* upon him, then all *burlesque sublime* is a *sneer* upon the *real sublime*, and Beaumont sneered himself as well as Shakespeare.

From these three short specimens the reader will form, we hope, a just idea of the three stiles used in our author's *Comedies*, the *sublime*, the *droll poetic*, and the *burlesque sublime*. There is indeed a small mixture of *prose*, which is the only part of our old dramatic poets stile that moderns have vouchsafed to imitate. Did they acknowledge the truth, and confess their inability to rise to the *spirit*, *vigour*, and *dignity* of the other *stiles*, they were pardonable. But far from it, our reformed taste calls for *prose* only, and before Beaumont and Fletcher's plays can be endured by such *Attic ears*, they must be *corrected* into *prose*, as if, because well-brewed *porter* is a wholesome draught, therefore *claret* and *burgundy* must be dashed with *porter* before they were drinkable. For a true specimen of our *modern taste*, we will give the reader one cup of our author's *wine* thus *porterized*, and that by *one* who perfectly knew the *palate* of the *age*, who pleased it greatly in this very instance, and some of whose *comedies* have as much or more merit than any moderns except Congreve. Mr. Cibber has consolidated two of our author's plays, the Elder Brother, and the Custom of the Country, to form his Love makes a Man; or, the Fop's Fortune. In the former there are two old French noblemen, Lewis and Brisac; the first proud of his family and fortune, the other of his magisterial power and dignity; neither men of learning, and therefore both preferring courtly accomplishments, and the knowledge of the world, to the deepest knowledge of books, and the most extensive literature. Such characters exclude not good sense in general, but in that part of their characters only where their foibles lie; (as Polonius in Hamlet is a fool in his pedantic foibles, and a man of sense in all other instances) accordingly Fletcher makes Brisac and Lewis thus treat of a marriage between their children.

> *Bri.* Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself
> Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
> Our ancient families, and make them one;
> And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live
> And see what you have purpos'd put in act;
> Of which your visit at this present is

[11] For a further defence of our Authors from this imputation, see note 43 of The Little French Lawyer, and note 32 of The Woman-Hater. In both which there is a mistake with regard to the Author of those Plays. When I wrote the notes, I supposed it Fletcher, til Beaumont's letter at the end of The Nice Valour, gave me a key, which is given to the reader in the first section of the Preface, and which explains the difference of *manner* between Beaumont and Fletcher.

A hopeful

A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my sons; I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection.
Lew. Monsieur Brisac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,
Being blest with but one daughter, I shall not
Appear impertinently curious,
Though with my utmost vigilance and study,
I labour to bestow her to her worth:
Let others speak her form, and future fortune
From me descending to her, I in that
Sit down with silence.
Bri. You may, my lord, securely,
Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises.

I quote not this as an instance of the *sublime*, but of our authors *genteel dialogue* enlivened by a few *poetic figures*, as in the last lines Fame is *personised* and commands the tongues of men. Now let us see this dialogue *modernized:* The names of the old gentlemen being changed to Antonio and Charino, they thus confer.

Ant. Without compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and I think the sooner we set 'em to work the better.
Cha. Sir, *you offer fair and nobly*, and shall find I dare meet you in the *same line of honour*; and I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the-bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.
Ant. Ask 'em.
Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons.
Ant. Exactly.
Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?
Ant. Willing.
Cha. My daughter Angelina?
Ant. Angelina.
Cha. And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband, which of 'em she pleases?
Ant. Content.
Cha. And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession, of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?
Ant. To perform.
Cha. Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.
Ant. There's mine.
Cha. Is't a match?
Ant. A match.
Cha. Done.
Ant. Done.
Cha. And done!——that's enough———

Strike out an expression or two of Fletcher's, and a couple of grasiers could have put more sense into an *ox-bargain*. I blame not the *Author*, if

if a man's customers resolve to pay the price of *Champaign*, and yet insist upon *mild and stale*, who would refuse it them? This is only a specimen of the *taste* of the late *wonderfully enlightened age*. But as Shakespeare and Milton have already in a good measure dispersed the clouds of *prejudice* which had long obscured their excellencies; it is to be hoped that our eyes are now inured to bear the lustre of such *poets*, who most resemble these *suns of Britain*. To such readers therefore who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the excellencies of Beaumont and Fletcher, I shall beg leave to recommend their plays to be read in the following order, beginning with which species they like best.*

CLASS I.

TRAGEDIES AND TRAGI-COMEDIES.	PASTORAL.	COMEDIES.
Maid's Tragedy . . vol. 1	Faithful Shepherdess vol. 1	Elder Brother . . vol. 1
Philaster . . . . vol. 1		Rule a Wife and have a Wife vol. 1
King and no King . vol. 1		Little French Lawyer vol. 2
The Two Noble Kinsmen vol. 3		Wit without Money vol. 1
The Double Marriage vol. 2		Spanish Curate . . vol. 1
The Bloody Brother, or Rollo vol. 2		Nice Valour, or Passionate Mad-Man . . vol. 3
The False One . . vol. 1		
The Knight of Malta vol. 2		
Valentinian . . . vol. 2		

CLASS II.

Laws of Candy . . vol. 1	Burlesque Sublime.	Fair Maid of the Mill.
Loyal Subject . . . vol. 1		Fair Maid of the Inn.
The Island Princess . vol. 3		Wild-goose Chase.
Thierry and Theodoret vol. 3		Monsieur Thomas.
Wife for a Month . vol. 2		The Chances.
Bonduca . . . . vol. 2		Honest Man's Fortune.
		Custom of the Country.
		Beggar's Bush.
		The Captain.
		The Sea-Voyage.
		Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid.
		Coxcomb.
	The Knight of the Burning Pestle . . . . vol. 2	Woman-Hater.
		Wit at several Weapons.
		Women pleas'd.
		Tamer tam'd.
		Scornful Lady.

CLASS III.

The Coronation . . vol. 3	Mask . . . . . vol. 3	Pilgrim . . . . vol. 2
The Queen of Corinth vol. 2	Moral Representations vol. 3	Love's Pilgrimage . vol. 2
The Lover's Progress vol. 2		Night-Walker . . vol. 3
The Prophetess . . vol. 2		Noble Gentleman . vol. 3
Cupid's Revenge . . vol. 3		

[* *Whimsical as this* classing *of our Authors' plays must appear, it is surely more whimsical that Mr. Seward could not find a place in either* class *for those excellent comedies,* The Mad Lover, *and* The Humorous Lieutenant.]

The

The reader will find many excellent things in this last class, for the plays of our authors do not differ from each other near so much as those of Shakespeare. The three last tragedies are detruded so low on account of their *magic* and *machinery*, in which our authors fall shorter of Shakespeare than in any other of their attempts to imitate him. What is the reason of this? Is it that their *genius* improved by literature and polite conversation, could well describe *men* and *manners*, but had not that *poetic* that *creative power* to form new beings and new worlds,

——— " and give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name"———

as Shakespeare excellently describes his own genius? I believe not. The *enthusiasm* of *passions* which Beaumont and Fletcher are so frequently rapt into, and the vast variety of distinguished characters which they have so admirably drawn, shew as strong powers of invention as the creation of *witches* and *raising* of ghosts. Their deficiency therefore in *magic* is accountable from a cause far different from a *poverty of imagination*; it was the accidental *disadvantage of a liberal and learned education: Sorcery, witchcraft, astrology, ghosts*, and *apparitions*, were then the universal belief of both the *great vulgar and the small*, nay they were even the *parliamentary*, the *national creed;* only some *early-enlightened minds* saw and contemned the whole superstitious trumpery: among these our *authors* were probably initiated from their school-days into a deep-grounded contempt of it, which breaks out in many parts of their works, and particularly in The Bloody Brother and The Fair Maid of the Inn, where they began that admirable banter which the excellent Butler carried on exactly in the same strain, and which, with such a *second*, has at last drove *the bugbears* from the minds of almost all men of common understanding. But here was our authors disadvantage; the taste of their age called aloud for the assistance of *ghosts* and *sorcery* to heighten the horror of *tragedy*; this horror they had never felt, never heard of but with contempt, and consequently they had no *arche-types* in their own breasts of what they were called on to describe. Whereas Shakespeare from his low education[12] had believed

[12] *Shakespeare from his low education*, &c.] The gentleman who is most obliged to Shakespeare, and to whom Shakespeare is most obliged of any man living, happening to see the sheet of the Preface where Shakespeare's peculiar superiority over our *authors* in his *magic*, is ascribed to the accidental advantage of a low education, he could not well brook a passage which seemed to derogate from his favourite. As Shakespeare had as good sense as our authors, he thought, he would be as free from real superstition. This does not always follow. Education will tincture even the brightest parts. There is proof that our *authors* held all sorcery, witchcraft, &c. as mere juggler's tricks, but not the least room to doubt of Shakespeare's having believed them in his youth, whatever he did afterwards; and this is all that is asserted. Is this therefore a derogation? No, it only shews the amazing power of his genius; a genius which could turn the bugbears of his former credulity into the noblest poetic machines. Just as Homer built his machinery on the superstitions which he had been bred up to. Both indeed give great distinction of characters, and great poetic dignity to the dæmons they introduce; nay, they form some new ones; but the system they build on is the vulgar creed. And here (after giving due praise to the gentleman above, for restoring Shakespeare's magic to its genuine horror, out of that low buffoonery which former actors and managers of theatres had flung it into) I shall shew in what light Shakespeare's low education always appeared to me by the following epitaph wrote many years since, and published in Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany.

believed and felt all the horrors he painted; for though the universities and inns of court were in some degree freed from those dreams of superstition, the banks of the Avon were then *haunted* on every side.

> "There tript with printless foot the elves of hills,
> Brooks, lakes, and groves; there Sorcery bedimn'd
> The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
> And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
> Set roaring war, &c." TEMPEST.

So that Shakespeare can scarcely be said to create a new world in his *magic*; he went but back to his native country, and only dressed their *goblins* in poetic weeds; hence even Theseus is not attended by his own deities,* Minerva, Venus, the *fauns, satyrs,* &c. but by Oberon and his *fairies:* Whereas our *authors,* however aukwardly they treat of *ghosts* and *sorcerers,* yet when they get back to Greece (which was as it were their *native soil)* they introduce the *classic deities* with ease and dignity, as Fletcher in particular does in his Faithful Shepherdess, and both of them in their Masques; the last of which is put in the third class, not from any deficiency in the composition, but from the nature of the allegorical Masque, which, when no real characters are intermixed, ought in general to rank below Tragedy and Comedy. Our authors, who wrote them because they were in fashion, have themselves shewed how light they held them.

> "They must commend their king, and speak in praise
> Of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom
> In person of some god; they're tied to rules
> Of flattery."—— MAID'S TRAGEDY, act i. scene 1.

This was probably wrote by Beaumont with an eye to the Masque at Gray's Inn, as well as masques in general. The reader will find a farther account of our Authors' Plays, and what share Mr. Shirley is supposed to have had in the completion of some that were left imperfect in Mr.

Upon Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

> "Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
> Too mighty such *monopoly* of Fame:
> Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
> His wondrous worth; what Ægypt could bestow,
> With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
> Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind,
> Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain,
> The British *eagle* * and the Mantuan *swan,*
> Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou
> With incontested laurels deck thy brow;
> Thy *bard* was thine *unschool'd,* and from thee brought
> More than all Ægypt, Greece, or Asia, taught;
> Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,
> The Greek has *rivals,* but thy Shakespeare none."

[*The above* Note *was inserted as a* Postscript *to Seward's Preface.*]

[* *Mr. Seward does not seem to have recollected, that in the* Two Noble Kinsmen *there is an equal mixture of Gothic and Grecian manners. It was the common error of all our old English writers, from Chaucer to Milton, who has introduced* chivalry *even into Paradise Lost.*]

* Milton.

Sympson's

Sympson's Lives of the Authors. But before I finish my account of them, it is necessary to apologise for a fault which must shock every modest reader: it is their frequent use of *gross* and *indecent* expressions. They have this fault in common with Shakespeare, who is sometimes more gross than they ever are; but I think grossness does not occur quite so often in him. In the second class of parallel passages where the hands of Shakespeare and our authors were not distinguishable, I omitted one instance for decency sake, but I will insert it here as proper to the subject we are now upon. Philaster being violently agitated by jealousy, and firmly believing his mistress to have been loose, thus speaks of a letter which he has just received from her,

——— "Oh, let all women
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here!
Here, by this paper, she doth write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beside; but unto me,
A maiden snow that melted with my looks."

Vol. i. act iii.

Strength and delicacy are here in perfect union. In like manner Posthumus in Cymbeline, act ii, agitated by as violent a jealousy of his wife, thus describes her seeming modesty:

———"Oh, vengeance! vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet look on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow."———

This is a most amiable picture of conjugal delicacy, but it may be justly objected that it draws the curtains of the marriage-bed, and exposes it to the view of the world; and if the reader turns to the speech of which it is a part, he will find much grosser expressions in the sequel. But these were so far from offending the ears of our ancestors, that Beaumont and Fletcher, though so often guilty of them, are perpetually celebrated by the writers of their own and of the following age, as the great *reformers* of the *drama* from *bawdry* and *ribaldry*. Thus when Fletcher's charming Pastoral, The Faithful Shepherdess, had been damned by its first night's audience, Jonson says that they damned it for want of the vicious and bawdy scenes which they had been accustomed to, and then breaks out in a rapture worthy of Jonson, worthy of Fletcher:

"I that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the *muses blood* was spilt
In such a *martyrdom*, to vex their eyes
Do crown thy murder'd poem, *&c.*"

Yet even this pattern of chastity is not free from expressions which would now be justly deemed too gross for the stage. Sir John Berkenhead, speaking of Fletcher's Works in general, says,

"And as thy thoughts were clear, so innocent,
Thy *fancy* gave no unswept language vent,

Slander'st

Slander'st no laws, prophan'st no holy page,
As if thy [13] father's crosier rul'd the stage."

Our poets frequently boast of this *chastity* of language themselves. See the prologue to The Knight of the Burning Pestle. Lovelace, a poet of no small eminence, speaks of the great delicacy of expression even in the Custom of the Country.

"View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face,
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
But Cupid had Diana's linen on."

Yet of this play Dryden asserts that it contains more bawdry than all his plays together. What must we say of these different accounts? Why it is clear as day, that the stile of the age was so changed, that what was formerly not esteemed in the least degree indecent, was now become very much so; just as in Chaucer, the very filthiest words are used without disguise, and says Beaumont in excuse for him, he gave those expressions to low characters, with whom they were then in common use, and whom he could not therefore draw naturally without them. The same plea is now necessary for Beaumont himself and all his contemporary dramatic poets; but there is this grand and essential difference between the gross expressions of our old poets, and the more *delicate lewdness* of modern plays. In the former, gross expressions are generally the language of low life, and are given to characters which are set in despicable lights: in the latter, *lewdness* is frequently the characteristic of the *hero* of the comedy, and so intended to inflame the passions and corrupt the heart. Thus much is necessary in defence, not only of our authors, but of Mr. Sympson and myself, for engaging in the publication of works which contain a great many indecencies, which we could have wished to have been omitted; and which, when I began to prepare my part of the work for the press, I had actually struck off, as far as I could do it without injuring the connexion of the context; but the booksellers pressed, and indeed insisted upon their restoration: they very sensibly urged the last-mentioned plea, and thought that the bare notion of a curtailed edition would greatly prejudice the sale of it. We hope therefore that the reader will not be too severe on the editors of works which have great excellencies, and which in general tend to promote virtue and chastity, though the custom of the age made the authors not entirely abstain from expressions not then esteemed gross, but which now must offend every modest ear.

Hitherto we have treated of our authors and their merit, something must be added of the attempt of the present editors to clear them from that mass of confusion and obscurity flung upon them by the inaccuracy of former editors, or what was worse, by the wilfulness and ignorance of our old players, who kept most of their plays many years in manuscript as mere play-house properties, to be changed and mangled by every new actor's humour and fancy. As this was the case of most of our old plays, the learned Mr. Upton seems strangely mistaken in asserting that no more liberty ought to be taken in the correction of the old [mangled] text of Shakespeare, than with the two first [accurate] editions of Paradise Lost.

[13] Fletcher, bishop of London.

Upon

Upon this groundless assertion are built those very undeserved reflections upon the eminent *editors* of Shakespeare who are compared to the *vice* of the old comedy beating their author's original text with their daggers of lath. Surely something very different from such sarcasm is due from every true lover of Shakespeare to those editors whose emendations have cleared so many obscurities, and made so many readers study and perceive innumerable excellencies which had otherwise been passed over unnoted and perhaps despised. For verbal criticism, when it means the restoring the true reading to the mangled text, very justly holds the palm from every other species of criticism, as it cannot be performed with success without comprehending all the rest; it must clearly perceive the stile, manner, characters, beauties and defects: and to this must be added some sparks of that *original fire* that animated the *poet's own invention*. No sooner therefore were *criticisms* wrote on our English poets, but each deep-red scholar whose severer studies had made him frown with contempt on poems and plays, was taken in to read, to study, to be enamoured: he rejoiced to try his strength with the editor, and to become a *critic* himself: nay, even Dr. Bentley's strange absurdities in his notes on Milton, had this good effect, that they engaged a Pearce * to answer, and perhaps were the first motives to induce the greatest *poet*, the most universal *genius*,† one of the greatest *orators*, and one of the most *industrious scholars* in the kingdom each to become editors of Shakespeare. A Pope, a Warburton, and a Hanmer did honour to the *science* by engaging in criticism; but the worth of that *science* is most apparent from the distinction Mr. Theobald gained in the learned world, who had no other claim to honour but as a *critic* on Shakespeare. In this light his fame remains fresh and unblasted, though the *lightning* of Mr. Pope and the thunder of Mr. Warburton have been both launched at his head. Mr. Pope being far too great an *original* himself to submit his own taste to that of Shakespeare's was fairly driven out of the field of criticism by the plain force of reason and argument; but he soon retired to his *poetic citadel*, and from thence played such a *volley* of *wit* and *humour* on his *antagonist*, as gave him a very grotesque *profile* on his left; but he never drove him from his *hold* on Shakespeare, and his countenance on that side is still clear and unspotted. Mr. Warburton's attack was more dangerous, but though he was angry from the apprehension of personal injuries, yet his justice has still left Mr. Theobald in possession of great numbers of excellent emendations, which will always render his name respectable. The mention of the merit of *criticism* in establishing the taste of the age, in raising respect in the contemptuous, and attention in the careless readers of our old poets, naturally leads us to an enquiry, Whence it comes to pass, that whilst almost every one buys and reads the works of our late critical editors, nay almost every man of learning aims at imitating them and making emendations himself, yet it is still the fashion to flirt at the names of *critic* and *commentator*, and almost

[* *Dr. Zachary Pearce, late Bishop of Rochester.* R.]

[† *Mr. Seward here ascribes to Bentley's notes on Milton consequences which they did not produce: Mr. Pope's Edition of Shakespeare appeared several years before Bentley published his edition of Milton; and, from the date and contents of the celebrated Letter of bishop Warburton to Concannen (which, although it has not yet found its way to the press, Dr. Akenside says,* " will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings,") *it manifestly appears, that the notes of that learned editor were, what he asserts them in his Preface to have been,* " among his younger amusements," *and consequently prior to the publication of Bentley's Milton.* R.]

to

to treat the very science with derision. The enquiry has been often made by *critics* themselves, and all have said, that it was owing to the strange mistakes and blunders of former critics, to mens engaging in a *science* which they had neither learning nor talents to manage and adorn. Each thinking himself exempt from the censure, and each having it retorted upon him in his turn. If this is the case, I am afraid all remedy is hopeless; if the great names above-mentioned did really want abilities for the province they undertook, who shall dare to hope that he possesses them? If frequent mistakes in an editor are totally to sink his merit, who can escape the common wreck?—But I am far from thinking this to be the sole or even the principal cause; and the two, which I shall assign as much greater inlets to this disgrace on the art of criticism, are such as to admit of the easiest remedy in the world, a remedy in the power of *critics* themselves, and which their own interest loudly calls on them all to apply. The first cause is; that in a science the most fallible of all others, depending in a great measure on the tottering bottom of mere *conjecture*, almost every critic assumes the air of *certainty, positiveness* and *infallibility;* he seems sure never to miss his way, though in a wilderness of confusion, never to stumble in a path always gloomy and sometimes as dark as midnight. Hence he *dogmatizes,* when he should only *propose,* and dictates his *guesses* in the *despotic stile.* The reader, and every rival editor, catches the same spirit, all his faults become unpardonable, and the demerit of a few mistakes shall overwhelm the merit of all his just emendations: He deems himself perfect, and perfection is demanded at his hands; and this being no where else found but by each writer in his own works, every *putter-forth* of two or three emendations swells as big, and flings his spittle as liberally on a Warburton, a Hanmer, or a Theobald, as if he were the *giant* and they the *dwarfs* of criticism; and he has, upon the supposition of perfection being necessary, this evident advantage of them, that an editor of three or four emendations has a much better chance to avoid mistakes than the editor of three or four thousand; though it has generally happened, that they who were very obscure in merit have had their demerits as glaring as the most voluminous editors.

From the same source arises the second still more remarkable cause of *critical disgrace,* it is the *ill language* and *ungentleman-like treatment* which *critics* have so frequently given their rivals. If the professors of the same *science* are continually cuffing and buffeting each other, the world will set them on, laugh at, and enjoy the ridiculous scuffle. Is it not amazing, that *ignorant, absurd, blundering dunces* and *blockheads* should be the common epithets and titles, that gentlemen of learning and liberal education bestow on each other, for such mistakes as they know that all their *brother critics* have been constantly guilty of, and which nothing but the vainest self-sufficiency can make them suppose themselves exempt from?

———————— "*eheu*
Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!"

If we ourselves are guilty of the very same sort of mistakes for which we stigmatize others as blunderers and blockheads, we brand our own foreheads by our own *verdict, obliquy* upon us is bare *justice,* and we become *blunderers* and *blockheads* upon *record.* The first remarkable introducer*

[* *Dr. Bentley.* R.]

of

of critical editions of our English poets thought his superior learning gave him a right to tyrannise and trample upon all his rival editors; but having none to exercise his fury upon, in his edition of Paradise Lost, he raised a *phantom editor*, in the person of whom he flung dirt upon Milton *himself*. But the present worthy bishop of Bangor* not only cleared his *beloved poet* from such unjust aspersions, but shewed that he could answer slander, sneer and obliquy, with decency, candour, and good manners. Happy had it been for the learned world, had those excellent notes been at first joined to Milton's *text;* that his *candour*, and not the other's *coarseness*, might have been the standard of critical language; but as great part of those notes are now engrafted into Dr. Newton's elegant edition, it is to be hoped that they will henceforth become so. Happy for us had it been too, if Sir Thomas Hanmer had carried on that *candour* and *good manners* which appear in his *Preface* into a body of notes upon his author; he had not only placed his emendations in a much fairer and more conspicuous light; he had not only avoided the objection which some have made of an arbitrary insertion of his alterations into the text; but he would have set us an example of elegance and politeness of stile, which we must perhaps in vain hope for from any man, that has not been long exercised in one of the great schools of *rhetoric*, the *houses of parliament;* unless some other *eminent orator* or another *speaker* should become an editor, as well as a patron of criticisms. Mr. Theobald, who was a much better critic on Shakespeare than Dr. Bentley had been on Milton, yet followed the doctor's *stile* and *manner*, and in some measure deserved the lash he smarted under in the Dunciad; for though he had a right to correct Mr. Pope's errors upon Shakespeare, he had none to use so exalted a character with the least disrespect, much less with derision and contempt. Mr. Upton, a gentleman of very distinguished literature, has in his *Remarks* on Shakespeare followed this stile of triumph and insult over his rival *critics*, and as this gentleman will, I hope, long continue his services to the learned world, I will endeavour to convince him of the injustice and ill policy of such treatment of them. The best *canon* to judge of an editor's merits, seems to be a computation of the good and bad alterations which he has made in the text; if the latter are predominant he leaves his author worse than he found him, and *demerits* only appear at the bottom of the account: If the good are most numerous, put the bad ones on the side of *debtor*, *balance* the whole, and we shall easily see what praises are due to him. Now if some hundred good ones remain upon *balance* to each of the three last editors of Shakespeare, how unjust is it for a publisher of only thirty or forty alterations (supposing them all to be perfectly just) to speak with contempt of those, whose merits are so much more conspicuous than his own? But to do this, without an assurance of being himself exempt from the like mistakes, is as *impolitic* as it is *unjust*. I have not now time for an examination of this gentleman's criticisms on Shakespeare; but I will choose a very particular *specimen of his mistakes*, for it shall be the very same which a real friend of this gentleman published as a *specimen of his excellencies*, in Mr. Dodsley's Musæum, a monthly pamphlet then in great repute. This *specimen* consisted of two alterations which the letter-writer thought very happy ones. The first was in Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. scene iv. The Soothsayer thus advises Antony to shun the society of Cæsar.

[* *Afterwards bishop of Rochester.* R.]

"O Antony,

——"O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, couragious, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not. But near him thy angel
Becomes a *fear*"——

i. e. becomes not only fearful but even *fear itself*. The image is extremely poetical; for as Antony's dæmon was according to the heathen theology *personised* and made something different from Antony, so the passion of *fear* is not only *personised*, but even *pluralised*: The imagination beholds many *fears*, and Antony's spirit becomes one of them. Thus *doubts* and *fears* are personised in Macbeth, and become his vexatious companions.

——"I'm cabin'd, crib'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and *fears*."

Thus God himself personises *fear*, and sends it among the Canaanites as the harbinger of Israel. Exodus xxiii. and xxvii. And again in Ezekiel xxx. 13. He says, *I will put a* fear *in the land of Egypt*. Thus the companions of Mars in Homer are Δεῖμος τ' ἠδὲ Φόβος, Δ. 440. *Terror* and *fear*. But the instance the most apposite, is in The Maid's Tragedy, where the forlorn Aspatia sees her servant working the story of Theseus and Ariadne, and thus advises her to punish the perfidy of the former.

"In this place work a quick-sand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a *fear*,
Do that *fear* bravely." Vol. i. act ii.

Here though fear could only in painting be expressed on their countenances, yet poetry goes farther,

——"and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

These are those *great strokes* which a man must be born with a soul to perceive as well as write, otherwise not all the reading of an Upton or a Bentley can give the least idea of them. These are those inimitable graces of poetry which a *critic's* pencil should no more dare to retouch than a modern painter should the cheek or eye of a Raphael's Madona. For see how flat and dim it will appear in this gentleman's celebrated alteration: he reads,

——"but near him thy angel
Becomes *afear'd*." * How

[* *Mr. Seward here introduces a note containing a very prolix commentary on some passages in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra—In the lines,*

——"If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
But mine *in-hoop'd at* odds,"

he says there is "evidently a sad *anti-climax*: His cocks win the battle of mine when it is all to nought on my side, and his quails, fighting *in a hoop*, beat mine when the odds are on my side;" *and would therefore read,*

"Beat

How should we have flatned our authors if we had, as the Rehearsal calls it, *transprosed* them in the like manner?

> " In this place work a quicksand,
> And over it a shallow smiling water,
> And his ship ploughing it, and *them afear'd*;
> Do *their* fear bravely."———

The second instance quoted in the Musæum as a proof of Mr. Upton's excellency, is his alteration of another of Shakespeare's *peculiar graces* in the following celebrated passage.

> " Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded *clod*, and the *delighted* spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

The epithet *delighted* in the fourth line is extremely beautiful, as it carries on the fine antithesis between the joys of life and the horrors of death. *This sensible warm motion must become a kneaded clod, and this spirit, delighted* as it has hitherto been with the soothing delicacies of sense and the pleasing ecstacies of youthful fancy, *must bathe in fiery floods.* This is peculiarly proper from a youth just snatched from revelry and wantonness, to suffer the anguish and horror of a shameful death. But this beautiful sense not being seen, Mr. Upton makes the first editor surprisingly blind indeed, for he says that he did not see the absurdity of a spirit's being *delighted to bathe in fiery floods.* Upon supposition therefore of this absurdity being chargeable on the old text, he alters *delighted spirit* to *delinquent spirit:* A change which totally loses the whole spirit of the poet's original sentiment. These are such mistakes that neither the most extensive literature nor the accuracy of a Locke's judgment can secure a man from; nor indeed any thing but a *poetic taste*, a soul that

> " Is of imagination all compact,"

" Beat mine in *whoop'd-at* odds."

Dr. Johnson mentions and rejects this variation; *Dr. Farmer denies the necessity of change.*

" The editions *(says Seward)* which distinguish Antony's speech *(as conjectured by Cleopatra, act* i. *sc.* v.) either by Italics or commas, make him only say, ' Where's my serpent of old Nile?' the rest is Cleopatra's own.—Antony's speech should be continued as the metaphor is,

> ' ——Where's my serpent of old Nile?
> ——Now I feed myself
> With most delicious poison?'—

" Both parts belong to him." *No editor of Shakespeare mentions this.*

For BROAD-fronted Cæsar *he would substitute* BALD-fronted. *This Steevens notices.*

Mr. Seward also reprobates Hanmer's alteration of arm-gaunt *to* arm-girt; " I suppose *(says he)* he meant *with arms or shoulders bound round with trappings.* The expression is very stiff in this sense, and justly rejected by Mr. Warburton, who restores *arm-gaunt,* and explains it of a war-horse grown *gaunt* or lean by long marches and frequent fights. But why must Antony, after a profound peace and a long revel in the arms of Cleopatra, upon his return to Rome, have nothing to ride but an old battered lean war-horse? Besides, lean horses are seldom remarkable like this for neighing loud and vigorously. By *arm* we all understand the *shoulder*, in Latin, *Armus*; *gaunt* is *lean* or *thin.* It is common for poets to mention the most distinguished beauty of any thing to express beauty in general, by *synecdoche* a part is put for the whole: *Arm-gaunt* therefore signifies *thin-shouldered,* which we know to be one of the principal beauties of a horse, and the epithet has, from the uncommon use of either part of the compound word in this sense, an *antique dignity* and grandeur in sound that poets much delight in." *Edwards sneers at this*; *but surely Mr. Seward's argument is judicious.*]

That can follow Shakespeare in his stupendous flights,

" And shoot from earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to earth."
MIDSUM. NIGHT'S DREAM.

But should such a genius contemn and deride men of cooler reason and superior knowledge? No; nor should the deep-read scholar despise him. Great learning and quickness of parts very rarely meet in one breast: When they do, they are excellent indeed; but separately they are extremely valuable. Far therefore from contempt or variance, they should, like sister-sciences, love and accord, and *each in honour prefer the other to itself*. Mr. Upton possesses the first of these characters in a very eminent degree, and the* learned world have only to complain of his imposing mere conjectures upon them for absolute certainties, and of his rough treatment of his brother critics, and then to acknowledge its obligations to him for many judicious criticisms and emendations on Shakespeare and other authors. Shakespeare alone is a vast garden of criticism, where though the editors have pulled up great numbers of weeds, and the view is much improved, yet many are still left, and each of the editors have mistakingly pulled up some flowers which want to be replaced. And this will be the fate of every critic who knows not every single word, history, custom, trade, &c. that Shakespeare himself knew, which at this distance of time is next to an impossibility. What room therefore for quarrels and insults upon each other? *Veniam petimusque damusque*, should be our general rule and motto. Without this we in this edition stand self-condemned. Beaumont and Fletcher are another field of criticism next in beauty to Shakespeare, and like him over-run with weeds, many of which are, we hope, now rooted out; and some real flowers, we fear, mistakingly pluckt up with them. Far therefore from the least pretence to perfection, from the least right to impose our conjectures as infallible; we have only inserted those in the text which for the reasons assigned in the notes appeared more probable than the former readings. We have endeavoured to give fair play to the old text, by turning it on every side, and allowing it all the interpretations we could possibly affix to the words, and where it appeared corrupt, we never inserted our own reading without giving what we thought a probable account of the method how such a change had been before made. At least, as I can properly speak for myself only, these were the rules I always wish to have followed, and endeavoured to follow, as soon as I became a principal in the work. But the share which I had in it, gives not the least room for any thing like completion on my part. The assistance which I gave Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson, who published about two thirds of the work, was by necessary avocations intermitted through several plays, and the others more or less attended to, as business or company would permit, or as the plays seemed more or less to deserve attention. To what I printed myself, I only dedicated some few of the many leisure hours which I had in a country village, hoping for pardon for the idleness rather than merit from the usefulness of the work. If these notes should ever go through a second edition, I shall gratefully acknowledge any emendations either of them or the text of our Authors, which any reader will favour me with; and must say to each,

——" *Si quid novisti rectius istis,*
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

[* *Seward here introduces a very long note, to refute sundry opinions of Upton on scriptural topics: As nothing can be more distant from our subject, we have omitted it.*]

COMMENDATORY

COMMENDATORY POEMS.

I.

To my Friend Master JOHN FLETCHER, *upon his Faithful Shepherdess.*

I KNOW too well, that, no more than the man,
That travels through the burning desarts, can,
When he is beaten with the raging sun,
Half-smother'd with the dust, have power to run
From a cool river, which himself doth find,
Ere he be slak'd; no more can he, whose mind
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When Nature, and his full thoughts bid him write.[1]
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
Upon the public stage present this vein,
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
To call in question his undoubted wit,
Scarce two of which can understand the laws
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
Among the rout, there is not one that hath
In his own censure an explicit faith;
One company, knowing they judgment lack,
Ground their belief on the next men in black;
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit;
He, as his mistress doth; and she, by chance;
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;
Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day;
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes
Headlong according to the actor's clothes.
For this, these public things and I agree
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
These few, ill-spoken lines into the world;
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose;[2]

Such

[1] *When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.*] Here, says the judicious writer of Beaumont's life in the General Dictionary, Beaumont evidently shews that he was fired with that violent passion for writing, which the poets very justly call inspiration; and he makes this one proof of Beaumont's not being a mere corrector of Fletcher's works, but a joint author. As I think I have collected some stronger proofs of this, both external and internal, than have been yet produced, and as I have already built the former part of my preface upon these proofs, I shall place them before the reader in the next note just as they occurred to me. SEWARD.

[2] *Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those*
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.] Here we see a consciousness of the poet's own merit, and an indignation at the stupidity of the age he lived in, which seem to have been the characteristics of Beaumont and Jonson. This will appear stronger in the process of this note, in which I shall endeavour to prove what share Beaumont had in the composition of the following plays. I have already mentioned that Mr. Earl's testimony, wrote immediately after Beaumont's death, is decisive as to Beaumont's having the largest share

Such as must spend above an hour, to spell
A challenge on a post, to know it well.

But

share in the composition of the Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and the King and no King, and that Bessus in particular was drawn by him. [See Mr. Earl's poem below.] This was undoubtedly the reason why Beaumont's name is put first in the old quarto's of these plays, published by the players after Beaumont's death, but before Fletcher's. For would the players have complimented the dead at the expence of their living friend, patron, and supporter? After two such proofs as these, general expressions or even traditional opinions of the panegyric-writers thirty years after are lighter than vanity itself. From these plays no distinction of hands between Beaumont and Fletcher was discerned, nor any suspicion of such a distinction occurred 'till I came to the Woman-Hater, vol. 3, which appeared visibly to have more of Jonson's manner than any play I had before met with, which I mentioned at note 32 on that play, when deceived as Langbaine had been by the first quarto (published several years after the death of both the authors) I verily thought that it had been Fletcher's only. I had not then attended to the poem of Beaumont's to Jonson, published at the end of the Nice Valour, and Woman-Hater, by the second folio. If the reader will consult that poem, he will find that it was sent from the country to Jonson with two of the precedent comedies not then finished, but which Beaumont claims as his own.

Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine,
I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

It is plain that they had been his amusement during a summer vacation in the country, when he had no companion but his muse to entertain him; for all the former part of the poem is a description of the execrable wine, and the more execrable company which he was forced to endure. Fletcher therefore could not be with him. So that there are certainly two comedies which properly belong to Beaumont only, which therefore we must endeavour to find out. The verses tell us that he acknowledged all he had to be owing to Jonson, there is no doubt therefore of his imitating Jonson's manner in these comedies. Shirley in the first folio, and the publisher of the second folio, both agree in making the Nice Valour one of these plays: now this play is extremely in Jonson's manner, as is observed in the beginning of the preface and at note 8 on the verses to Jonson. The prologue of this play has no weight, being wrote several years after it, but the epilogue was evidently wrote in the author's lifetime, probably either by the author himself, or else by his friend Jonson: for 'tis extremely like Jonson in his prologues and epilogues, who generally lets his audience know, that if they did not admire him it was their faults, not his. So this epilogue makes the author declare

——— *the play is good,*
*He says, * he knows it, if well understood.* [*The Author.

How unlike is this to Fletcher and Shakespeare's manner, who, when they join together in the Two Noble Kinsmen, are even *Modesty itself?* See the prologue and epilogue to that play, vol. 3. the latter has these lines;

And yet mistake me not, I am not bold,
We've no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content,
(For to that honest purpose it was meant)
We have our end; and ye shall have e'er long,
I dare say many a better to prolong
Your old loves to us.——

I hope the reader will now see sufficient grounds to believe that the Nice Valour was Beaumont's play: it is not demonstration, but it is a high degree of probability. But still the distinction of manner from Fletcher, in personizing the passions and not drawing from real life spoke of above, will not follow if Fletcher wrote the Woman-Hater, as the first edition in quarto of that play asserts, but the second contradicts it, and puts Beaumont's name first in the title-page, and claims its changes from the author's manuscript. The publisher of the second folio follows the second quarto, and makes it one of the plays referred to in Beaumont's verses. The prologue appears to be wrote by the author himself, speaks of himself in the singular number, and shews great confidence in the goodness of the play, and an utter contempt of twopenny gallery judges. Here Beaumont's hand therefore seemed visible. I therefore began to recollect which of the foregoing plays most resembled this, to see what light might be gained from them; the first that occurred was the Knight of the Burning Pestle, which is all *burlesque sublime*, as Lazarillo's character in the Woman-Hater is throughout.

Here

But since it was thy hap to throw away
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,

Because

Here all the editions give the Knight to Beaumont and Fletcher, this therefore is clear, and the prologue of that play is in stile and sentiments so exactly like that of the Woman-Hater, that the same hand undoubtedly drew both. Believing therefore that the Nice Valour was Beaumont's only, and that he had at least the greatest share of the Woman-Hater and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, I proceed to other plays, and first to the Little French Lawyer, where La-writ runs *fighting-mad* just as Lazarillo had run *eating-mad*, the Knight of the Burning Pestle, *romance-mad*; Chamont in the Nice Valour, *honour-mad*, &c. This is what our old English writers often distinguish by the name of *humour*. The stile too of La-writ, like Lazarillo's and the Knight's, is often the *burlesque sublime*. Here I found the prologue speaking of the *authors* in the plural number, *i. e.* Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a good deal of the same *humour* in the Scornful Lady, wrote by Beaumont and Fletcher, as all the quartos declare. The publishers of the General Dictionary, whose accuracy deserves the highest applause, have helped me to another play, the Martial Maid, in which Beaumont had a share, and Jonson's manner of characterising is very visible; an effeminate youth and a masculine young lady are both reformed by love, like Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, and Every Man out of his Humour. Wit without Money and the Custom of the Country which have Beaumont's name first in all the editions, have something of the same hand, particularly in Valentine's extravagant contempt of money, and do great honour to Beaumont, as both are excellent plays, and the first an incomparable one. Shirley supposes the Humorous Lieutenant to be one of the plays referred to by Beaumont's verses to Jonson, and the publisher of Beaumont's poems, which came out about five years after Shirley's folio of our author's plays, has wrote under that poem the Maid in the Mill. This, I suppose, was a marginal note of somebody who believed Beaumont to have been a joint author in that play. It seems highly probable that he was so in both these plays, as the Lieutenant and Bustapha are both strong *caricatures*, and much in Beaumont's *manner*. The False One mentions the authors in the plural number, and I believe Beaumont chiefly drew the character of Septimius which gives name to the play; but whatever share he had in that play, it does him great honour. Cupid's Revenge, which all the editions ascribe to Beaumont and Fletcher, is only spoiled from being a very good tragedy by a ridiculous mixture of machinery; this play, the Noble Gentleman, and the Coxcomb, are all that remain which have any sort of external evidence which I know, of Beaumont's being a joint author, and these I build nothing upon. There are two others that partake of his manner, which for that reason only I suspect; the Spanish Curate, and the Laws of Candy; the latter of which extremely resembles the King and no King in its principal characters. But we need not rest upon mere conjectures, since Beaumont's share of the Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and the King and no King, give him a full right to share equally with Fletcher the fame of a *tragic poet*; and Wit without Money, the Nice Valour, and the Little French Lawyer, raise his character equally high in comedy.

SEWARD.

Mr. Seward has been exceedingly elaborate in this disquisition; wherein, we apprehend, no one meets conviction, though the writer seems to be himself so perfectly satisfied, both with the *internal* and *external* evidence. With respect to the first, the reader will judge for himself; in the second, he appears to be uncommonly erroneous.

Seward speaks of the first quarto of the Woman-Hater; the first quarto he never saw: He says, it was published several years after the death of *both authors*; it was published in the life-time of *both*, in the year 1607. This copy is, indeed, very scarce; and had not Mr. Garrick's invaluable library been as easy, as most others are difficult, of access, a perusal of that edition would not, perhaps, have been obtained.

The first quarto was printed (as before observed) in 1607, without any author's name prefixed, but in Mr. Garrick's copy has been wrote 'by John Fletcher,' through which name a pen has been run, and 'Francis Beamont' wrote over the line; even this interlineation appears to be very old. The second quarto appeared in 1648, the title whereof mentions Fletcher singly; and the third in 1649, which has both names. The third, however, seems to be merely the second, with a new title-page, and the *additions* of the auxiliary title *The Hungry Courtier*, a drama, and D'Avenant's prologue for the revival.

Great stress is also laid by Seward on the situation of Beaumont's letter to Jonson; but this situation is evidently a mere casualty of the press. To expedite the printing, the first folio was divided into eight different portions, as the printer's directory letters for the bookbinder, and the numeration of the pages, evince.

The plays allotted for the third portion were, Chances, Loyal Subject, Laws of Candy, Lovers' Progress, Island Princess, Humorous Lieutenant, and Nice Valour: These not

making

Because they saw it not, I not dislike
This second publication, which may strike
Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,
To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.
Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see,
Your censurers must have the quality
Of reading, which I am afraid is more
Than half your shrewdest judges had before. FR. BEAUMONT.

II.

To the worthy Author Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, *upon his Faithful Shepherdess.*

THE wise, and many-headed *bench*, that sits
Upon the life and death of *plays*, and *wits*,
(Compos'd of *gamester*, *captain*, *knight*, *knight's man*,
Lady, or *Pucelle*, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or *taffata* cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's *foreman*, or some such *brave spark*,
That may judge for his *six-pence)* had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play; and, more,
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the *muses'* blood were spilt
In such a *martyrdom*, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd *poem*; which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire,
Or moths, shall eat what all these fools admire. BEN. JONSON.

making perfect sheets, the editor, to avoid leaving a blank leaf in the body of the book, there inserted this letter; and hence, undoubtedly, originated the situation of the poem, which ought (did its title deserve attention) to have been placed at the end of the whole work; for had any specification been intended, we should not have had the vague expression, '*two of the* precedent," but "*the two* precedent comedies."

Seward says, Shirley *supposes* the Humorous Lieutenant to be one of the plays referred to by the verses: Shirley thought nothing of the matter, knew nothing of the arrangement, did nothing but write the preface: It were unjust to believe he did more.—It is not always easy to discover Seward's meaning; but he seems, however, to have distrusted *Shirley's supposition*, and to have relied on the subsequent editor, by saying the verses "were published at the end of the Nice Valour AND Woman-Hater, in the second folio." This proves nothing; that editor continued them with the play to which he found them annexed.

The title to these verses runs, "Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben. Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." If this title and the situation afford proof of any kind, it will be directly opposite to Seward's opinion: First, as the title mentions "two of *the precedent* comedies," the Woman-Hater could NOT be one, having no place in the first folio. Secondly, Seward says, "Fletcher could not be with Beaumont; but what says the title? "Written before he AND Master Fletcher came," &c. And, thirdly, if Beaumont AND Fletcher were together, Nice Valour and the Humorous Lieutenant must be looked on as joint productions.

But, besides the title and situation failing to prove *which* the comedies were, the poem itself affords no proof that Beaumont was then writing any play at all. The words

When these SCENES *are* PERFECT,

are all which can lead to such a supposition; and may we not understand those words to mean only, "When I CHANGE the SCENE," or, "when the time for my stay HERE is COMPLETED?" with this sense of the word *perfect* every reader of old books must be acquainted. Whether this explanation is admitted, or not, it at least seems clear that no such *external* evidence as Seward supposes, is deducible from either the title or situation of the poem in question. J. N.

To

III.

To Mr. Francis Beaumont, *(then living.)*

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy *muse,*[4]
That unto me dost such religion use!
How I do fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
When even there, where most thou praisest me
For writing better, I must envy thee.

Ben. Jonson.

IV.

On Mr. Francis Beaumont, *on his Imitations of Ovid, an Ode.*

The matchless lust of a fair poesy,
Which erst was buried in old Rome's decays,
Now 'gins with heat of rising majesty,
Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raise,
And with fresh splendour gilds her fearless crest,
Rearing her palace in our poet's breast.

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rimes
Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention,
No more shall be admir'd at; for these times
Produce a poet, whose more rare invention
Will tear the love-sick myrtle from his brows,
T' adorn his temples with deserved boughs.

The strongest marble fears the smallest rain;
The rusting canker eats the purest gold;
Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain;
The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:
But this fair issue of thy fruitful brain,
Nor dreads age, envy, cank'ring rust or rain.

[J. F.][5]

V.

On Mr. Beaumont. *(Written presently after his Death.)*

Beaumont lies here; and where now shall we have
A muse like his to sigh upon his grave?

[4] This short copy (which seems wrote with a sincerity not common in complimentary poems) treats Beaumont not only as an excellent critic, but as an excellent poet; and is an answer to Beaumont's letter to Jonson. Seward.

[5] The *J. F.* here is undoubtedly John Fletcher, and the ode, though not immediately relating to the plays, is inserted here, first, for its intrinsic merit; and, secondly, as it will be pleasing to find that Fletcher's muse was animated with friendship as well as Beaumont's; a circumstance, which, till I saw this ode, seemed wanting to complete the amiable union which reigned between them. In the third stanza, the reader will see an authority for Milton's use of the word *rime* for verse in general,

"Things unattempted yet in prose or *rime*."

Which Dr. Bentley so injudiciously altered to *prose and verse*. That Beaumont wrote something in the Ovidian *manner* seems evident from these lines; but the Hermaphrodite which is printed as his, and supposed to be the thing referred to in this ode, is claimed by Cleaveland as a conjunct performance between himself and Randolph. Seward.

Ah!

Ah! none to weep this with a worthy tear,
But he, that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.
Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse
As thou that lady's didst, fair Rutland's hearse?[6]
A monument that will then lasting be,
When all her marble is more dust than she.
In thee all's lost: A sudden dearth and want
Hath seiz'd on Wit, good epitaphs are scant;
We dare not write thy elegy, whilst each fears
He ne'er shall match that copy of thy tears.
Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to see;
But quickly taken off, and only known,
Is in a minute shut as soon as shewn.
Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain
In such a piece, to dash it straight again?
Why should she take such work beyond her skill,
Whicl, when she cannot perfect, she must kill?
Alas! what is't to temper slime or mire?
But Nature's puzzled when she works in fire:
Great brains (like brightest glass) crack straight, while those
Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows:
And we their ancient hoary heads can see,
Whose wit was never their mortality:

Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse
As thou that lady's didst, fair Rutland's hearse?] *To pay thy tomb* is a little obscure, but it seems to mean, *to repay thee for writing so excellent an epitaph, by one as excellent on thyself.* There are several epitaphs and elegies in Beaumont's Poems, but by an expression in Mr. Earle's two next lines relating to the *marble of the tomb*, I believe the following beautiful epitaph is what is here referred to:

AN EPITAPH.

"Here she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name.
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity,
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refin'd,
From lawless fire remain'd as free,
As now from heat her ashes be.
Her husband yet without a sin,
Was not a stranger, but her kin;
That her chaste love might seem no other
To her husband than a brother.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
Till it be call'd for, let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet."

This is extremely in the spirit of Milton and Shakespeare's epitaphs, and shews that Beaumont excelled in every species of writing which he attempted. There are three elegies of his which I believe genuine, and they have great merit; two are signed by his name, and another begins,

"Can my poor lines no better office have,
Than, screech-owl like, still dwell about the grave?"

This shews that he had wrote several elegies and epitaphs. SEWARD.

Beaumont

Beaumont dies young,[7] so Sidney died before;
There was not poetry he could live to more;
He could not grow up higher; I scarce know,
If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee, that hadst arriv'd the height
Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.
Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,
Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,
Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,
Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd strain,
Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,
Such wit untainted with obscenity,
And these so unaffectedly express'd,
All in a language purely-flowing drest;
And all so born within thyself, thine own,
So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,
I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein
Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again;
Such in his time was he, of the same piece,
The smooth, ev'n, natural wit, and love of Greece.
Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,
Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;
And I am sorry we have lost those hours
On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,
And dwell not more on thee, whose every page
May be a pattern for their scene and stage.
I will not yield thy works so mean a praise;
More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays,
Nor with that dull supineness to be read,
To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.
How do the muses suffer every where,
Taken in such mouths' censure, in such ears,
That, 'twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,
And with their rheum together spawl a verse!
This all a poem's leisure, after play,[8]
Drink, or tobacco, it may keep the day.

Whilst

[7] *So Sidney did before*;] It might perhaps have been—*so Sidney* died *before*. Beaumont's Poems exhibit *died*. SEWARD.

[8] *This all a poem's* leisure *after play*,
Drink or tobacco, it may keep *the day*.] What is *all a poem's leisure?* I can affix no idea to it but a Latinism, which if designed is extremely forced. *This is all a poem's*, i. e. a poem's part, power or worth, it may serve to spend one's leasure hours after dice, drink, or tobacco. But unless the reader sees a more natural explication, I believe he will agree to its being discarded as a corruption, for a trifling change will give a clear sense,

This all a poem's pleasure, *after play*,
Drink or tobacco, it may keep the day.

i. e. All the pleasure a poem gives to these sons of dulness, is to spin out or pass away the time till sun-set, after cards, bottles, and tobacco are removed; thus to *pass a fire*, a little above, signifies to pass away the time till the fire is burnt out. But to *keep a day*, is an expression not very applicable to this sense, (a sense which the context evidently requires) and though it may indeed be strained to something like it, yet as we can retain three of the letters in *keep*, and by a small transposition of the rest, give a much properer verb, it seems probable that *eke* was the original, we generally now say, to *eke out the day*; but it was used by our ancestors without the adverb, *to eke a thing*, i. e. to protract or lengthen it out. The reader will see a much greater corruption of the press than either of these at the latter end of this poem. SEWARD.

Whilst ev'n their very idleness, they think,
Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.
Pity their dullness; we that better know,
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.[9]
Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts be free,
Were scurril wits and buffoons both to thee;
Yet these our learned of severest brow
Will deign to look on, and to note them too,
That will defy our own; 'tis English stuff,
And th' author is not rotten long enough.
Alas, what phlegm are they, compar'd to thee,
In thy Phlaster, and Maid's Tragedy?
Where's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray?
Let them put all their Thrasoes in one play,
He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poor,[10]
All in a circle of a bawd or whore,
A coz'ning Davus;[11] take the fool away,
And not a good jest extant in a play.
Yet these are wits, because they're old, and now,
Being Greek and Latin, they are learning too:
But those their own times were content t' allow
A thriftier fame,[12] and thine is lowest now.
But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown
Six ages older, shalt be better known;
When thou'rt of Chaucer's standing in the tomb,
Thou shalt not share, but take up all, his room.* JOH. EARLE.[13]

On

The meaning seems to be, "They have no *leisure* for poetry, till they have done with gaming, drinking, and smoaking; these having had their time, poetry may *command* the day."

[9] *Pity then dull we, we that better know,*
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.] There is too much inconsistency in this sentence to suppose it genuine. He ironically calls himself and friends *dull*, and literally asserts their superior understanding in the same sentence. Beside, *Pity then we will bestow*, &c. does not seem English. I change but an *n* to an *m*, and read, *Pity them dull*; *We, we that*, &c. SEWARD.

The text is from Beaumont's Poems.

[10] *Their conceit was poor*, &c.] Mr. Earle's reflections on Terence are in part at least very unjust. There is perhaps too much sameness in his plots; but his old men and young, his servants, his parasites, &c. are each a distinct character from all the rest, and preserved throughout each play with infinite spirit and judgment. Beside which, the elegant diction and fine sentiments which every where abound in him are patterns to the best comic writers; and which Beaumont and Fletcher strive to excel him in by adding sublimity of poetry to justness of sentiment; well knowing that *jests* and *drollery* are only the lowest degree of comic excellence. SEWARD.

[11] *A coz'ning* dance.] Corrected by Theobald, who says, "*Davus* is the name of a subtle juggling servant in Terence's comedy called the Fair Andrian."

[12] *A thirsty fame.*] To make *thirsty* signify poor or scanty may be admitted; but as the smallest change gives a more natural word, *thrifty* seems the original. SEWARD.

The text from Beaumont's Poems.

* This copy varies considerably from that printed with Beaumont's Poems.

[13] *Joh. Earle.*] Mr. Earle was young when he wrote this, and there are indisputable marks of a bright poetic genius, which had probably been greatly inspired by an intimacy with Beaumont. He was in high repute as a *preacher* and a *scholar* in King Charles the First's reign; and seems to have been a true patriot; for it is probable that he opposed the court in the beginning of the troubles, as he was elected one of the *Assembly of Divines*; but he refused to act with them, and adhered to the king in his lowest state, and for it was deprived

VI.

On Mr. Francis Beaumont, *(then newly dead).*

He that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
As would ask ten good heads to husband it:
He, that can write so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

Rich. Corbet,[14] D. D.

VII.

On the happy Collection of Mr. Fletcher's *Works, never before printed.*

Fletcher, arise! usurpers share thy bays,
They *canton* thy vast wit to build small *plays:*
He comes! his *volume* breaks through clouds and dust;
Down, little wits! ye must refund, ye must.
Nor comes he private; here's great Beaumont too:
How could one single world encompass two?
For these co-heirs had equal power to teach
All that all wits both can, and cannot, reach.
Shakespeare was early up, and went so drest
As for those *dawning* hours he knew was best;
But, when the sun shone forth, *you two* thought fit
To wear just robes, and leave off *trunk-hose* wit.
Now, now, 'twas perfect; none must look for new,
Manners and scenes may alter, but not *you;*
For yours are not mere *humours,* gilded strains;
The fashion lost, your massy *sense* remains.
Some think your wits of two complexions fram'd,
That one the *sock,* th' other the *buskin,* claim'd;
That should the stage *embattle* all its force,
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.
But, you were both for both; not semy-wits,
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits:
Ye're not two *faculties,* and one *soul* still,
He th' *understanding,* thou the quick free *will;*
Not as two *voices* in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen *treble,* and deep Beaumont's *base,*[15]

Two,

deprived of the chancellorship of Salisbury, and all his other preferments. After the restoration, he was made, first Dean of Westminster, then Bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury. Mr Wood gives a character of him, that extremely resembles that of the excellent Dr. Hough, the late Bishop of Worcester; the sum of it is, that he joined the politeness of a courtier to the sanctity, goodness, and charity of an apostle. Seward.

[14] Richard Corbet, first Student, then Dean of Christ-Church, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, and from thence translated to Norwich; in his youth was eminent for wit and poetry, of which this is a specimen, and a good testimony of Beaumont's having a luxuriant wit as well as Fletcher,

——— *a wit*
That would ask ten good heads to husband it. Seward.

[15] *But, as two voices in one song embrace,*
(Fletcher's keen treble, *and deep Beaumont's* base)
Two, full, congenial souls.] Here Berkenhead is speaking of the doubtful opinions relating to the share which Beaumont and Fletcher had in these plays: he tells you, that the general opinion was, that Beaumont was a *grave tragic writer,* Fletcher most excellent in comedy. This he contradicts; but how, why, they did not differ as a general of horse does from a general of foot, nor as the *sock* does from the *buskin,* nor as the *will* from the *understanding,*

Two, full, congenial souls; still both prevail'd;
His muse and thine were *quarter'd*, not *impal'd*;[16]
Both brought you ingots, both toil'd at the mint,
Beat, melted, sifted, 'till no dross stuck in't;
Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,
Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again;
Stampt both your names upon't at one bold hit,
Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.
Thus twins: But as when Fate one eye deprives,
That other strives to double, which survives,
So Beaumont died; yet left in legacy
His rules and standard wit (Fletcher) to thee.
Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,
A two-horn'd *crescent* then, now one *full-moon*.
Joint *love* before, now *honour*, doth provoke;
So th' old twin *giants* forcing a huge oak,
One slip'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,
Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.
Imperial Fletcher! here begins thy reign;
Scenes flow like sun-beams from thy glorious brain;
Thy swift-dispatching soul no more doth stay,
Than he that built two cities in one day;
Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,
To feed poor languid wits that wait at door;
Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above-ground stood;
(For creatures have most feet, which have least blood)
But thou art still that *bird of paradise*,
Which hath *no feet*, and ever nobly *flies*:
Rich, lusty sense, such as the *Poet* ought;
For poems, if not excellent, are naught;
Low wit in scenes in state a peasant goes;
If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman-prose,
That such may spell, as are not readers grown;
To whom he, that writes wit, shews he hath none.
Brave Shakespeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,
Often above himself, sometimes below;
Thou always best; if aught seem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging rout's mistake, not thine:

standing, but were *two full congenial souls*, and differed only as the *base* and *treble* do in the same song. Why, if this is the true reading, he confirms in these lines what he had contradicted in all the foregoing similes, for *base* and *treble* have much the same difference between them as horse and foot in an army, or the wit and understanding in the soul. To make the writer consistent with himself, the true reading seems to be *not* instead of *but*:

Not as two voices in one song embrace,
Fletcher's keen treble *and deep Beaumont's* base;
Two full congenial souls. SEWARD.

[16] *His muse and thine were* quarter'd, *not* impal'd; I know I am going out of my depth, in attempting a criticism on terms in heraldry. But my books tell me, that *impaling* is when the arms of the man and wife are placed on the same escutcheon, the one on the right and the other on the left; which is a proper emblem of the matrimonial union; and might seemingly be as well applied to the marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher's wit, as the word *quartering* can, which the same Berkenhead speaks of at the latter end of this poem:

What strange production is at last display'd,
Got by two fathers without female aid!

But I shall attempt no change in a *science* where I am ignorance itself. SEWARD.

Thus

Thus thy fair Shepherdess, which the bold heap
(False to themselves and thee) did prize so cheap,
Was found (when understood) fit to be crown'd;
At worst 'twas worth *two hundred thousand pound.*
Some blast thy *works*, lest we should track their walk,
Where they steal all those few good things they talk;
Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as stoln goods go off at half their worth)
Thy strong sense *palls*, when they purloin it forth.
When didst *thou* borrow? where's the man e'er read
Aught begg'd by *thee* from those alive or dead?
Or from dry *goddesses?* as some who, when
They stuff their page with gods, write worse than men;
Thou wast thine *own* muse, and hadst such vast odds,
Thou out-writ'st him whose verse *made* all those *gods:*
Surpassing those our dwarfish age up-rears,
As much as Greeks, or Latins, thee in years:
Thy ocean fancy knew nor banks nor damms;
We ebb down dry to pebble-*anagrams;*
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit;
Lost to behold this great *relapse* of wit:
What strength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)
'Till Jonson made good poets and right verse.
Such boist'rous trifles thy muse would not brook,
Save when she'd shew how scurvily they look;
No savage metaphors (things rudely great)
Thou dost *display*, not *butcher* a conceit;
Thy nerves have *beauty*, which invades and charms;
Looks like a princess harness'd in bright arms.
Nor art thou loud and cloudy; those, that do
Thunder so much, do't without lightning too;
Tearing themselves, and almost split their brain
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean;
Such gloomy sense may pass for *high* and *proud*,
But true-born wit still flies *above* the *cloud;*
Thou knew'st 'twas *impotence*, what they call *height;*
Who blusters strong i'th' dark, but *creeps* i'th' light.
And as thy thoughts were *clear*, so, *innocent;*
Thy fancy gave no unswept language vent;
Slander'st not *laws*, prophan'st no *holy page*
(As if thy father's crosier aw'd the stage);
High crimes were still arraign'd; though they made shift
To prosper out *four acts*, were plagu'd i'th' *fifth:*
All's safe, and wise; no stiff affected scene,
Nor *swoln*, nor *flat*, a true full natural vein;
Thy sense (like well-drest ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor city-starch'd and pinn'd?
Thou hadst no sloth, no rage, no sullen fit,
But *strength* and *mirth;* Fletcher's a *sanguine* wit.
Thus, two great *consul*-poets all things sway'd,
'Till all was English born or English made:
Mitre and *coif* here into one piece spun,
Beaumont's a *judge's*, this a *prelate's* son.
What strange production is at last display'd,
Got by two fathers, without female aid!

Behold,

Behold, two *masculines* espous'd each other;
Wit and the world were born without a *mother*. J. BERKENHEAD.[17]

VIII.

On the Works of BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER, *now at length printed.*

GREAT pair of Authors, whom one equal star
Begot so like in *genius*, that you are
In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit,
Much less your praise: you, who had equal fire
And did each other mutually inspire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th' other dress,
Or th' one dispos'd what th' other did express:
Where-e'er your parts between yourselves lay, we
In all things, which you did, but one thread see;
So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,
That Art with Nature ne'er did smoother run.
Where shall I fix my praise then? or what part
Of all your numerous labours hath desert
More to be fam'd than other? Shall I say,
I've met a lover so drawn in your play,
So passionately written, so inflam'd,
So jealously enrag'd, then gently tam'd,
That I in reading have the person seen,
And your pen hath part stage and actor been?
Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear
To clap, when I a * captain do meet there;
So lively in his own vain humour drest,
So braggingly, and like himself exprest,
That modern cowards, when they saw him play'd,
Saw, blush'd, departed, guilty and betray'd?
You wrote all parts right; whatsoe'er the stage
Had from you, was seen there as in the age,
And had their equal life: vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who possest a box and half-crown spent
To learn obsceneness, return'd innocent,
And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whose chaste scene
Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,
That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came
To bargain, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praise too, that [18] your stock and vein
Held both to tragic and to comic strain;

[17] *J. Berkinhead.*] *Berkinhead* was first amanuensis to bishop Laud, and fellow of All-Souls. He was author of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, a very loyal paper in the time of the rebellion. He was persecuted much in Cromwell's days, and lived by his wits; afterwards he had good places under King Charles the Second, was member of parliament, and knighted.
SEWARD.

* *Bessus.*

[18] ——— *your* stock *and* vein

Held both to tragic and to comic strain.] *i. e.* Your *stock* of understanding and knowledge, and your *vein* of wit and humour, are equally excellent in tragedy and comedy.
SEWARD.

Where-

Where-e'er you listed to be high and grave,
No *buskin* shew'd more solemn; no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes,
Spectators sate parts in your tragedies.
And where you listed to be low and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen issued all salt.
Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,
As to be but two halfs, and make one Wit;
But as some things, we see, have double cause,
And yet the effect itself from both whole draws;
So, though you were thus twisted and combin'd,
As in two bodies t' have but one fair mind,[19]
Yet if we praise you rightly, we must say,
Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.
For that you could write singly, we may guess
By the divided pieces which the press
Hath severally sent forth;[20] nor were join'd so,
Like some our modern authors, made to go
One merely by the help of th' other,[21] who
To purchase fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick
The other into shape; nor did one stick
The other's cold inventions with such wit,
As serv'd, like spice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor, out of mutual want, or emptiness,
Did you conspire to go still twins to th' press;
But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth
That thus united them: you did join sense;
In you 'twas league, in others impotence:
And the press, which both thus amongst us sends,[22]
Sends us one poet in a pair of friends. JASPER MAINE.[23]

Upon

[19] *As two bodies to have but one fair mind.*] Amended by SEWARD.

[20] *By the divided pieces which the press*
Hath severally sent forth.] I have before shewed that there were two comedies wrote by Beaumont singly, and given some reasons why the Nice Valour ought to be deemed one of them. Whether Mr. Maine in this place referred to these two comedies, knowing which they were; or whether he only meant the mask at Gray's Inn, which was the only piece which we know to have been published in Beaumont's name before these Commendatory Poems were published; or whether he spoke in general terms, without a strict adherence to facts, must be left uncertain. SEWARD.

[21] ——————— *nor were* gone *so,*
Like some our modern authors made to go
On *merely by the help of th' other.*] The word *go* which ends the next line, seems to have ran in the printer's head, and made him put *gone* here instead of some other word. Mr. Theobald had prevented me in the emendation: we read *join'd so*, and as I have his concurrence, I have the less doubt in preferring it to Mr. Sympson's conjecture — *Nor were one so* — though this latter is very good sense, and nearer the trace of the letters, but it would make *one* be repeated too often, for it is already in the third and fourth lines after, and it is very evident to me that it should have been in the second, for *On merely*, I read *One merely*. SEWARD.

[22] *And the press which both thus amongst us sends.*] To make this verse run smoother, Seward would read,
And thus the press which both amongst us sends,
and refers to his rule for verse in note 4 on Wit without Money.

[23] *Jasper Maine.*] This gentleman was author of the City Match, a comedy, and the Amorous War, a tragi-comedy. He was an eminent preacher in the civil war, but warmly adhering

IX.

Upon the Report of the printing of the Dramatical Poems of Master JOHN FLETCHER, *never collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.*

THOUGH when all Fletcher writ, and the entire
Man was indulg'd unto that sacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much:
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth
To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth,
Working again until he said, *'twas fit*,
And made him the sobriety of his wit.
Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him half the name;
'Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,
That both the spunge and pencil were his own;
That himself judg'd himself, could singly do,
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too:
Else we had lost his Shepherdess,[24] a piece
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece;
Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of balsam meet.
Where dress'd in white expressions sit bright loves,
Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves;
A piece, which Jonson in a rapture bid
Come up a glorified work; and so it did.
Else had his muse set with his friend; the stage
Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age;
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where
Art, language, wit, sit ruling in one sphere;
Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams;
Where in a worthy scorn he dares refuse
All other gods, and makes the thing his muse;
Where he calls passions up, and lays them so,
As spirits, aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free author did whate'er he would,
And nothing will'd but what a poet should.
No vast uncivil bulk swells any scene,
The strength's ingenious, and the vigour clean;
None can prevent the fancy, and see through
At the first opening; all stand wondring how

adhering to the king, was deprived of all his preferments in Cromwell's time, and taken for charity into the Earl of Devonshire's family, where his learning, piety, and wit, rendered him a proper advocate for religion against the famous Mr. Hobbs, then a tutor in that family. After the restoration he was made Canon of Christ-Church, and archdeacon of Chichester. SEWARD.

[24] *Else we had lost his Shepherdess.*] Mr. Cartwright was a very bright but a very young man, and seems to taste our authors plays extremely well, but to have known nothing of their dates and history. He supposes the Shepherdess wrote after Beaumont's death, so that his testimony ought to have no sort of weight in excluding Beaumont from all share in the composition of the plays. He had taken up the supposition of Beaumont's being only a corrector, perhaps merely because Jonson had celebrated his judgment; not considering that he celebrated his fancy too. SEWARD.

Cartwright could not suppose the Shepherdess was wrote after Beaumont's death: his words only mean, "If Fletcher could not have wrote without Beaumont, we should not have had the Faithful Shepherdess," in which the latter had no concern.

The

The thing will be, until it is; which thence
With fresh delight still cheats, still takes the sense;
The whole design, the shadows, the lights such,
That none can say he shews or hides too much:
Business grows up, ripen'd by just increase,
And by as just degrees again doth cease;
The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,
And the nice points of time are met, and snatch'd:
Nought later than it should, nought comes before;
Chymists, and calculators, do err more:
Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,
The inward substance, and the outward face,
All kept precisely, all exactly fit;
What he would write, he was, before he writ.
'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakespeare's lighter sound,
His muse so steer'd, that something still was found;
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,
That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known:
Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike
All palates some way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crown,
And, listning to them, wish they were his own.
Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit
Durst yet produce; that is, what Fletcher writ!

X.

ANOTHER.

Fletcher, though some call it thy fault, that wit
So overflow'd thy scenes, that ere 'twas fit
To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull; that's, write again,
And bate some of thy fire; which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame;
And after all (finding thy genius such)
That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,
Added his sober spunge; and did contract
Thy plenty to less wit, to make't exact:
Yet we through his corrections could see
Much treasure in thy superfluity;
Which was so fil'd away, as, when we do
Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewel too;
Or as men use to wash gold, which we know
By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.
They who do on thy works severely sit,
And call thy store the over-births of wit,
Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one scene what might well serve a play;
And hence do grant, that, what they call excess,
Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,
From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide;
Much did enrich the stage, much flow'd beside.
For that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind
In stricter numbers, and run so confin'd
As to observe the rules of art, which sway
In the contrivance of a true-born play,

Those works proclaim which thou didst write retir'd
From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspir'd.
Where, we see, 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit;
But, like to Durer's pencil,[25] which first knew
The laws of faces, and then faces drew,
Thou knew'st the air, the colour, and the place,
The symmetry, which gives a poem grace.
Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do
Shew thou hadst wit, and mathematics too:
Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,
And didst beget just comedies from thence:
Things unto which thou didst such life bequeath,
That they, (their own Black-Friars[26]) unacted, breath.
Jonson had writ things lasting, and divine,
Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,
Are cold and frosty, and express love so,
As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow;
Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,
Which burn, and reign, in noble lovers' hearts,
Hast cloath'd affections in such native tires,
And so describ'd them in their own true fires,
Such moving sighs, such undissembled tears,
Such charms of language, such hopes mix'd with fears,
Such grants after denials, such pursuits
After despair, such amorous recruits,
That some, who sat spectators, have confest
Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest:
And felt such shafts steal through their captiv'd sense,
As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.
Nor was thy stile wholly compos'd of groves,
Or the soft strains of shepherds and their loves;
When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth,
In that kind, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all sharpness; we did sit
Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightful wit,
Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt
In which scene we laugh'd most two shillings out.
Shakespeare to thee was dull,[27] whose best jest lies
I'th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,

Old-

[25] *Like to Durer's pencil.*] Albert Durer was a most excellent German painter (born in 1471), much admired even by the great Raphael himself; and in so high esteem with the emperor Maximilian the First, that he presented him with a coat of arms as the badge of nobility. THEOBALD.

[26] *That they, (their own Black-Friars.*] *i. e.* their own theatre: meaning, that Fletcher's plays were so sprightly, that, though then unacted (by reason of the troublesome times, and civil war which raged against King Charles the First) they wanted no advantage of a stage to set them off. One of the seven playhouses, subsisting in our author's time, was in Black Friars. THEOBALD.

[27] *Shakespeare to thee was dull.*] This false censure arose from the usual fault of panegyrists, of depreciating others to extol their favourite. Had he only said, as in the former copy, that Fletcher was in a due medium between Jonson's correctness and Shakespeare's fancy, he had done Fletcher as well as himself more real honour. But it must be observed, that Beaumont and Fletcher were so much the general taste of the age, both in Charles the First and Second's reign, that Mr. Cartwright only follows the common judgment. The reason seems to be this, Jonson survived both Shakespeare and our authors many years, and as he warmly opposed the strange irregularities of the English theatre, at the head of which irregularities was so great a genius as Shakespeare, he formed a strong party against him.

But

Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town
In trunk-hose,[28] which our fathers call the clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,
And which made bawdry pass for comical.
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free
As his, but without his scurrility;
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jest perplex'd,
But without labour clean, chaste, and unvex'd.
Thou wert not like some, our small poets, who
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;
Whose wit is pilf'ring, and whose vein and wealth
In poetry lies merely in their stealth;
Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms;
Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,
But to their benefactors' dole aspires.
Nor hadst thou the sly trick thyself to praise
Under thy friends' names; or, to purchase bays,
Didst write stale commendations to thy book,
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took:
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.[29]

XI.

To the Manes of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-Writers, FRANCIS BEAUMONT *and* JOHN FLETCHER, *upon the printing of their excellent Dramatic Poems.*

DISDAIN not, gentle shades, the lowly praise
Which here I tender your immortal bays:
Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I
Strive to eternize you, that cannot die.
And though no language rightly can commend
What you have writ, save what yourselves have penn'd;
Yet let me wonder at those curious strains
(The rich conceptions of your twin-like brains)

But nature frequently spoke in Shakespeare so directly to the heart, and his excellencies as well as faults were so glaring, that the prejudices against the latter could not wholly blind men to the former. As our authors resembled him in these excellencies more than Jonson, and yet often followed Jonson's correctness and manner, the partisans both of Shakespeare and Jonson were willing to compromise it, and allow them the first honours, as partaking of both their excellencies. After the restoration, French rules of the drama were introduced, and our authors being nearer them than Shakespeare, they still held their superiority.

SEWARD.

[28] *In* turn'd *hose.*] We must read, *trunk-hose*; *i. e.* a kind of large slops, or trowzers, worn by the clowns. So in the 25th copy of verses:

——— *You two thought fit*
To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose *wit.* THEOBALD.

[29] *William Cartwright.*] Mr. Cartwright was esteemed one of the best poets, orators, and philosophers of his age; he was first a king's scholar at Westminster, then student of Christ-Church, Oxon. Wood calls him the most seraphical preacher of his age, another Tully and another Virgil: he died about the age of thirty in 1643, in the year of his proctorship, when King Charles the First was at Oxford, by whom his death was most affectionately mourned. He wrote the Lady Errant, the Royal Slave, and Love's Convert, tragi-comedies; and a volume of his poems were printed after his death. See Wood's Athenæ. SEWARD.

Cartwright's best play, the Ordinary, Mr. Seward has not mentioned.

Which

Which drew the gods' attention; who admir'd
To see our English stage by you inspir'd:
Whose chiming muses never fail'd to sing
A soul-affecting music, ravishing
Both ear and intellect; while you do each
Contend with other who shall highest reach
In rare invention; conflicts, that beget
New strange delight, to see two fancies met,
That could receive no foil; two wits in growth
So just, as had one soul informed both.
Thence (learned Fletcher) sung the muse alone,
As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone.
In whom, as thou, had he out-liv'd, so he
(Snatch'd first away) survived still in thee.
What though distempers of the present age
Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the stage?
You shall be gainers by't; it shall confer
To th' making the vast world your theatre;
The press shall give to every man his part,
And we will all be actors; learn by heart
Those tragic scenes and comic strains you writ,
Unimitable both for art and wit;
And, at each *exit*, as your fancies rise,
Our hands shall clap deserved plaudities.

JOHN WEBB.[30]

XII.

On the Works of the most excellent Dramatic Poet, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, *never before printed.*

HAIL, Fletcher! welcome to the world's great stage;
For our two hours, we have thee here an age
In thy whole works, and may th' *impression* call
The *pretor* that presents thy plays to all;
Both to the people, and the *lords* that sway
That *herd*, and ladies whom those *lords* obey.
And what's the loadstone can such guests invite
But moves on two poles, *profit* and *delight?*
Which will be soon, as on the rack, confest,
When every one is tickled with a jest,
And that pure Fletcher's able to subdue
A *melancholy* more than Burton knew.[31]
And, though upon the bye to his designs,
The *native* may learn English from his lines,

[30] *John Webb.*] I find no other traces of a John Webb who was likely to be author of this ingenious copy of verses, but that in 1629, four years after Fletcher's death, one John Webb, M. A. and fellow of Magdalene College in Oxford, was made master of Croydon School. He was probably our Mr. Webb, and much nearer the times of our authors than Mr. Cartwright, and had I discovered this soon enough, he should have took place of him; but his testimony of Beaumont's abilities, as a writer, is a proper antidote against Mr. Cartwright's traditional opinion. SEWARD.

[31] *And that pure Fletcher, able to subdue*
A melancholy *more than Burton knew.*] Mr. Sympson observed that the comma stood in the place of 's, *Fletcher is able.* Burton was author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, a folio. SEWARD.

And

And th' *alien*, if he can but construe it,
May here be made free *denison* of wit.
But his main end does drooping *Virtue* raise,
And crowns her beauty with eternal *bays;*
In scenes where she inflames the frozen soul,
While *Vice* (her paint wash'd off) appears so foul,
She must this *blessed isle* and Europe leave,
And some new *quadrant* of the *globe* deceive;
Or hide her blushes on the Afric shore,
Like Marius, but ne'er rise to *triumph* more;
That *honour* is resign'd to Fletcher's fame;
Add to his trophies, that a *poet's* name
(Late grown as odious to our *modern states,*
As that of *King* to Rome) he vindicates
From black aspersions, cast upon't by those
Which only are inspir'd to lie in prose.
And, *by the court of muses be't decreed,*
What graces spring from poesy's richer seed,
When we name Fletcher, shall be so proclaim'd,
As all, that's *royal,* is when Cæsar's nam'd.

ROBERT STAPYLTON,[32] Knt.

XIII.

To the Memory of my most honoured Kinsman, Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'LL not pronounce how strong and clean thou writ'st,
Nor by what new hard rules thou took'st thy flights,
Nor how much Greek and Latin some refine,
Before they can make up six words of thine:
But this I'll say, thou strik'st our sense so deep,
At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice and weep.
Great father Jonson bow'd himself, when he
(Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd, *he envied thee.*
Were thy Mardonius arm'd, there would be more
Strife for his sword than all Achilles wore;
Such wise just rage, had he been lately tried,
My life on't he had been o'th' better side;
And, where he found false odds, (through gold or sloth)
There brave Mardonius would have beat them both.
Behold, here's Fletcher too! the world ne'er knew
Two potent wits co-operate, till you;
For still your fancies are so wov'n and knit,
'Twas *Francis* Fletcher, or *John* Beaumont writ,
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't
To call poor gods and goddesses to do't;
Nor made nine girls your *muses* (you suppose,
Women ne'er write, save *love-letters in prose)*
But are your own inspirers, and have made
Such powerful scenes, as, when they please, invade.

[32] Sir Robert Stapylton of Carelton in Yorkshire, a poet of much fame, was at the battle of Edgehill with King Charles the First, and had an honorary degree given him at Oxford for his behaviour on that occasion. He wrote the Slighted Maid, a comedy; The Step-Mother, a tragi-comedy; and Hero and Leander, a tragedy; besides several poems and translations. SEWARD.

Your

Your plot, sense, language, all's so pure and fit,
He's bold, not valiant, dare dispute your wit.

GEORGE LISLE,[33] KNIGHT.

XIV.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S *Works.*

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold, more than at first entire,
As now we do, to see all thine,-thine own
In this thy muse's resurrection:
Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains, and then their bellies, fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy muse enraged from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, doth return
To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age;
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase thy coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was [34]Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When, labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of Wit.
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow
On Shakespeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear; yet so, that none

[33] *George Lisle, Knight*] This I take to be the same with Sir John Lisle one of King Charles's judges; for Wood in his Index to his Athenæ, calls Sir John by the name of George: He might perhaps have had two Christian names. If this was he, he was admitted at Oxford in the year 1622, seven years after Beaumont's death, and as he was a kinsman might be supposed to know more of his compositions than a stranger. His testimony therefore adds strength to what has been before advanced concerning Beaumont, nay it does so whether Sir George Lisle be the regicide or not. If he was, he was an eminent lawyer and speaker in the House of Commons, and made lord commissioner of the privy seal by the parliament. After the Restoration he fled to Losanna in Switzerland, where he was treated as lord chancellor of England, which so irritated some furious Irish loyalists that they shot him dead as he was going to church. SEWARD.

[34] *Wit's empire at the fatal height*] *i. e.* The highest pitch which fate allows it to rise to.—The following account of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, though rather too favourable to the last, is as much preferable to all the former poets encomiums as Sir John was preferable to them in abilities as a poet. SEWARD.

Can

Can say, here Nature ends, and Art begins;
But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins;
So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,
None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus hill. J. Denham.

XV.

Upon Mr. John Fletcher's *Plays.*

Fletcher, to thee, we do not only owe
All these good plays, but those of others too:
Thy wit, repeated, does support the stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this age.
No worthies form'd by any muse, but thine,
Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine:
What brave commander is not proud to see
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn
Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aspatia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid;
And when I venture at the comic stile,
Thy Scornful Lady[35] seems to mock my toil:
Thus has thy muse, at once, improv'd and marr'd
Our sport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard.
So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo
So far, but that the best are measuring casts,
Their emulation and their pastime lasts;
But if some brawny yeoman of the guard
Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest
Despairing stand, their sport is at the best. Edw. Waller.

XVI.

To Fletcher *Revived.*

How have I been religious? What strange good
Has 'scap'd me, that I never understood?
Have I hell-guarded *heresy* o'erthrown?
Heal'd wounded states? made kings and kingdoms one?
That *Fate* should be so merciful to me,
To let me live t' have said, *I have read thee.*
Fair star, ascend! the joy, the life, the light
Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight!
Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame
May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name
(Like holy flamens to their god of day)
We, bowing, sing; and whilst we praise, we pray.

[35] *Thy* Scornful Lady.] Many great men, as well as Mr. Waller, have celebrated this play. Beaumont's hand is visible in some high caricatures, but I must own my dissent to its being called a first-rate comedy. Seward.

Bright

Bright spirit! whose eternal motion
Of wit, like *time*, still in itself did run;
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commission, how far this, or that, shall live:
Like Destiny,[36] thy poems; who, as she
Signs death to all, herself can never die.
And now thy purple-robed tragedy,
In her embroider'd buskins, calls mine eye,
Where brave Aëtius we see betray'd, *Valentinian.*
T' obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd;
Whilst that the *mighty fool* his scepter breaks,
And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doom speaks;
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.
Soldiers may here to their old glories add,
The Lover love, and be with reason Mad: *Mad Lover.*
Not as of old Alcides furious,
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the house;
(Hurling his language with the canvas stone)
'Twas thought the monster roar'd the sob'rer tone.
But, ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire
With passions black as is her dark attire,
Virgins, as sufferers, have wept to see *Arcas.*
So white a soul, so red a cruelty; *Bellario.*
That thou hast griev'd, and, with unthought redress,
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bless;
Yet, loth to lose thy watry jewel, when
Joy wip'd it off, laughter straight sprung't agen.
Now ruddy-cheeked *Mirth* with rosy wings *Comedies.*
Fans ev'ry brow with gladness, while she sings *Spanish Curate.*
Delight to all; and the whole theatre *Humorous Lieutenant.*
A festival in Heaven doth appear.
Nothing but pleasure, love; and (like the morn) *Tamer Tam'd.*
Each face a general smiling doth adorn. *Little French Lawyer.*
Here, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air
Of stews and sewers, I will inform you where,
And how, to clothe aright your wanton wit,
Without her nasty bawd attending it. *Custom of the Country.*
View here a loose thought said with such a grace,
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,
But Cupid had Diana's linen on;
And all his naked parts so veil'd, they express
The shape with clouding the uncomeliness;

[36] *Like* destiny *of poems, who, as she*
Sings death to all, herself can never die.] This is extremely obscure: He says first, that Fletcher is the spirit of poetry, that he is the god of it, and has decreed the fate of all other poems, whether they are to live or die; after this he is like the destiny of poems, and living only himself signs death to all others. This is very high-strained indeed, and rather self-contradictory, for Fletcher's spirit gives commission how far some shall live and yet signs death to all. A slight change will make somewhat easier and clearer sense. I understand the four last lines thus; Fletcher's poetry is the standard of excellence; whatever is not formed by that model must die, therefore I read,

Like destiny, thy poems; i. e. Thy poems being the standard of excellence, are like destiny, which determines the fate of others, but herself remains still the same. I republish this poem as there are strong marks of genius in it, particularly in some of the following paragraphs. SEWARD.

That"

That if this reformation, which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,
The stage, as this work, might have liv'd and lov'd;
Her lines the austere scarlet had approv'd;
And th' *actors* wisely been from that offence
As clear, as they are now from *audience*.
Thus with thy *genius* did the *scene* expire,
Wanting thy active and enliv'ning fire,
That now (to spread a darkness over all)
Nothing remains but *poesy* to fall.
And though from these thy *embers* we receive
Some warmth, so much as may be said, *we live;*
That we dare praise thee, blushless, in the head
Of the best piece *Hermes* to *Love* e'er read;
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,
And feast each other with rememb'ring it;
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write. RICH. LOVELACE.[37]

XVII.

Upon the unparalleled Plays written by those renowned Twins of Poetry, BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.

WHAT's here? another library of praise,[38]
Met in a troop t' advance contemned plays,
And bring exploded *wit* again in fashion?
I can't but wonder at this *reformation*.
My skipping soul surfeits with so much good,
To see my hopes into *fruition* bud.
A happy *chymistry!* blest viper, *Joy!*
That through thy mother's bowels gnaw'st thy way!
Wits flock in shoals, and club to re-erect,
In spite of *ignorance*, the architect
Of occidental *poesy;* and turn
Gods, to recal *Wit's* ashes from their urn.
Like huge Colosses, they've together knit[40]
Their shoulders to support a world of wit.

[37] *Rich. Lovelace.*] This gentleman was eldest son of a good family, extremely accomplished, being very eminent for wit, poetry, and music, but still more so for politeness of manners and beauty of person. He had an ample fortune and every advantage that seemed to promise happiness in life; but his steady attachment to the royal cause, and a liberality that perhaps approached too near profuseness, reduced him to extreme poverty. Something of the gaiety of the soldier appears in the beginning of this poem. His poems were published in 1749. SEWARD.

[38] *Another library of praise.*] This alludes to the numerous commendatory copies of verses on *Tom. Coryate's Crudities*, which swelled into an entire volume. This is touched at in the 23d copy of verses, by Richard Brome:

"*For the witty copies took,*
Of his encomiums *made themselves a book.*" THEOBALD.

[40] ——*they've together* met
Their shoulders to support a world of wit.] I should not find fault with *met* and *wit* being made rhimes here, (the poets of those times giving themselves such a licence) but that two persons *meeting their shoulders* is neither sense nor English! I am therefore persuaded the author wrote *knit*. So twice in the eighth copy by Jasper Maine,

"*In fame, as well as writings, both so* knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit."

And again,

"*Nor where you thus in works and poems* knit," &c. THEOBALD.

The tale of Atlas (though of truth it miss)
We plainly read *mythologiz'd* in this;
Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying stories
Made Athens famous, are but *allegories*.
'Tis poetry has power to civilize
Men, worse than stones, more blockish than the trees.
I cannot choose but think (now things so fall)
That Wit is past its *climacterical*;
And though the Muses have been dead and gone,
I know, they'll find a *resurrection*.
'Tis vain to praise; they're to themselves a glory,
And silence is our sweetest *oratory*.
For he, that names but Fletcher, must needs be
Found guilty of a loud *hyperbole*.
His fancy so transcendently aspires,
He shews himself a wit, who but admires.
Here are no volumes stuff'd with cheverel sense,
The very *anagrams* of eloquence;
Nor long long-winded sentences that be,
Being rightly spell'd, but wit's *stenography*;
Nor words, as void of reason as of rhime,
Only cæsura'd to spin out the time.
But here's a *magazine* of purest sense,
Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence:
Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins
Bubbles the quintessence of sweet-high strains.
Lines, like their authors, and each word of it
Does say, 'twas writ b' a *gemini* of wit.
How happy is our age! how blest our men!
When such rare souls live themselves o'er again.
We err, who think a poet dies; for this
Shews, that 'tis but a *metempsychosis*.
Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see
Above the reach of dull mortality,
Or pow'r of fate: And thus the proverb hits,
(That's so much cross'd) *These men live by their wits*.

ALEX. BROME.

XVIII.

On the Death and Works of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

My name, so far from great, that 'tis not known,
Can lend no praise but what thou'dst blush to own;
And no rude hand, or feeble wit, should dare
To vex thy shrine with an unlearned tear.
I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath
A power to take up on common faith;
That, when the stock of the whole kingdom's spent
In but preparative to thy monument,
The prudent council may invent fresh ways
To get new contribution to thy praise;
And rear it high, and equal to thy wit;
Which must give life and monument to it.
So when, late, Essex died,[41] the public face
Wore sorrow in't; and to add mournful grace

[41] *So when, late,* Essex *dy'd.*] The Earl of *Essex*, who had been general for the parliament in the civil war against King Charles the First, died on the 14th of September, 1646, and the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works was published in 1647. THEOBALD.

To

To the sad pomp of his lamented fall,
The commonwealth serv'd at his funeral,
And by a solemn order built his hearse;
—But not like thine, built by thyself in verse.
Where thy advanced image safely stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands.
Base hands, how impotently you disclose
Your rage 'gainst Camden's learned ashes, whose
Defaced *statua* and martyr'd book,
Like an antiquity and fragment look.
Nonnulla desunt legibly appear,
So truly now Camden's *Remains* lie there.
Vain malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath
Of Fame shall speak his great Elizabeth!
'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath;
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.
Thus princes honours; but wit only gives
A name which to succeeding ages lives.
Singly we now consult ourselves and fame,
Ambitious to twist ours with thy great name.
Hence we thus bold to praise: For as a vine,
With subtle wreath and close embrace, doth twine
A friendly elm, by whose tall trunk it shoots
And gathers growth and moisture from its roots;
About its arms the thankful clusters cling
Like bracelets, and with purple ammelling
The blue-cheek'd grape, stuck in its vernant hair,
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear.
So grow our praises by thy wit; we do
Borrow support and strength, and lend but show.
'And but thy male wit,[42] like the youthful sun,
Strongly begets upon our passion,
Making our sorrow teem with elegy,
Thou yet unweep'd, and yet unprais'd might'st be.
But they're imperfect births; and such are all
Produc'd by causes not univocal,
The scapes of Nature, passives being unfit;
And hence our verse speaks only mother-wit.
Oh, for a fit o'th' father! for a spirit
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit;
For but a spark of that diviner fire,
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire;
That souls could be divided, thou traduce
But a small particle of thine to us!
Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didst sit
But as a joint-commissioner in wit;
When it had plummets hung on to suppress
Its too-luxuriant growing mightiness;
'Till, as that tree which scorns to be kept down,
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone;
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the star,
Thou wert th' intelligence did move that sphere.
Thy fury was compos'd; Rapture no fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in wit'

[42] *And but thy male wit,* &c] Mr. Seward omits this and the nine following lines.

As

As men in a disease; thy fancy clear,
Muse chaste, as those flames whence they took their fire;[43]
No spurious composures amongst thine,
Got in adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.
And as th' hermetical physicians draw
From things that curse of the first-broken law,
That *ens venenum*, which extracted thence
Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence:
So was thy spirit calcin'd; no mixtures there
But perfect, such as next to simples are.
Not like those meteor-wits which wildly fly
In storm and thunder through th' amazed sky;
Speaking but th' ills and villainies in a state,
Which fools admire, and wise men tremble at,
Full of portent and prodigy, whose gall
Oft 'scapes the vice, and on the man doth fall.
Nature us'd all her skill, when thee she meant
A wit at once both great and innocent.
Yet thou hadst tooth; but 'twas thy judgment, not
For mending one word a whole sheet to blot.
Thou couldst anatomise with ready art,
And skilful hand, crimes lock'd close up i' th' heart.
Thou couldst unfold dark plots, and shew that path
By which Ambition climb'd to greatness hath;
Thou couldst the rises, turns, and falls of states,
How near they were their periods and dates;
Couldst mad the subject into popular rage,
And the grown seas of that great storm assuage;
Dethrone usurping tyrants, and place there
The lawful prince and true inheriter;
Knew'st all dark turnings in the labyrinth
Of policy, which who but knows he sinn'th,
Save thee, who, un-infected didst walk in't,
As the great genius of government.
And when thou laidst thy tragic buskin by,
To court the stage with gentle comedy,
How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd
In rich variety, how neatly dress'd
In language, how rare plots, what strength of wit
Shin'd in the face and every limb of it!
The stage grew narrow while thou grew'st to be
In thy whole life an *exc'llent comedy*.
To these a virgin-modesty, which first met
Applause with blush and fear, as if he yet
Had not deserv'd; 'till bold with constant praise
His brows admitted the unsought-for bays.
Nor would he ravish Fame; but left men free
To their own vote and ingenuity.

[43] *Muse chaste, as those* frames *whence they took their fire*;] This seems obscure, for what are those *frames* whence Fletcher took his fire? The stars? Even if this was meant, I should think *flames* the better word: But as *flames* will signify *heavenly fire* in general, either the stars, sun, angels, or even the spirit of God himself, who maketh his *ministers flames of fire:* I much prefer the word, and believe it the original. As this poet was a clergyman of character with regard to his sanctity, and much celebrates Fletcher's chastity of sentiments and language, it is very evident that many words which appear gross to us were not so in King Charles the First's age. See pages xliv. and xlv. of the preface. SEWARD.

When

When his fair Shepherdess, on the guilty stage,
Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage;
At which the impatient virtues of those few
Could judge, grew high, cried *murder!* though he knew
The innocence and beauty of his child,
He only, as if unconcerned, smil'd.
Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd grace,
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face;[43]
And on th' united parts breath'd such a fire
As, spite of malice, she shall ne'er expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,
'Till every hand did help to set it on,
He came to be sole monarch, and did reign
In Wit's great empire, abs'lute sovereign. JOHN HARRIS.[44]

XIX.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, *and his Works, never before published.*

To flatter living fools is easy sleight;
But hard, to do the living-dead men right.
To praise a landed lord, is gainful art;
But thankless to pay tribute to desert.
This should have been my task: I had intent
To bring my rubbish to thy monument,
To stop some crannies there, but that I found
No need of least repair; all firm and sound.
Thy well-built fame doth still itself advance
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance.
Though thou diedst not possess'd of that same pelf,
Which nobler souls call dirt, the city, wealth:
Yet thou hast left unto the times so great
A legacy, a treasure so complete,
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will:
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still,
How so vast sums of wit were left behind;
And yet nor debts, nor sharers, they can find.
'Twas the kind providence of Fate to lock
Some of this treasure up; and keep a stock

[43] *Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd grace,*
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face.] This relates to King Charles the First causing the Faithful Shepherdess to be revived, and acted before him. The lines are extremely beautiful, and do honour to the king's taste in poetry, which as it comes from an adversary (though certainly a very candid one, and who before condemned the fire-brand-scribblers and meteor-wits of his age) is a strong proof of its being a very good one. Queen Elizabeth may be called the mother of the English poets; James the First was a pedagogue to them, encouraged their literature, but debased it with puns and pedantry; Charles the First revived a good taste, but the troubles of his reign prevented the great effects of his patronage. SEWARD.

[44] *John Harris* was of New-College, Oxford, Greek professor of the university, and so eminent a preacher that he was called a second Chrysostom. In the civil wars he sided with the Presbyterians, and was one of the Assembly of Divines, and is the only poet in this collection whom we certainly know to have been for the parliament against the king. His poem has great merit; the fine break after the mention of the Earl of Essex, and the simile of the elm and clusters of grapes, deserve a particular attention. After this simile I have struck out some lines that were unequal in merit to their brethren, lest the reader, tired with these, should stop too short; for those which now follow, though unjust with regard to Beaumont, are poetically good. SEWARD.

For

For a reserve until these sullen days;
When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit. But now he,
Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a caveat enter'd by command,
None should pretend, but those can understand.

HENRY MOODY, BART.[45]

XX.

On the deceased Author, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, *his Plays; and especially the Mad Lover.*

WHILST his well-organ'd body doth retreat
To its first matter, and the formal heat[46]
Triumphant sits in judgment, to approve
Pieces above our censure, and our love;[47]
Such, as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious eye, and critic ear:
Lo, the Mad Lover in these various times
Is press'd to life, t' accuse us of our crimes!
While Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ
Such lasting monuments of natural wit?
Others may draw their lines with sweat, like those
That (with much pains) a garrison inclose;
Whilst his sweet, fluent, vein did gently run,
As uncontrol'd and smoothly as the sun.
After his death, our theatres did make
Him in his own unequal language speak:
And now, when all the muses out of their
Approved modesty silent appear,
This play of Fletcher's braves the envious light,
As wonder of our ears once, now our sight.
Three-and-four-fold-blest poet, who the lives
Of poets, and of theatres, survives!
A groom, or ostler of some wit, may bring
His Pegasus to the Castalian spring;
Boast, he a race o'er the Pharsalian plain,
Or happy Tempe-valley, dares maintain:
Brag, at one leap, upon the double cliff
(Were it as high as monstrous Teneriffe)

[45] Sir *Henry Moody* was of the number of those gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred by King Charles the First, at his return to Oxford after the battle of Edgehill. The poem has some strong marks of genius in it, particularly in these lines,

———"*until these sullen days;*
When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays
That crown the head of merit."

I confess myself a great admirer of verses in rhime, whose pauses run into each other as boldly as blank verse itself. When our moderns corrected many faults in the measure of our verse by making the accents always fall on right syllables, and laying aside those harsh elisions used by our ancient poets, they mistook this run of the verses into each other after the manner of Virgil, Homer, &c. for a fault, which deprived our rhime of that grandeur and dignity of numbers which arises from a perpetual change of pauses, and turned whole poems into distiches.

SEWARD.

[46] *And the* formal heat, &c.] *Formal heat*, I take to be a metaphysical and logical term for the *soul*, as the *formal cause* is that which constitutes the essence of any thing. Fletcher's soul therefore now sits in judgment, to approve works deserving of praise. SEWARD.

[47] *Pieces above our* candour.] Amended by Theobald.

Of

Of far-renown'd Parnassus he will get,
And there (t' amaze the world) confirm his seat:
When our admired Fletcher vaunts not aught,
And slighted every thing he writ as nought:
While all our English wond'ring world (in's cause)
Made this great city echo with applause.
Read him, therefore, all that can read; and those,
That cannot, learn; if you're not learning's foes,
And wilfully resolved to refuse
The gentle raptures of this happy muse.
From thy great constellation (noble soul)
Look on this kingdom; suffer not the whole
Spirit of poesy retire to Heaven;
But make us entertain what thou hast given.
Earthquakes and thunder diapasons make;
The seas' vast roar, and irresistless shake
Of horrid winds, a sympathy compose;
So in these things there's music in the close:
And though they seem great discords in our ears,
They are not so to them above the spheres.
Granting these music, how much sweeter's that
Mnemosyne's daughters' voices do create?
Since Heav'n, and earth, and seas, and air consent
To make an harmony, (the instrument,
Their own agreeing selves) shall we refuse
The music which the deities do use?
Troy's ravish'd Ganymede doth sing to Jove,
A Phœbus' self plays on his lyre above.
The Cretan gods, or glorious men, who will
Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill,
(Best poet of thy times!) or he will prove
As mad, as thy brave Memnon was with love.

ASTON COKAINE, BART.[45]

XXI.

On the Edition of Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S *and Mr.* JOHN FLETCHER'S *Plays, never printed before.*

I AM *amaz'd;* and this same *extasy*
Is both my *glory* and *apology.*
Sober joys are dull passions; they must bear
Proportion to the *subject:* If *so,* where
Beaumont and Fletcher shall vouchsafe to be
That subject, That joy must be *extasy.*
Fury is the *complexion* of *great wits;*
The *fool's distemper:* He, that's *mad* by *fits,*
Is *wise so* too. It is the *poet's muse;*
The *prophet's god;* the *fool's,* and *my excuse.*
For (in *me)* nothing *less* than Fletcher's *name*
Could have *begot,* or *justified,* this *flame.*

[45] *Aston Cokaine, Bart.*] This gentleman who claimed being made a baronet by King Charles I. at a time when the king's distress prevented the creation passing the due forms, was a poet of some repute, for which reason this copy is inserted more than for its intrinsic worth. He was lord of the manors of Pooley in Polesworth-parish, Warwickshire, and of Ashburn in Derbyshire; but with a fate not uncommon to wits, spent and sold both; but his descendants of this age have been and are persons of distinguished merit and fortune.

SEWARD.

Beaumont

Beaumont / Fletcher } *return'd!* methinks, it should not be:
No, not in's *works: plays* are as *dead* as *he.*
The *palate* of *this age* gusts nothing *high,*
That has not *custard* in't, or *bawdery.*
Folly and *madness* fill the *stage:* The *scene*
Is Athens; *where,* the *guilty,* and the *mean,*
The *fool 'scapes* well enough; *learned* and *great,*
Suffer an *ostracism;* stand *exulate.*
Mankind is *fall'n again, shrunk* a *degree,*
A *step* below his very *apostacy.*
Nature her *self* is out of *tune;* and *sick*
Of *tumult* and *disorder, lunatic.*
Yet *what world* would not chearfully *endure*
The *torture,* or *disease,* t' *enjoy* the *cure?*
This book's the *balsam,* and the *hellebore,*
Must *preserve bleeding Nature,* and *restore*
Our *crazy stupor* to a *just quick sense*
Both of *ingratitude,* and *Providence.*
That teaches us (at *once)* to *feel* and *know,*
Two deep points; what we *want,* and what we *owe.*
Yet *great goods have their ills:* Should we *transmit,*
To *future times,* the *pow'r* of *love* and *wit,*
In *this example;* would they not *combine*
To make *our imperfections their design?*
They'd *study* our *corruptions;* and take more
Care to be *ill,* than to be *good, before.*
For *nothing, but so great infirmity,*
Could make them worthy of such remedy.
Have you not seen the sun's almighty ray
Rescue th' *affrighted world,* and *redeem day*
From *black despair?* how his *victorious beam*
Scatters the *storm,* and *drowns* the *petty flame*
Of *lightning,* in the *glory* of his *eye;*
How *full* of *pow'r,* how *full* of *majesty?*
When, to *us mortals, nothing* else was *known,*
But the *sad doubt,* whether to *burn,* or *drown.*
Choler, and *phlegm, heat,* and *dull ignorance,*
Have cast *the people* into *such* a *trance,*
Thar *fears* and *danger* seem *great equally,*
And no *dispute* left now, but *how* to *die.*
Just in *this nick,* Fletcher *sets the world clear*
Of all disorder, and reforms us here.
The *formal youth,* that knew *no* other *grace,*
Or *value,* but his *title,* and his *lace,*
Glasses himself, and, in *this faithful mirror,*
Views, disapproves, reforms, repents his *error.*
The *credulous, bright girl,* that *believes all*
Language, in *oaths* (if *good) canonical,*
Is *fortified,* and *taught, here,* to *beware*
Of *ev'ry* specious *bait,* of *ev'ry snare*
Save *one;* and *that* same *caution* takes her *more,*
Than *all* the *flattery* she *felt before.*
She finds her *boxes,* and her *thoughts betray'd*
By the *corruption* of the *chamber-maid;*
Then throws her *washes* and *dissemblings* by,
And *vows* nothing but *ingenuity.*

The

The *severe statesman quits* his *sullen form*
Of *gravity* and *bus'ness*; the *lukewarm*
Religious, his *neutrality*; the *hot*
Brainsick illuminate, his *zeal*; the *sot*,
Stupidity; the *soldier*, his *arrears*;
The *court*, its *confidence*; the *plebs*, their *fears*;
Gallants, their *apiskness* and *perjury*;
Women, their *pleasure* and *inconstancy*;
Poets, their *wine*; the *usurer*, his *pelf*;
The *world*, its *vanity*; and *I*, my *self*. ROGER L'ESTRANGE.[49]

XXII.

ON THE EDITION.

FLETCHER (whose fame no age can ever waste;
Envy of ours, and glory of the last)
Is now alive again; and with his name
His sacred ashes wak'd into a flame;
Such as before, did by a secret charm
The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm;
And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,
Dispensing thus to either heat and light.
He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,
Whom love, or beauty, never could persuade;
And in each mov'd spectator could beget
A real passion by a counterfeit:
When firft Bellario bled, what lady there
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?
And when Aspatia wept, not any eye
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery;
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.
Thus he affections could or raise or lay;
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey;
He Nature taught her passions to out-do,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.
Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept
In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept;
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,
Had not the dying scene expir'd his name;
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come;
Thrice welcome by this *post-liminium*.
His loss preserv'd him; They, that silenc'd Wit,
Are now the authors to eternize it;
Thus poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,
And plays by intermission longer-liv'd. THO. STANLEY.[50]

[49] For the same reason that Sir Aston Cockaine's poem is reprinted, Sir Roger L'Estrange's keeps its place. His name is well known to the learned world, but this copy of verses does no great honour either to himself or our authors. SEWARD.

[50] Mr. *Stanley* educated at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, was a poet of some eminence, and his verses have merit; and contain a proof of what is asserted in the Preface, of plays being kept unpublished for the benefit of the players. SEWARD.

XXIII.

To the Memory of the Deceased but ever-living Author, in these his Poems, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

On the large train of Fletcher's friends let me
(Retaining still my wonted modesty)
Become a waiter, in my ragged verse,
As follower to the *muses'* followers.
Many here are of noble rank and worth,
That have, by strength of Art, set Fletcher forth
In true and lively colours, as they saw him,
And had the best abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and look
To have their lines set before Fletcher's book;
Some, that have known him too; some more, some less;
Some only but by hear-say, some by guess;
And some for fashion-sake would take the hint,
To try how well their wits would shew in print.
You, that are here before me, gentlemen,
And princes of Parnassus by the pen,
And your just judgments of his worth, that have
Preserv'd this author's memory from the grave,
And made it glorious; let me, at your gate,
Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deserve here: For, where you versify
In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,
I'll write, though not rich verses, honest rhime.
I am admitted. Now, have at the rout
Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out.
Bear back, my masters; pray keep back; forbear:
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.
You, that are worthy, may, by intercession,
Find entertainment at the next impression.
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe:
All such must be excluded; and the sort,
That only upon trust, or by report,
Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim
To have their verses planted before him:
Let them read first his works, and learn to know him;
And offer, then, the sacrifice they owe him.
But far from hence be such, as would proclaim
Their knowledge of this *author*, not his fame;
And such, as would pretend, of all the rest,
To be the best *wits* that have known him best.
Depart hence, all such writers, and before
Inferior ones thrust in, by many a score:
As formerly, before Tom Coryate,
Whose work, before his praisers, had the fate
To perish: for the witty copies took
Of his *encomiums* made themselves a *book*.
Here's no such subject for you to out-do,
Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too
In other spheres) for Fletcher's flourishing bays
Must never fade, while Phœbus wears his rays.

Therefore

Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.
Why, what are you, (cry some) that prate to us?
Do not we know you for a flashy meteor?
And stil'd (at best) the *muses'* serving-creature?
Do you control? Ye've had your jeer: Sirs, no;
But, in an humble manner, let you know,
Old serving-creatures oftentimes are fit
T' inform young masters, as in land, in wit,
What they inherit; and how well their dads
Left one, and wish'd the other, to their lads.
And from departed poets I can guess
Who has a greater share of wit, who less.
'Way fool, another says, I let him rail,
And 'bout his own ears flourish his wit-flail,
'Till with his swingle he his noddle break;
While this of Fletcher, and his *Works*, I speak:
His *works?* (says Momus) nay, his *plays*, you'd say:
Thou hast said right, for that to him was play
Which was to others' brains a toil: with ease
He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas.
His nimble births have longer liv'd than theirs
That have, with strongest labour, divers years
Been sending forth the issues of their brains
Upon the *stage;* and shall, to th' *stationer's* gains,
Life after life take, till some after-age
Shall put down *printing*, as this doth the *stage;*
Which nothing now presents unto the eye,
But in *dumb-shows* her own sad *tragedy*.
'Would there had been no sadder works abroad,
Since her decay, acted in fields of blood!
But to the man again, of whom we write,
The *writer* that made writing his delight,
Rather than work. *He* did not pump, nor drudge,
To beget *wit*, or manage it; nor trudge
To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean,
Or steal, some jests to foist into a scene:
He scorn'd those shifts. You, that have known him, know
The common talk; that from his lips did flow,
And run at waste, did savour more of wit,
Than any of his time, or since, have writ
(But few excepted) in the stage's way:
His *scenes* were *acts*, and every *act* a *play*.
I knew him in his strength; even then, when he,
That was the master of his art and me,[51]
Most knowing Jonson (proud to call him *son*),
In friendly envy swore he had out-done
His very self. I knew him, till he died;
And, at his dissolution, what a tide
Of sorrow overwhelm'd the *stage*; which gave
Vollies of sighs to send him to his grave,

[51] *Master of his art and me.*] Mr. Richard Brome was many years a servant to Ben Jonson (an amanuensis, I presume), and learned the art of writing comedy under him: upon this, Ben compliments him in a short poem prefixed to Brome's Northern Lass.

"I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts;
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts, &c." THEOBALD.

And

And grew distracted in most violent fits,
For *she* had lost the best part of her *wits*.
In the first year, our famous Fletcher fell,
Of good king Charles, who grac'd these *poems* well,
Being then in life of action: but they died
Since the king's absence; or were laid aside,
As is their *poet*. Now, at the report
Of the *king's* second coming to his court,
The *books* creep from the *press* to life, not *action*;
Crying unto the world, that no protraction
May hinder *sacred majesty* to give
Fletcher, in them, leave on the *stoge* to live.
Others may more in lofty verses move;
I only, thus, express my truth and love. RICH. BROME.

XXIV.[51]

Upon the Printing of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S *Works.*

WHAT means this numerous guard? or, do we come
To file our names, or verse, upon the tomb
Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known
His wit, betray the nothing of our own?
For, if we grant him dead, it is as true
Against ourselves, no wit, no poet now;
Or if he be return'd from his cool shade
To us, this book his resurrection's made:
We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive
By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.
But let him live! and let me prophesy,
As I go swan-like out,[52] our peace is nigh:
A balm unto the wounded age I sing;
And nothing now is wanting, but the king. JA. SHIRLEY.[53]

On

[51] The Commendatory Poems were printed without judgment or order; several of them, (particularly the first as ranked in the late editions) greatly injure our authors by injudicious encomiums, and have too little merit to be republished. Mr. Theobald left several corrections upon these obscure poems, and many others would have been added, had not *una litura* appeared the best remedy. All are therefore now discarded but what appeared worthy of the reader's attention, and these are ranged according to the order of time in which they seem to have been wrote. Beaumont himself now leads in defence of his friend Fletcher's charming dramatic pastoral the Faithful Shepherdess, which having been damned at its first appearance on the stage, Beaumont and Jonson, with the spirits of Horace and Juvenal, lash the dull herd for their stupid ingratitude. SEWARD.

In addition to the above, which Mr. Seward makes an introductory note, it may not be amiss to remark, that the first folio had thirty six Commendatory Poems; from which the editors of the second folio selected no more than eleven. In the octavo of 1711, all but one were copied from the first folio; and to these were added Beaumont's and Jonson's Verses on the Faithful Shepherdess. Of these thirty-seven Mr. Seward retained twenty-three, and added Poem IV. signed *J. F.* We think that Seward, so far from rejecting any pieces worth preservation, has kept some which might very well have been spared: we have, however, adopted his selection, which ends with Shirley's poem; and shall now restore the verses written by Gardiner and Hills, (not because they possess any poetic merit, but that the reader may judge what respect is due to the testimony of those verses, which are frequently mentioned as ascribing particular plays to Fletcher), and add a passage, relative to our authors, written by the ingenious Mr. Fenton.

[52] *As I go swan-like out.*] This seems to allude to his verses having been the last in the Collection.

[53] Mr. Shirley was publisher of the first folio edition in 1647. SEWARD.

By

XXV.

On the Dramatic Poems of Mr. John Fletcher.

Wonder! who's here? Fletcher, long buried,
Reviv'd? 'Tis he! he's risen from the dead;
His winding-sheet put off, walks above ground,
Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound.
And may he not, if rightly understood,
Prove plays are lawful? he hath *made them good.*
Is any *Lover Mad?* see, here *Love's Cure;*
Unmarried? to a *Wife* he may be sure,
A rare one, *for a Month;* if she displease,
The *Spanish Curate* gives a writ of ease.
Enquire the *Custom of the Country,* then
Shall the *French Lawyer* set you free again.
If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill,
(One of the *Inn,* the other of the *Mill)*
That th' *Lovers' Progress'* stopt, and they defam'd,
Here's that makes *Women Pleas'd,* and *Tamer Tam'd.*
But who then plays the *Coxcomb?* or will try
His *Wit at Several Weapons,* or else die?
Nice Valour, and he doubts not to engage
The *Noble Gentleman,* in *Love's Pilgrimage,*
To take revenge on the *False One,* and run
The *Honest Man's Fortune,* to be undone
Like *Knight of Malta,* or else *Captain* be,
Or th' *Humorous Lieutenant;* go to sea
(A Voyage for to starve) he's very loath,
'Till we are all at peace, to swear an oath,
That then the *Loyal Subject* may have leave
To lie from *Beggar's Bush,* and undeceive
The creditor, discharge his debts; why so,
Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe?
Oh, could his *Prophetess* but tell one *Chance,*
When that the *Pilgrims* shall return from France,
And once more make this kingdom, as of late,
The *Island Princess,* and we celebrate
A *Double Marriage;* every one to bring
To Fletcher's memory his offering,
That thus at last unsequesters the stage,
Brings back the silver, and the golden age! Robert Gardiner.

XXVI.

Upon the ever-to-be-admired Mr. John Fletcher, *and his Plays.*

What's all this preparation for? or why
Such sudden triumphs? Fletcher, the people cry!
Just so, when kings approach, our conduits run
Claret, as here the spouts flow *Helicon:*
See, every sprightful *muse,* dress'd trim and gay,
Strews herbs and scatters roses in his way.
Thus th' outward yard set round with *bayes* we've seen,
Which from the garden hath transplanted been;

By *publisher* we suppose Mr. Seward means *editor:* this Mr. Shirley certainly was not. It is true he wrote the Preface; but it would be exceedingly unjust to that great man, to believe he did more for, or at least could be *editor* of, so incorrect a book.

Thus,

Thus, at the prætor's feast, with needless costs,
Some must b'employ'd in painting of the posts;
And some, as dishes made for sight, not taste,
Stand here as things for show to Fletcher's feast.
Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been,
T' have had his cook in *Rollo* serve them in!
Fletcher, the king of poets! such was he,
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all sovereignty;
And may he that denies it, learn to blush
At's *Loyal Subject*, starve at's *Beggars' Bush*;
And, if not drawn by example, shame, nor grace,
Turn o'er to's *Coxcomb*, and the *Wild-Goose Chase*.
Monarch of wit! great magazine of wealth!
From whose rich *bank*, by a Promethean stealth,
Our lesser flames do blaze! His the true fire,
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.
'Twas first believ'd, because he always was
The *ipse dixit*, and Pythagoras
To our disciple-wits, his soul might run
(By the same dreamt-of transmigration)
Into their rude and indigested brain,
And so inform their chaos-lump again;
For many specious brats of this last age
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.
This rous'd his rage, to be abused thus,
Made's *Lover Mad*, *Lieutenant Humorous*.
Thus *ends of gold and silver-men* are made
(As th' use to say) goldsmiths of his own trade;
Thus *rag-men* from the dunghill often hop,
And publish forth by chance a broker's shop.
But by his own light, now, we have descried
The dross, from that hath been so purely tried.
Proteus of wit! who reads him doth not see
The manners of each sex, of each degree?
His full-stor'd fancy doth all humours fill,
From th' *Queen of Corinth* to the *Maid o'th' Mill*;
His *Curate*, *Lawyer*, *Captain*, *Prophetess*,
Shew he was all and every one of these;
He taught (so subtly were their fancies seiz'd)
To *Rule a Wife*, and yet the *Women Pleas'd*.
Parnassus is thine own; claim it as merit,
Law makes the *Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. Hills.

Extract

Extract from FENTON'S POEMS.

——like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The first a fruitful vine, in bloomy pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care:
On various sounding harps the muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.
Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
For in those days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame;
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord,
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

UPON AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.[52]

By Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

You that can look through Heav'n, and tell the stars,
Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you please,
To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease;
You that are God's surveyers, and can shew
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,
And when it will shoot over, or fall under;
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?
Find out my star, if each one, as you say,
Have his peculiar angel, and his way;[53]
Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,
Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your schemes,
Then say your worst! Or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
Or am I poor? not able, no full flame?
My star, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it, your art can only work on those
That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes?
With love, or new opinions? You all lie!
A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I;
But far above your finding! He that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knows his treasure, no, not you!
He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew
Scabby and lousy, that the world might see
Your calculations are as blind as ye;
He that made all the stars you daily read,
And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,
Hath hid this from you; your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:
Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

[52] These verses are in all former editions printed at the end of the comedy of *The Honest Man's Fortune:* As they have not the least reference to that play, we have chose to place them here.

[53] *Have his peculiar angel, and his way:*] *Way*, in its common acceptation, is not nonsense; it may signify his *path of life marked out to him by the stars.* But Mr. Sympson thinks it certainly corrupt, and conjectures first *fay*, which, he says, signifies *spirit*, or *saie*, which he says, though a very uncommon word, signifies *fate:* As he quotes no authority, I can only say, that I remember *fay* used by Spenser, as the same with *fairy*, but none of my glossaries know such a word as *saie*; and if an obsolete word must be used, we need not depart at all from the trace of the letters; for *wey* or *way* (the spelling of former ages, as well as the present, being extremely uncertain) may signify *fate*; the *weys* were the *fates* of the northern nations, from whence the witches in Macbeth are called *weyward sisters.* See Mr. Warburton's ingenious and learned note upon them. SEWARD.

Our

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still;
And when the stars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grieve
For stubborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our general uses, are at war,
E'en we among ourselves; and from the strife,
Your first unlike opinions got a life.
Oh, man! thou image of thy Maker's good,[54]
What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense
Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence
Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light
Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;
Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,
To let thee grow so near himself, the tree;
Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame
Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?
He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,
Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.
Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,
To seek a saving influence, and lose him?
Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heav'n,[55] put out his eye?
He is my star, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate! and when my mind
Is furnish'd with his fulness, my poor story
Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!
The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,
When I know what, and in whose power it is:
Nor want, the curse of man,[56] shall make me groan;
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us, all we can,
To work ourselves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,
The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies!

[54] ——*Thou image of thy Maker's good.*] Mr. Sympson would read,
——*thy Maker good.*
but I see not sufficient reason for a change, since good men are, and all men should endeavour to make themselves, *images of the goodness of God*. Nay, the man who banishes virtue from his soul, forfeits the only valuable likeness which he bears to his Maker.
SEWARD.

[55] ——*Or can poverty,*
Which is the light to Heav'n, put out his eye?] This poem has vast beauties; what Fletcher had often bantered in his comedies, the cheats of astrology (almost universally believed in his age) he now lashes with the spirit of a classic satirist, and the zeal of a Christian divine. But the line above, Mr. Sympson says, *is sad stuff*; I own it a little obscure, but far from deserving that title. Poverty and affliction often bring men to a due sense of their own state, and to an entire dependence on their Creator, therefore may be considered as *lights* that often guide men to Heaven. Poets, whose imaginations are so full of sentiment as Shakespeare's and Fletcher's, do not always study perspicuity in their expressions so much as those of cooler dispositions.
SEWARD.
It is true, that *they do not always study perspicuity*; but *the light of Heaven* refers to *his eye*, not to *poverty*. This mode of construction is not uncommon with our authors, and has often occasioned misinterpretations.

[56] *The* cause *of man.*] Corrected in 1750.

Were I in love, and could that bright star bring
Encrease to wealth, honour, and every thing;
Were she as perfect good as we can aim,
The first was so, and yet she lost the game.
My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth!
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.
And though to Time her lights and laws she lends,
She knows no age that to corruption bends:
Friends' promises may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend, knows to live;
Affliction, when I know it is but this,
A deep allay, whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer,[57] and, the deeper, still
We still arise more image of his will;
Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,
And death, at longest, but another night!
Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

[57] *To* hear *the hammer.*] Seward falsely asserts, that this is the reading of the *former editions.*

LETTER

FROM

BEAUMONT TO BEN JONSON.[1]

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know, they see, however absent) is
Here, our best haymaker, (forgive me this!
It is our country's stile) in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain;
So mix'd, that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone:
I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will,[2] and make him write worse yet.
Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing-psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal; every whit[3]
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,

If

[1] *Letter, &c.*] This letter has hitherto been printed at the end of Nice Valour, with the following title: "Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with *two of the precedent comedies* then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." As we apprehend it is demonstrated (p. liii, *& seq.*) that this situation was casual, and the title not to be relied on, we have ventured to remove the one and alter the other.

[2] *Lie where* he *will.*] If we keep to the old reading, it must reflect upon Sutcliff's hiding himself for debt. I have not the Lives of the Poets now by me, but don't remember any thing of the poverty of this minor poet of our author's age: by reading *it* for *he*, the archness is smarter as well as more good-humoured; let his wit lie in what part of his body it will.

Seward.

We see no great archness in this alteration, nor think the old reading implies Sutcliff's hiding for debt.

[3] ——*We are all equal every whit:*
Of land that God gives men here is their wit:
If we consider fully.] This dark sentence has been cleared up by Mr. Sympson, who by pointing differently gives this sentiment. Mens wit is here in exact proportion to their land; and then the next sentence,

——*for our best*
And gravest men will with his main-house jest,
Scarce please you;

has

If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest men will with his main house-jest,
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;[4]
Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only some fellows with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis,[5] which men do the best
With the best gamesters: what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past: wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
'Till that were cancell'd: and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty: though but downright fools, mere wise.[6]
When I remember this, and see that now
the country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry-bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of ballading grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find,[7]
Over as oft as any, with one wind,

That

has a just connection with the former: *Main-house jest*, I read with a hyphen and understand by it the *jest* that receives its merit from the grandeur, riches, and antiquity of his family who utters it, as the hearers admire it upon these accounts. SEWARD.

Main-house is a strange expression; if there needs a hyphen, *house-jest* would be better.

[4] *Strike when* [*you* wink, *and then lament the blow.*] This does not appear sense: The poet speaks of courtiers wearing a painted outside (and perhaps *wear* in the former line would be a better reading than *bear)* and after they themselves have struck you secretly when you did not see them, will pretend to lament the blow. But what has *wink* to do with this sense? I doubt not but the true reading is,

Strike when you wink, *and then lament the blow.* SEWARD.

[5] *Wit is like a* REST *held up at tennis.*] This, we think, tends to explain the expression that so often occurs of *setting up a rest*, which commonly includes an allusion to some *game*, and which game here appears to be *tennis*.

[6] *Though but downright fools,* more *wise.*] *More wise* is an anti-climax after *right witty*; but I believe the true reading is *meer wise*, *i. e.* nothing but mere wisdom itself. It seems an expression perfectly in the stile of the context. SEWARD.

[7] *To speak the hardest words I find,*
Over, as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines.] This relates to the play of repeating hard words (such as Chichester church stands in Chichester church-yard) several times in a breath, and generally they

are

That takes no medicines, but one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the garden, have growing souls.[7]
Only strong Destiny, which all controls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banish'd unto this home! Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.[8]
Ben, when these *scenes* are perfect, we'll taste wine;
I'il drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

are such as betray the speaker into indecencies. But are we to understand *That takes no medicines* only for the sake of strengthening the wind? Or a secret fling at the physicians and apothecaries for affecting hard words, and so one effect of their medicines may jocularly be supposed to enable a man to talk hard words more fluently? SEWARD.

The first of these interpretations is, we think, the true.

[7] *Who like trees of the* guard, *have growing souls*] What, says Mr. Sympson, can *trees of the guard* possibly mean? I believe it corrupt for *garden*, which the old poets would without scruple contract into one syllable, *gard'n*, and how easily might a transcriber, not knowing what word it was, change it to *guard*. SEWARD.

It is probable *garden* is right; but how could our poets, or any poets, or mortals, contract *garden* into one syllable? The editors of 1750 have presented to our eyes many contractions and apostrophes which no tongue can express, or human organs articulate.

[8] *To flow from thee.*] I had observed upon the Woman Hater before I knew of these verses of Beaumont's having any relation to that play, how much more it was wrote in Ben Jonson's manner than any other of our authors' foregoing plays: the same is true of The Nice Valour, which consists chiefly of *passions personated*, not of characters from real life; and which allows these passions to be carried to the highest pitch of extravagance. Here is a confirmation of Jonson being the writer they imitated. In the greatest part of their works they seem to follow Shakespeare. I find from these verses, that at note 32 in the Woman-Hater, I was mistaken in supposing Fletcher was the sole author of that play, from the first edition having his name only prefixed: it being printed after both their deaths, it was very easy to make the mistake, which was corrected by the second edition. The character of Lapet in the play has so much of that inimitable humour, which was displayed before in the character of Bessus, in the King and No King, that it was probably the work of the same hand, *viz.* Beaumont's, to whom Mr. Earle (in the most authentic copy of verses prefixed to these plays, as being writ immediately after the death of Beaumont, and near ten years before that of Fletcher) ascribes Bessus together with Philaster and the Maid's Tragedy. How wrong therefore is the prevailing opinion, that Beaumont's genius was only turned for tragedy, that he possessed great correctness of judgment, but that the liveliness of imagination, vivacity of wit and comic humour, which so much abounds in these plays, were all to be ascribed to Fletcher only? See Berkenhead's Poems on this subject prefixed to this edition. SEWARD.

See p. liii, *& seq.*

NAMES

OF THE

PRINCIPAL ACTORS

WHO PERFORMED IN

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

N. B. *The Names marked thus * are the Names of the Players who dedicated the Edition of* 1647 *to the Earl of Pembroke.*

William Allen.
Hugh Atawell.
Richard Burbadge.
* Theophilus Byrd.
* Robert Benfield.
George Birch.
William Barksted.
Thomas Basse.

Henry Condel.
Alexander Cooke.
* Hugh Clearke.

William Eglestone.

Nathaniel Field.

Sander Gough.
Giles Gary.

Thomas Holcombe.
* Stephen Hammerton
John Honyman.
James Horn.

* John Lowin.

William Ostler.

Thomas Pollard.
William Penn.

Emanuel Read.
John Rice.
* Richard Robinson.
William Rowly.

Richard Sharpe.
Eylæard Swanston.
John Shank.

* Joseph Taylor.
Nicholas Toolie.
William Trigg.
John Thomson.

John Underwood.

PREFACE.

CONSIDERING the acknowledged excellence of our authors, loudly acknowledged by the most eminent of their contemporaries and successors, it appears at first sight rather wonderful, that in the space of a hundred and fifty years, which have elapsed since the death of these poets, no more than three complete editions of their works have been published; we say *three*, because the first folio professedly included no more of their plays, than those which had not before been *singly* printed in quarto.

To what causes are we to attribute this amazing disparity between the reputation of the writers, and the public demand for their productions? Are libraries furnished with books, as apartments with furniture, according to the fashion? or is it necessary, because plays were originally written to be acted, that they must continue to be perpetually represented, or cease to be read?

Truth, we fear, obliges us to confess that these questions must, without much qualification, be answered in the affirmative. Shakespeare, admirable as he is, certainly owes some part of his present popularity, and the extraordinary preference given to his plays beyond those of all our other dramatists, to the mode adopted by the literary world to extol him. By the changes of fashion, nature and right reason sometimes come into vogue; but the multitude take them, like coin, because they are in currency, while men of sense and letters alone appreciate them according to their intrinsic value, and receive merit, wherever they find it, as bullion, though it has not the stamp of fashion impressed on it. To such men, the genius of Shakespeare, instead of obscuring, illustrates the kindred talents of Beaumont and Fletcher. Yet such men are but rare; and one of the most acute and learned editors of Shakespeare speaking of his own notes "concerned in a critical explanation of the author's beauties and defects; but chiefly of his *beauties*, whether in stile, thought, sentiment, character, or composition," adds, that "the public judgment hath less need to be assisted in what it shall *reject*, than in what it ought to PRIZE. Nor is the value they set upon a work, a certain proof that they understand it. *For it is ever seen*, THAT HALF A DOZEN VOICES OF CREDIT GIVE THE LEAD, *and if the public chance to be in good humour, or the author much in their favour*, THE PEOPLE ARE SURE TO FOLLOW."

To the popularity of a dramatic writer, nothing more immediately contributes than the frequency of theatrical representation. Common readers, like barren spectators, know little more of an author than what the actor, not always his happiest commentator, presents to them. Mutilations of Shakespeare have been recited, and even quoted, as his genuine text; and many of his dramas, not in the course of exhibition, are by the multitude not honoured with a perusal. On the stage, indeed, our authors formerly took the lead, Dryden having informed us, that in his day two of their plays were performed to one of Shakespeare. The stage, however, owes its attraction to the actor as well as author; and if the able performer will not contribute to give a polish and brilliancy to the work, it will lie, like the rough diamond, obscured and disregarded. The artists of former

former days worked the rich mine of Beaumont and Fletcher; and Betterton, the Roscius of his age, enriched his catalogue of characters from their dramas, as well as those of Shakespeare. Unfortunately for our authors, the Roscius of our day confined his round of characters in old plays, too closely to Shakespeare. We may almost say of him indeed, in this respect, as Dryden says of Shakespeare's scenes of magic,

"Within that circle none durst walk but he;"

but surely we must lament, that those extraordinary powers, which have so successfully been exerted in the illustration of Shakespeare, and sometimes prostituted to the support of the meanest writers, should not more frequently have been employed to throw a light upon Beaumont and Fletcher. Their plays, we will be bold to say, have the same excellencies, as well as the same defects, each perhaps in an inferior degree, with the dramas of their great master. Like his, they are built on histories or novels, pursuing in the same manner the story through its various circumstances; like his, but not always with equal truth and nature, their characters are boldly drawn and warmly coloured; like his, their dialogue, containing every beauty of stile, and licentiousness of construction, is thick sown with moral sentiments, interchanged with ludicrous and serious, ribaldry and sublime, and sometimes enlivened with *wit* in a richer vein than even the immortal dramas of Shakespeare. In comedy, the critics of their own days, and those immediately succeeding, gave Beaumont and Fletcher the preference to Shakespeare; and although the slow award of time has at length justly decreed the superior excellence of the glorious father of our drama beyond all further appeal, yet these his illustrious followers ought not surely to be cast so far behind him, as to fall into contemptuous neglect, while the most careless works of Shakespeare are studiously brought forward. The Maid's Tragedy, King and No King, Love's Pilgrimage, Monsieur Thomas, *&c. &c. &c.* would hardly disgrace that stage which has exhibited The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Mr. Seward has employed great part of his preface in citing similar passages from Shakespeare and our authors; and though we do not entirely agree with him in the comparisons he has drawn, we cannot resist the temptation of adducing one instance, in our opinion, more to the advantage of our authors than any mentioned in that preface. It is the entire character of the boy HENGO, in the tragedy of Bonduca; a character which is, we think (taken altogether) better sustained, and more beautifully natural and pathetic, than the Prince Arthur of Shakespeare. The scene in King John between Arthur and Hubert, excellent as it is, almost passes the bounds of pity and terror, and becomes horrible; besides which, Shakespeare, to whom "a quibble," as Dr. Johnson says, "was the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it," has enervated the dialogue with many frigid conceits, which he has, with more than usual impropriety, put into the mouth of the innocent Arthur, while he is pleading most affectingly for mercy.

As for example;

——"Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth.

Arth. *Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!*
The iron of itself, tho' heated red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of my innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
Oh, if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

And again:

——"Go to! hold your tongue!
Arth. *Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues*
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes;
Tho' to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; *the fire is dead with grief,*
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. *And if you do, you will but make it blush,*
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses."

The reader, we imagine, will concur in our disapprobation of the passages printed in Italics. Between Caratach and Hengo we do not remember that a line occurs, affected or unnatural; and nothing can be more exquisitely tender than the several scenes between them. The whole play abounds with dramatic and poetic excellence.

Allowing, however, freely allowing, the general superiority of Shakespeare to Beaumont and Fletcher (and indeed to all other poets, Homer perhaps only excepted) yet we cannot so far degrade our authors, as to reduce the most excellent of their pieces to a level with the meanest effusions of Shakespeare; nor can we believe that there are not many of their long-neglected dramas that might not, with very inconsiderable variations, be accommodated to the taste of a modern audience. The public have been long habituated to the phraseology of Shakespeare, whose language, in the opinion of Dryden, is a little obsolete in comparison of that of our authors; and irregularities of fable have been not only pardoned, but defended. When the great English actor, of whom we have been speaking, first undertook the direction of the stage, his friend (the present Laureat) boldly told him,

"A nation's taste depends on you."

The national taste, under his happy influence, acquired from day to day, from year to year, an increased relish for Shakespeare; and it is almost matter of amazement, as well as concern, that so little of his attention was directed to those dramatic writers, whose poetical character bore so great an affinity to the just object of his admiration. A deceased actor, of great merit, and still greater promise, very successfully opened his theatrical career by appearing in the tragedy of Philaster. At the same time, the same tragedy contributed not a little to the growing fame of one of our principal actresses. That play, the Two Noble Kinsmen, and some other pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, besides those we have already enumerated, would undoubtedly become favourite entertainments of the stage, if the theatrical talents of the performers bore any kind of proportion to the dramatic abilities of the writers. Since the directors of our theatres in some sort hold the keys of the temple of dramatic fame, let them do honour to themselves by throwing open their doors to Beaumont and Fletcher! Seeing there are at present but small hopes of emulating the transcendent actor, who so long and so effectually impressed on our minds the excellence of Shakespeare, let them at least rescue their performers from an immediate comparison, so much to their disadvantage, by trying their force on the characters of our authors! The Two Noble Kinsmen indeed has been ascribed (falsely, as we think) to Shakespeare. "The Two Noble Kinsmen," says Pope, "if that play be his, *as there goes a tradition* it was, and indeed *it has little resemblance of Fletcher*, and more of our author, than some of those which have been received as genuine." Unhappy poets! whose very excellence is turned against them. Shakespeare's claim to any share in the Two Noble Kinsmen we have considered at the end of that piece, to which we refer the reader. In this place we shall only enter our protest against the authority of Pope, who appears to have felt himself mortified and ashamed, when he "discharged the dull duty of an editor." He surely must be allowed to discharge his duty with reluctance, and most probably with neglect, who speaks of it in such terms. In his preface indeed he has, with a most masterly hand, drawn the outline of the poetical character of Shakespeare; but in that very preface, by a strange perversion of taste, he proposes to throw out of the list of Shakespeare's plays *The Winter's Tale*, which he considers as spurious! On no better foundation, we think, has he asserted, that the play of the Two Noble Kinsmen *has little resemblance of Fletcher*. "There goes a tradition," that *Garth did not write his own Dispensary*; "there goes a tradition," that the admirable translator of Homer, like Shakespeare himself, had *little Latin, and less Greek;* but what candid critic would countenance such a tradition? And is such a vague, blind, playhouse tradition a sufficient warrant for one great poet to tear the laurel from the brows of another?

The modern editors of Shakespeare contemplate with admiration that indifference to future fame, which suffered him to behold with uncommon apathy some of his pieces incorrectly printed during his life, without attempting to rescue them from the hands of barbarous editors, or preparing for posterity a genuine collection of his works, supervised and corrected by himself. In our opinion, the dedication and preface of Heminge and Condell more than insinuate the intention of Shakespeare, had he

he survived, to have published such a collection.* But, be that as it may, his supposed carelessness concerning the fate of his pieces after they had been represented, is not so very singular; many of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher also having been inaccurately printed from stolen copies during the lives of the authors, and the remainder collected some years after their deaths, like the works of Shakespeare, by the players. Ben Jonson appears to have been the only dramatic poet of that age, who paid any attention to the publication of his works.

The old quarto copies of Beaumont and Fletcher have come down to us exactly in the same state with the old quartos of Shakespeare. The printers of those times not only copied, but multiplied the errors of the transcriber. An editor, nay even a corrector of the press, seems to have been a character of which they had not the smallest conception. Even the title-pages appear to exhibit the very names of the authors at random, sometimes announcing the play as the work of one poet, sometimes of another, and sometimes as the joint production of both. A bookseller is somewhere introduced as reprehending *the saving ways of an ode-writer*, who, he supposed, merely to lengthen his work, would often put no more than three or four words into a line. The old printers seem to have conceived the same idea of the parsimony of poets, and therefore often without scruple run verse into prose, not adverting to measure or harmony, but solely governed by the dimensions of the page, whether divided into columns, or carried all across from one scanty margin to another. Their orthography †

* "We hope, that they outliving him, and he not having the fate common with some, to be exequutor to his own writings," &c.

Dedication of Shakespeare's Works by Heminge and Condell.

"It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished, *that the author himself had lived to have set forth, and overscene his own writings, but since it has been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right*, we pray you doe not envy his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and published them."

Preface of Heminge and Condell.

† *Their orthography*, &c.] To this article our ancestors seem to have afforded very little attention: *ingenious* for *ingenuous*, *alter* for *altar*, *cozen* for *cousin*, *desert* for *desart*, *talents* for *talons*, *then* for *than*, &c. &c. continually occur in the old books. Nor does there seem to have been any greater regard paid to proper names; one of our poets, for instance, we find called *Fleatcher*, *Fleecher*, and *Fletcher*; and the other, *Beamont*, *Beamount*, and *Beaumont*. The name of *Shakespeare* is spelt at least a dozen ways. We are told, in the first note on the Dunciad of "an *autograph* of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appeared that he spelt his own name without the first *e*." Yet even this *autograph* is not decisive. In the register-book at Stratford upon Avon, the name of the family is regularly entered *Shakspere*. In the poet's own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-Office, Doctor's Commons, his name is spelt THREE different ways. In the body of the will it is always written *Shackspeare*: this, however, may be ascribed to the lawyer. The will consists of three sheets, the first of which is legibly subscribed *Shackspere*; the two others *Shakspeare*. It must be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as situation of the first signature, is different from that of the two following: but it appears extraordinary that a stranger should attempt to falsify a signature, which is usually subscribed to each sheet for the sake of giving authenticity to so solemn an instrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the testator. Mr. Garrick, however, has now in his possession the lease of a house formerly situated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that poet. As a party to that lease he signs his name *Shakspeare*; and the first syllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickshire, with the short *a*, *Shak-* and not *Shake speare*. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the dialect of that county is more provincial than classical, and we believe that all the families, who are now known by the poet's name, both spell and pronounce it *Shakespeare*; which indeed seems most reconcilable to etimology, if etimology be at all concerned in so capricious a circumstance. Every thing, however trivial, interests an English reader, from the relation it bears to that great poet; which is the only excuse we have to offer for so long a note on a point of so little importance.

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is so generally vicious and unsettled, and their punctuation so totally defective, that the regulation of either rarely merits the triumphs that have so often been derived from it. On the whole, however, these old copies of our poets may by an intelligent reader be perused with satisfaction. The typographical errors are indeed gross and numerous; but their very number and grossness keeps the reader awake to the genuine text, and commonly renders such palpable inaccuracies not prejudicial. The genuine work of the author is there extant, though the lines are often, like a confused multitude, huddled on one another, and not marshalled and arrayed by the discipline of a modern editor.

The first folio, containing thirty-four of our authors' pieces, never till then collected or printed, was published by the players, obviously transcribed from the prompter's books, commonly the most inaccurate and barbarous of all manuscripts, or made out piecemeal from the detached parts copied for the use of the performers. Hence it happens, that the stage-direction has sometimes crept into the text, and the name of the actor is now and then substituted for that of the character. The transcribers, knowing perhaps no language perfectly, corrupted all languages; and vitiated the dialogue with false Latin, false French, false Italian, and false Spanish; nay, as Pope says of the old copies of Shakespeare, "their very Welch is false."

The players, however, notwithstanding the censure of Pope, "yet from *Cibber* sore," seem to have been, at least with regard to our poets, as faithful and able editors as others of that period. It is most natural to suppose that the playhouse manuscript contained the real work of the author, though perhaps ignorantly copied, and accommodated to the use of the theatre. A writer in his closet often silently acquiesces in the excellence of a continued declamation; but if at any time the audience, like Polonius, cry out, "This is too long," such passages are afterwards naturally curtailed or omitted in the representation; but the curious reader, "being less *fastidious* than the *proud* spectator" (for in such terms Horace speaks of the spectator) is pleased with the restoration of those passages in print. "Players," says Pope, "are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*." The comparison is more ludicrous and sarcastic than it is just. The poet himself, who makes the clothes, may rather be called the tailor; actors are at most but the empty beaux that wear them, and the spectators censure or admire them. A tailor, however, if players must be the tailors, though not equal in science to a statuary or an anatomist, must yet be conceived to have a more intimate knowledge of the human form than a blacksmith or a carpenter; and if many of the actors know but little of the drama, they would probably have known still less of it, had they not been retainers to the stage. Some improvements, as well as corruptions of the drama, may undoubtedly be derived from the theatre. Cibber, *idle Cibber*, wrote for the stage with more success than Pope. Æschylus, Sophocles, Plautus, and Terence, were soldiers and freedmen; Shakespeare and Moliere were actors.

The second folio contained the first complete collection of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Concerning that edition we have nothing to add to what has been said by other editors, whose prefaces we have annexed to our own.

The octavo editors of 1711 seemed to aim at little more than reprinting our authors' plays, and giving a collection of them more portable and convenient

venient than the folios. Their text, however, is more corrupt than that of either the quartos or folios, the errors of which they religiously preserved, adding many vicious readings of their own, some of which have been combated in very long notes by their successors.

In the year 1742, Theobald, on the success and reputation of his Shakespeare, projected an edition of the works of Ben Jonson. What he had executed of it, fell into the hands of Mr. Whalley, and is inserted in that learned and ingenious gentleman's edition. At the same time he exhibited proposals for a publication of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; in which he was afterwards assisted by Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson: but Theobald dying before he had committed more than the first and about half the second volume to the press, the undertaking was continued by the two last-mentioned gentlemen; and the edition thus jointly, or rather severally, executed by Theobald, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Sympson, at length appeared in the year 1750. These gentlemen were the first editors of our poets who professed to collate the old copies, to reform the punctuation, and to amend the corruptions of the text. Some attempts also were made to elucidate the obscurities, and enforce the excellencies of their authors. How far we disagree or coincide with them will appear on inspection of the particular passages to which their several observations refer. At present it will be sufficient to declare, that we should have been inclined to entertain a more respectful opinion of their labours, if they had not very early betrayed that confidence which every reader is tempted to repose in an editor, not only by their carelessness, but by the more unpardonable faults of faithlessness and misrepresentation. Their reports of the state of the old copies can never safely be taken on trust, and on examination many of those copies will appear to be both negligently collated, and untruly quoted. Their punctuation also, notwithstanding their occasional self-approbation, is almost as inaccurate as that of the most ancient and rude editions; and their critical remarks have, in our opinion, oftener been well intended, than conceived. Their work, however, has in the main conduced to the illustration of our authors, and we have seized every fair occasion to applaud the display of their diligence, as well as the efforts of their critical acuteness and sagacity. Such of their notes as appeared incontestible, or even plausible, we have adopted without remark; to those more dubious we have subjoined additional annotations; those of less consequence we have abridged; and those of no importance we have omitted.

In the present edition, it has been our chief aim to give the old text as it lies in the old books, with no other variations, but such as the writers themselves, had they superintended an impression of their works, or even a corrector of the press, would have made. Yet even these variations, if at all important, have not been made in silence. Notes, however, have been subjoined to the text as briefly and as sparingly as possible; but the lapse of time, and fluctuation of language, have rendered some notes necessary for the purpose of explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, and obscure or distant allusions. Critical remarks, and conjectural emendations, have been seldom hazarded, nor has any ridicule been wantonly thrown on former editors, who have only sometimes been reprehended for pompous affectation, and more frequently for want of care and fidelity. Every material comment on these plays has been retained in this edition, though often without the long and ostentatious notes that

first

first introduced those comments to the public. At the same time, we have religiously attributed every observation, critical or philological, to its due author, not wishing to claim any praise as editors, but by industriously endeavouring, as an act of duty, to collect from all quarters every thing that might contribute to illustrate the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

To conclude, we have beheld with pity and indignation the mean parade of many modern editors, and we have endeavoured to fulfil their duties without imbibing their arrogance. We are perhaps too proud to indulge so poor a vanity; at least, we are too much occupied to litigate readings we think of small importance, and too honest to claim restorations not our own, or to propose readings as corrections that are no more than restorations. The stationer has not disgraced our authors with tobacco-paper; the press, we trust, has done its duty; and the rolling-press, at a very considerable expence, has added its assistance. The cuts, if we are not deceived, are for the most part happily designed, and well executed, and will probably be deemed an agreeable addition to the work: at least, we may with truth assert, that no authors in the English language, published at the same price, have so many and so valuable engravings.

The province of a painter and an editor are directly opposite. In the first instance the canvas receives its chief value from the artist, and in the second the artist derives almost all his consequence from the canvas. The editor, if he lives, is carried down the stream of time by his author; and if the author be excellent, and his commentary judicious,

> Still shall his little bark attendant sail,
> Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

For our parts, we have been incited to this undertaking from a real admiration of these poets, grounded, as we apprehend, on their genuine excellencies, and a thorough persuasion that the works of Beaumont and Fletcher may proudly claim a second place in the English drama, nearer to the first than the third, to those of Shakespeare; some of their plays being so much in his manner, that they can scarcely be distinguished to be the work of another hand.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT.

The following passage, extracted from Mr. Capell's Notes on Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, is particularly worthy the attention of the readers of all the dramatic performances produced in that age. Without adverting to the form of the stage, and the nature of its decorations at that period, several passages in old plays are rather obscure, and sometimes scarcely intelligible.—It were to be wished, indeed, that the ingenious and elaborate commentator had quoted some authorities; but, from his known fidelity and diligence, there is no doubt but that the information here given may be depended on, as genuine and authentic.

"But this [*the custom of Shakespeare's stage, of having womens' parts acted by boys*] was not the only defect of the stage that these plays were brought out upon; another, and more considerable, was its fittings out: scenes were unknown to it; all its decorations were—certain arras or tapestries in front, and some on the sides, with slips between: the platform was double, the hinder or back part of it rising some little matter above that in the front; and this served them for chambers or galleries, for Juliet to hold discourse from with Romeo, and for Cleopatra in this play to draw up Antony dying*; and this upper stage too, it is probable, was the place of performance for those little engrafted pieces that Shakespeare has given us, as—the Play in Hamlet, Masque in the Tempest, &c.—the persons to whom they were presented, sitting upon the lower. That this was their stage's construction, and continued to be so, (perhaps, as low down as the general reform of it at the restoration, the æra of scenes and of actresses) is evinced beyond doubting, from entries that are found in some plays of rather a later date than the poet's; in which are seen the terms—*upper*, and *lower*; and dialogues pass between persons, standing some on the one and some on the other stage: and this form it received from the earliest pieces produced on it,—the Mysteries: for the exhibition of which, the platform had yet another division; a part beyond the two we are speaking of, and rising higher than them; upon which appeared their *Pater Cælestis*, attended by angels; patriarchs and glorified persons upon that in the middle, and mere men on the lowermost: and hell (a most necessary member of these curious productions, for without there had been no entertainment for some of their auditors) was represented by a great gaping hole on the side of that platform, that vomited something like flames; out of which their greatest jokers, the devils, ascended at times, and mixed with the men; and into which, they were commonly driven in heaps at the drama's conclusion: but this hell, and the higher division, vanished with the mysteries; and the stage's form, after that, was as above. The poverty of this apparatus had one very considerable effect upon the persons that wrote for it; the setting of which in its due

* This upper stage must have been also made use of in several of the plays of our poets; particularly in Bonduca, Maid's Tragedy, Custom of the Country, Loyal Subject, Chances, Prophetess, Double Marriage, Knight of Malta, Love's Cure, Woman's Prize, Island Princess, Night-Walker, Noble Kinsmen, Masque, Four Plays; and probably in some others.

light

light being of some consequence to the poet's reputation, in a matter that has been objected to him, it is upon that account chiefly that this detail of his stage is entered into: naked as it was, and quite motionless; without scenes, or machinery, not so much as a trap-door for a ghost to rise out of; the spectator had nothing to aid him, or contribute to his deception: fancy pieced out all these defects, as well as it could; and its powers were called out upon,—to imagine the same unchangeable spot to be a hall, a chamber, a palace, a cottage, a ship, lawn, field of battle, &c. This call upon their auditors' fancy, to which the poets were driven by their stage's penuriousness, made them hardy to go a step farther, and bring things upon it that cannot be represented on any stage; not even upon the present, under all its improvements, or under any other that can be imagined; but they thought, and thought rightly,—that it was but a strain or two more, and the same active power in their audience that could make them see places and actions of which there was not even the shadow, could picture others out to them of greater difficulty; such as—Pompey's entertainment on shipboard, and the monument scenes in this act."

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THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

The first edition we meet with of this Tragedy was printed in 1619. The Commendatory Verses by Howard, Stanley, Herrick, and Waller, speak of Fletcher as the sole Author of it; those by Earle, ascribe it to Beaumont; but it is generally believed to be their joint production. It always met with great applause till the reign of Charles II. who forbid its representation. Mr. Waller then wrote a new fifth act, rendering the catastrophe fortunate, which is printed in a volume of that gentleman's poems; and with which Langbaine, and all the dramatic historiographers since, assert it was again brought on the stage, and received as much applause as ever. But this revival is much doubted; because Mr. Fenton, in his notes on Waller, says, he had been assured by his friend Southerne, that in the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, he had seen this play acted at the Theatre-Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Waller's alterations.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

KING.
LYSIPPUS, *brother to the King.*
AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*
MELANTIUS, } *brothers to Evadne.*
DIPHILUS, }
CALIANAX, *an old humorous lord, and father to Aspatia.*
CLEON, } *gentlemen.*
STRATO, }
DIAGORAS, *a servant to Calianax.*

WOMEN.

EVADNE, *wife to Amintor.*
ASPATIA, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*
ANTIPHILA, } *waiting-gentlewomen to Aspatia.*
OLYMPIAS, }
DULA, *a lady.*
NIGHT, }
CYNTHIA, } *masquers.*
NEPTUNE, }
ÆOLUS, }

SCENE, *Rhodes.*

ACT I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, and Diphilus.

Cleon. THE rest are making ready, Sir.

Lys. So let them; there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord; we'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry, What think'st thou of the masque? [1] will it be well?

Strat. As well as masque can be.

Lys. As masque can be?

Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom, in person of some god: They're ty'd to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter Melantius.

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me, Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes. Thou, that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace! The breath of kings is like the breath of gods; My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here. He will be too kind, and weary thee with Often welcomes. But the time doth give thee A welcome above his, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends, More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same It ever was to you: Where I find worth, I love the keeper till he let it go, And then I follow it.

[1] *What think'st thou of* a *masque?*] It should be, *the* masque. It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to ask, whether it will be well to have one; but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's answer and the sequel of the play plainly shew. *Mr. Seward.*

Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He, that rejoices not at your return
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty;
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria: Thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my king's straight command; which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis true, Melantius;
He might not come, till the solemnity
Of this great match was past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, I have given cause to those, that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure. [me:
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for
The music must be shrill, and all confus'd,
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend: [perate;
His worth is great; valiant he is, and tem-
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast, [me,
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Enter Aspatia, passing by.

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot
That thou hast ty'd to day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!
Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud,
When they were good. [*Exit.*
Mel. How's this?
Lys. You are mistaken,
For she is not married.
Mel. You said Amintor was.
Diph. 'Tis true; but——
Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor
That he should marry her.
Lys. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.
Mel. Who hath he taken then?
Lys. A lady, Sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The king my brother did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the king?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will with so sad a look
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother[2] under my command,

[2] *She has a brother, &c.*] The critics in all ages, upon dramatic poems, have laid it down for a rule, that an *incident* should be prepared, but not prevented; that is, not foreseen, so as to take off the surprise: For then the whole pleasure of the *incident* is pall'd, and has no effect upon the audience or readers. These preparatives, therefore, must seem by chance to the spectators, though they are always designedly thrown in by the poet. "*In multis œconomia comicorum poetarum ità se habet, ut* casu *putet spectator venisse quod* consilio *scriptorum factum sit:*" says Donatus upon Terence. This is the most artful preparation, that I remember in all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, for an *incident* which is in no kind suspected. Melantius says, he has a brother of Aspatia under his command, most like her in the softness of face and feature. This brother never appears in any scene through the play: But when Aspatia comes in boys clothes to fight with Amintor, to obtain her death from his hand, and tells him,

"For

Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Enter Amintor.

Cle. My lord, the bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword, [dwell;
As she was wont: May she build there and
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence! [give,
What endless treasures would our enemies
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I'm but poor [mother
In words; but credit me, young man, thy
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: All the wounds I have
Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was war.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day. [hear

Mel. I fear thou'rt grown too fickle, for I
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms, I know not.

Amin. She had my promise; but the king
forbad it, [sister,
And made me make this worthy change, thy
Accompanied with graces far above her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.

Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.

Lys. We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus—[3] [trouble you

Amin. We'll all attend you.[4] We shall
With our solemnities.

Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough tho' I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart,
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.[5]
But you stand still, and here my way lies.[6]

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better for shame; you let in all the world, and anon the king will rail at me—why, very well said—by Jove, the king will have the show i'th' court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? You know he'll have it here. [not.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

"For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture; and her, mine; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia;"

this fore-mention of the brother, here, makes the *incident* the more probable, and striking; as Amintor must have heard of such a brother, and could have no suspicion that he was going to draw his sword against Aspatia. The audience are equally amused with the fallacy.

Mr. Theobald.

[3] Mr. Theobald's edition says here,

Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.

but as we find no authority for this note of direction, we have not ventured to insert it, though we believe our Authors intended those persons to depart at this place.

[4] *We'll all attend you. We shall, &c.*] An explanation of this and Melantius's speech seems requisite. News being brought that the masquers wait, Lysippus is calling on the company, and Amintor says, "We'll all attend you." They depart, and Amintor, turning to Melantius, continues, "We shall trouble you with [beg you to partake of] our solemnities." "No," replies Melantius; "though you may laugh at my being so uncourtly, you must excuse me: But I have a mistress to bring to your diversions." He then enters into a digression about this mistress; till recollecting that it was necessary for Amintor to attend the exhibition, and for him to fetch the lady, he interrupts himself with "But I detain you, and neglect my own engagement."

[5] *There is no place that I can challenge,* gentlemen.] Thus the first edition reads; Mr. Theobald's,

There's no place I can challenge gentle in't;

All the intermediate copies exhibit the reading of the present text.

[6] At the end of this scene, the old editions say, *exit*; that of 1711, *exeunt*; Mr. Theobald's, *exeunt severally*; which, we apprehend, is the proper reading.

Cal. One may swear out his heart with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—look to't, who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judg'd by all the company, whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off: I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near kill'd her amongst them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve, that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken.—Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! Codes, Codes! [*Knock within.*] What now?

Mel. [*within*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

Enter Melantius and a Lady.

Mel. None but this lady, Sir.

Diag. The ladies are all plac'd above, save those that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, Sir. When I have seen you plac'd, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there—room for my lord Melantius—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you.—So, now thrust and hang.—Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: 'Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues!—Again! who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O, my lord, I must. Make room there for my lord.

Enter Melantius.

Is your lady plac'd? [*To Mel.*

Mel. Yes, Sir,
I thank you. My lord Calianax, well met.
Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance! But be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so. Who plac'd the lady
So near the presence of the king? [there,

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why? [worth.

Cal. The place is kept for women of more

Mel. More worth than she? It mis-becomes your age,
And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, 'tis well if I stand here to place mens' wenches. [safety,

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my
And thorough all, cut that poor sickly week,
Thou hast to live, away from thee. [whore.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your

Mel. Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood,
He lyes, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

Diag. Good my lord!

Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man, [nour.
That I may kill him, and not stain mine ho-
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be brav'd by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. 'Would, that blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make
Apt to say less, or able to maintain, [thee
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. What vile injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years [
Are most contemptible.

Amin. Good Sir, forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as yourself.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The king is coming in:
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging. He did hear
You were at difference now, which hast'ned him.

Cal. Make room there! [*Hautboys play within.*

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, lords and ladies.

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love

Is with thee still: But this not a place
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have my hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to it. I do love you both:
Calianax, you look well to your office;
And you, Melantius, are welcome home,
Begin the masque! [choice.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your
You look'd with my eyes when you took that
Be happy in him! [man:
[*Recorders play.*
Evad. O, my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful, than this day
Can be unto me.

THE MASQUE.

Night rises in mists.

Night. Our reign is come; for in the raging sea
The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day.
Bright Cinthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.
Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite[7] through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face;
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter Cinthia.

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.
Methinks, they shew like to those eastern streaks [breaks!
That warn us hence, before the morning
Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.
Cinth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I [by,
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.
Night. Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.
Cinth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleas'd to speak [break
Of more than may be done: We may not
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the day our room.[8]
Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy pow'r
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,
Of nymphs and shepherds: Let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own Endymion,
From the sweet flow'ry bed he lies upon,
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away;
And of this long night let him make a day.
Cinth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: Poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,
Thou pow'r of deeps; thy surges lade away,[9]

[7] Quite *thro' a cloud.*] This is the reading of all the copies; but we think *quick* would be a much better word, and therefore more likely to have been used by our Authors.

[8] To this speech of Cinthia the ten following lines are first added in the edition of 1630, fifteen years after the death of Beaumont, five after that of Fletcher. They have maintained their situation in the text ever since; but as we apprehend they contain not the least poetic fire, nor ingenious imagery, which can entitle them to a place with the other parts of this masque, or induce us to believe they came from either Beaumont's or Fletcher's pen, we have ventured to remove them to this place; and apprehend, if any apology is necessary, it must be for not totally cutting off their association with the writings of such deservedly-admired poets.

> "Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our pow'r
> To give our servants one contented hour,
> With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
> As may for ever after force them hate
> Our brother's glorious beams; and wish the night
> Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light:
> For almost all the world their service bend
> To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend;
> Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
> Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes."

[9] *Thy surges* laid *away.*] The printed word hitherto has been *laid*; but I think it scarce sense. Neptune in leaving the ocean is never supposed either to bring his surges with him, or lay them aside, but barely to leave them. The word *lade* will signify his parting the waves with his trident to give him a free passage; which is an image quite poetical. *Mr. Seward.*

Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

Neptune rises.

Nept. Cinthia, see,
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me know,
Why I ascend?
Cinth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cinthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cinth. Hie thee then,
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.
Let loose thy subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was, here
Still keep him fast chain'd: We must have none
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear;
Such as blow flow'rs, and thro' the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring:
These are our music. Next, thy watry race
Bring on in couples (we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night), each in their richest things
Your own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.[10]
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.
Nept. Ho! the [11] wind-
Commanding Æolus!

Enter Æolus out of a Rock.

Æol. Great Neptune?
Nept. He.
Æol. What is thy will?
Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cinthia; but tie Boreas straight;
He's too rebellious.
Æol. I shall do it.
Nept. Do.[12]——
Æol. Great master of the flood, and all below,
Thy full command has taken.——Ho! the main!
Neptune! [Main!
Nept. Here.
Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
He will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds;[13] 'till this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the Moon.
Fly, like a full sail.
Æol. I am gone.

[10] It has been suggested to us, by a gentlemen whose judgment we have the greatest reason to rely on, and whose assistance we are happy to enjoy, that this passage wants explanation. We apprehend it means, "Bring on in couples your watry race, naïads, tritons, &c, adorned with the richest ornaments your waters naturally produce, or which wrecked vessels can furnish them with." So afterwards, in Neptune's charge to Æolus, he says, "Tell them to put on their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone the *beaten rock breeds*."

[11] *Ho! the wind*
Commanding Æolus!] All the editions have mistaken the intention of the authors here. 'Tis well known Æolus, in poetic fable, was the master and controuler of the winds; which he was supposed to keep bound in a cave, and to let loose upon the ocean as he was commanded by Neptune. He is therefore called here the wind-commanding Æolus; a compound adjective which must be wrote with an *hyphen*, as I have reformed the text. The editors were led into a mistake by the word being divided, and put into two lines for the preservation of the rhyme. I ought to take notice, for two reasons, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson joined with me in starting this correction: Because it is doing justice to the sagacity of my friends; and, besides, it is certainly a great confirmation of the truth of an emendation, where three persons, all distant from one another, strike out the same observation. *Mr. Theobald.*

[12] In the first edition of this play we read,

Nept. *Do*, —— *master of the flood and all below*;
Thy full command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the main*;
Neptune. Nept. *Here.*

In all the others, the blanks between *do* and *master* is filled up with the word *great*. Mr. Seward would fill it up with *We're*, and give the speech to Neptune; thus,

Nept. *Do.*
We're *master of the flood, and all below*
Thy full command has taken. Æol. *Ho! the main!*
Neptune!—Nept. *Here.*

We have followed Mr. Theobald's edition; thinking his mode, however awkward and hasty the departures and re entrances of Æolus may be, preferable to Mr. Seward's conjecture; and also to the older editions, which cannot be followed; for our Authors could not mean to make Neptune call Æolus "master of the flood."

[13] *The* beaten *rock breeds.*] The old quarto's read, *beating*; the edition of 1711, *bearing*; Mr. Theobald's, *beaten*; which we suppose to be the true reading.

Cinth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence; do a thorough right
To this great chorus; that our music may
Touch high as Heav'n, and make the East break day
At mid-night. [*Music.*

SONG.

Cinthia, to thy power and thee,
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
'Till the rites of love are ended;
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watry pow'rs below;
Let your feet,
Like the gallies when they row,
Even beat.
Let your unknown measures, set
To still the winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial.
[*The measure.*

SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have
The day will come too soon; [done:
Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride. [cover
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness
The kisses of her lover. [cryings,
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay, and hide all;
But help not, tho' she call.

Nept. Great queen of us and Heav'n, hear what I bring
To make this hour a full one,
If not o'ermeasure.[14]
Cinth. Speak, sea's king.
Nept. The[15] tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as the sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.
[*Measure.*

SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side:
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone; [maid;
That they may kiss while they may say, a
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.
Hesperus be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

Æol. Ho! Neptune!
Nept. Æolus.
Æol. The seas go high,
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: Go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods, and all their power,
To strike a calm. [16]
Cinth. A thanks to ev'ry one, and to congratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare
To let the day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your government in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the
And win upon the island. [waste,
Nept. We obey.

[*Neptune descends, and the sea gods.*

Cinth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; seest thou not Day?
The East begins to lighten: I must down,
And give my brother place.

[14] *If not* her *measure.*] This is the reading of the old quarto's. Mr. Theobald not comprehending the passage, arbitrarily expunges it. The easy alteration admitted into the text is the emendation of Mr. Seward; which certainly (as he says) 'by a very slight change, restores good sense to the words.'

[15] The *tunes my Amphitrite joys, &c.*] The old editions read, THY *tunes*, which is plainly an error of the press. The meaning of the passage is briefly this: Neptune tells Cynthia, that in order to add to the celebrity of the present hour, he has brought those airs, with which Amphitrite was wont to be delighted, as the prelude to a storm; and which, accordingly, he orders his tritons to play.

[16] Mr. Theobald remarks, 'As the rhymes are here interrupted, something *must* be lost; a 'defect which is not to be supplied by conjecture.' However, in that gentleman's edition we find this defect partly supplied; for he reads,

Descend with all thy *Gods, and all their power,*
To strike a calm. *Cinth.* We thank you for this hour:
My favour to you all. *To gratulate*
So great a service, &c.

We have followed the old copies; from which we never chuse to depart, as Mr. Theobald often does, without any authority, without improving the poetry, or adding to the sense.

Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axletree; [queen.
And all fall drench'd. But I forgot, speak,
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cinth. Heave up thy drowsy head again,
A greater light, a greater majesty, [and see
Between our sect and us![17] Whip up thy team!
The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam
Shot from the South. Say which way wilt thou go?
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cinth. I into day. [*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

King. Take lights there. Ladies, get the bride to bed. [tor;
We will not see you laid. Good-night, Amin-
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you.
King. Good-night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other ladies.

Dula. MADAM, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are naked, you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be merrier far, if 'twere
With me as 'tis with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go to bed with him
Wi' th' credit that you do.[18]
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st, belike, there is no modesty
When we are alone. [aright.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts
Evad. You prick me, lady.
Dula. 'Tis against my will.
Anon you must endure more, and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure this wench is mad. [had
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have
Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam? where?
We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.
Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.
Evad. Will take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do? [know.
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it. [it.
She will pluck down aside; she does not use
Evad. Why, do.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. 'Would, thou could'st instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia! [dwell:
Nothing but sad thought in her breast do
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love, too,
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers [been
With sacrifice, than now. This should have

[17] *Between our* sect *and us*;] This is nonsense. The Night and Cinthia both talk of the morning's approach, and that they must go down; till the latter finds out, that they are only the rays of light shot from the king and court, which they mistook for the day-break. Hence it's plain, it should be wrote—*Between our* set *and us*; *i. e.* our setting, or, going down.
Mr. Seward.

We admit the justice of Mr. Seward's explanation of the sense of this passage; but do not see the necessity for any alteration. We have therefore followed the old copies; which only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightness of the court transcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendor of the Day.

[18] Mr. Theobald apprehends (we think with reason) that these and Dula's two preceding lines form a stanza of some old known ballad.

My night; and all your hands have been em-
In giving me a spotless offering [ploy'd
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both thought so! Perhaps, he found me worthless:
But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. 'Would, I could! then should I leave the cause. [mirth.

Evad. See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's

Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.

Dula. That not so good; let 'em shoot any thing but fire, I fear 'em not.

Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good-night: I'll do the rest myself.

Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear;
Say, I died true:
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. 'I could never have the pow'r:' Sing that, Dula.

Dula. I could never have the pow'r
To love one above an hour, [eye
But my heart would prompt mine
On some other man to fly:
Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam, good-night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you. May no discontent [do,
Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me.
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth
With flatt'ring ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee [*Exit. Evad.*

Omnes. Madam, good-night.

1 *Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter Amintor.

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Dula. You'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love,
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be deny'd.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refus'd,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.

[*Exit.*

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?

Omnes. Good-night, my lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all!

[*Exeunt ladies.*

I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.
Mine eyes run: This is strange at such a time.
It was the king first mov'd me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
'Go not to bed.' My guilt is not so great
As my own conscience, too sensible [mise,
Would make me think: I only break a pro-
And 'twas the king that forc'd me. Tim'rous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Enter Evadne.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things. Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold.
The vapours of the night will not fall here:
To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Cam'st thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my love,

And let us loose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,
'Till I have banish'd sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why? I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How! sworn, Evadne?
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; [me.
And will swear again, if you will wish to hear
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great. [bride.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a
Evad. The coyness of a bride? [thee.
Amin. How prettily that frown becomes
Evad. Do you like it so? [a look,
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such
But I shall like it.
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder
It shews as thou wert angry. [looks.
Evad. So, perhaps,
I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me, [me:
Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.
Amin. I will not swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would, thou would'st.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.
Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.
Evad. Know it then, and do't.
Amin. Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:
I cannot find one blemish in thy face, [bed.
Where falshood should abide. Leave, and to
If you have sworn to any of the virgins,
That were your old companions, to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years? [19]
Amin. Sure, she raves. This cannot be
Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood. [mad,
Evad. Neither, Amintor: Think you I am
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceiv'd.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter; for the oracle

[19] ——*A maidenhead, Amintor, At my years?*] Mr. Rhymer, (in his *Tragedies* of the last age *consider'd* and *examin'd* by the practice of the *ancients)* not without justice exclaims against the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character. But as the colouring of his critical reflections is generally so gross and glaring, I shall refer those readers, who have curiosity enough, to his book, without quoting from him on this subject. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald allows the justice of Mr. Rhymer's exclamation at the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character; as if the poets were not as sensible of it as Mr. Rhymer, and had not sufficiently punished her for it. The anger of these gentlemen at the *character*, is the very passion designed to be raised by it; but they mistook the *object* of their anger, and were as much in the wrong as an audience would be, who were violently angry with a good player for representing Macbeth, Iago, or Richard, as such consummate villains. The questions which a critic should ask are, *whether the character is natural?* and *whether proper for the stage or not?* As to the first; Nature, we fear, gives but too many sad examples of such effrontery in women, who, when abandoned to their vices, are observed to be sometimes more reprobate in them than the worst of men. Beside this, there is a remarkable beauty in the effrontery and haughtiness of Evadne's character; she has a *family likeness* to her *brother*; she is a *female* Melantius depraved by vicious love. And if there are any of her expressions which seem now too gross for the stage, it is sufficient to say, they were far from being thought gross in the age they were wrote. *Mr. Seward.*

Much in support of this observation may be seen in Mr. Seward's preface.

Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night,
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.
Amin. I dream! Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right.
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feign'd,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hath sent me, or the world
Shall know: There's not an altar that will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.
Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here, by all things holy, do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.
Is your doubt over now?
Amin. I know too much. 'Would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
Ye pow'rs above, if you did ever mean [way
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a
How he may bear himself, and save his ho- Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes [nour.
There is no mean, no moderate course to run:
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?[20]
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?
Evad. This rage will do no good.
Amin. Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;
Such vows as those never ascend the Heav'n;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.
Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,
This land was proud of me. What lady was there,
That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shun'd my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation, [men,
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,
To know all the joys thou hast; I know, thou wilt;
And make me careful, lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.
Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me. [to bed!
Amin. I sleep, and am too temp'rate! Come
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms—— [
Evad. Why, so, perhaps, they are.
Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!
Evad. I fear thee not. Do what thou dar'st to me!
Ev'ry ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,
Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.
Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?
Evad. Do not you hazard that.
Amin. Have you your champions? [bear
Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I for-
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wish'd act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shewn;
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.

[20] ——*Why is this night so calm?*
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us?] The Poets seem manifestly to have had in their eye this passage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus.

——*Magne regnator Deûm,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tàm lentus vides?
Ecquando cævâ fulmen emittes *manu,*
Si nunc serenum est? *Mr. Theobald.*

Amin. Do not wrong me so.
Yes, if his body were a pois'nous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, it is the king.
Amin. The king!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. 'Tis not the king!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name, 'The king,' there lies a terror. What frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please; 'till when, let us
Suffer and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then, To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable.
Amin. What a strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself Am sorry for.
Amin. Why, shew it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after-ages cross'd in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good;
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a ling'ring wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would: I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fall'n
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation! [shewn
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast
An impudence so high, that to the world,
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never That I would blaze myself. [fear
Amin. Nor let the king
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action, tho'[21] my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have lost one desire:[22] 'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed now, I resolve,
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors
May think we did as married people use.
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did.
Evad. Fear not; I will do this. [tonly
Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wan-
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.
Evad. I am content.
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus entwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

[21] That *my flesh*, &c.] The sense plainly requires *tho'*. 'Tho' my nature, says Amintor, 'could brook the injury, my honour would oblige me to revenge it.'

[22] *I have* left *one desire*; *('tis not his crown*
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,
He has dishonour'd thee;) give me thy hand,
Be careful, &c.] Thus Mr. Theobald prints these lines, preferring the word *left* (which he found in no edition but the first) to *lost*. He has, as appears by his note, misunderstood the whole passage; the obvious meaning of which is, 'I have so totally given up the desire of consummating our nuptials, that, I resolve, even the regal power should not induce me to partake 'your bed *now*, as the king has dishonour'd you.' Either word will make sense, *have left* meaning *have departed from, got rid of*.

Mr. Theobald's explanation is, 'I have one desire *left*; for it is not his crown should buy 'me to thy bed, now I *resolve*, (*i. e.* am resolved, ascertained,) that he has dishonoured thee. 'The desire is, to be careful of her credit, and sin close.' Had this been our Author's meaning, they surely would not have so glaringly bid defiance to grammar, as thus wantonly to use an active verb passively; we say *wantonly*, because, while the use of it embarrasses the sense, it does not in the least assist the poetry; to which *I'm resolv'd* would have been fully as agreeable; and, besides, it is most probable they would have said,

'Tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I'm convinc'd
He has dishonour'd thee.

We have followed the majority of the editions; to which our principal inducement was, that, as the word *lost* appears so early as 1622, it was probably a correction by Mr. Fletcher.

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila and Olympias.[23]

Asp. Away, you are not sad; force it no further. [colour
Good gods, how will you look! Such a full
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are new married!
Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.
Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it.[24] Make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers, [me,
Such as spake truth, and dy'd in't; and, like
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias:
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.
Olym. Never.
Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?
Ant. Nor I.
Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least, be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives light to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;
Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy Autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks,[25] and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man,
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls!
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone,
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she ty'd fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. Antiphila, [patia?
What would this wench do, if she were As-
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god [wench!
Turn'd her to marble? 'Tis enough, my
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.
Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?
Asp. Yes, that piece.
This should be Theseus; h'as a coz'ning face:
You meant him for a man?
Ant. He was so, madam.
Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never look back; [Theseus!
You have a full wind, and a false heart,
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?
Ant. Not as I remember.
Asp. It should have been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as ill! This false smile was
Well express'd; just such another caught me!
You shall not go on so,[26] Antiphila:
In this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear to the life, wench.
Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.
Asp. 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by wanton poets, [lady?
Live long, and be believ'd. But where's the
Ant. There, madam. [phila;
Asp. Fie! you have miss'd it here, Antiphila:
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true, but the wild island.[27]

[23] Mr. Seward, in his Preface, proposes several alterations in the scene which is now coming on; all of which we intended mentioning, and giving our reasons for dissenting from, as the passages occurred. But as a gentleman, to whose opinion and abilities the greatest respect is due, has remarked to us, that thereby the pages would be so much occupied by notes as would be disagreeable to many readers, when the same observations might appear, with even more propriety, in our Preface, for that we shall reserve them.

[24] *The double tongue that did it.*
Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? speak Olympias,
Such as speak truth and dy'd in't,
And, like me, believe all faithful, and be miserable;
Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.] The transposition in these lines is prescribed (with great propriety) by Mr. Theobald.

[25] *Two* dead cold *aspicks.*] These must not be two distinct epithets, but one compound adjective with a hyphen, *dead cold*, *i. e.* cold as death: for if the aspicks were dead, how could the kiss of them do any hurt? *Mr. Theobald.*

[26] *You shall not go on.*] Mr. Seward here restores the verse, by introducing the particle *on.*

[27] *And you shall find all true but the wild island.*] Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, it is well known, was desperately in love with Theseus. She by the help of a clue extricated

Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,[28]
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desart; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken.[29] Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,
Make all a desolation Look, look, wenches!
A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym. Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point there. [ness
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sad-
Give us new souls.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd. Well, how now, huswives!
What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge [you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so resty you want heats?[30]
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged.
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus in grief;
She is forsaken.

Cal. There's a rogue too;
A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth [ass?
Was never prone that way. What, made an
A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-brav'd me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.
Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.

Cle. YOUR sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. No; it's odds, against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. You're merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then, she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them. Good-morrow, sister! Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet. Your sister is but now up.

tricated him from the labyrinth to which he was confined; and embark'd with him on his return to Athens: But he ungenerously gave her the drop on the shore of the island Naxos. Aspatia says, her case is in every particular similar, except as to the wild island.

Mr. Theobald.

[28] *Suppose, I stand.*] This is one of those passages, where the poets, rapt into a glorious enthusiasm, soar on the rapid wings of fancy. Enthusiasm I would call the very essence of poetry, since, without it, neither the happy conduct of the fable, the justness of characters or sentiments, nor the utmost harmony of metre, can altogether form the poet. It is the frequency of such noble flights as these, and their amazing rapidity, that sets the immortal Shakespeare above all other dramatic poets; and suffers none of our own nation in any degree to approach him, but Beaumont and Fletcher. *Mr. Seward.*

[29] *And let all about me*

Be teares *of my story.*] Thus reads the oldest copies; from which Mr. Theobald alters the passage to '*be* teachers *of my story.*' The second edition, printed in Fletcher's time, and every other till Mr. Theobald's, exhibit the reading we have adopted.

Mr. Theobald's reading, however, coming so near that of the oldest copy, and resembling the manner of our Authors, is extremely plausible.

[30] *What, are you grown so resty, &c.*] The old man, in this allusion, compares these young wenches to lazy, *resty* mares, that want to be rid so many *heats.* *Mr. Theobald.*

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:
I think you have not slept.
Amin. I'faith I have not.
Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventur'd for a boy: When he is twelve,
He shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Strat. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true.—But she,
As if she had drank Lethe, or had made
Even with Heav'n, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound—— [*Aside.*
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets [me,
This morning; and does turn her eyes upon
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks:
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. Ha! he does not mock me?—You had lost, indeed;
I do not use to bungle.
Cleo. You deserve her. [breath,
Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and that wild
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. [*Aside.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good-day, Amintor! for, to me, the name
Of brother is too distant: We are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wond'rous strange! [view
Mel. Why does thine eyes desire so strict a
Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But——
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves.
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not:
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but, by the course
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! [*Aside.*
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so
by nature? [tuous thoughts
Amin. I've wed thy sister, who hath vir-
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want. [ning for me.
Mel. Believe me, this compliment's too cun-
Diph. What should I be then, by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes
'Tis the prettiest sport! [down;
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord!
Amin. Come forth, my love!
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.
Evad. I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter Evadne.

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He that understands [joy;
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you
You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no
Evad. Pish! [maid now.
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mock'd.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.
Amin. Nor I, by Heav'n. [*Aside.*
Diph. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're spoil'd.[31]
Mel. Amintor!
Amin. Ha?
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I am so light'ned with my happiness!
How dost thou, love? kiss me. [me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of
Amin. Nothing but what become us. Gentlemen, [world,
Would you had all such wives, and all the

[31] Diph. *Let's see you walk.*
Evad. *By my troth, you're spoil'd.*] This is the reading of all the editions, even Mr. Theobald's. As it is impossible the words thus given to Evadne should be spoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by given them to her brother.

That I might be no wonder! You're all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.
Mel. 'Tis well you are so [looks thus.
Amin. Well, how can I be other, when she
Is there no music there? let's dance.
Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!
Amin. I do not know myself;
Yet I could wish my joy were less.
Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.
Evad. Amintor, hark. [*Aside*
Amin. What says my love? I must obey.
Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.
Cleo. My lord, the king is here.

Enter King and Lysipus.

Amin. Where?
Stra. And his brother.
King. Good morrow, all!
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!
And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;
I must salute you; you are now another's.
How lik'd you your night's rest;
Evad. Ill, Sir.
Amin. Ay, 'deed,
She took but little.
Lys. You'll let her take more,
And thank her too, shortly.
King. Amintor, wert
Thou truly honest 'till thou wert married?
Amin. Yes, Sir.
King. Tell me, then, how shews the sport
Amin. Why, well. [unto thee?
King. What did you do? [ples use;
Amin. No more, nor less, than other cou-
You know, what 'tis; it has but a coarse
name. [black eye,
King. But, prithee,[32] I should think, by her
And her red cheek, she should be quick and
In this same business; ha? [stirring
Amin. I cannot tell; I ne'er try'd other, Sir;
But I perceive she is as quick as you deliver'd.
King. Well, you will trust me then, Amin-
To chuse a wife for you again? [tor,
Amin. No, never, Sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heav'n will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks are yours. But if the
pow'rs
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a
Worthy to take her room. [wife
King. I do not like this.
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well. [her?
Amin. He will not tell me that he lies with
If he do, something heav'nly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!
King. You will suffer me to talk [pang?
With her, Amintor, and not have a jealous
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom
To talk, and not be jealous. [she dares
King. How do you like
Amintor?
Evad. As I did, Sir.
King. How is that? [pleasure,
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin,
They, that break word with Heav'n, will break
again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, Sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought, they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou would'st ne'er
A man but me. [enjoy
Evad. I never did swear so; you do me
King. Day and night have heard it. [wrong.
Evad. I swore, indeed, that I would never
love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bad you
trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambi-
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet [tion,
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here

[32] *But; prithee, I should think*, &c.] This king is a very vicious character throughout; first, in debauching the sister of his brave and victorious general; and then in marrying her to a young nobleman of great hopes, his general's darling friend: and forcing him to break a contract made with the daughter of his constable, or keeper, of his citadel. But why is his character so monstrously overcharged, that he should, to the impeachment of common decency, question the abused husband about his wife's complexion and vigour in conjugal caresses; and then withdraw her, out of the husband's hearing, to sift whether she had not submitted to let him pay the rites of an husband? This is a piece of conduct so flagrantly impudent, that, abandoned as we may be in private enormities, even our worst rakes would shew so much deference to the fair sex, as not to let it pass without a rebuke. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald is much mistaken in his impeachment of the king's character.—He says, it is monstrously overcharged with vices. But does not history afford us a hundred instances of such royal monsters? Indeed, when a vicious king is once persuaded that he has a *divinity* about him, that protects his *vices* and exalts him above the reach of law or justice, there is no wonder that he should abandon himself to all manner of enormities. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Theobald's remark is sensible and natural.

Upon my face; which for your royalty
I would not stain! [me
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in
To punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me, then, [body,
Not to love you, which will more afflict your
Than your punishment can mine. [thee.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with
Evad. I have not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so,
Evad. He lyes.
King. He does not. [basely!
Evad. By this light he does, strangely and
And I'll prove it so. I did not shun him
For a night; but told him, I would never close
With him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were, [true.
You are the king! But urge me not; it is most
King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts [is high
That youth brings with him, when his blood
With expectation, and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever? If he had not kill'd thee,
He could not bear it thus—(he is as we)—
Or any other wrong'd man.[33]
Evad. It is dissembling.
King. Take him! farewel! henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.
Evad. Stay, Sir!—Amintor!—You shall
Amin. What, my love? [hear.—Amintor!
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenuous look,
And shouldst be virtuous: It amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lyes!
Amin. What, my dear wife!
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissention amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The king and me.
Amin. O, Heav'n! [out distaste,
Evad. Who should live long, and love with-
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself!
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be pu-
In hell for this! [nish'd
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia, is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me. I will not lose a word
To this vile woman:[34] But to you, my king,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
You are a tyrant! [thus,
And not so much to wrong an honest man
As to take a pride in talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, Sir, see how loud this fellow ly'd. [know how men
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should
Must right themselves: What punishment is
From me to him that shall abuse my bed? [due
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your Lives through all the land,[35]
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear [weight
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heav'n's sake, think
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is[36]
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions: As you are my king,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas! I'm nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight

[33] *He could not bear it thus; he is as we,*
Or any other wrong'd man.] Thus all the editions read; but as there is no making sense of the passage so, we have ventured at a slight alteration, which, we think, restores the Authors' meaning.

[34] *To this* wild *woman.*] Thus all the editions read. We have no doubt of *vile* being the original word.

[35] *Unless I send your* Lives *through all the land.*] To send people's *Lives* through all the land is certainly a very odd and unprecedented expression. The poets, doubtless, must have wrote *limbs*, i. e. Unless I hew you to pieces, and send your quarters, (as is done by malefactors) through the kingdom, to let your subjects know my injuries, and the justice of my revenge: Your bare deaths cannot satisfy me. *Mr. Sympson.*

We must differ from Mr. Sympson, even in the first observation of his we meet with. To send their *Lives* through all the land, means, to send an account through the land of their vicious mode of life, and criminal connection.

[36] ——— *but there is*
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions;] So Shakespeare said, before our Poets, in his Hamlet:
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would;
Acts little of its will. *Mr. Theobald.*

For reason to endure! But, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say) why did you chuse out me
To make thus wretched? There were thousand
Easy to work on, and of state enough, [fools
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still——It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world!
But there were wise ones too; you might have
Another. [ta'en
King. No; for I believe thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness
Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it! Good my lord the king,
Be private in it.
King, Thou may'st live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast!
A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and, after life, upon my soul! [her;
King. Well, I am resolute you lie not with
And so I leave you. [*Exit King.*
Evad. You must needs be prating;
And see what follows.
Amin. Prithee, vex me not!
Leave me: I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit Evadne.*
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.
[*Exit.*

Enter Melantius.

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's
Or friendship shall be idle. [griefs,

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O Melantius, my daughter will die.
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry.
'Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be
And lose thine offices. [heard to rave,
Cal. I am valiant grown,
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave! Some company will come,
and I respect [wish
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could
To laugh at thee alone. [with thee.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth: I mean to fight
There lie, my cloak! This was my father's
sword,
And he durst fight. Are you prepar'd?
Mel. Why wilt thou doat thyself out of thy
life?
Hence, get thee to bed! have careful looking-
And eat warm things, and trouble not me: [to,
My head is full of thoughts, more weighty
Than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you
stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man,
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw. [death
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to
kill me.
Tempt me not so far then: The pow'r of earth
Shall not redeem thee.
Cal. I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay.
Cal. I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy.
Mel. Sir, will you be gone? [beat
Cal. I dare not stay; but I'll go home, and
My servants all over for this. [*Exit Calianax.*
Mel. This old fellow haunts me!
But the distracted carriage of my Amintor
Takes deeply on me: I will find the cause.
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief [then?
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. 'Would I knew it; for the rareness
Afflicts me now.
Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our
friendship of late, for we were wont to change
our souls in talk.[37]

[37] *For we were wont to* charge *our souls in talk.*] This is flat nonsense, by the mistake of a single letter. The slight alteration I have made, [inserting *change* for *charge*] gives us the true meaning. So, in *A King and No King*,

——— *or for honesty to* interchange *my bosom with*, &c.

And,

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you; not of an idle jest, that's fore'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd your words [carriage Fall from your tongue wildly; and all your Like one that strove to shew his merry mood, When he were ill dispos'd: You were not wont To put such scorn into your speech, or wear Upon your face ridiculous jollity. [would Some sadness sits here, which your cunning Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amin. A sadness here! what cause Can fate provide for me, to make me so? Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The king Rains greatness on me. Have I not receiv'd A lady to my bed, that in her eye Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks[38] Immutable colour, in her heart A prison for all virtue? Are not you, Which is above all joys, my constant friend? What sadness can I have? No; I am light, And feel the courses of my blood more warm And stirring than they were. Faith, marry And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy [too; In chaste embraces, that you will indeed Appear another.

Mel. You may shape, Amintor, Causes to cozen the whole world withal, And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend, To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature To be thus idle: I have seen you stand As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth; Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend Is nothing. Heav'n, I would have told that man My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land, And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here. Come with a compliment! I would have fought, Or told my friend 'he ly'd,' ere sooth'd him so. Out of my bosom!

Amin. But there is nothing——

Mel. Worse and worse! farewel! [friend. From this time have acquaintance, but no

Amin. Melantius, stay: You shall know what it is.

Mel. See,[39] how you play'd with friendship! Be advis'd How you give cause unto yourself to say, You have lost a friend.

Amin. Forgive what I have done; For I am so o'ergone with injuries Unheard-of, that I lose consideration Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!

Mel. Do not weep. What is it? May I once but know the man Hath turn'd my friend thus!

Amin. I had spoke at first, But that——

Mel. But what?

Amin. I held it most unfit For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou seest my love, that will keep company With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me; For when I know the cause of thy distemper, With mine old armour I'll adorn myself, My resolution, and cut through thy foes,

And, again,

And then how dare you offer to change *words with her?*

Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson concurred with me in starting this emendation.

Mr. Theobald.

[38] ——— *and on her tender cheeks*

Inevitable *Colour,*] This epithet, I know, signifies, not to be *avoided,* not to be *eschewed*; but I don't remember that it takes in the idea of *not to be resisted*; which is the sense required here. The old quarto of 1619 has it, *Immutable* colour,—but metre and emphasis prove that to be a corrupted reading; out of which, I dare be confident, I have extracted the genuine lection: *Inimitable* colour; *i. e.* a complection not to be paragon'd by nature, nor imitated by art. We may easily account for the depravation at press. The hand-writing in those times was almost universally what we call secretary: And their i's were wrote without tittles over them. Let us then see how minute is the difference betwixt the two words, and how liable they might be to be mistaken one for the other;

Inimitable,
Immutable. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have inserted Mr. Theobald's note, because we think his conjecture ingenious; but have not ventured to disturb the text.

[39] Mel. *See, how you play'd with friendship.*] The quarrelling scene, which is now coming on, has been the subject of much criticism and controversy. Some have cry'd it up above that celebrated quarrel in Euripides's Iphigenia at Aulis, betwixt Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus: And others have decried it, as egregiously faulty in the motives, and progress; the working up, and declination of the passions. For my own part, I will venture to be no farther an umpire in the case, than in pronouncing that I have always seen it received with vehement applause; and that I think it very affecting on each side. *Mr. Theobald.*

Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this——It is too big
To get out——Let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heav'n, if he escape [this!
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to
Amin. Your sister——
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You will wish't unknown,
When you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, 'a whore,'
Though it be true. [grow
Mel. Speak yet again, before thine anger
Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of Friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd Friend!
I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They that use to utter lies
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty cause. [like this
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take then more
To raise thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However, But if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before, [you
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.
Mel. Stay awhile.
The name of Friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrust'st me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! 'Would I had dy'd, ere known
This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adult'rous king,
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it then to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king! My honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watry eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay! Mine eyes would tell
How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy. Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of Friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom: Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part! Invent a way
To give it back.
Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.
Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon!

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.
Amin. I will not hear! but draw, or I ——
Mel. Amintor! [lute
Amin. Draw then; for I am full as reso-
As fame and honour can inforce me be!
I cannot linger. Draw!
Mel. I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?
Amin. No; for it will be call'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse; and, on the king,
A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.
Mel. Then join with me.
Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy. [that's a sin,
Mel. Then dare not fight with me; for
His grief distracts him: Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of Friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.
Amin. You must. [sions
Mel. I will be kill'd first. Though my pas-
Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep, when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her [deed,
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad, in-
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save
The brav'ry of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me. [no more.
Mel. I'll do what worth shall bid me, and
Amin. 'Faith, I am sick, and desp'rately, I hope;
Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease. [you.
Mel. Come, take again your mirth about
Amin. I shall never do't. [together;
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius!
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius again.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him
To my best pow'r, and sent him smiling from me,
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me. Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent.[40]

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the king; I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd us all out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must
Thou art my brother; and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first mangle myself, and find it.
Mel. That was spoke according to our strain.
Come, join thy hands to mine,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both:
People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: We are wrong'd.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste!
[*Exit Diphilus.*
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax——But I must have it. See,

Enter Calianax.

Where he comes shaking by me. Good my lord, [you,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd
But would have peace with ev'ry man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. You're touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.
Cal. Honour? where is't?
Mel. See, what starts you make into your hatred, to my love and freedom to you. I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

[40] *Thou com'st as sent.*] This is, as *Horace* says of himself, *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.* The meaning is, thou com'st as critically, as if I had sent for thee. *Mr. Theobald.*
Melantius means, you come at such a juncture, it seems as if Heaven had sent you to aid my scheme of vengeance.

Cal. A suit of me! 'Tis very like it should be granted, Sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou'rt mad,
To talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot 'scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the king. I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this cause
Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it. I know this goes unto the king;
But I am arm'd. [*Exit Melantius.*
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again! this fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray, my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath, before I find the king.

ACT IV.

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a lady.

Mel. SAVE you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye,
Methinks, you look, Evadne——
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne: I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me;[41] I am bashful.
Come, Sir, how do I look? [me
Mel. I would not have your women hear
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go, wait me in the gallery. Now speak. [*Exeunt ladies.*
Mel. I'll lock the door first.
Evad. Why? [dance
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that
In visitation with their Milan skins,
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, Sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the court hath made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: Has it learnt you nothing?
Evad. Me? [handsome,
Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and
A lady of a sweet complection,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother! [man,
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish wo-
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base; [all
And I could blush, at these years, thorough
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parly.
Evad. I understand you not.
Mel. You dare not, fool! [brance.
They, that commit thy faults, fly the remem-
Evad. My faults, Sir! I would have you know, I care not [head.
If they were written here, here in my fore-
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;[42]

[41] *You shall, if you* command *me*;] Thus all the editions: *i. e.* If you bid me blush, I shall. Evadne is very obsequious in this condescension: but this, I dare say, was not the Poets' intentions. They meant she should say; 'Nay, if you commend me, I am bashful, and shall 'blush at your praises:' And this is confirmed by what Melantius immediately subjoins to it. *Mr. Theobald.*

[42] *Thy body is too little for the story,*
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though *she had twins within her.*] This is mock-reasoning, and *primâ facie* shews its absurdity. Surely, if a woman has twins within her, she can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident, I have restored the Poets' genuine reading. The propriety of the reasoning is a conviction of the certainty of the emendation. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr.

The lust of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucy: [way.
Look you intrude no more! There lies your
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
'Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper. [port?
Evad. How, Sir! where got you this re-
Mel. Where there were people, in every place.
Evad. They and their seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they ly'd. [wretch!
Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not,
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: Be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me [it.
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,
Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd!
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, 'till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Be gone! You are my brother; that's your safety. [brother,
Mel. I'll be a wolf first! 'Tis, to be thy
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you, [mand,
I'll have you whipp'd! Get you to your com-
And there preach to your centinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. You're grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive? By my just sword, h' ad safer
Bestrid a billow when the angry North
Plows up the sea, or made Heav'n's fire his food!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad: Sleep, and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swoll'n heart no further: I would save thee. [not:
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare
'Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud; [tell me?
Here's one should thunder to'em! will you
Thou hast no hope to 'scape: He that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,
Than come to rescue thee; thou'st death about thee.[43] [virtue,
Who has undone thine honour, poison'd thy
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd,
And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again, and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better [here.
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth!
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll kill thee; [serve it.
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt de-
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help! [help thee,
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I
Vow'd to do if thou confess not, naked, [have
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;

Mr. Theobald reads,

——— *would fill another woman,*
As though *sh'ad twins within her*;

from which it is evident, he has misunderstood our Authors: They do not mean an internal, but an external filling. Your whole body, says Melantius, is so far from being large enough to contain an account of your lusts, that, if it were wrote all over, there would still remain enough of the story to cover the body of another woman, even though she were swelled with twins. Either way, however, it must be allowed, the thought and expression are rather uncouth.

[43] *Thou'st death about thee:*
Has *undone thine honour*.] The latter editions read, '*he* has undone;' that it should be *who*, and that Melantius is still questioning Evadne about the destroyer of her innocence, is not, we think, to be doubted.

That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou
Evad. Yes. [bend yet?
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I am miserable!
Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended:
Noble Sir, forgive me.
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, Sir.
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again:
My sword's unsheathed yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask [nature
Mine honour first.—I've too much foolish
In me: Speak.
Evad. Is there none else here? [too many.
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's
Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are lib'rally rewarded. King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my own metal: These are soldiers' thanks!
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. 'Would I were half as blameless.
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again!
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. 'Would gods th' hadst been so blest.
Dost thou not hate this king now? prithee hate him. [thee, curse him.
Couldst thou not curse him? I command
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in
Any loose flame hereafter. [one brave anger
Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mong all those,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?
Evad. All the gods forbid it!
Mel. No; all the gods require it, they are dishonour'd in him.
Evad. 'Tis too fearful. [enough
Mel. You're valiant in his bed, and bold
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy Sir,
For meat and coarser cloaths: Thus far you
Come, you shall kill him. [know no fear.
Evad. Good Sir! [smother him.
Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thoud'st
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with ev'ry finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I shall call thee to it; or by all
Holy in Heav'n and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,[44] [wealth
And, both to Heav'n held up, swear, by that
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.
Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abused ladies,
Help me in this performance!
Mel. Enough. This must known to none
But you and I, Evadne: not to your lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring; ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewel. [*Exit Mel.*
Evad. 'Would I could say so to my black disgrace! [friended,
Oh, where have I been all this time? how
That I should lose myself thus desp'rately,
And none for pity shew me how I wand'red?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am monstrous! [chiefs,
For I have done those follies, those mad mis-
Would dare a woman.[45] Oh, my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up

Enter Amintor.

The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much-abused lord! [*Kneels*
Amin. This cannot be! [hope it;
Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrow:[46]
Heav'n knows I have too many! Do not mock me: [wrongs,
Though I am tame, and bred up with my
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,

[44] *Give me thy* hand.] Thus say all the editions; but the sense of the following lines requires us to read *hands*, in the plural—'*both* to Heaven held up.'

[45] *Would* dare *a woman.*] *i. e.* would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit.
Mr. Theobald.

[46] *This is* no *new way, &c.*] This is the reading of the majority of the copies. It is undoubtedly sense; but that which we have followed is more elegant.

Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life.
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure I dazzle:
There cannot be a faith in that foul woman
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs. [faults,
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!
'Would there were any safety in thy sex,[47]
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.
Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heav'n; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,
(As, all say, women can), or to make less,
What my hot will hath done, which Heav'n and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I do not:
I do appear the same, the same Evadne, [ster!
Drest in the shames I liv'd in; the same mon-
But these are names of honour, to what I am:
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most pois'nous, dang'rous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell, [me,
'Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,
'Till I have got your pardon.
Amin. Rise, Evadne. [thee,
Those heav'nly powers that put this good into
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the pow'rs above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.
Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief, [tures,
My life hath been so faithless. All the crea-
Made for Heav'n's honours, have their ends, and good ones,
All but the coz'ning crocodiles, false women!
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep
'Till I am water.
Amin. I am now dissolv'd:
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance [thee—
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss
The last kiss we must take! And 'would to Heav'n
The holy priest, that gave our hands together,
Had giv'n us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and, above, hereafter, [lord;
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my
And never shall you see the foul Evadne, [may
'Till she have try'd all honour'd means, that
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt.*

BANQUET. *Enter King and Calianax. Hautboys play within.*

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I'm sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it [sword.
What way he dares oppose—but with my
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then 'scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush.
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does ev'ry thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

[47] *Would there were any* safety *in thy sex.*] i. e. any security, any trust, or belief, to be reposed in them. *Mr. Theobald.*

King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be
I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be false [true,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lye,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,
Not in the court.
Cal. Why, if it be a lye, [it.
Mine ears are false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard
Old men are good for nothing: You were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would have trusted me
Once, but the time is alter'd.
King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.
Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.
Cal. How! no more?
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But, so, you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.
Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: There are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it——
King. Such witnesses we need not.
Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boist'rous knave.
King. Enough. Where's Strato?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Sir! [Amintor in;
King. Why, where is all the company? Call
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
[*Exit Strato.*
That are without there.—If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the pow'r
Of all our laws to hinder it; unless
We mean to quit 'em.
Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor, [it.
Do fight for what he says, then you may grant

Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lysippus, Cleon, Strato.

King. Come, Sirs! Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so: Thou shalt sit down.
Evadne, sit; and you, Amintor, too:
This banquet is for you, Sir. Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire them not. [then.
Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, Sir, so to spend them
King. Reach me a bowl of wine. Melan-
Art sad.[48] [tius, thou
Mel. I should be, Sir, the merriest here,
But I have ne'er a story of my own
Worth telling at this time.
King. Give me the wine.
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,
To poison one of us in such a bowl. [knave.
Mel. I think it were not hard, Sir, for a
Cal. Such as you are. [well
King. I'faith, 'twere easy: It becomes us
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;
Such as you all are here. Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne.
Mel. Have you thought of this, Calianax?
[*Apart.*
Cal. Yes, marry, have I.
Mel. And what's your resolution? [you.
Cal. You shall have it, soundly, I warrant
King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.
Amin. Here, my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, 'till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.
King. Yet, I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not 'scape, that did it.
Mel. Were he known,
Impossible.
King. It would be known, Melantius.
Mel. It ought to be: If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword.
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.
King. No; I should think no man [man.
Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old
Cal. But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?
King. I do not think thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;
For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape,
By keeping of the fort. He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.
Mel. From cobwebs, Sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieg'd
Since he commanded it.
Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: But I have kept it safe
From such as you.
Mel. Keep your ill temper in:

[48] King. *Reach me a bowl of wine: Melantius, thou art sad.*
Amin. *I should be, Sir,* &c.] I have adjusted the metre, which was confused; and, by the assistance of the old quarto in 1619, affixed the reply to the right character. The king addressed himself to Melantius; and what impertinence it is in Amintor to take his friend's answer out of his mouth. *Mr. Theobald.*
We have no doubt but the answer belongs to Melantius; not only for the reason Mr. Theobald gives, which has some force, but because the king has just told Amintor, that 'the banquet was for him,' and asks, 'who has brought a merry tale about him?' and then immediately addresses Melantius, telling him 'he is sad;' to which it is natural for Melantius to reply.

I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,
I should have said as much.
King. You are not merry. [lianax,
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still!—Ca-
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd: [cheeks
He knows no such thing. [*Apart.*
Cal. Impudence may 'scape,
When feeble virtue is accus'd.
King. He must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? This he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim
At what they do amiss. But I forgive
Freely, before this man. Heav'n do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine.
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew. [to shew you
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to 'scape.
Mel. Pardon me, Sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers,[49] to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man
that utter'd this
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. Ay, that will be
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think,
excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.
Cal. Who, I? [to me
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak
Of it thyself?
Mel. Oh, then it came from him?
Cal. From me! who should it come from,
but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I have lost my anger. Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, chear
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.
Amin. You have done already, Sir, for me,
I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should. [man's word,
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old
That never ly'd in's life.
Mel. I talk not to thee!
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much, at least, as I have pow'r to bear.
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself—I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from
time, [king,
And styl'd me man then. And for you, my
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm. This sword of mine hath plow'd
And reapt the fruit in peace;[50] [the ground,
And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that, without swords,
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: And
my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.
King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy. What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!
Cal. A few fine words [villain!
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a
Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have
the fort,
Dotard! I will disgrace thee thus for ever:
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.
Think better, and deliver it. [*Apart.*
Cal. My liege,
He's at me now again to do it. Speak;

[49] Eaters *and talkers.*] Most of the latter editions concur in this reading; which is evidently corrupt. *Facers*, and *facings*, are words used by our Authors to express *shameless people* and *effrontery*.

[50] *And* they have *reapt the fruit* of it *in peace.*] Thus Mr. Seward prints this line. We think the alteration judicious; but do not chuse to depart so far from the old copies.

Deny it, if thou canst. Examine him
While he is hot; for if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.
Cal. Pity? a pox upon you! [the Masque,
Mel. Mark his disorder'd words! And, at
Diagoras knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning. If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him,
Get him to-bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old; have him away.
Mel. Calianax, [home,
The king believes you; come, you shall go
And rest; you have done well.—You'll give it up
When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope.
[*Apart.*
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir; he does move me still.
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I'm a very fool,
Both with him, and without him, as you use
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! [me.
King. 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use
This once again, I shall intreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd.
Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, Sir.
King. And you, Evadne. Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still, and for ever. Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Melantius and Calianax.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else How dar'st thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd me? [and that's
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue,
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. Ay,
Do look for some great punishment for this:
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extr'ordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue, [king;
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt? [not;
Mel. To poison men, because they love me,
To call the credit of mens' wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;
This is all hurt.
Cal. All this thou think'st, is sport;
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;
For, betwixt grief and anger, I could cry.
Mel. Be wise then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge. [o' thee.
Cal. Ay, o' the King? I would revenge
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I'm a fine plotter. [the king
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny 't again?
Mel. Try, and believe. [about.
Cal. Nay then, thou canst bring any thing
Thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well;
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee:
And, if I thought it were a courtesy, [grac'd,
Thou should'st not have it. But I am dis-
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe, the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried. [know
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall
There was some such thing in 't I told him of;
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly. Diphilus,

Enter Diphilus.

What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: The King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it then. Go, Diphilus, [friend,
And take from this good man, my worthy
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Have you got that? [thou deny
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst
This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Be gone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt Cal. and Diph.*
Mel. This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor,

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: If thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. Who can see him thus, [friend?
And not swear vengeance? What's the matter,
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,
Rush to the chamber of this hated king;
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;
By Heav'n, to me, myself! And, I must tell you,
I love her, as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewel.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness. Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as Valour; [tor,
But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amin-
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. [*Aside.*
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing, that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes: I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king,
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none
Against him. [ber,
Amin. Why, come then; and still remem-
We may not think revenge.
Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Evadne and a gentleman.

Evad. SIR, is the king a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be near;
'Tis the king's pleasure. ['twere mine.
Gent. I understand you, madam; 'would I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk. [king
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the Will wake, and then——
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, Sir.
Gent. A good night be it then, and a long one, madam. I am gone. [*Exit.*
[*King a-bed.*
Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em;[51] and so great,
The gods want mercy for! Yet, I must through 'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. He sleeps. Good Heav'ns!
Why give you peace to this untemperate breast,
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: The mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not

[51] ——————'*tis so many sins,*
An age cannot prevent *'em*;] Mr. Theobald, we think judiciously, makes the alteration we have followed.

Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were
To rock him to another world: My vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience;
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your
leave: [*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength. Your Grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So: If he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. My lord, the king!
My lord! He sleeps, as if he meant to wake
No more. My lord! Is he not dead already?
Sir! My lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, Sir!

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to-bed.

Evad. I am come at length, Sir; but how
welcome? [Evadne?

King. What pretty new device is this,
What, do you tie me to you? By my love
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and
kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars;[52] to-bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods
May see, and envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, Sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins. [warm;

King. Prithee, to-bed then; let me take it
There thou shalt know the state of my body
better. [body;

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad. Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and,
if the devil, [steel
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy
Can answer to the world. [death

King. How's this, Evadne? [breast

Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman.
I am a tyger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double; and so send
thee [ments[53]
(By my revenge, I will) to look those tor-
Prepar'd for such black souls. [possible:

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis im-
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not.
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul
canker, [virtue;
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of
Till your curst court and you (Hell bless you
for't!)
With your temptations on temptations,
Made me give up mine honour; for which,
I'm come to kill thee. [King,

King. No!

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not! [gentle,
I prithee speak not these things: Thou art
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me. [mercy
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my
steel,[54]
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless
villain!
A thing out of the overcharge of nature;
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women! such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects;
Ay, all his Heav'n hereafter!

King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King.

Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still, there's
none about you,
Within your cries: All promises of safety

[52] *I'll be thy* Mars;] The allusion here is to the words of Ovid in the fourth book of his Metamorphoses, where Mars and Venus are caught in conjunction by a subtle net which her husband Vulcan had bound over them, and exposed them to the view of the Gods.

——————*Turpes jacuêre ligati*
Turpitèr, atque aliquis de Dûs non tristibus optat
Sics fieri turpis. *Mr. Theobald.*

[53] ——————— *to* look *those torments*
Prepar'd for such black souls.] *Look* occurs in the line immediately preceding; and the repetition of it is no manner of elegance. Besides, to *look* those torments, is no English expression: It must either be, *seek* or *brook*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Look, from the days of our Authors down to our own, has frequently been used for *look* FOR, or *seek*. With respect to the elegance, it is our province to give our Authors' own words, not (supposing we could) to substitute better.

[54] ——————— *which, being past my steel,*
My tongue shall teach.] 'Tis evident from common-sense, that I have retrieved the true reading here. A corruption, exactly the same, had possessed a passage in Shakespeare's Coriolanus, till I corrected it. Mr. Seward likewise started this emendation here. *Mr. Theobald.*

Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee, hold.
Evad. I do not mean, Sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provok'd thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster.
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whor'd'st me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd'st me still.
King. Evadne, pity me.
Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord Amintor!
This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! [*Kills him.*
King. Oh! I die.
Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two of the bedchamber.

1. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.
2. 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.
1. Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see, kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.
2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.
1. Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.
2. And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well; let's look. Alas!
He's stiff, wounded and dead: Treason, trea-
1. Run forth and call. [son!
2. Treason, treason! [*Exit.*
1. This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter Cleon and Lysippus.

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?
1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful act lies still.
Cleon. Her act! a woman!
Lys. Where's the body?
1. There.
Lys. Farewel, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king;
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:
But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me!
Sirs, which way went she?

Enter Strato.

Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall;
And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen, I am your king.
Stra. We do acknowledge it. [this
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Melantius, Diphilus, and Calianax, on the walls.

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd,
(Be constant, Diphilus!) now we have time,
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not; [nax.
My spirit lies not that way. Courage, Calia-
Cal. 'Would I had any! you should quickly know it. [quent.
Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art elo-
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows! [you!
You were born to be my end. The devil take
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lysippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, and guard.

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him. [Sir;
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause,
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it!
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet, certainly,
I do believe him noble; and this action
Rather pull'd on, than sought: His mind was
As worthy as his hand. [ever
Lys. 'Tis my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cleon. Ho, from the walls there.
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome. [honest.
We could have wish'd you here, lord: You are
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though
I dare not tell thee so —— [*Aside.*
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir. [old love
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our
Never requir'd such distance. Pray Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think, might have preserv'd: Yet you know best. [dares fight,
Cal. When time was, I was mad; some, that I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments! Thy brother,

While he was good, I call'd him king; and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,
Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship.[55] I was then his soldier,
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore! and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him; and this old man,
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this:
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free.
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.

Stra. Be sudden, Sir, to tie
All up again: What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.

Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: My seal is at it.

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.

Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall. [king,
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you
And give you up the fort.

Lys. Away, away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Aspatia in man's apparel.

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heav'n may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelesly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest;
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you, that I die;
For she, that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you, Sir!

Enter Servant.

Ser. And you, Sir. What's your business?

Asp. With you, Sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth to delay you any longer: You cannot.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular, I have in charge, about no weighty matters.[56] [proof?

Asp. This is most strange. Art thou gold-
There's for thee; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry, Sir. I'll do my best. [*Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women: All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude;
And have a subtility in every thing,
Which love could never know. But we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so! It is unjust,
That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, Sir? [your man

Asp. Please it your lordship to command
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us. [*Exit servant.*

Asp. Oh, that that shape
Should bury falshood in it! [*Aside.*

Amin. Now your will, Sir.

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face [me
With these few blemishes, people would call
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,

[55] *And* beg *his friendship.*] This is the reading of the edition of 1619: That of 1630 says, *buy.*

[56] *But in particular I have in charge, about no weighty matters.*] These words, which shew an impertinence so common in all servants, and a desire of sifting into every body's business, are only to be found in the first quarto, in 1619. *Mr. Theobald.*

That did it: 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit.
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arriv'd:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woful one! But they, that are above,
Have ends in every thing.[57] She us'd few words;
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had, is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace; [you,
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell
I am but young, and would be loth to lose
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.
Amin. Charitable youth,
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught,
That may content thee, take it, and be gone;
For death is not so terrible as thou.
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore, [words
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me
That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight,
Ere I return'd.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urg'd.
I do not deal unicivily with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus. [*She strikes him.*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd
[*She kicks him.*
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? [*Aside.*
Amin. A man can bear [then!
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me,
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,
Thou hast no hour to live.—— [*They fight.*
What dost thou mean? [at me
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here.

Enter Evadne, her hands bloody, with a knife.

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs. [again;
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not fair? [now?
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing [lost.
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine.
Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.
Amin. Those have most pow'r to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!
Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one, to out-name thy other faults.
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continued ill.
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,

[57] ——— *But they that are above,*
Have ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what advantage, has SHAKESPEARE expressed this sentiment, in his Hamlet!

——— *And that should teach us,*
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will. *Mr. Theobald.*

The very name of which had pow'r to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.
Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death
From my slow hand: And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stain'd with a king's blood,
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.[58]
Asp. Oh, oh, oh! [bed.
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy
We may not part.
Amin. Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage
Go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed; it will return with me.
Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to
Take me home. [meet it:
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm:
Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make
Amin. Away, away! [thy sword.
Thy knees are more to me than violence.
I'm worse than sick to see knees follow me,
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, 'I lov'd thee once.' I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning.
[*Leaves her.*
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewel, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*
Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
[*Returns.*
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.
[*She dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh! [I feel
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and
A stark affrighted motion in my blood:
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself. [things,
There is some hidden pow'r in these dead
That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold!
Be resolute, and bear 'em company. [leave.
There's something, yet, which I am loth to
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up:
I have not such another fault to answer.
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me, can answer it.
Asp. Was't a dream? There stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.
Amin. How dost thou? Speak: receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:
There's hope of thy recovery.
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did. [her?
Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto
Amin. 'Tis true; and 'till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou'rt there already, and these wounds are hers:
Those threats, I brought with me, sought not revenge;
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy loss![59]
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

[58] ——— *an unknown* wilderness.] This is a word here appropriated by the Poets to signify *wildness*; from the verb *bewilder*.

Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*, B. ix. v. 245.

The paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness *with ease.* *Mr. Theobald.*

[59] *The world wants* lines *to excuse thy loss:*] The sense and verse are both spoiled; I hope, I have restored both. My emendation gives this meaning. All the *lives* of all the women in the world cannot to me atone for the loss of thine. I guess that some transcriber, or editor, had first by mere accident changed *lives* to *lines*; and the word, *expiate*, not making the least sense with that, occasioned some future editor, without regard to the metre, to substitute *excuse* instead of it; which does carry some shadow of sense, though but an empty one.——This is the

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will. [live
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have lov'd me, then?
Amin. Alas!
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.
Asp. Give me thy hand; my hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh, I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She swoons! Aspatia! Help! for Heav'n's sake, water!
Such as may chain life ever to this frame.
Aspatia, speak! What, no help yet? I fool!
I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! Aspatia, speak!
I've heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me, [years,
Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!
I'll bow the body once again Aspatia!
The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love! [*Kills himself.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering. Oh, Heav'n! Help, help!

Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon, Diphilus, and Strato.

Lys. Where's Amintor.
Serv. Oh, there, there.[60]
Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;
Melt; now it flows. Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh! [Oh, thy arms
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor.
Are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak, speak!
Amin. What? [sounds
Mel. That little word was worth all the
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother!
Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself
In sorrow there
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son:
All that I had! Speak once again: What
Lies slain there by thee? [youth
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now:
It will not burst at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a prattler; but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Diph. Hold, brother.
Lys. Stop him.

the emendation and comment of the ingenious Mr. Seward.——Long before I received his thoughts upon this passage, I had substituted with less variation from the text:

The world wants limits *to excuse thy loss.*

i. e. Were the world ever so wide and large, the loss of thee is so great, that its whole *vastidity*, as Shakespeare says, would not *be* sufficient to *excuse*, or *compensate* for it. I have adopted my friend's conjecture into the text, because I would be always willing to shew a diffidence of my own poor efforts. The readers will have the benefit of both our conjectures. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have inserted these gentlemen's conjectures, lest the omission of them might be thought neglect; but cannot allow propriety in either. From Mr. Theobald's alteration we dissent, because *limits* is so very different from *lines*, and from the same reasoning we object to Mr. Seward's word *expiate*. Our Authors were often defective in their measure, often redundant; and we find this line less exceptionable than multitudes which might be instanced. With respect to the word *lines*, the vowel *u* was formerly used for the consonant *v*; and the vowel *u* being inverted (a very common error at the press) appears to be an *n*; hence, then, we derive the word *lines* for *lives*.

[60] Serv. *Oh, there, there.*] We cannot believe, our Poets intended these words to be spoken by *Strato*. *Strato* is following Lysippus into the room, yet is the first to give information of what that prince must have seen before him. The speech appears to us to belong to the *Servant*; to whom therefore we have assigned it.

Diph. Fie! how unmanly was this offer in you;
Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor, that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

Lys. Look to him tho', and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,[61]
Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from Heav'n are sent;
But curst is he that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[61] ——— *For, on lustful kings.*] Mr. Rymer has very justly remarked in his Criticisms on Tragedy, that as the *moral* is a lesson on the dangers attending *incontinence*, the play ought to take its name from the King: Whereas the whole distress of the story lying on Aspatia being abandoned, and the gross injury done to Amintor, the *moral*, that we have, is in no kind to the purpose. Amintor is every where, indeed, condemning himself for his perfidy to his betrothed mistress; and inculcating, that the Heavens are strict in punishing him for that crime; and so we have another *moral* in the body of the *fable*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Rymer and Mr. Theobald concur again in blaming our Authors for making the *title* of the play relate to the distress of Aspatia, and the *moral* at the close only to the ill consequences of vice in kings. But these gentlemen did not remember, that good writers have frequently avoided giving their plays a name which might forestall the event, and open too much of the main plot: Thus, Venice Preserv'd, or the Plot Discover'd, has been much blamed for discovering the plot too soon. Whereas many of Shakespeare's and our Author's plays take their names from some character or incident that gives not the least insight into the main design. *Mr. Seward.*

We cannot help owning, that, in our opinion, there is more justice in the remark of Rymer and Theobald, than in that of Mr. Seward.

PHILASTER;

OR,

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

The Commendatory Verses by Lovelace, Stanley, and Herrick, speak of Fletcher as sole Author of this Play; those by Earle, of Beaumont. It is supposed, however, to have been wrote conjunctively. The first edition we find, was printed in 1628. This was one of the plays performed at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when the women acted alone; a prologue for it was then wrote by Mr. Dryden. In the reign of Charles II. some alterations were made in this play, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; when it was entitled, "The Restoration, or Right will take Place;" but, some writers say it was never brought on the stage. In 1695, Mr. Settle wrote a new fourth and fifth act to it, with which it was then performed. In 1673, Philaster, after having been suffered to lie many years dormant, was again introduced to the stage, with some few alterations, by George Colman, Esq. when that excellent performer, Mr. William Powell, made his first appearance, in the character of Philaster.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.	WOMEN.
KING.	
PHILASTER, *heir to the crown.*	ARETHUSA, *the king's daughter.*
PHARAMOND, *prince of Spain.*	GALATEA, *a wise modest lady, attending the princess.*
DION, *a lord.*	MEGRA, *a lascivious lady.*
CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *noble gentlemen, his associates.*	*An old wanton lady, or crone.*[1]
An old captain.	*Another lady attending the princess.*
Five citizens.	EUPHRASIA, *daughter of Dion, but disguised like a page, and called Bellario.*
A country fellow.	
Two woodmen.	
The king's guard and train.	

SCENE, *Sicily.*

ACT I.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Cler. HERE'S nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published,[2] that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desire to attend and hear.

Cler. Can you guess the cause?

[1] *An old wanton lady, or* croane.] We find this character in all the editions, but Mr. Theobald's.

[2] *It was* boldly *published.*] This adverb can have no sort of propriety here. What *boldness* is there in publishing an order from the king, that no gentleman or lady should be refused admittance?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Oh, Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms, with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a lady.

Thra. See, the ladies. What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break: Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens' bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me![3] You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good madam, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say 'excuse me.'

mittance? I make no doubt but it is an error of the press, and that the original word was what I have substituted for it. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Seward, therefore, reads *loudly*; but as we see not the least reason for such an alteration, we have followed the old copies.

[3] *Peace, if you love me.*] I have made a transposition in the speakers here, from the following accurate criticism of Mr. Seward. *Mr. Theobald.*

'The character given of the last of these three ladies so exactly suits Megra, and all the 'speeches which the *anonymous lady* speaks, her excessive fondness for the courtship of men, 'and of foreigners in particular, are so entirely in her strain; that I am persuaded, she has 'been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the custom of any good writer to give a long and 'distinguishing character of, and to make a person the chief speaker in any scene, who is a 'mere cypher in the whole play besides: Particularly, when there is another in the same scene, 'to whom both the character and the speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have 'been some jumble of the players; she, who acted Megra, having given up so much of her 'part to initiate some younger actress. The entrance should have been thus regulated:

'*Enter Galatea, a lady, and Megra.*

'And all the speeches of the two latter transposed.' *Mr. Seward.*

Had Mr. Seward been altering this play for representation, his right to make this transposition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, necessary to mention his conjecture. The person here speaking is doubtless the *old wanton lady, or crony*, whose character is left out of the drama in Mr. Theobald's edition.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!
La. Do you laugh, madam?
Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies.
La. Then you must sit beside us.
Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.
La. Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady indures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.
Meg. Methinks, he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.
Thra. Peace, the king.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial [Sir,
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,
And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate heir,
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not, dear Sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature:
No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you)
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms,
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.
Thra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst
So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.
Thra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not? [too.
Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave
To thank your royal father; and thus far,
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms: [try!
You in me have your wishes. Oh, this coun-
By more than all my hopes I hold it happy;
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Open myself, most happy.[4] Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life I'll find it,
And tye it to this country. And I vow
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That ev'ry man shall be his prince himself,
And his own law (yet I his prince and law.)
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.
Thra. Miraculous!
Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own recommendations.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. I wonder what's his price? For certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,
Than the large speaker of them.
Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
In all th' anatomy of you man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable.
By this sun, he'll ne'er make king
Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.
Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, Sir.

[4] Open *myself most happy.*] Mr. Seward reads, *Do I opine it* [this country] *in myself most happy.*

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear! [jades us!
Oh! this same whorson conscience,[5] how it
King. Speak your intents, Sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn [man!
My language to you, Prince; you, foreign
Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon[6]
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess)
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having myself about me, and my sword,
The souls of all my name, and memories,
These arms, and some few friends besides the gods;
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say, 'I might have been.' I'll tell thee, Pharamond, [ten,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rot-
And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths, [low
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swal-
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall;
By Nemesis, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins: [drawer.
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-
Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make
To you, I am not mad. [it well appear
King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame, [sion,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without pas-
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails
And makes nothing. [over,
King. I do not fancy this. [tainted.
Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.
Dion. H'as giv'n him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen: By these hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.
Cle. Peace, we are all one soul. [fence,
Pha. What you have seen in me to stir of-
I cannot find; unless it be this lady,
Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession;
Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me; [swer.
And I dare make it mine. You have your an-
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him[7]
That made the world his, and couldst see no sun [mond
Shine upon any thing but thine; were Phara-
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious fol-
Or back such belied commendations) [lies,
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.
King. Sir, you wrong the prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends. [temper'd.
You deserve our frown. Go to; be better
Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.
Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[8]
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,

[5] *Oh! this same whorson conscience, how it jades us!*] This sentiment Shakespeare has finely, and as concisely, expressed in his Hamlet.

'Tis conscience, that makes cowards of us all. *Mr. Theobald.*

[6] ——— *This earth you tread on*
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)
To your inheritance, &c.] This transposition is rectified by Mr. Seward.

[7] *If thou wert sole inheritor to him*
Who made the world his.] i. e. Alexander the Great. So Mr. Lee in his Tragedy of the Rival Queens.

But see, the master *of the* world *approaches.*

This is as fine an introduction, as possibly can be, to the first entrance of that great conqueror; and raises the expectation of the audience to give a due attention to every line he speaks.
Mr. Theobald.

[8] *This would have been a pattern of* succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief.] Mr. Sympson chuses to substitute *submission* for *succession.* I submit his conjecture to the readers, though I have not ventured to disturb the text; because the Poets, perhaps, might mean, that Philaster might have been a pattern to *succeeding* kings, had not he fallen under the misfortune of having his right to the kingdom usurped upon. *Mr. Theobald.*

There

He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But th' other is the man set in my eye.
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!
Gal. A dog it is.
King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears, [at.
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?
King. Give me your wrongs in private.
[*They whisper.*
Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.
Cle. He dares not stand the shock.
Dion. I cannot blame him: there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: Mens' hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true recreant.[9] If he give not back his crown again, upon the report of an elder gun, I have no augury.
King. Go to!
Be more yourself as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That you're, and, shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we [the gods——
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by
Phi. I am dead, Sir; you're my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!
King. Sure he's possess'd.
Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O king!
A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel, and do me service, cry me 'king:'
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. Noble Sir, your hand:
I am your servant.
King. Away, I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of life and spirit: For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.
[*Exit. King, Pha. and Are.*
Dion. I thank you, Sir; you dare not for the people.
Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?
Meg. A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand. But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine complete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely: They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake. [lady!
Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece, 'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.
Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not [train
Spoke home, and bravely? What a dang'rous
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew.
Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:[10]
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country [may,
A virtuous court; to which your great ones
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.
Cle. How do you, worthy Sir!
Phi. Well, very well;
And so well, that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.
Dion. The king must please, [are,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,[11]
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up

There can be no doubt, if we consider the two following speeches, as well as the present, but that Mr. Theobald's explanation, though so doubtfully delivered, gives the true sense of the passage, and confirms the old reading.

[9] *And feel him shake like a true* tenant.] This is the reading of the old copies; Mr. Theobald alters *tenant* to *recreant*; *i. e.* a person remarkable for meanness and cowardice.

[10] *I am no minion.*] *i. e.* No favourite of influence enough to carry any suits at court. The word is frequently used by Shakespeare. *Mr. Theobald.*

[11] ——————— *In whose name*
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people.] This puts me in mind of a passage in Hesiod, in his Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, v. 260.

The rods of vengeance, the abused people;
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall
For mercy at your sword's point. [beg
Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heav'n and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, [father;
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord: The princess would entreat your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! You are mistaken.
Lady. If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman. [in?
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman. [sent?
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble;
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out: [may,
There's all the danger in't. But, be what
Her single name hath armed me. [*Exit Phi.*
Dion. Go on:
And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends ac-
Lest the king prove false. [quainted,
[*Exeunt gentlemen.*

Enter Arethusa and a lady.

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How look'd he, when he told thee he would [come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful!
Lady. Fear, madam? sure, he knows not what it is. [court
Are. Ye are all of his faction; the whole
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear? Madam, methought, his looks
Of love than fear. [bid more
Are Of love? to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood, [thee,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [withstood,
Ye gods, that would not have your dooms
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passion of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster.

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh! 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you. [public place,
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a

———— ὄζε δ' ἀποτίση
Δῆμος ἀπαδαλίας βασιλέων·

This has been generally understood, as if the people should suffer for the faults of their prince; and Horace is quoted in support of this opinion.

Quicquid delirant *reges*, plectuntur *achivi.*

But would it not be better to understand it in Fletcher's words, for the people to be raised up to punish the crimes and misdemeanors of the prince? *Mr. Sympson.*

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great;
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wish'd.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.
Phi. Madam! Both? [laster,
Are. Both, or I die: By fate, I die, Phi-
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear!
I must and will have them, and more——
Phi. What more? [par'd,
Are. Or lose that little life the gods pre-
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn, then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can't endure it. Turn away my face?
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds! a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life?
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do. [thee.
Are. Then know, I must have them, and
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
Discover'd yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.
Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead, [breast.
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul, into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more strength and spirit, [time,
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse [vise
You should come often. How shall we de-
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by,[12] made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I could
Have study'd it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.

[12] *A garland lay* him by.] Thus read the old copies. Mr. Theobald, with more freedom, and perhaps as much elegance, says, *A garland lay* by him.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself:

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me. [prince.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond! [Jove,
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it. [world

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king.

Phi. Good Sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: Do but offer
To make mention of your right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable——

Phi. Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by my sword——

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! If thou——

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done. [you back.

Pha. You are gone: By Heav'n, I'll fetch

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say
'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight [princess?
My greatness so, and in the chamber of the

Phi. It is a place, to which, I must confess,
I owe a reverence: But were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe, [thee.
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill
And for your greatness, know, Sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.
[*Exit Philaster.*

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop [ried.
His mouth with some office, when we are mar-

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well.
But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stol'n
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. AND thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve. [nothing;

Bel. Sir, you did take me up when I was
And only yet am something, by being yours.
You trusted me unknown; and that which you were apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hard'ned in lies and theft: Yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady,
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet. [passions,
But when thy judgment comes to rule those
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to. [the world,

Bel In that small time that I have seen
I never knew a man hasty to part [ber,
With a servant he thought trusty: I remem-
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:

I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will. [time
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than
Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your designs! [well;
May sick men, if they have your wish, be
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one! [*Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange:
I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit Phi.*

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking. I was never so long without sport in my life; and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies! Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, Sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand——

Gal. You'll be forsworn, Sir; 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; these two I bar: And then, I think, I shall have sense enough to answer all the weighty apothegms your royal blood shall manage.[13]

Pha. Dear lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, Sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting. And, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I, could help it!

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-wine, brew'd with carduus; then fast till supper; about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller:[14] But, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, Sir; I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danäe, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here: All these, and more than——

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold: Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white money. Yet, for all this I'll match you. [*Exit Gal. behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider!

Enter Megra.

Here's another: If she be of the same last,

[13] *Your royal blood shall* manage.] This word is used as the French do their *mesnager*; and the Italians, *maneggiare*. So we likewise have adopted it, and say, *manage* (or, handle) a dispute or argument. *Mr. Theobald.*

[14] *You can shoot in a tiller*;] *i. e.* a stand; a small tree left in a wood for growth, till it is fellable: Or it may mean rather, in a steel bow; *quasi dicas*, a *steeler*: *i. e. Arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner says in his *Etymologicum*. *Mr. Theobald.*

the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, lady. [days,

Meg. As many mornings bring as many Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an Out quickly. [hour

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, [enough,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes, [beams,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright
Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste [sings,
Of the faint looker-on may meet those bles-
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. Sir,
You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too. [madam.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it,

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, you shall not.
I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' don't But yet I should stick at it. [before;

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as easily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time and your good help will wear it out, Sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the school-master, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee! [*Exeunt several ways.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel,[15] I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

Lady. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

Lady. Yes, madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?

Lady. No, madam.

Enter Galatea.

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,

[15] *And, lady* Towsabel, *I'll fit you for't.*] There's no such word as Towsabel, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the Dictionaries. I think, by the change of a single letter, I have retriev'd the genuine word of our poets, Dowsabel. This is of French extraction, *douce et belle*; *i. e.* sweet and fair: But it is here intended ironically, and in derision. *Mr. Theobald.*

That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.
Are. Hast thou discover'd? [you.
Gal. I have strain'd a point of modesty for
Are. I prithee, how?
Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging. [there again
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle
With other ladies; leave the rest to me.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say, [so
'Why, thou did'st this!') have not decreed it
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered) yet, this match shall
Where's the boy? [break.
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so? [on you,
Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait
To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou can'st sing, and play? [can.
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I
Are. Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know? [to school?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st
Thou art not capable of other grief.
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy, [eyes,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Can't thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?
Bel. If it be love,
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking of your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire;
If it be love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead [chance;
Or kill'd, because it might have been your
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead; be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you. [lie,
Are. Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to
For your lord's credit; but thou knows't a lie,
That bears this sound, is welcomer to me
Than any truth, that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too.
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour,
After supper: 'Tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed. [find
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce
The way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The prince! [ters-up.
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sit-
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of
Is't not late, gentlemen? [ladies.
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hilas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like. [wed,
Meg. Why, this is he must, when you are
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep: [for herself.
The princess does provide him for you, and
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes. [keeps him.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams. [*Exit.*
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! Gentlemen, good rest.
Come, shall we go to-bed?
Gal. Yes; all good night.
[*Exeunt Gal. and Meg.*
Dion. May your dreams be true to you.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king
Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and guard.

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,

Your highness will not tie me to a man,
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had much better have embrac'd
Cureless diseases: Get you to your rest.
[*Exeunt Are. and Bel.*
You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there. [discover
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly
If Megra be in her lodging.
Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to
A vain discovery of our suspicion. [make
Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be curst
In that which meaner men are blest withall.
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit; and his name shall be
Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this under-standing child of mine;
She has not broke your laws But how can I[16]
Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion.

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds: I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it: I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get: In short, Sir, I think she is not there. [guard,
King. 'Tis then no time to dally. You o'th'
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.
Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!
What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing?
I'll break your meditations. Knock again!
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond! prince!

Pharamond above.

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,
He meets his death, that meets me, for this boldness.
King. Prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends.
Come down.
Pha. The king?
King. The same, Sir; come down.
We have cause of present counsel with you.
Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber. [*Pha. below.*
King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.
Pha. I have some private reasons to myself,
Make me unmannerly, and say, 'you cannot.'
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must
Come through my life, that comes here.
[*Enters.*
King. Sir, be resolv'd.
I must and will come.
Pha. I'll not be dishonour'd.
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.
King. Why do you [shall be;
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known: Enter, I say.
Pha. I say, no. [*Meg. above.*
Meg. Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;
I am up, and ready: I know their business:
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman.
King. Come down.
Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,

[16] ——— *but how can I*
Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?] In this sentiment our Authors seem to be copying Shakespeare, in a noble passage of his Hamlet:

——— *Forgive me my foul murther!*
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence? &c. *Mr. Theobald.*

Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,[17]
Can no more vex my soul, than this base carriage.
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.
King. Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; But I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [looseness.
King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this
You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more.
Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to-bed indeed.
Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stag
Or two,[18] to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If this geer hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray Heav'n, we may lie with our own wives in safety, [taken.
That they be not by some trick of state mis-

Enter Megra.

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now? now?
No man can fit your palate, but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrowded rottenness; thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;
Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness;
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud
Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;
Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court;
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls.
Do you laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. 'Faith, Sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of mine own, I will have fellows, and
Such fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.
The princess, your daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height ——
King. What boy is this she raves at?
Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things;
I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health, from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heav'n,
I will not fall alone. What I have known,
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it, as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms,
Far and foreign, [they find
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess.
King. Has she a boy? [wait
Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy
On her; a fair boy.
King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'll study to forget you. [study
Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll
To forget you. [*Ex. King, Meg. and guard.*
Cle. Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules. If ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride, and be their captain.
Dion. Sure she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wildfire. She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found-out antidote to cure her infection: That boy; that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else. But there I leave you, gentlemen.
Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.
[*Exeunt.*

[17] *Your private whispers and your* broad *fleerings.*] This is no verse, however it has currently passed the ears of all the editors. The addition, which I have made, of a single syllable, both improves the sense and retrieves the metre. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald for *broad* reads *broader*; but we have followed the elder editions.

[18] *To ride a* stagge.] This is the reading of the old copies. *Stagge* was, after some editions, printed according to the modern orthography, *stag*. The Authors probably, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, meant *stage*; but the seeming reference to a *buck-warrant*, in the next line, has induced us to retain *stag*.

ACT III.

Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thrasiline.

Cle. NAY, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the king
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land,
For us, that should be freemen, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,
By this regardless king? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady, [be
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to
Married to yon strange prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind? [you,
Thra. That man, that would not stir with
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth.
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself.
The gentry do await it, and the people,[19]
Against their nature, are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause, that draws Philaster back
From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.
Tera. Perhaps, he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen,
'Tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech,
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,
If he be curious, work upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.

Enter Philaster.

Dion. Here he comes.
Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a head,
The nobles and the people are all dull'd
With this usurping king; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me, that have deserv'd none? Know, my friends, [laster
(You, that were born to shame your poor Phi-
With too much courtesy) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time
Is short of what I would. [pect:
Dion. The time is fuller, Sir, than you ex-
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd [king,
By violence, may now be caught. As for the
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd——
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou ly'st.
Dion. My lord——
Phi. Thou ly'st.
[*Offers to draw and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:

[19] ——— *and the people,*
Against their nature, are all bent for him.] This seems, at first view, an odd passage. How are the people *against their natures* for Philaster? What, was there never any people unanimous in their choice of a governor? I take it, he must be understood, as meaning, the people (whose nature for the most part is unconstant, giddy, and wavering) are now so well assured of Philaster's worth, and right to the crown, joined to his present ill usage, that they are resolved and steady to do him justice. This is properly styled, *against their nature*, or custom. *Mr. Sympson.*

She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew
You why he utter d this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, Sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so! good Sir, forbear to say so!
'Tis then truth, that all womankind is false!
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why, should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! Oh, Heav'n! 'tis false! it cannot be! [speak!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth,
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? She would have one [he acts,
Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble Sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage! [plagues,
'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from my eyes!
'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!
Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?
Cle. Never before.
Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four sev'ral corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me through?
Dion. Why, my lord, are you so mov'd at this? [tract;
Phi. When any falls from virtue, I'm dis-
I have an int'rest in't.
Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself,
And think what's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you; I will do it.
Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!
Thra. He was extreme impatient.
Cle. It was his virtue, and his noble mind.
[*Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.*
Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them.
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire.
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves, [fight
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once
Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the water of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.
But miserable man——See, see, you gods,

Enter Bellario.

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear
When he was innocent, is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.
Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you.
Phi. Oh, Bellario! [it
Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew
In loving thee, my boy: Sh'as made thee brave.
Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.
Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something ally'd to her; or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity.

As mothers fond do use their only sons;
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well: [with?
But what kind language does she feed thee
Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets; and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks, your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Not so, my lord.
Phi. Come, come, I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life. [she does.
Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplex'd: When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd;
Some villain has abus'd you! I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you: 'Tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come, [more
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me. [sent:
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you
Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of
Should draw it from me. [brass,[20]
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me, than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling!
Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.
Bel. Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow; and kiss those
Because you made 'em so. [limbs
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy;
A thing we all pursue. I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game that must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy, [then
For perjur'd souls: Think but on these, and
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with. If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me.
Phi. Oh, what should I do? [swear
Why, who can but believe him? He does
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,

[20] *Bulls of brass.*] An explanation of this will be found in A King and No King.

I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost. It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace. [*Exit.*

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,
That made no med'cine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remember'd him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung, [his stay.
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at

Enter King.

King. What, at your meditations? Who attends you? [guard;

Are. None but my single self. I need no I do no wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. What kind of boy?

Are. A page, a waiting-boy.

King. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
I took him not for beauty.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

King. Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir!

King. Put him away, h' as done you that good service,
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command. [off,

King. Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,
What you, myself, have done.

Are. What have I done, my lord? [learn:

King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. [*Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free, [ing;
Keeping her honour safe? Not with the liv-
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortify'd
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress.

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love, that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me——

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The king.

Phi. Oh, my fortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd you? [I send?
Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, bracelets?
Lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights
In stories of your praise? Who shall sing
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster!

Phi. Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal. Mistress, forget
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again, as my Bellario?
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste love!
Phi. And all this passion for a boy? [me,
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a med'cine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falshood? Oh, that boy,
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched! [have
Phi. Now you may take that little right I
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts, [you:
What woman is, and help to save them from
How Heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,
More hell than hell has: How your tongues, like scorpions, [woven
Both heal and poison: How your thoughts are
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you: How that foolish man
That reads the story of a woman's face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten! How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So farewell all my woe, all my delight!
[*Exit Phi.*
Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead! [breast
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy? Save me, how black

(Enter Bellario.)

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now![21]
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lyes,
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone, [hills,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of
Lest men should dig and find thee.
Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys. [heart,
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away, in honesty,
From such a lady, like a boy that stole, [gods
Or made some grievous fault. The pow'r of
Assist you in your suff'rings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die!
[*Exit Bel.*
Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a lady.

Lady. Madam, the king would hunt, and
With earnestness. [calls for you

[21] ——— *Save me, how black*
And guilty, *methinks, that boy looks now!*] Nothing betrays a corruption so evidently at the first glance, as a lameness in the metre. The *epithet* here must necessarily be turned into an *adverb*, and that supports the versification. *Mr. Theobald.*

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and attendants.

King. WHAT, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;
Our horses ready, and our bows bent?
Dion. All, Sir. [forgotten
King. You're cloudy, Sir; Come, we have
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.
Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.
Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching!
Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.
King. Is your boy turn'd away? [you.
Are. You did command, Sir, and I obey'd
King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.
Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth.[22] If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.
Dion. See, see, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?
Thra. Troth, no great matter to speak of;[23] a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.
Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.
Cle. Sure, this lady has a good turn done her against her will: Before, she was common talk; now, none dare say, cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licenses!
King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the deer?
2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.
1 *Wood.* Who shoots?
2 *Wood.* The princess.
1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.
2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.
1 *Wood.* Who else?
2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.
1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings:[23]

[22] *And yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's* slave *in his mouth.*] We must, surely, read *slaver*. Every body must, I think, assent to this; and therefore it needs no note in confirmation. *Mr. Seward.*

We beg our readers forgiveness for presenting them with this specimen of Mr. Seward's delicate ideas; but it is a justice he could not be denied; as we are determined to rob him of no part of the honour due to his ingenuity. A *small* portion, however, of that attention to the old copies, which is so *largely* boasted of by the editors of 1750, would have spared him this conjectural labour, and induced him to restore *salve* to the text.

[23] Pha. *Troth, no great matter to speak of*, &c. How comes *Pharamond* to interpose in this argument, and reply to what Dion, Cleremont, and those whom he knew to be of Philaster's party, are talking of, and that *under the rose*, as we say? The speech must certainly be placed to *Thrasiline*. *Pha.* and *Thra.* (The abbreviation of the characters speaking) might easily be mistaken at press. *Mr. Theobald.*

[23] *I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings:*] When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an assay of the

He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuft his hat withal.[24] I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once, to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye.[25] Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, i'faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been[26] nourish'd in these woods,
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling trains
Of womens' looks; but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed [beasts,
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue. This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak.
You, that are griev'd, can pity: Hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone! [wear'st,
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou
And feed thyself with them. [them;

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for
The silly country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?
Ev'n so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: Curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I [way?
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that

the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings. *Mr. Theobald.*

[24] *Marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to* turf *his hat withal:*] What consonancy is there betwixt *velvet* and *turf*? The original word must certainly have been, *tuft*; which corresponds with the soft *pile* of the velvet. *Velouté*, tufted, as the French dictionaries explain it to us. *Mr. Theobald.*

[25] *He forsook the stage once to strike a rascal* milking *in a meadow, and* her *he kill'd in the eye.*] A *rascal* is a lean deer, or doe; but what sense is there in a deer *milking* in a meadow? I hope I have retriev'd the true reading, *mitching*, *i. e.* creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her *in the eye*, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart. *Mr. Theobald.*

[26] *Oh, that I had been nourish'd, &c.*] Mr. Lee, in his Theodosius, has given Varanes a speech so very similar to this, that we must look on it as a mere copy Lee, however, in some parts has been more refined in his expression.

'Oh, that I had been born some happy swain,
'And never known a life so great, so vain!
'Where I extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
'And, bless'd with some mean wife, no crown could lose;
'Where the dear partner of my little state,
'With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
'Blessing my labours, might my coming wait:
'Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
'And not in cursed courts for glory die.'

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
[*Exeunt Phi. and Bel. severally.*

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! You, Woodmen!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion!

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way, on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.
[*Exeunt Wood.*

Enter Clermont.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: When she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Thrasiline.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that? Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie? [me that.

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell I say again, where is she? Mutter not! Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know. [Heav'n,

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by It is thy last. You, fellows, answer me; Where is she? Mark me, all, I am your king; I wish to see my daughter; shew her me; I do command you all, as you are subjects, To shew her me! What, am I not your king? If 'ay,' then am I not to be obey'd?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest. [me, thou,

King. Things possible and honest! Hear Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to things
Possible and honest; shew her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me where she is. [lose

King. You have betray'd me; y'have let me The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me, And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds, [sea,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling
And stop the floods of Heav'n. Speak, can it not?

Dion. No. [this?

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once Be but corrupted. [the lungs

King. Is it so? Take heed! [pow'rs

Dion. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the That must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And, when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threat'nings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Dion. He articles with the gods: 'Would somebody would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse:
He gallop'd empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:
Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me.

King. Command! You should not. [birth,

Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. You're all cunning to obey us, for our hurt;
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket? [the king,

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but A cook, and a tailor.

Dion. Yet you may do well
To spare your lady-bedfellow; and her
You may keep for a spawner.

King. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd. [out.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her

King. Run all; disperse yourselves! The man that finds her,
Or, (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek. [self.

King. Each man a several way; here I my-

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:

I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my lady: Heav'n knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that have plenty!
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground. See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints. Madam, look up! She breathes not.
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs:
How is it, madam? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her cooly, when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods! good gods, [a heart,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has
But he must ease it here?
Bel. My lord, help the princess.
Are. I am well: Forbear. [brac'd
Phi. Let me love light'ning, let me be em-
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look down, [stone,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a
Lasting to ages, in the memory [ones!
Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign [lario?
In lust without controul. Wilt thou, Bel-
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-man's time,
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you?
Bel. Not for a world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do.
Be gone;
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy, in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Shew me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it,
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your youth
Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.
Are. I am prepar'd.

Enter a country fellow.

Coun. I'll see the king, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better hors'd than myself, that outride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.
Phi. Are you at peace?
Are. With Heav'n and earth.
Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!
Coun. Hold, dastard, strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters[27] with a good fellow for a broken head.
Phi. Leave us, good friend.

[27] *Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at* wasters.] *i. e.* cudgels. Minshew, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *wasters*, because, in frequently clashing against each other, they splintered and *wasted*. I'll venture to advance a more probable conjecture. We find in our old law-books, that the statute of Westminster (5° Edwardi tertii, chap. 14) was

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?
Coun. God uds, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.
Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head;
Which thou wilt force me to.
Coun. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.
[*They fight.*
Phi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.
Are. Heav'ns guard my lord!
Coun. Oh, do you breathe?
Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me: Could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do lothe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will, than force.
[*Exit Phi.*
Coun. I cannot follow the rogue. I prithee, wench, come and kiss me now.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?
Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.
Pha. The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?
Is it dangerous?
Are. He has not hurt me.
Coun. I'faith, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.
Pha. Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!
Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?
Are. I felt it not. [cess?
Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the prin-
Coun. Is it the princess?
Dion. Ay.
Coun. Then I have seen something yet.
Pha. But who has hurt her?
Coun. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.
Pha. Madam, who did it?
Are. Some dishonest wretch;
Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.
Coun. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.
Pha. How will you have me kill him?
Are. Not at all;
'Tis some distracted fellow.
Pha. By this hand, [nut,
I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a
And bring him all in my hat.
Are. Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But swear.
Pha. By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.
[*Exeunt. Are. Pha. Dion, Cle. Thra. and* 1 *Woodman.*
Coun. I pray you, friend, let me see the king.
2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.
Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellario.

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain: If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds,
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd, [*Cry within.*
So broken. Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds him.*
Bel. Oh! Death, I hope is come: Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!
Phi. I have caught myself: *Phi. falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight.
Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death:
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand

was made against night-walkers, and suspected persons called roberdesmen, *wastours*, and draw-latches. These *wastours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term, *vastatores*; and thence the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were called *wasters*; i. e. destroyers. *Mr. Theobald.*

Wounded the princess; tell my followers,
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee: Get a reward.
Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.
Phi. How's this?
'Wouldst thou I should be safe?
Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Have not bled much; reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.
Phi. Art thou true to me?
Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good lord,
Creep in among those bushes: Who does know,
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd this,
breath?
Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do? 'em come.
Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear
Within. Follow, follow, follow! that way they went. own sword.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heav'n knows
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Pha. To this place we have track'd him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, Sir! what are you? woods
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.
Pha. Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betray'd.
Dion. Betray'd! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim,
Her death. For charity, let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.
Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.
[*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?
Pha. Who's that?
Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.
Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!
Pha. How's this?
Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario. me on?
Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead
Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown,
With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge.
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceiv'd.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then shew it:
Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: This had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a guard.

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but, say it was Philaster?

Phi. Question it no more; it was.

King. The fellow that did fight with him, will tell us that.

Arc. Ah me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious fool!
Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures, and their death.

Dion. Death? Soft! our law
Will not reach that, for this fault. [a guard.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match.

Cle. I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

Thra. HAS the king sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heav'n.

Cle. We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away!

Dion. We'll scuffle hard, before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.

Are. Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind; [earth,
I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from
If you continue so. I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?
Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath sent
To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,
And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I out-live you, I should then out-live
Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes,
If ever I should close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing! [was,

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever
Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear,
To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths. [ye true

Phi. People will tear me, when they find
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep, forgotten with my faults!
Ev'ry just servant, ev'ry maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.

Bel. A piece of you?
He was not born of woman that can cut
It and look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,[28]
For else my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well. [sorrow.

Bel. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

[28] Phi. *Take me in tears betwixt you,*
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. *Why, 'tis well.*] The reader will see, that the second line is no verse; and how absurd is it for the tender Arethusa to answer, that it is well that his heart will break. Beside, a flood of tears eases the heart over-charged with grief, and hinders it from breaking. By restoring the particle *else*, we shall recover both measure and sense. The tears are to prevent the bursting of his heart; and this is what Arethusa says is *well*. *Mr. Seward.*

My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love, Sirs,
Deal with me truly.
Bel. 'Twas mistaken, Sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it? ay.
Phi. Would you, indeed? Be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, Sir, he's gone to see the city,
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay.
Dion. King, you may be deceiv'd yet:
The head, you aim at, cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,
Like a wild overthrow, that swoops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down roots
bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong towns, tow'rs, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario in a robe and garland.

King. How now! what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal Sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew
Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept
Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliver'd, in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
'Till never pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so; and did reign
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun them there:
Scorch'd them ev'n to the roots, and dry'd
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided. The god, that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds, stand
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.
King. How, how!
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth, man,
(For there's no masquing[29] in't) this gentle-
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband! Call in
The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat,
And sing sad requiems to your departing souls:
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flow'rs about your wanton necks,
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance, in a lion
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me! [swear by,
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I've done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid, cuse thee,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll ex-
Or be thy prologue.
Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,

[29] *For* now *there is no masquing in't.*] Here Mr. Theobald, whose passion for interpolating mischievous monosyllables exceeds not only example but credibility, puzzles us with the word *now*. Arethusa does not mean to say there had been any *masquing*, which *now* implies, but to reply to the king's question at the beginning of the scene, *What masque is this?*—'Sir, if 'Bellario is too florid, understand, in plain truth (for there is no masquing in it), that my pri-'soner is become my keeper.'

As you are, living; all your better deeds [30]
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument
(Though high and big as Pelion) [31] shall be
To cover this base murder: Make it rich [able
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,
Think not so madly of the heav'nly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, 'less it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father king! There was a fault,
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady: If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is my joy to die:
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the king?
King. Here.
Mes. Get you to your strength
And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the lord Philaster.
Dion. Oh, brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your
In honour of your mistresses. [weapons

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, arm!
King. A thousand devils take 'em!
Dion. A thousand blessings on 'em!
Mes. Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.
[*Exit with Are. Phi. Bel.*
King, Away to th' citadel: I'll see them safe, [guard
And then cope with these burghers. Let the
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.
[*Exit.*

Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.
Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.
Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.
Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp? Well, my dear countrymen, What-ye-lack,[32] if you continue, and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and grav'd in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troule you *in sæcula sæculorum,* my kind can-carriers.[33]
Thra. What if a toy take 'em i' th' heels

[30] ——————— *all your* better deeds
Shall be in water *writ, but this in* marble:] This sentiment seems to have been shadow'd out from Shakespeare in his King Henry the Eighth.

Men's evil *manners live in* brass, *their virtues*
We write in water.

Though perhaps, our several poets might have had Catullus for their original.

In vento & rapidâ scribere *oportet* aquâ. *Mr. Theobald.*

[31] *Though high and big as* Pelion), &c.] Some of the old quarto's ridiculously have it *Pelican*; (as, I remember, some of the old editions of Shakespeare read *Politician* instead of *Pelican.*) The true reading, undoubtedly, is *Pelion*, a mountain very amply celebrated by the classicks; and mentioned by our own choicest classick in his Hamlet.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
T' o'er-top old Pelion, *or the skyish head*
Of blue Olympus. *Mr. Theobald.*

[32] *Well, my dear countrymen,* what ye lack,] We apprehend, *What ye lack* to be a name given to, or epithet intended to depict, the lower class of tradesmen and shopkeepers.

[33] *I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and* all-to-be-prais'd, *and sung in sonnets, and* bath'd *in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall* trouble *you in sæcula sæculorum, my kind can-carriers.*] I thought this for a long time to be such desperate nonsense, that the meaning of the Poets would be quite irretrievable, as no one of the editions gives the least glimpse of light or assistance. But (thanks to plodding industry!) I hope, I have found the certain cure. *Mr. Theobald.*

now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the hindmost?'[34]

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbound in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels;[35] unless it be the[36] Gothic Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King.

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together! What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit Cle.*

Dion. Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont and Philaster.

King. Oh, worthy Sir, forgive me! Do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, [you,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people, [love,
And be what you were born to: Take your
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my pray'rs. By th' gods, my heart speaks this:
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir: I shall bring you
Or never bring myself back. [peace

King. All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter an old captain and citizens, with Pharamond.

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mothers gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths up, children, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water camlets, or your paintings spotted with copper.[37] Let

[34] *And cry*, the devil take the hindmost.] *Occupet extremum scabies*, says Horace: To which execration, no doubt, our authors had an eye. *Mr. Theobald.*

We rather imagine, our Authors looked *down* to the mob, than *up* to Horace, for this long used vulgar phrase.

[35] *They prattle to their* parcels.] Shakespeare sometimes uses the word *parcels* as a contemptuous mode of expressing *companions*, *families*, &c. It here refers to tradesmen talking to their goods.

[36] *Unless it be the* goarish *Latin.*] Thus the folio edition in 1679; but there is no such word in English, and, consequently, it is stark nonsense. The quarto of 1628 has it, *goatish*; but there is nothing wanton, or lascivious, in a bond; therefore, this reading is as unmeaning as the other. I dare warrant, that I have retrieved the authors' genuine text, in the word *Gothic*; *i. e. barbarous:* No greater *barbarisms* than in Law-Latin. So, in Wit without Money,

No more sense spoke, all things Goth *and* Vandal. *Mr. Theobald.*

[37] ——— *or your paintings*
Spitted *with copper.*] This to me is quite unintelligible; I have ventured to substitute *spotted*, *i. e.* sprinkled with copper, as our painted papers for hangings are, to resemble gold, and look gaudy. *Mr. Theobald.*

not your hasty silks, or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, dearly beloved of spice cake and custard, your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valours; and let your uncut choler make the king feel the measure of your mightiness. Philaster! cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist; and let a man of war, an argosy,[38] hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatness warning, that you talk no more such bug-words, or that sold'red crown shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Pippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors, and let us see what this trim man dares do. Now, Sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd, like a hare at a poulter's,[39] and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, Sir: We have not seen one foe a great while.[40]

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a satin, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh! for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himself; he shall for this time only be seel'd up, with a feather through his nose,[41] that he may only see Heaven, and think whither he is going. Nay, my beyond-sea Sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet; thou royal ring-tail,[42] fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have every boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donsels; as you respect the ladies, let them flourish: The curses of a longing woman kill as speedy as a plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build a college, and clap it upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with; for, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword, and let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, Sir, has he?[43]

Cap. No, Sir, he's a pollard.[44] What would'st thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

[38] *An* argosy *hull and cry cockles.*] Any large vessel, so called from Jason's large ship Argo. A vessel is said to *hull*, when she floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water. *Mr. Theobald.*

A *foist* is an old word for a smaller vessel. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, 'When the *galley foist* is afloat to Westminster.'

[39] *Like a hare at a* poulter's.] We now say *poulterer:* however, there is a company in the city of London, which still retains its old name of *Poulters.*

[40] *Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; we have not seen one* foe *a great while.*] This is a typographical error, which, however, makes nonsense of the passage. *Foe* is mistakenly put for *so.* *Mr. Sympson.*

We apprehend the old reading, *foe,* to be right; and that this passage is meant to express their not having for a long time been engaged in war.

[41] *He shall for this time only be* seal'd *up, with a feather through the nose.*] There is a difference, which the printers did not know, betwixt *seal'd* and *se'l'd*; the latter is a term in falconry. When a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the hood. *Mr. Theobald.*

[42] *Thou royal* ring-tail.] A *ring-tail* is a sort of a kite, with a whitish tail. *Mr. Theobald.*

[43] *He* had *no horns, Sir,* had *he?*] We have made a small alteration here, which, from the other parts of the dialogue, seems absolutely necessary.

[44] *No, Sir, he's a* pollard.] A *pollard,* among gardeners, is an old tree, which has been often lopped: but, among hunters, a stag, or male deer, which has cast its head, or horns. *Mr. Theobald.*

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster! [are these

Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your Uncivil trades? [hands

Cap. My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen, [stand
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,
And run even to the lees of honour.

Phi Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gum'd golls,[45] and cry, 'we are your servants?'
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy
And this man sleeps. [castle,

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul; forget my name,
And know my misery: Set me safe aboard
From these wild canibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,
Perpetual prisonment,[46] cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age.
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, that endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs. [fears;

Phi. I do pity you. Friends, discharge your
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, Sir. [you:

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle, and mail you like a hawk.

[*He stirs.*

Phi. Away, away; there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off;
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon my word, [ing.
He's tame enough, he needs no further watch-
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons, and my love;
And know, there shall be nothing in my pow'r
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this. [brave prince!

All. Long may'st thou live, brave prince!
Brave prince! [*Ex. Phi. and Pha.*

Cap. Thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, and every man trace to his house again, and hang his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring your wives in muffs. We will have music; and the red grape shall make us dance, and rise, boys. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,[47]
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King. Kind gentleman![48]
I will not break the least word I have giv'n
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My lord is come.

[45] *Kiss their* gum'd gols.] *Golls*, in old English authors, means *hands*, or *paws*. *Gum'd* we apprehend to be form'd from the substantive *gum*; and the whole passage to signify, 'Do the 'nobility *kiss* their *hands* in token of civility, and say, "We are your servants?" Mr. Theobald reads, *kiss* the gum *gols*.

[46] *Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness,*
All dangers of all sorts, *and all together,*] In this manner Mr. Seward alters these lines; and, indeed, we think his alteration preferable to the old reading, in our text.

The same gentleman complains of there being *great difficulties* in the latter part of this speech. It is very probable, Mr. Seward conceived our Authors to have had a deeper meaning in it than they really had; otherwise, we know not where the difficulty lies. We apprehend the Poets intended Pharamond simply to declare, that he had rather suffer any thing, than to be thus baited any longer by the mob.

[47] *Sir, all is quiet as* this *dead of night.*] There is no hint of the scene being at midnight; we must therefore read *the* dead of night. *Mr. Seward.*

[48] ——————— *My lord Philaster*
Brings on the prince himself. King. *Kind* gentlemen!] It is plain, that the king is speaking here of the kindness of Philaster in appeasing the people, and redeeming Pharamond; and not of the kindness of Dion, and the others present, who only informed him of it. We must therefore read *gentleman*. *Mr. Seward.*

King. My son!
Blest be the time, that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes: [her;
Let them appease thee Take thy right; take
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. For you, Prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full
To make an honourable voyage home. [leave
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well;
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? of, have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and the boy together.
Dion. How now! [him
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and
At that all women may be ta'en some time.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike. [for father.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I may speak.
As freedom would; then I will call this lady
As base as be her actions! Hear me, Sir:
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely. [wind
Phi. This lady? I will sooner trust the
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then, what were to be
But death? [known
King. Forget her, Sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.[49]
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the pow'rs above,
Let it not be the death of her or him;
And it is granted.
King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my words back, worthy Sir!
Ask something else! Bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once. [cable.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevo-
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest
For I have liv'd till I am pitied! [man,
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture! Is it in the pow'r
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Are. Dear Sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand.
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, Sir; your tender flesh will try your constancy.
Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No! Help, Sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there! why stay you?
Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.
King. How's that? will he confess?
Dion. Sir, so he says.
King. Speak then.
Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things
You hear not often. [than these
King. Walk aside with him.
Dion. Why speak'st thou not?
Bel. Know you this face, my lord?
Dion. No.
Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?
Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily I know not where.
Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They, that would flatter my bad face, would swear [two
There was such strange resemblance, that we
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.
Dion. By Heav'n, and so there is.
Bel. For her fair sake, [life
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may 'scape this torture.
Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.

[49] ——— *and will* sadly *be denied.*] *i. e.* shall be very sorry to be denied. *Mr. Theobald.*

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?
Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.
Dion. Oh, my shame! Is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?
Bel. In Siracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she! [died,
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more? [too:
Bel. 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What have you done?
Dion. All is discover'd.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*He offers to stab himself.*
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discover'd?
Dion. Why, my shame!
It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman. [nocence!
Phi. Bless'd be you pow'rs that favour in-
King. Lay hold upon that lady.
Phi. It is a woman, Sir! Hark, gentlemen!
It is a woman! Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would begone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just. [two,
Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for, I know, [done,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak[50]
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and understanding well,
That when I made discov'ry of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens' eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match [wilt,
Within our kingdom, where and when thou
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bel. Never, Sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.
Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her! [earth
Phi. I grieve such virtues should be laid in
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;

[50] —— *My father oft would speak*, &c.] The beauty, the innocence, of Euphrasia's character is finely depicted in this narration from her own mouth. Our poets, when they intended it, seldom failed in the art of moving the passions. The young lady from her father's encomiums first, had fallen in love with Philaster; though she knew she could have no pretensions to his bed. But as her next, and only, happiness was to live in his sight, she disguised her sex, and entered into his service. Her resolution, and vow, never to marry any other, is a fine heightening of the character. *Mr. Theobald.*

Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.
King. Set her at liberty; but leave the court;
This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renowned Sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Where-ever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this, to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heav'n wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

A KING AND NO KING.

The Commendatory Verses by Howard and Herrick ascribe this Play to Fletcher; by Earle, to Beaumont. The first edition bears date 1619. Notwithstanding its prodigious merit, it has not been performed for many years past; nor do we find that it ever received any alterations. The sudden bursts, and quick transitions of passion, in the character of Arbaces, are, however, supposed to have given rise to a burlesque drama, or parody (by Tate) sometimes represented, under the title of "Duke and No Duke."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

ARBACES, *king of Iberia.*
TIGRANES, *king of Armenia.*
GOBRIAS, { *lord protector, and father of Arbaces.*
BACURIUS, *another lord.*
MARDONIUS, BESSUS, } *two captains.*
LIGONES, *father of Spaconia.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Sword-men.

WOMEN.

ARANE, *the queen mother.*[1]
PANTHEA, *her daughter.*
SPACONIA, *a lady, daughter of Ligones.*
MANDANE, { *a waiting-woman; and other attendants.*
Three men and a woman.
PHILIP, *a servant, and two citizens' wives.*
A Messenger.
A servant to BACURIUS.
A boy.

SCENE, *on the frontiers of* ARMENIA; *and, afterwards, in the metropolis of Iberia.*[2]

ACT I.

Enter Mardonius and Bessus.[3]

Mar. BESSUS, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are commanders shall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee *perdue* for a pudding i'th' dark, as Alexander the Great.

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy

[1] *Arane, the* queen's mother.] The trifling alteration we have here made is not only necessary, but warranted by different passages in the play. In the beginning of the third act we find, '*And the* queen-mother *and the princess wait.*'

[2] *Scene, on the frontiers, &c.*] For this information we are indebted to Mr. Theobald.

[3] The character of Bessus, I think, must be allowed in general a fine copy from Shakespeare's inimitable Falstaffe. He is a coward, yet would fain set up for a hero; ostentatious, without any grain of merit to support his vain-glory; a liar throughout, to exalt his assumed qualifications; and lewd, without any countenance from the ladies to give him an umbrage for it. As to his wit and humour, the precedence must certainly be adjudged to Falstaffe, the great original. *Mr. Theobald.*

To these remarks on the character of Bessus, it may not be improper to add, that it has a strong Bobadilian tincture, and that, in all probability, the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, and *Thraso* of Terence, furnished both Jonson and our Authors with hints for the respective characters. Falstaffe is more an original.

behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopp'd thee, if thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a brave combat, Mardonius?

Mar. Why, didst thou see it?

Bes. You stood wi' me.

Mar. I did so; but methought thou wink'd'st every blow they struck.

Bes. Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand: But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

Bes. 'Twas bravely done of our king.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

Bes. To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat.

Mar. See, how thy blood curdles at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

Bes. Shall I tell you truly?

Mar. Ay.

Bes. I could willingly venture for it.

Mar. Hum! no venture neither, Bessus.

Bes. Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so fam'd for.

Mar. Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bes. Fam'd? I warrant you.

Mar. I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee e'er since thou cam'st to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

Bes. The Christian world.

Mar. 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my conscience: Thou deserv'st it not.

Bes. Yes, I ha' done good service.

Mar. I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting of a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

Bes. You saw me do the service yourself.

Mar. Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

Bes. At Bessus' Desp'rate Redemption.

Mar. At Bessus' Desp'rate Redemption! where's that?

Bes. There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

Mar. Prithee, who christen'd it?

Bes. The soldiers.

Mar. If I were not a very merrily-disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee on an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i'th' head o'th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

Bes. True; but I did not run.

Mar. Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gav'st; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon th' enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

Bes. You'll never leave this, till I fall foul.

Mar. No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

Bes. Come, our king's a brave fellow.

Mar. He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou cam'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremity, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with his prey in his foot.

Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and two gentlemen.

Arb. Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away
From my full victory: Am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieve
When I o'ercome him? They that plac'd me here,
Intended it an honour, large enough
For the most valiant living, but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day.
What should afflict you? You're as free as I.
To be my prisoner, is to be more free
Than you were formerly. And never think,
The man, I held worthy to combat with me,
Shall be us'd servilely. Thy ransom is,
To take my only sister to thy wife:
A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is
A lady, that the neighbour princes send
Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind
To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old,
I left her, and ne'er saw her since: Your wars
Have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
The way to victory. She was a pretty child;
Then, I was little better; but now fame
Cries loudly on her, and my messengers
Make me believe she is a miracle.
She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke,
But of her eye, Tigranes.

Tigr. Is't the course
Of Iberia to use her prisoners thus?
Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces',
I should not thus have talk'd, Sir: In Armenia,
We hold it base. You should have kept your temper

Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,
Perhaps, to brag.
Arb. Be you my witness, earth,
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince
Speak me sufficiently, and all the acts
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground,
Within his whole realm, that I have not past,
Fighting and conquering: Far then from me
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,
By this sole arm, prop'd by divinity;
Stript him out of his glories; and have sent
The pride of all his youth to people graves;
And made his virgins languish for their loves;
If I would brag. Should I that have the pow'r
To teach the neighbour world humility,
Mix with vain-glory?
Mar. Indeed, this is none. [*Aside.*
Arb. Tigranes, nay, did I but take delight
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,
I could amaze my hearers.
Mar. So you do. [desty,
Arb. But he shall wrong his and my mo-
That thinks me apt to boast: After an act
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.
Mar. 'Tis pity that valour should be thus drunk. [*Aside.*
Arb. I offer you my sister, and you answer,
I do insult: A lady that no suit,
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase thee,
But that thou fought'st with me.
Tigr. Though this be worse
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;
But, that you think to over-grace me with
The marriage of your sister, troubles me.
I would give worlds for ransoms, were they mine,
Rather than have her.
Arb. See, if I insult,
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn?
It cannot be self-flattery to say,
The daughters of your country, set by her,
Would see their shame, run home, and blush to death
At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair,
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:
They say, her looks have something excellent,
That wants a name. Yet, were she odious,
Her birth deserves the empire of the world:
Sister to such a brother; that hath ta'en
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth
Carries her bound, and, should he let her loose,
She durst not leave him. Nature did her wrong,
To print continual conquest on her cheeks,
And make no man worthy for her taste,
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely
She did for me: But you will think I brag.
Mar. I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and thy passions sever'd, would have made two excellent fellows in their kinds. I know not, whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant, or so passionate: 'Would one of 'em were away! [*Aside.*
Tigr. Do I refuse her, that I doubt her worth?
Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;
So perfect, that no one of her own sex
Could find a want she had;[4] so tempting fair,
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;[5]
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,
Rather than meet her married in my bed.
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd
Mine eyes, not to be mov'd, and she on me:
I am not fickle.

[4] *Could find a want*, had she *so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, &c.] Thus say the copies prior to Mr. Theobald, who (without noticing it) alters the passage thus;

Could find a want; Were she *so tempting fair, &c.*

The deficiency of sense in the old copies, we apprehend, was occasioned by one of those errors which the press is most subject to, a transposition.

[5] ——*so tempting fair,*
That she could wish it off, for damning *souls.*] This passage is so obscure in the expression, that, I believe, it will want a short comment to the generality of readers. The Authors mean, 'Were she so temptingly fair, that she could wish to be less beauteous, *for fear* of 'damning souls, in their coveting to enjoy her charms, *&c.*' So Shakespeare in his Othello;

A fellow almost damn'd *in a fair wife,*

i. e. grown so uxorious through the attractions of her beauty, as to neglect all his duty towards Heaven, and consequently incur the danger of damnation. This sentiment is explained in another passage of that immortal author, in his Merchant of Venice.

——*it is very meet*
The lord Bassanio live an upright life.
For, having such a blessing *in his lady,*
He finds the joys *of Heaven here on earth;*
And if on earth he do not merit *it,*
In reason he should never come to Heav'n. *Mr. Theobald.*

Arb. Is that all the cause?
Think you, you can so knit yourself in love
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolve it? So, before you try'd,
You thought yourself a match for me in fight:
Trust me, Tigranes, she can do as much
In peace, as I in war; she'll conquer too.
You shall see, if you have the pow'r to stand
The force of her swift looks.[6] If you dislike
I'll send you home with love, and name your ransom
Some other way; but if she be your choice,
She frees you. To Iberia you must. [ance,
Tigr. Sir I have learn'd a prisoner's suffer-
And will obey: But give me leave to talk
In private with some friends before I go.
Arb. Some do await him forth, and see him safe;
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturb his conference;
I will not have him know what bondage is,
[*Exit Tigranes.*
'Till he be free from me. This prince, Mardonius,
Is full of wisdom, valour, all the graces
Man can receive.
Mar. And yet you conquer'd him.
Arb. And yet I conquer'd him; and could have done't, [in arms
Hadst thou join'd with him, though thy name
Be great. Must all men, that are virtuous,
Think suddenly to match themselves with me?
I conquer'd him, and bravely, did I not?
Bes. An please your majesty, I was afraid at first——
Mar. When wert thou other?
Arb. Of what?
Bes. That you would not have spy'd your best advantages; for your majesty, in my opinion, lay too high; methinks, under favour, you should have lain thus.
Mar. Like a taylor at a wake.
Bes. And then, if't please your majesty to remember, at one time —— by my troth, I wish'd myself wi' you.
Mar. By my troth thou wouldst ha' stunk 'em both out o'th' lists.
Arb. What to do?
Bes. To put your majesty in mind of an occasion: You lay thus, and Tigranes falsified a blow at your leg, which you, by doing thus, avoided; but, if you had whipp'd up your leg thus, and reach'd him on the ear, you had made the blood-royal run down his head.
Mar. What country fence-school learn'dst that at?
Arb. Pish! did not I take him nobly?
Mar. Why, you did, and you have talk'd enough on't.
Arb. Talk'd enough? [earth,
Will you confine my words? By Heav'n and
I were much better be a king of beasts
Than such a people! If I had not patience
Above a god, I should be call'd a tyrant,
Throughout the world! They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me hear thee speak again,
And thou art earth again. Why, this is like
Tigranes' speech, that needs would say I brag'd.
Bessus, he said, I brag'd.
Bes. Ha, ha, ha!
Arb. Why dost thou laugh?
By all the world, I'm grown ridiculous
To my own subjects. Tie me in a chair,
And jest at me! But I shall make a start,
And punish some, that others may take heed
How they are haughty. Who will answer me?
He said I boasted: Speak, Mardonius,
Did I? He will not answer. Oh, my temper!
I give you thanks above, that taught my heart
Patience; I can endure his silence. What, will none
Vouchsafe to give me answer? Am I grown
To such a poor respect? or do you mean
To break my wind? Speak, speak, some of you,
Or else, by Heav'n——
1 *Gent.* So please your——
Arb. Monstrous!
I cannot be heard out; they cut me off,
As if I were too saucy. I will live
In woods, and talk to trees; they will allow me
To end what I begin. The meanest subject
Can find a freedom to discharge his soul,
And not I. Now it is a time to speak;
I hearken.
1 *Gent.* May it please——
Arb. I mean not you;
Did not I stop you once? But I am grown
To talk? [7] But I defy——Let another speak.

[6] ——— *if you have the power to stand*
The force of her swift *looks.*] Both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson chuse to adopt the epithet *sweet*. I have not ventur'd to alter the text; because I think the word *swift* is more consonant to *force, i. e.* the power of her *keen, pointed* glances; as Arbaces speaks of her a little above;

She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke,
But of her eye, Tigranes. *Mr. Theobald.*

[7] ——— *But I am grown*
To balk, *but* I defie, *let another speak.*] So stands this passage in the elder editions. Mr. Seward makes this alteration,

——— *But I am grown*
To talk *but* idly; *let another speak,*

and subjoins the following note:

[8] As

2 Gent. I hope your majesty——
Arb. Thou drawl'st thy words,
That I must wait an hour, where other men
Can hear in instants: Throw your words away
Quick, and to purpose; I have told you this.
Bes An please your majesty——
Arb. Wilt thou devour me? This is such a rudeness
As yet you never shew'd me: And I want
Pow'r to command too; else, Mardonius
Would speak at my request. Were you my king,
I would have answer'd at your word, Mardonius.
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?
Mar. Truth will offend you.
Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to utter such things as these.
Mar. You told Tigranes, you had won his land
With that sole arm, prop'd by divinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us
That daily ventur'd lives?
Arb. Oh, that thy name [wealth
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my
It were as great, as I might combat thee!
I would, through all the regions habitable,
Search thee, and, having found thee, wi' my sword
Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met
Some place that yet man's curiosity
Hath miss'd of: There, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites
As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.
Bes. The king rages extremely; shall we slink away?
He'll strike us.
2 Gent. Content.
Arb. There I would make you know, 'twas this sole arm.
I grant, you were my instruments, and did
As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm
Mov'd you like wheels; it mov'd you as it pleas'd. [good
Whither slip you now? What, [8]are you too

'As it may be some entertainment to the curious reader to see an humble critic poring in the 'dark, if he by that means has at last opened the door to day-light, I will give the process of 'this emendation. Every one must see, that the text, as it stood, was absolutely nonsense: and 'Mr. Theobald informed me, that it has stood so through all the editions: and, not having hit 'upon any emendation himself, he had looked upon it as one of the *loci desperati* of our Au-'thors. It is easy to observe, that the sense required must be either, *that I am grown not to 'have what I say observed:* or, *to have my will contradicted in every thing.* I had advanced 'several conjectures, but they departed too much from the traces of the letters. In rejecting 'them, therefore, I observed, that had any of them been clear, as to the sense; yet they made 'a syllable too much in the verse. Nothing is so great an assistance in retrieving the sense, as 'a due attendance to the metre; for a redundant syllable having crept into the former reading, 'one may easily see that it most probably was in the words, *I dene*, that being evidently a 'corruption. The word, therefore, that I have hit upon, gives the full idea required; and 'suppose, *defie*, to have been written with a final *y* instead of *ie*, it drops only one vowel, and 'changes an *f* into an *l*.'

As the measure used by our Authors, like that of all the other old dramatic writers, is often very licentious, and as, in the passionate starts of Arbaces, we find it frequently disregarded, we cannot, in the present case, admit the deviation from poetry to be a proof of error in the words; especially as they are not repugnant to sense. It is probable our Authors intended Arbaces (in that unconnected mode so frequent in the character) to exclaim, '*I am grown to* balk,' *i. e.* 'I 'am become a man who is to be *disappointed, disregarded*, in every command.'—'*But* I defy '——' when he interrupts himself by repeating his command for some one to speak to him. As, however, there seems a harshness in the expression, '*I am grown to* balk,' we have adopted Mr. Seward's word *talk*, which conveys as forcible a meaning by itself, as when accompanied with '*but idly*.' The alteration of the subsequent words to '*idly*,' (though the conjecture is ingenious) we think departs too much from the old copies to be admitted, particularly as the preservation of them greatly heightens the picture drawn of Arbaces, and paints the workings of ungovernable pride much more nervously than is done by the complaint, '*I am grown to talk* but idly.'

[8] *Are you too good, &c.*] In the old editions, this passage stands, *literally*, as follows:

——— are you too good
To wait on me? *(puffe,)* I had need have temper, &c.

But Mr. Theobald makes the word *puffe* a part of the text, and reads, *also literally*, thus:

——— are you too good
To wait on me, Puffe? I had need have temper, &c.

From the old mode of printing this word, we are inclined to suppose, that it was meant as a direction to the performer of the character of Arbaces, to shew signs of strong agitation from passion and pride: And though it may be urged, that directions to performers are not common in old plays; yet as, whenever they were inserted, it was in *italics*; and as, beside, we find the word

To wait on me? *(Puffe.)* I had need have temper,
That rule such people: I have nothing left
At my own choice! I would I might be private: [curse
Mean men enjoy themselves; but 'tis our
To have a tumult, that, out of their loves,
Will wait on us, whether we will or no.
Go, get you gone! Why, here they stand like
My words move nothing. [death:
1 *Gent.* Must we go?
Bes. I know not. [of this,
Arb. I pray you, leave me, Sirs. I'm proud
[*Exeunt all but Arb. and Mar.*
That you will be intreated from my sight.
Why, now they leave me all. Mardonius!
Mar. Sir. [thinks,
Arb. Will you leave me quite alone? Me-
Civility should teach you more than this,
If I were but your friend. Stay here, and
Mar. Sir, shall I speak? [wait.
Arb. Why, you would now think much
To be denied; but I can scarce intreat
What I would have. Do, speak.
Mar. But will you hear me out?
Arb. With me you article, to talk thus:
Well,
I will hear you out.
Mar. Sir, that I have ever lov'd you, my sword hath spoken for me; that I do, if it be doubted, I dare call an oath, a great one, to my witness; and were you not my king, from amongst men, I should have chose you out, to love above the rest: Nor can this challenge thanks; for my own sake I would have done it, because I would have lov'd the most deserving man; for so you are. [kneel:
Arb. Alas, Mardonius, rise! you shall not
We all are soldiers, and all venture lives;
And where there is no diff'rence in mens' worths,
Titles are jests. Who can outvalue thee?
Mardonius, thou hast lov'd me, and hast wrong;
Thy love is not rewarded; but, believe
It shall be better. More than friend in arms,
My father, and my tutor, good Mardonius!
Mar. Sir, you did promise you would hear me out. [thee
Arb. And so I will: Speak freely, for from
Nothing can come, but worthy things and true.
Mar. Though you have all this worth, you hold some qualities that do eclipse your virtues.
Arb. Eclipse my virtues?
Mar. Yes; your passions; which are so manifold, that they appear even in this: When I commend you, you hug me for that truth; but when I speak your faults, you make a start, and fly the hearing:[9] But——
Arb. When you commend me? Oh, that I should live
To need such commendations! If my deeds
Blew not my praise themselves about the earth,
I were most wretched! Spare your idle praise:
If thou didst mean to flatter, and shouldst utter [pudence,
Words in my praise, that thou thought'st im-
My deeds should make 'em modest. When you praise, [worthy,
I hug you? 'Tis so false, that, wert thou
Thou shouldst receive a death, a glorious death,
From me! But thou shalt understand thy lyes;
For, shouldst thou praise me into Heav'n, and there
Leave me inthron'd, I would despise thee then
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Because I see thy envy.
Mar. However you will use me after, yet for your own promise sake, hear me the rest.
Arb. I will, and after call unto the winds;
For they shall lend as large an ear as I
To what you utter. Speak!
Mar. Would you but leave these hasty tempers, which I do not say take from you all your worth,[10] but darken it, and then you will shine indeed.
Arb. Well.
Mar. Yet I would have you keep some passions, lest men should take you for a god, your virtues are such.
Arb. Why, now you flatter.
Mar. I never understood the word. Were you no king, and free from these moods, should I chuse a companion for wit and pleasure, it

word between *parentheses*, and after the point of *interrogation*, we cannot help adhering to that opinion. A gentleman of acknowledged abilities has doubted, whether Arbaces might not mean to call Bessus *Puffe*; but as the king is not in a merry mood, and the *gentlemen* as well as *Bessus* are *slipping away*, we have left the word in the same situation we found it; thinking it improper to *advance* it into the text, and there (like the *easy* Mr. Theobald, without submitting it to the Reader's election) leave it, *unnoticed*.

[9] *And fly the hearing* but.] This particle seems to have no right to stand here; we must, to make sense, substitue *out* in its place. *Mr. Sympson.*

And so I had corrected the passage long ago. *Mr. Theobald.*

There is a poverty in this language, '*And fly the hearing out*,' which the greatest poetical adversity could not have reduced our Authors to. The three first editions guide us to their true meaning:

You make a start, and fly the hearing: but

which punctuation plainly shews an intended interruption from Arbaces to Mardonius.

[10] ——— *which I do not say take from you all your worth, but darken 'em,*] *Worth* being a substantive of the singular number, we must certainly read *it*, instead of *'em*. *Mr. Sympson.*

Or, perhaps, the Poets wrote *worths*, and the final *s* has been lost at the press.

should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material. [lives

Arb. Is not material? more than ten such As mine, Mardonius! It was nobly said; Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth As might offend another. I have been Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see A swift amendment. But I want those parts You praise me for: I fight for all the world! Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years; I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me That I should use so rough a phrase to thee: Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt, So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I Should differ thus!

Mar. Why, 'tis no matter, Sir. [take

Arb. Faith, but it is: But thou dost ever All things I do thus patiently; for which I never can requite thee, but with love; And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I Have not been merry lately: Prithee tell me, Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine

Mar. Why, at the taking of a town. [ear?

Arb. A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius, gave thee that jewel.

Mar. Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I' those businesses, I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty. [thee?

Arb. Why, do the wenches encroach upon

Mar. Ay, by this light, do they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

Mar. Yes, faith.

Arb. And do they improve themselves?

Mar. Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst live on't?

Mar. Why, I think, I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take them up at my price.

Enter two gentlmen and Bessus.

Mar. Your price?

Arb. Ay, at the king's price.

Mar. That may be more than I'm worth.

2 Gent. Is he not merry now?

1 Gent. I think not.

Bes. He is, he is: We'll shew ourselves.

Arb. Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I bad you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An please your majesty I have a suit.

Arb. Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

Bes. I am to carry a lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two suits.

Bes. And if I can prefer her to the lady Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights' lodging as 'tis thither; will't not?

Bes. I know not that, Sir; but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

Bes. If I can.

Arb. Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

Bes. Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

Arb. I have so good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

Bes. Somebody has traduced me to you; Do you see this sword, Sir?

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Health to your majesty!

Arb. From Gobrias?

Mes. Yes, Sir.

Arb. How does he? is he well?

Mes. In perfect health.

Arb. Take that for thy good news.

A trustier servant to his prince there lives not, Than is good Gobrias.

1 Gent. The king starts back.

Mar. His blood goes back as fast.

2 Gent. And now it comes again.

Mar. He alters strangely. [far

Arb. The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it From me to struggle! If my secret sins Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears Enow to wash me white, that I may feel A child-like innocence within my breast! Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes Set here unmov'd, regardless of the world, Though thousand miseries encompass me!

Mar. This is strange! Sir, how do you?

Arb. Mardonius! my mother——

Mar. Is she dead? [know

Arb. Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost How she hath labour'd, since my father died, To take by treason hence this loathed life, That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd, And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit To practise new sins, not repent the old. She now had hir'd a slave to come from thence, And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out, Took, and condemn'd, and executed there. The careful'st servant! Heav'n, let me but live To pay that man! Nature is poor to me, That will not let me have as many deaths As are the times that he hath sav'd my life, That I might die 'em over all for him.

Mar. Sir, let her bear her sins on her own head;
Vex not yourself.

Arb. What will the world
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins
Will they suppose me loaden, when my life
Is sought by her, that gave it to the world?
But yet he writes me comfort here: My sister,
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;
In all the innocent virtues that become
A tender spotless maid: She stains her cheeks
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles pray'rs,
Her pure oblations, for my safe return.
If I have lost the duty of a son;
If any pomp or vanity of state
Made me forget my natural offices;
Nay, further, if I have not every night
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,
And call'd 'em back; do you [11] direct her arm
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.
But if I have been just to her, send out
Your pow'r to compass me, and hold me safe
From searching treason; I will use no means
But prayer: For, rather suffer me to see
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.

Mar. I never saw such sudden extremities.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou have me die, Spaconia?
What should I do?

Spa. Nay, let me stay alone;
And when you see Armenia again,
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.
Some friend, that ever lov'd me or my cause,
Will build me something to distinguish me
From other women; many a weeping verse
He will lay on, and much lament those maids
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,
As I have done, where they can never reach.
But why should you go to Iberia? [man

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the
That rages in a fever, why he lies
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?
Can I resist it? am I not a slave
To him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee,
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free
As his: His will did never combat thine,
And take it prisoner.

Tigr. But if he by force
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,
Or thee, to be unwilling?

Spa. Oh, Tigranes!
I know you are to see a lady there;
To see, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!

Tigr. Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I say.
In short, destruction meet me that I may
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me [love;
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our
And I have given gold unto a captain,
That goes unto Iberia from the king,
That he will place a lady of our land
With the king's sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and being once got in,
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,
To be as backward in her love as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maid,
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away
With words from loving you?

Tig. Dispraise my health,
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

Spa. Why, I had rather lose you: Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lye!

Tigr. Yet, do thy best.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. What, is your majesty ready?

Tigr. There is the lady, captain.

Bes. Sweet lady, by your leave. I could wish myself more full of courtship for your fair sake.

Spa. Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste; I have receiv'd new letters from the king, that require more haste than I expected; he will follow me suddenly himself; and begins to call for your majesty already.

Tigr. He shall not do so long.

Bes. Sweet lady, shall I call you my Charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take upon me to govern your tongue, Sir: You shall call me what you please. [*Exeunt.*

[11] ——— *do you direct her arm*
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.] Who is to direct her arm? The gods, I suppose, must be meant; but they are neither invoked, nor mentioned. This is a bold *ellipses*; but yet not infrequent with our Poets. *Mr. Sympson.*

These *ellipses* are certainly very allowable in dramatic writings, as the action of the performer gives full information whom he addresses.

ACT II.

Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane, waiting-women, with attendants.

Gob. MY lord Bacurius, you must have regard
Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;
'Tis at your peril, if she make escape. [ner;
Bac. My lord, I know't; she is my prisoFrom you committed: Yet she is a woman;
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,
I sorrow for her.
Gob. So do I, my lord:
I sorrow for her, that so little grace [arm
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her
Against her king; so little womanhood
And natural goodness, as to think the death
Of her own son.
Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.
Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;
Her father is within her; that good man,
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins. Mark, how she weeps;
How well it does become her! And if you
Can find no disposition in yourself
To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her,
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.
All this she does for you, and more she needs,
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.
Think, how this want of grief discredits you;
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.[12]
Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time
Fit for your purpose; but, you know, I know
You speak not what you think.
Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd
Against my mother! A more troubled thought
No virgin bears about! Should I excuse
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,
In losing which a brother and a king
Were taken from me: If I seek to save
That life so lov'd, I lose another life,
That gave me being; I shall lose a mother;
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,
That it strikes reverence through it. May the will
Of Heav'n be done, and if one needs must fall,
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!
Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know,
Is not in me as in another mother. [this fault
Gob. I know it is not.
Ara. Yet you make it so. [help?
Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your
Ara. I know it is.
Gob. Nay, should you publish it [liev'd?
Before the world, think you 'twould be beAra. I know, it would not.
Gob. Nay, should I join wi' you, [die
Should we not both be torn,[13] and yet both Uncredited?
Ara. I think we should.
Gob. Why, then,
Take you such violent courses? As for me,
I do but right in saving of the king
From all your plots.
Ara. The king!
Gob. I bad you rest [me
With patience, and a time would come for
To reconcile all to your own content:
But, by this way, you take away my pow'r.
And what was done, unknown, was not by me,
But you; your urging. Being done, [bring
I must preserve my own;[14] but time may
All this to light, and happily for all.

[12] This passage is quaint; but the two lines together evidently signify, 'Think, how disgraceful it is to you not to grieve, and you will grieve that you cannot grieve.'

[13] *Nay, should I join with you, should we* not *both be* torn, *and yet both die uncredited?*] I can't think, this word came from the Poets, or was designed by them to stand for *tortured*; neither do I know how to apply an healing hand to the text, unless we transpose and read thus,

——— *should we both be sworn,*
Yet should not we both die uncredited. *Mr. Sympson.*

My friend does not seem much to like his conjecture: But as the passage is certainly corrupted without it, and as it retrieves plain sense, I have ventured to insert it; and, I am verily persuaded, it will not do him any discredit. *Mr. Theobald.*

It is plain, Mr. Sympson had at first hit upon the Poets' meaning, however widely he afterwards departed from it. Gobrias means, 'Though we should be rack'd, *torn* even to death, 'we should die uncredited.' There is a weakness of expression, a poverty of imagination, in the passage when thus altered, which, we think, our Authors never betray.—Had the Editors of 1750 adhered to the rule which they often mention, of making the poetry a test for the words, they would not have altered nor transposed a syllable. But, by some strange mishap, though the elder copies of this Play give us well-divided metre, this part of the scene, in their edition, is most strangely confused: part of it being printed as prose, and part ranged in such lines as we believe never before appeared under the name of poetry.

[14] *I must preserve* my own.] *i. e.* Must protect my son, Arbaces, against your endeavours to destroy him.

Ara. Acursed be this over-curious brain,
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this womb,
That after did conceive, to my disgrace!

Bac. My lord-protector, they say, there are divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus has done good service, and brought again a day by his particular valour: Receiv'd you any to that effect?

Gob. Yes; 'tis most certain.

Bac. I'm sorry for't; not that the day was won, but that 'twas won by him. We held him here a coward: He did me wrong once, at which I laugh'd, and so did all the world; for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my sword.

Enter Bessus and Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my lord-protector! From the king these letters; and to your grace, madam, these.

Gob. How does his majesty?

Bes. As well as conquest, by his own means and his valiant commanders, can make him: Your letters will tell you all.

Pan. I will not open mine, till I do know My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?

Bes. As the rest of us that fought are.

Pan. But how's that? is he hurt? [knock.

Bes. He's a strange soldier that gets not a

Pan. I do not ask how strange that soldier is That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

Bes. He had divers.

Pan. And is he well again?

Bes. Well again, an't please your grace. Why, I was run twice through the body, and shot i' th' head with a cross-arrow, and yet am well again. [well?

Pan. I do not care how thou dost: Is he

Bes. Not care how I do? Let a man, out of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign countries with his blood, for the good of his own, and thus he shall be answered. Why, I may live to relieve, with spear and shield, such a lady as you distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care: I am glad that thou art well; I prithee, is he so? [morrow.

Gob. The king is well, and will be here to-

Pan. My prayer is heard. Now will I open mine. [charge.

Gob. Bacurius, I must ease you of your Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,
That overtakes your faults, has met with this, And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely. Your own will is your law; be where you

Ara. I thank him. [please.

Gob. You will be ready to wait upon his majesty to-morrow?

Ara. I will. [*Exit Arane.*

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter. I am glad I have lost this office. [course

Gob. Good captain Bessus, tell us the dis-Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how We got the victory.

Pan. I prithee do;
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while My heart will beat.

Bes. Madam, let what will beat, I must tell the truth, and thus it was: They fought single in lists, but one to one. As for my own part, I was dangerously hurt but three days before; else, perhaps, we had been two to two; I cannot tell, some thought, we had. And the occasion of my hurt was this; the enemy had made trenches——

Gob. Captain, without the manner of your hurt be much material to this business, we'll hear't some other time. [brother.

Pan. I prithee, leave it, and go on with my

Bes. I will; but 'twould be worth your hearing. To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.[15]

[15] *To the lists they came, and single sword and* gauntlet *was their fight.*] I know, in all ages of the world, that soldiers had a steel glove, or *gantlet*, to defend the back of their hands from the cuts of a broad sword; but, surely, this is an odd word for a weapon of war; and for two combatants to fight with their gloves on, was no great sign of courage or dexterity. A *target*, (as I suspect, the original word to have been) gracefully and artfully managed, was a defence for the whole body.

So the words are again joined in the Mad Lover.

——— *This fellow,*
With all his frights about him and his furies,
His larums, and his lances, swords, *and* targets, *&c.*

And so we find in the Coronation,

Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at several doors; their pages before them, bearing their targets. *Mr. Sympson.*

As this alteration is countenanced by none of the old copies, so the reason for which it is made will hardly be deemed a sufficient one, when it is understood, that every combatant was provided with a gauntlet when he fought. In a book entitled, 'Honor Military and Civill, 'contained in foure Bookes. By W. Segar,' *fo.* 1602, *p.* 130, is the following passage: 'He 'that loseth his gauntlet in fight, is more to be blamed than he who is disarmed of his poul-'deron. For the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can be performed; 'and therefore that part of the armor is commonly sent in signe of defiance.' R.

Pan. Alas!

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: And 'twas my chance to stand next a captain o' th' enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I smil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I——

Pan. All this is of thyself: I pray thee, Bessus,
Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

Bes. Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which, for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

Pan. See, for his own part!

Bac. I fear, yet, this fellow is abus'd with a good report.

Bes. But I——

Pan. Still of himself!

Bes. Cry'd, 'Give the word;' when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much, with us martialists, as, 'I will fight with you:' I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done——

Pan. He slips o'er all the fight.

Bes. I call'd him to me; Cosroes, said I——

Pan. I will hear no more.

Bes. No, no, I lye.

Bac. I dare be sworn thou dost.

Bes. Captain, said I; so it was.

Pan. I tell thee, I will hear no further.

Bes. No? Your grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it. What, is this the
My brother writes to me to take? [lady

Bes. An't please your grace, this is she. Charge, will you come near the princess?

Pan. You're welcome from your country; and this land
Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses
That I can make it. What's your name?

Spa. Thalestris. [a letter

Pan. You're very welcome: You have got
To put you to me that has power enough [you,
To place mine enemy here; then much more
That are so far from being so to me,
That you ne'er saw me. [truth.

Bes. Madam, I dare pass my word for her

Spa. My truth?

Pan. Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

Bes. I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her: And for honesty, she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

Pan. Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

Spa. Above my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my Charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand, I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

Spa. I hope your grace knows him so well already, I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

Bes. Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector. I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

Bac. Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

Bes. When you please, I will attend your lordship. [*Exit Bes.*

Bac. Madam, I'll take my leave too.

Pan. Good Bacurius! [*Exit Bac.*

Gob. Madam, what writes his majesty to
Pan. Oh, my lord, [you?
The kindest words! I'll keep 'em while I live,
Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em;
They lie disorder'd in this paper, just
As hearty nature speaks 'em.

Gob. And to me,
He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear
How you were grown in every virtuous way;
And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care
Which I was bound to have in training you.
There is no princess living that enjoys
A brother of that worth.

Pan. My lord, no maid
Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat
And cold within her breast, than I do now,
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much
At this: He writes, he brings along with him
A husband for you, that same captive prince;
And if he love you, as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedom in a choice. [you;

Pan. And so he will, my lord, I warrant
He will but offer, and give me the power
To take or leave.

Gob. Trust me, were I a lady,
I could not like that man were bargain'd with,
Before I chose him.

Pan. But I am not built [thy,
On such wild humours; and if I find him wor-
He is not less because he's offered. [seem less!

Spa. 'Tis true he is not; 'would, he would

Gob. I think there is no lady can affect
Another prince, your brother standing by;
He doth eclipse mens' virtues so with his.

Spa. I know a lady may, and, more I fear,
Another lady will.
Pan. 'Would I might see him!
Gob. Why, so you shall. My businesses are great:
I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see you.
Pan. I thank you, good my lord. [*Exit Gob.*
Spa. I do beseech you, madam, send away
Your other women, and receive from me
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,
May make 'em shine the more.
Pan. Sirs, leave me all. [*Exeunt women.*
Spa. I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.
'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,
As if a beggar should intreat a king
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,
Hungry and cold.
Pan. That were a strange request.
Spa. As ill is mine.
Pan. Then, do not utter it.
Spa. Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!
I am asham'd to speak it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,
That will not talk something unreasonably
To hazard saving of it.[16] I shall seem
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;
He would not love you.
Pan. What's the meaning of it? [bounds
Spa. Nay, my request is more without the
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the pow'r
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.
Pan. Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithee, speak it out.
Spa. Your brother brings a prince into this land,
Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,
So full of worth withal, that every maid
That looks upon him gives away herself
To him for ever; and for you to have
He brings him: And so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to have this man, [die,
This excellent man; for whom you needs must
If you should miss him. I do now expect
You should laugh at me.
Pan. Trust me, I could weep
Rather; for I have found in all thy words
A strange disjointed sorrow.
Spa. 'Tis by me
His own desire so, that you would not love him.
Pan. His own desire! Why, credit me, Thalestris,
I am no common wooer: If he shall woo me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear
I will not love him; but if he will stay
To have me woo him, I will promise thee
He may keep all his graces to himself,
And fear no ravishing from me.
Spa. 'Tis yet
His own desire; but when he sees your face,
I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you,
As you have pity, stop those tender ears
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you. I charge you, as you hope
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,
For certain I will walk to visit him,
If he break promise with me: For as fast
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,
Can make me, I am to him.
Pan. Then be fearless;
For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him, if I knew it sin [eyes;
To love him, without passion.[17] Dry your
I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me;
I will not hinder you. But I perceive [lestris,
You are not what you seem: Rise, rise, Tha-
If your right name be so.
Spa. Indeed, it is not:
Spaconia is my name; but I desire
Not to be known to others.
Pan. Why, by me
You shall not; I will never do you wrong;
What good I can, I will: Think not my birth
Or education such, that I should injure
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.
In company you wish to be commanded;
But, when we are alone, I shall be ready
To be your servant. [*Exeunt.*

[16] ——— *but where life*
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman
That will not take *something unreasonably,*
To hazard saving of it.] But what was the woman to *take* in this case? I think, I may venture to say, I have restored the original word of the Poets: My emendation is confirmed by what she says three lines above.

Alas! 'Tis of that nature, that it must
Be utter'd. *Mr. Theobald.*

[17] *For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,*
I could gaze on him, if I knew it sin
To love him, without passion:] *i. e.* If she knew it a sin to fall in love with him, let him be ever so lovely, she could avoid it. The confidence with which she speaks this, is extremely natural, to shew how little we know our own weakness: For she soon after falls in love with one, whom she took for her own brother. *Mr. Seward.*

Enter three men and a woman.

1 *Man.* Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man.* We shall outgo her.

3 *Men.* One were better be hang'd than carry out women fiddling to these shows.

Wom. Is the king hard by?

1 *Man.* You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is?

Wom. But what had he in those bottles?

3 *Man.* I know not.

2 *Man.* Why, ink, goodman fool.

3 *Man.* Ink, what to do?

1 *Man.* Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

Wom. Let's take our places; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man.* The man told us, he would walk o' foot through the people.

3 *Man.* Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man.* Our shops are well look'd-to now.

2 *Man.* 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man.* No, 'tis not he.

Enter Philip, with two citizens' wives.

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be. What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit.* My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there? [once.

2 *Cit.* Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em

1 *Cit.* And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou go down with me this summer when I am brought to-bed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit.* Why, prithee?

2 *Cit.* Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody cries brooms.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit.* Nor milk! how do they?

2 *Cit.* They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit.* Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit.* Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit.* Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, chuse us a place.

Phil. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leave, good people, a little.

3 *Man.* What's the matter?

Phi. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man.* Let her look to herself then; has she not had thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldering here, she may, haps, go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man.* How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

Phil. Because I will.

3 *Man.* Will you, Sir Sauce-box?

1 *Cit.* Look, if one ha' not struck Philip. Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* Why didst thou lean on him?

Phil. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit.* As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 *Man.* It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit.* Well, Slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man.* When you will.

1 *Cit.* I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man.* At a bawdy-house.

1 *Cit.* Ay, you're full of your roguery; but if I do meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

Flourish. Enter one running.

4 *Man.* The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, now!

Flourish. Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and Mardonius.

All. God preserve your majesty! [full,

Arb. I thank you all. Now are my joys at
When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.
By you I grow; 'tis your united love
That lifts me to this height.
All the account that I can render you
For all the love you have bestow'd on me,
All your expences to maintain my war,
Is but a little word: You will imagine
'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word
As is not to be bought but with your bloods:
'Tis peace!

All. God preserve your majesty!

Arb. Now you may live securely i' your towns,
Your children round about you; you may sit
Under your vines, and make the miseries
Of other kingdoms a discourse for you, [may
And lend them sorrows. For yourselves, you
Safely forget there are such things as tears:
And you may all, whose goods thoughts I have gain'd,
Hold me unworthy, when I think my life
A sacrifice too great to keep you thus
In such a calm estate!

All. God bless your majesty! [the man,

Arb. See, all good people; I have brought
Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home.
Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts
Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

1 *Cit.* Out upon him!

2 *Cit.* How he looks.

3 *Wom.* Hang him, hang him!

Mar. These are sweet people.

Tigr. Sir, you do me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was far from me

To mean it so. If I have aught deserv'd,
My loving subjects, let me beg of you
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells
All worth, of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare:
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself
Where-ever there is sun: And yet for you
I fought with him single, and won him too.
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,
Soar'd to so unbeliev'd a height, to fall [loves,
Beneath mine. This, inspir'd with all your
I did perform; and will, for your content,
Be ever ready for a greater work.

All. The Lord bless your majesty!

Tig. So, he has made me amends now with a speech in commendation of himself: I would not be so vain-glorious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Do good to any creature here, speak out;
For I must leave you: And it troubles me,
That my occasions, for the good of you,
Are such as call me from you: Else, my joy
Would be to spend my days among you all.
You shew your loves in these large multitudes
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.
Heav'n prosper you, that you may know old
And live to see your children's children [years,
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is
A want of any thing, let it be known
To me, and I will be a father to you.
God keep you all!

[*Flourish. Exeunt kings and their train.*

All. God bless your majesty, God bless your majesty!

1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.

Wom. Ay, for God's sake: I have not made a fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.

3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-sack, you! [face.

2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's

Phil. Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

[*Exeunt the three men and woman.*

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come, Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not his majesty say he had brought us home peas for all our money?[18]

2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit.* They're the first I heard of this year, by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant you, have every one a peck brought home to our houses. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.

Arb. MY sister take it ill?

Gob. Not very ill:
Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

Arb. Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have her know,
My will, and not her own, must govern her.
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

Gob. Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will like [hold her,
Where you will have her. But, when you be-
You will be loth to part with such a jewel.

Arb. To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art thou mad?
She is my sister. [
Gob. Sir, I know she is:
But it were pity to make poor our land,
With such a beauty to enrich another.

Arb. Pish! Will she have him?

Gob. I do hope she will not. [*Aside.*
I think she will, Sir.

Arb. Were she my father, and my mother too,
And all the names for which we think folks friends,
She should be forc'd to have him, when I know
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say, she's loth.

Gob. Heav'n, bring my purpose luckily to pass! [straint,
You know 'tis just.—She will not need con-
She loves you so.

Arb. How does she love me? Speak.

Gob. She loves you more than people love their health,
That live by labour; more than I could love
A man that died for me, if he could live
Again.

Arb. She is not like her mother, then.

Gob. Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
For at the first, on every little scratch, [eat,
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not
Till you were well; and many times the news
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,
She was as near her death, as you your health.

Arb. Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be rul'd.
I know not how I shall requite her well.

[18] *Did not his majesty say, he had brought us home* peas *for all our money.*] This ridiculous blunder from the ignorance of the citizen in mistaking *peace* for *peas*, might have an effect, perhaps, (at least of laughter) on the gross audiences of those times; though I question whether it would not meet with a rebuke from the nicer tastes in ours. *Mr. Theobald.*

I long to see her: Have you sent for her,
To tell her I am ready?
Gob. Sir, I have.

Enter 1 *gentleman and Tigranes.*

1 *Gent.* Sir, here is the Armenian king.
Arb. He's welcome. [princess wait
1 *Gent.* And the queen-mother and the Without. [*Exit Gobrias.*
Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.
Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison
Their only sons: Think you, you shall be safe?
Tig. Too safe I am, Sir.

Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia, Bacurius, Mardonius, Bessus, and two gentlemen.

Ara. As low as this I bow to you;[19] and
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind [would
Thankful for all your mercies.
Arb. Oh, stand up,
And let me kneel! the light will be asham'd
To see observance done to me by you.
Ara. You are my king.
Arb. You are my mother. Rise!
As far be all your faults from your own soul,
As from my memory; then you shall be
As white as Innocence herself.
Ara. I came
Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge
My sorrows for my sins: Longer to stay,
Were but to draw eyes more attentively [safe
Upon my shame. That pow'r, that kept you
From me, preserve you still!
Arb. Your own desires shall be your guide.
[*Exit Arane.*
Pan. Now let me die!
Since I have seen my lord the king return
In safety, I have seen all good that life
Can shew me. I have ne'er another wish
For Heav'n to grant; nor were it fit I should;
For I am bound to spend my age to come,
In giving thanks that this was granted me.
Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?
Arb. To whom?
Gob. To the princess.
Pan. Alas, Sir, I am fearful! You do look
On me, as if I were some loathed thing,
That you were finding out a way to shun.
Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.
Arb. Ha?
Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel
'Till I am one with earth, but I will gain
Some words and kindness from you.
Tigr. Will you speak, Sir?
Arb. Speak! am I what I was?
What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself.
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd [there!
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry
Up, and be gone; if thou be'st love, be gone!
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,
Write to thy laughing mother i' thy blood,[20]
That you are pow'rs bely'd, and all your darts
Are to be blown away, by men resolv'd,
Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words; away! [slow?
Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so
There can no falsehood come of loving her.
Though I have given my faith, she is a thing
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith.
I would, he would present me to her quickly.
Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you so far
From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,
That must talk till you answer, do not stand
As you were dumb; say something, though it be
Poison'd with anger that may strike me dead.
Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood sake,
Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus.
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.
Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from the earth:
Why do you let her kneel so long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg. What is your suit to me?

[19] *As low as this I bow to you, &c.*] Mr. Theobald compares this speech, and Arbaces' reply, to the following passage in Coriolanus, on a similar occasion, 'to which, says he, our Authors might possibly have an eye.'

Vol. *Oh, stand up bless'd!*
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

Cor. *What is this?*
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murth'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight work.

[20] *Thy laughing mother.*] The old poets, both Greek and Latin, as Mr. Seward observes, apply this epithet to Venus.

It shall be granted; yet the time is short,
And my affairs are great. But where's my sis-
I bade she should be brought. [ter?
Mar. What, is he mad?
Arb. Gobrias, where is she?
Gob. Sir!
Arb. Where is she, man?
Gob. Who, Sir?
Arb. Who? hast thou forgot my sister?
Gob. Your sister, Sir? [a wit,
Arb. Your sister, Sir? Some one that hath
Answer, where is she?
Gob. Do you not see her there?
Arb. Where?
Gob. There.
Arb. There? where?
Mar. 'Slight, there! are you blind?
Arb. Which do you mean? That little one?
Gob. No, Sir. [can see
Arb. No, Sir? Why, do you mock me? I
No other here, but that petitioning lady.
Gob. That's she.
Arb. Away!
Gob. Sir, it is she.
Arb. 'Tis false.
Gob. Is it?
Arb. As Hell! By Heav'n, as false as Hell!
My sister!—Is she dead? If it be so,
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;
And do not think to cozen me with this.
I see, you all are mute and stand amaz'd,
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;
A decreed instant cuts off ev'ry life,
For which to mourn, is to repine. She died
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness
Eternal waits upon her where she is.
I know, she could not make a wish to change
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear
My crosses like a man. We all must die,
And she hath taught us how.
Gob. Do not mistake,
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death
Upon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.
Arb. Which, good Gobrias?
That lady, dost thou mean?
Gob. That lady, Sir:
She is your sister; and she is your sister
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,
To see you use her thus.
Arb. It cannot be.
Tigr. Pish! this is tedious:
I cannot hold; I must present myself.
And yet the sight of my Spaconia
Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap
Does one that is about to sin.
Arb. Away! [tor,
No more of this! Here I pronounce him trai-
The direct plotter of my death, that names
Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lye,
The most malicious of the world, invented
To mad your king. He that will say so next,
Let him draw out his sword and sheath it here;
It is a sin fully as pardonable.
She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:
If she were ever, I create her none.
And which of you can question this? My pow'r
Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with. I have decreed her
As far from having part of blood with me,
As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,
He that is boldest now: Is that my sister?
Mar. Oh, this is fine!
Bes. No, marry, she is not, an't please your
majesty. [you.
I never thought she was; she's nothing like
Arb. No; 'tis true, she is not.
Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd.
Pan. Sir, I will speak but once: By the
same pow'r
You make my blood a stranger unto yours,
You may command me dead; and so much
love
A stranger may importune; pray you, do.
If this request appear too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other family,
By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live
Like sinful issues, that are left in streets
By their regardless mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.
Arb. I will hear no more.
Why should there be such music in a voice,
And sin for me to hear it? All the world
May take delight in this;[21] and 'tis damnation
For me to do so. You are fair, and wise,
And virtuous, I think; and he is bless'd
That is so near you as a brother is;
But you are nought to me but a disease;
Continual torment without hope of ease.
Such an ungodly sickness I have got,
That he, that undertakes my cure, must first
O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,
And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts;
Allowing 'em to do all actions,
As freely as they drink when they desire.
Let me not hear you speak again; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The having which would kill me. No man
Offer to speak for her; for I consider [here
As much as you can say; I will not toil
My body and my mind too; rest thou there;
Here's one within will labour for you both.

[21] ——— and *'tis damnation*
For me to do so.] To make sense and true reasoning, the conjunction *and* must be changed into the discretive particle *yet*. The king means, all the world, besides himself, may take delight in the music of her tongue; but it would be damnation in him to do so. *Mr. Theobald.*
We have followed the old reading, which we think easy and familiar. *And* often stands for *and yet*; and clearly conveys that sense in the passage before us.

Pan. I would I were past speaking.
Gob. Fear not, madam;
The king will alter: 'Tis some sudden rage,
And you shall see it end some other way.
Pan. Pray Heav'n it do! [I cannot
Tigr. Though she to whom I swore be here,
Stifle my passion longer; if my father
Should rise again, disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out.
Madam, a stranger, and a pris'ner, begs
To be bid welcome.
Pan. You are welcome, Sir,
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me
To make you so; for I am here a stranger
Greater than you: We know from whence you come;
But I appear a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,
As one not worth the owning.
Spa. Oh, I fear
Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,
As he would change his eyes with her. Some help
There is above for me, I hope! [fast,
Tigr. Why do you turn away, and weep so
And utter things that mis-become your looks?
Can you want owning?
Spa. Oh, 'tis certain so.
Tigr. Acknowledge yourself mine.
Arb. How now?
Tigr. And then see if you want an owner.
Arb. They are talking!
Tigr. Nations shall own you for their queen.
Arb. Tigranes! art not thou my prisoner?
Tigr. I am.
Arb. And who is this?
Tigr. She is your sister.
Arb. She is so.
Mar. Is she so again? that's well.
Arb. And how, then, dare you offer to change words with her?
Tigr. Dare do it! Why, you brought me hither, Sir,
To that intent.
Arb. Perhaps, I told you so:
If I had sworn it, had you so much folly
To credit it? The least word that she speaks
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Or I will temper it!
Spa. Blest be that breath!
Tigr. Temper my tongue! Such incivilities
As these no barbarous people ever knew:
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner [speak,
For theft. My tongue be temper'd? I must
If thunder check me, and I will.
Arb. You will?
Spa. Alas, my fortune!
Tigr. Do not fear his frown.
Dear madam, hear me. [base in me
Arb. Fear not my frown? But that 'twere
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.
Mar. He has one ransom with him already;
methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.
Arb. Away with him to prison! Now, Sir, see
If my frown be regardless. Why delay you?
Seize him, Bacurius! You shall know my word
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with,
Are as the chaff before it.
Tigr. Touch me not.
Arb. Help there!
Tigr. Away!
1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.
2 *Gent.* You must be forc'd.
Bac. Sir, you must pardon us;
We must obey.
Arb. Why do you dally there?
Drag him away by any thing.
Bac. Come, Sir.
Tigr. Justice, thou ought'st to give me strength enough
To shake all these off. This is tyranny,
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's,[22]
Or that fam'd tyrant's bed.[23] Thou mightst as well
Search i' the deep of winter through the snow
For half-starv'd people, to bring home with thee,
To shew 'em fire and send 'em back again,
As use me thus.
Arb. Let him be close, Bacurius.
[*Exeunt Tigranes and Bacurius.*
Spa. I ne'er rejoic'd at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: What shall become
Of me forsaken?
Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

[22] ——— *This is tyranny,*
Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's.] The allusion here is to the tyranny of Phalaris, who inclosed the wretches that had offended him, in a bull of brass, and burned them alive; being delighted to hear their groans express the bellowing of a bull. One Perillus, we are told, made this savage present to Phalaris; and the tyrant made the first experiment upon him of his own cruel ingenuity: Upon which Ovid has very properly observed,

——— *Nec lex est justior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.

'There is no more equal justice, than that the artificers of mischief should suffer by their own bad arts.' *Mr Theobald.*

[23] *Or that fam'd tyrant's bed.*] The poets allude to the bed of the inhuman Procrustes, an infamous robber of Attica, who compelled all his prisoners to lie in it; and, if they were too short, he by racks stretched out their limbs to the extent of it; if they were of too tall a stature, he lopped off their feet, and reduced them to a length suitable to his bed. *Mr. Theobald.*

Arb. By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,
And made myself believe much of myself,
That is not in me. You did kneel to me
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you:
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last, forgive me.

Pan. Oh, you wrong me more in this
Than in your rage you did: You mock me now. [worst

Arb. Never forgive me, then; which is the
Can happen to me.

Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heav'n.

Arb. Rise you then too:[24] Here I acknowledge thee
My hope, the only jewel of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,
A happiness as high as I could think;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light upon me!

Pan. This is better
Than if you had not frown'd; it comes to me
Like mercy at the block: And when I leave
To serve you with my life, your curse be with me!

Arb. Then thus I do salute thee; and again,
To make this knot the stronger. Paradise
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;
This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin,
And foolishly intice myself along!
Take her away; see her a prisoner
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias!

Pan. Alas! Sir, why?

Arb. I must not stay the answer. Do it!

Gob. Good Sir!

Arb. No more! Do it, I say!

Mar. This is better and better.

Pan. Yet, hear me speak.

Arb. I will not hear you speak.
Away with her! Let no man think to speak
For such a creature! for she is a witch,
A poisoner, and a traitor!

Gob. Madam, this office grieves me.

Pan. Nay, 'tis well; the king is pleased with it.

Arb. Bessus, go you along too with her. I will prove
All this that I have said, if I may live
So long. But I am desperately sick;
For she has given me poison in a kiss:
She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes
She witches people. Go, without a word!

[*Exeunt Gob. Pan. Bes. and Spac.*

Why should you, that have made me stand in war
Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,
Decree such an unworthy end of me,
And all my glories? What am I, alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you; and it is in you
To give me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather so,
Let it be rather so, than punish me
With such unmanly sins. Incest[25] is in me
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,
That pulls it thence. Where art, Mardonius?

Mar. Here, Sir.

Arb. I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.
Am I not grown a strange weight?

Mar. As you were.

Arb. No heavier?

Mar. No, Sir.

Arb. Why, my legs
Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could have gone, though I could never run.

Mar. And so I shall again.

Arb. Oh, no, 'tis past.

Mar. Pray you, go rest yourself. [of me,

Arb. Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,
Remember some of those things?

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I pray thee, do; for thou shalt never see me so again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bessus, alone.

Bes. They talk of Fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable penny-worth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be atchiev'd with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: For if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lye, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then

[24] *Rise you then* to hear; *I acknowledge thee*, &c.] The alteration, which is Mr. Theobald's, we doubt not will appear proper, to every reader who considers the preceding speeches.

[25] ——— *Incest is in me*
Dwelling already, and it must be holy
That pulls it thence.] The obscurity of this passage, puzzled me a great while; but by pondering often over it, I think, I have traced the intention of the Poets. The king would say, that incest has already taken up its residence in him; and is a sin of so horrid a die, that nothing but the assistance of the *holy* powers can expel it. *Mr. Theobald.*

As *it* stands so frequently for *that which*, it is surprising Mr. Theobald should have been puzzled about this passage.

would I fast two days, till my hunger cry'd out on me, 'Rail still:' Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me wi' hasle-sticks, at if they would have baked me, and have cozen'd some body wi' me for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whip'd fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgel'd me: Yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst mine enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd: A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abus'd call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of challenge.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Good-morrow, captain Bessus.

Bes. Good-morrow, Sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you——

Bes. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

Bes. A pox on 'em, so they cry all!

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides.

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy! what a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. Um, um, um—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forc'd to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction*. 'Tis very well, Sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engag'd to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, Sir, to two hundred and twelve: And I have a spent body, too much bruis'd in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, Sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit gentleman.*

Bes. Good-morrow, good Sir. Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, 'my reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction.' Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

Enter Bacurius.

Bac. Now, captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

Bes. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bes. True, my lord.

Bac. But now, people will call you valiant; desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

Bes. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements——

Bac. Tell not me of your engagements, captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the

multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

Bes. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

Bac. Who, then, pray?

Bes. Bessus the Coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Bes. And shall Bessus the Valiant maintain what Bessus the Coward did?

Bac. I prithee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

Bes. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bac. Your leg? why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

Bes. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

Bes. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bes. Why, I am one.

Bac. Are you so, Sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

Bes. My lord?

Bac. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ake extremely.

Bes. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's-gift.

Bac. I thank you very heartily, sweet captain! Farewell.

Bes. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bac. Marry, by all means, captain. Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain!

[*Exit Bac.*

Bes. I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit Bessus.*

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. I'll move the king;[26] he is most strangely alter'd: I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has follow'd me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

Enter Arbaces.

See, here is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: His very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears i' their eyes.

Arb. I cannot utter it! Why should I keep

[26] *I'll move the king*, &c.] This and all the subsequent scene betwixt the king and Mardonius has all along been printed as prose; but it came from the poets strictly in metre. To such I have reduced it with no small difficulty, and with the great assistance of the ingenious Mr. Seward: Not without the necessity of throwing out, here and there, some few trifling monosyllables, which were foisted in, as I presume, by the players, to support a cadence more to their minds; but which, indeed, much incumber the versification. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have hitherto forborn to notice the unpardonable Disregard to Veracity discovered by the Editors of 1750; who have certainly made as large sacrifices to Vanity, as ever Coquet did to the Graces.—We now mean just to inform our Readers of the falsehood contained in the above note; after which we shall (unless constrained to the contrary) consign their similar assertions to the contemptuous oblivion they merit.

Mr. Theobald says, '*All* the subsequent scene between the king and Mardonius has *all along* 'been printed as prose.' This is so very untrue, that *all the editions* (even that of 1655, the worst, we believe, ever printed) exhibit *every* speech of Arbaces in verse; and even those of Mardonius are not *all* printed in prose. We have, as nearly as possible, (that is, allowing for typographical errors) followed the old Editions in metre and lection; and are firmly persuaded, that our Poets intended Mardonius to talk plain prose, except in two or three passages, which his indignation raises to the sublime.—It is scarcely possible for a good writer, even when he intends the simplest prose, to avoid having some poetical passages; but are we therefore to count off his words upon our fingers (for the ear, in the present case, must have been out of the question) and range them like heroics?—If this is too great a liberty to take, how then shall we venture (with the Critics of 1750) to interpolate or discard whatever we think proper; especially if the consequence should be, that we produce matter infinitely inferior to the original text. It is rather a matter of surprize, that, when these Gentlemen were about it, they did not arrange the whole of the conversations between Bessus, the Sword-men, Mardonius, &c. in the same manner; for which they undoubtedly had as much reason, and equal authority.

A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie [light.
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

Mar. How do you, Sir?

Arb. Why, very well, Mardonius:
How dost thou do?

Mar. Better than you, I fear. [thee,

Arb. I hope, thou art; for, to be plain with
Thou art in hell else! Secret scorching flames,
That far transcend earthly material fires,
Are crept into me, and there is no cure.
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid, that you would utter to me.

Arb. So there is; but yet I cannot do it.

Mar. Out with it, Sir. If it be dangerous, I will not shrink to do you service: I shall not esteem my life a weightier matter than indeed it is. I know, 'tis subject to more chances than it has hours; and I were better lose it in my king's cause, than with an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief; as all these are probable enough. Let me but know what I shall do for you. [brias,

Arb. It will not out! Were you with Go-
And had him give my sister all content
The place affords, and give her leave to send
And speak to whom she please?

Mar. Yes, Sir, I was.

Arb. And did you to Bacurius say as much
About Tigranes?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. That's all my business.

Mar. Oh, say not so; you had an answer of this before: Besides, I think this business might be utter'd more carelessly. [seech thee,

Arb. Come, thou shalt have it out. I do be-
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,
To see my sister from me.

Mar. Well; and what?

Arb. That's all. [to her?

Mar. That's strange! Shall I say nothing

Arb. Not a word:
But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way
To make her understand by signs. [stand?

Mar. But what shall I make her under-

Arb. Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be pardon'd.

Mar. You may; but I can only see her then.

Arb. 'Tis true;
Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,
Thou shalt speak to her: Tell her I do love
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. Oh, yes! And her the best;
Better than any brother loves his sister:
That is all.

Mar. Methinks, this need not have been deliver'd with such a caution. I'll do it.

Arb. There is more yet: Wilt thou be faithful to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it, after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

Arb. I love her better than a brother ought.
Dost thou conceive me?

Mar. I hope you do not, Sir. [fore her,

Arb. No! thou art dull. Kneel down be-
And ne'er rise again, 'till she will love me.

Mar. Why, I think she does. [way;

Arb. But, better than she does; another
As wives love husbands.

Mar. Why, I think there are few wives that love their husbands better than she does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not understand me! Is it fit
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,
Naked as it is: I would desire her love
Lasciviously, lewdly, incestuously,
To do a sin that needs must damn us both;
And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

Mar. Yes; there's your ring again. What have I done
Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it,
That you should put so base a business to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do

Mar. Yes, if I undertook it: But if all [it?
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd
In such a cause to save my last life.

Arb. Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing art thou?
This man, that is my servant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beat me here, [with sin,
Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down
Could not resist him. Hear, Mardonius!
It was a motion mis-beseeming man,
And I am sorry for it.

Mar. Heav'n grant you may be so! You must understand, nothing that you can utter can remove my love and service from my prince; but, otherwise, I think, I shall not love you more: For you are sinful, and, if you do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for, after this, it will be great injustice in you to punish any offender, for any crime. For myself, I find my heart too big; I feel, I have not patience to look on, whilst you run these forbidden courses. Means I have none but your favour; and I am rather glad that I shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em with such conditions. I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where, though our garments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em. The gods preserve and mend you! [though

Arb. Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for,
My present state requires nothing but knaves
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For every wicked act, yet who does know,
But that my loathed fate may turn about,
And I have use for honest men again?
I hope, I may; I prithee, leave me not.

Enter Bessus.

Bes. Where is the king?

Mar. There. [knife.

Bes. An't please your majesty, there's the

Arb. What knife?

Bes. The sword is eaten.

Mar. Away, you fool! the king is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bes. Vanities! I am no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lye?

Arb. No, no, 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well. I'm glad on't.

Mar. If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

Bes. Why, may not valour approach him?

Mar. Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmannerly with you!

Arb. No; let him stay, Mardonius; let him
I have occasion with him very weighty, [stay;
And I can spare you now.

Mar. Sir?

Arb. Why, I can spare you now. [affairs.

Bes. Mardonius, give way to the state-

Mar. Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [*Exit Mar.*

Arb. Bessus, I should employ thee: Wilt thou do't?

Bes. Do't for you? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

Arb. Do not swear. [whatsoever.

Bes. By this light, but I will; any thing

Arb. But I shall name the thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

Bes. I would fain hear that thing. [for me;

Arb. Why, I would have thee get my sister
Thou understand'st me, in a wicked manner.

Bes. Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, i'faith. [on't?

Arb. Wilt thou? dost thou make no more

Bes. More? No, Why, is there any thing else? If there be, trust me, it shall be done too.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sense of such a
Thou art too wicked for my company, [sin?
Though I have hell within me, and may'st yet
Corrupt me further! Prithee, answer me,
How do I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. Why, your majesty looks as well, in my opinion, as ever you did since you were born. [grant,

Arb. But thou appear'st to me, after thy
The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing,
That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do
Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth [dart
Enough to take me in, where there do stand
Four rows of iron teeth.

Bes. I feel no such thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better. And when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

Arb. My mother! Heav'n forgive me, to hear this!
I am inspir'd with horror. Now I hate thee
Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise
In any breast again. Know, I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall,
Ere I will deal by such an instrument:
Thou art too sinful to employ in this.
Out of the world, away!

Bes. What do you mean, Sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight
Into the desarts; where, 'mongst all the mon- [sters,
If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself, [thou,[27]
Thou shalt be held as innocent!

Bes. Good Sir——— [thou,[27]

Arb. If there were no such instruments as
We kings could never act such wicked deeds!
Seek out a man that mocks divinity, [man,
That breaks each precept both of God and
And nature too, and does it without lust,
Merely because it is a law, and good, [spoil.
And live with him; for him thou canst not
Away, I say!—I will not do this sin.
[*Exit Bessus.*
I'll press it here, 'till it do break my breast:
It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin,
And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Gobrias, Panthea, and Spaconia.

Gob. HAVE you written, madam?

Pan. Yes, good Gobrias. [words

Gob. And with a kindness and such winning
As may provoke him, at one instant, feel
His double fault, your wrong, and his own
rashness? [may win him

Pan. I have sent words enough, if words
From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,

[27] *If there were no such instruments as thou,* &c.] The following passage, in Shakespeare's King John, conveys the same sentiment, and is similar to this before us.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house-of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.
Yet fearing, since they're many, and a woman's,
A poor belief may follow, I have woven
As many truths within 'em, to speak for me,
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em——
Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: Though he should not
Give you your present end in this, believe it,
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience)
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,
When he shall once collect himself, and see
How far he has been asunder from himself,
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot again [branches
Into a thousand glories, bearing his fair
High as our hopes can look at, strait as justice,
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you dearly,
I know it, and, I hope, I need not further
Win you to understand it.
Pan. I believe it;
But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:
So dearly, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging should beget his anger,
Heav'n be a witness with me, and my faith,
I had rather live entomb'd here.
Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than your grief;
I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,
And this night will deliver this true story,
With this hand, to your brother.
Pan. Peace go with you! You are a good man. [*Exit Gob.*
My Spaconia, why are you ever sad thus?
Spa. Oh, dear lady.
Pan. Prithee discover not a way to sadness,
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get highest.
How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,
Is easier known than cur'd.
Spa. Heaven comfort both,
And give yours happy ends, however I
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.
Pan. This but teaches
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,
That are too much our masters. Good Spaconia,
How shall I do you service? [ness,
Spa. Noblest lady,
You make me more a slave still to your good-
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;
For that is all the business of my life now.
I will be bold, since you will have it so,
To ask a noble favour of you. [a virtue,
Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet
No ill demand has issue. [will
Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes;
With whom I'm equal prisoner, if not more.
Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;
Bacurius cannot want so much good-manners
As to deny your gentle visitation, [mand.
Though you came only with your own com-
Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious madam,
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd,
So utter empty of those excellencies
That tame authority:[28] But in you, sweet lady
All these are natural; beside, a pow'r
Deriv'd immediate from your royal brother,
Whose least word in you may command the kingdom. [shall carry,
Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you
For fear it fail you.
Spa. Dare you trust a token?
Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.
Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me,
It joys me I shall do a good to you, [lady,
Though to myself I never shall be happy.
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!
Spa. And sweet peace to your Grace!
Pan. Pray Heav'n, I find it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes, in prison.

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune round,
That was a fair one. I have childishly
Play'd with my hope so long, 'till I have broke it, [conia!
And now too late I mourn'd for't. Oh, Spa-
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge now.
Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still!
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy torment; [lady,
Thou hast deserv'd it. Couldst thou find no
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,
But she that lov'd thee ever, poor Spaconia?
And so much lov'd thee, that, in honesty
And honour, thou art bound to meet her virtues!
She, that forgat the greatness of her grief

[28] *So utter empty of those excellencies*
That tame *authority*;] The oldest quarto in 1619 reads, that *have*, &c. but the quarto's in 1631, 1661, and 1676, all concur in giving us the word *tame*, which, without doubt, is the true reading. She means, she is utterly void of those talents that can have any controul over people in office and power. *Mr. Theobald.*

And miseries,[29] that must follow such mad passions,
Endless and wild in women! she, that for thee,
And with thee, left her liberty, her name,
And country! You have paid me, equal heav'ns,
And sent my own rod to correct me with,
A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;
Lay it on, Justice, 'till my soul melt in me,
For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting,
Upon a new face; after all my oaths,
Many, and strange ones,
I feel my old fire flame again and burn
So strong and violent, that, should I see her
Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.

Bac. Lady,
Your token I acknowledge; you may pass;
There is the king.
Spa. I thank your lordship for it. [*Exit Bat.*
Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!
Would I were bury'd, or so far remov'd [her.
Light might not find me out! I dare not see
Spa. Nay, never hide yourself! Or, were you hid, [centre,
Where earth hides all her riches, near her
My wrongs, without more day, would light me to you: [ness
I must speak, ere I die. Were all your great-
Doubled upon you, you're a perjur'd man,
And only mighty in your wickedness [prince!
Of wronging women! Thou art false, false,
I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives [more!
To tell thee thou art false;[30] and then no
She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant
Than all ill women ever were together.
Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,
That no bank can command; as lasting
As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' th' air and broken.
The wind is fix'd to thee; and sooner shall
The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,
Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,
And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall
To have peace in love with any: Thou art all
That all good men must hate; and if thy story
Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,
In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,
And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!
Tigr. Oh! oh! [out
Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed
Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,
Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,
The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,
Than such a beast as thou art.—I have struck,
I fear, too deep; beshrew me for it! Sir.
This sorrow works me, like a cunning friend-ship,
Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd!
Alas, I have been too rugged. Dear my lord,
I am sorry I have spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may add more restraint
To that too much you have. Good Sir, be pleas'd
To think it was a fault of love, not malice;
And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.
I do and can forgive the greatest sins
To me you can repent of. Pray believe.
Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous woman!
Spa. No more; the king, Sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, and Mardonius.

Arb. Have you been careful of our noble prisoner,
That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?
Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my care, Sir.
Arb. 'Tis well. Royal Tigranes, health!
Tigr. More than the strictness of this place can give, Sir,
I offer back again to great Arbaces.
Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and pray excuse us,
We have not seen you since your being here.
I hope your noble usage has been equal
With your own person: Your imprisonment,
If it be any, I dare say, is easy;
And shall not outlast two days.
Tigr. I thank you.
My usage here has been the same it was,

[29] *And miseries that must follow such mad passions,*
Endless and wild as *women?*] Why must Tigranes, whilst he is speaking in praise of one woman, abuse all women in general? Besides, had he a mind to abuse 'em, and apply the epithet *wild* to them, he could with no propriety add the other, *endless*. I hope, I have restor'd the true particle, which gives a very different and a very good sense to the whole sentence, *i. e.* when women, so weak to defend themselves, have such strong passions as to fly their friends, and follow a prisoner into an enemy's country, they must run the hazard of *endless* and *wild* miseries. Or if the epithets *endless* and *wild* be apply'd to passions, the sense will be much the same, and the emendation as necessary. *Mr. Seward.*

[30] ——— *poor Spaconia lives*
To tell thee thou art false; *and* then no *more*.] Mr. Sympson asks, Should not Spaconia then have held her tongue? But as she goes on, he thinks the passage corrupt, and reads, *and tell thee more* I by no means admit the change, but think the old text not only unexceptionable, but much preferable to the new one. *To tell thee thou art false*, signifies, to shew thy falsehood in its true colours, which she accordingly afterwards paints pretty strongly. And *then no more*, i. e. this shall be the last time I will upbraid you with it. *Mr. Seward.*

Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint,
It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for;
But I must bear it.

Arb. What lady's that, Bacurius?

Bac. One of the princess' women, Sir,

Arb. I fear'd it. Why comes she hither?

Bac. To speak with the prince Tigranes.

Arb. From whom, Bacurius?

Bac. From the princess, Sir.

Arb. I knew I had seen her.

Mar. His fit begins to take him now again.
'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and held the bravest fellows; this pelting prating peace is good for nothing: Drinking's a virtue to't.

Arb. I see there's truth in no man, or obedience,
But for his own ends: Why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your own command to bar none from him: [warrant.
Besides, the princess sent her ring, Sir, for my

Arb. A token to Tigranes, did she not?
Sir, tell truth.

Bac. I do not use to lye, Sir.
'Tis no way I eat, or live by, and I think
This is no token, Sir.

Mar. This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, 'till he have a horseman's staff yok'd through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with.

Bac. Sir?

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You never knew me so, Sir, I dare speak it; [better——
And, durst a worse man tell me, though my

Mar. 'Tis well said, by my soul.

Arb. Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

Bac. That I fear, Sir, to lose nobly.

Arb. I say, Sir, once again——

Bac. You may say what you please, Sir:
Would I might do so.

Arb. I will, Sir; and say openly, this woman carries letters: By my life, I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

Mar. 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, Sir.

Arb. I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chamber-maids, and post-boys. I thank Heav'n, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

Arb. Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

Tigr. Do what, Sir? I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serve your turn, prince.

Tigr. Serve my turn, Sir?

Arb. Ay, Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

Tigr. Be plainer, good Sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heav'n, she shall not; I say she shall not.

Mar. This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like a Termagant.[31]

Tigr. This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

Arb. Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

Tigr. Well, I am subject to you,
And must endure these passions:

Spa. This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,
And the dear place I would choose.

[*Exeunt Tigr. Spa. Bac.*

Mar. Sir, have you done well now?

Arb. Dare you reprove it?

Mar. No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I have no letters, Sir, to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my corporal's, [Sir.
To an old suttler's wife; and that I'll burn,
'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

Arb. How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?
Thou know'st 'tis in my pow'r to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

Arb. Why?

Mar. Who shall tell you of these childish follies,
When I am dead? who shall put to his pow'r
To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours, [again?
When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine
No, cut my head off: [worse,
Then you may talk, and be believ'd, and grow
And have your too-self-glorious temper rock'd
Into a deep sleep,[32] and the kingdom with you;

[31] ——— *and a soldier like* Termagant.] Termagant was an old swearing, swaggering character, well known for some centuries past. It is mentioned by Shakespeare in his Hamlet; by Spenser in his Fairy-Queen; by Chaucer in his Tales of Sir Thopas, and in several old plays. *Mr. Theobald.*

Termagant was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. *Percy.*

[32] *And have your too-self-glorious temper* rot
Into a deep sleep.] Besides the impropriety of *rotting* into *sleep*, the expression is too coarse for the character of Mardonius; who, though bold and honest, is not abusive. I hope I have restored the original word. *Mr. Seward.*

This emendation is finely imagined; and is sufficiently confirmed by the three verses that follow. *Mr. Theobald.*

Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter
Be every where about you, like your flatterers.
Do, kill me!
Arb. Prithee, be tamer, good Mardonius.
Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee;
Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine:
But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me!
Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

Enter Gobrias.

Mar. There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate;
You may live to have need of such a virtue:
Rage is not still in fashion.
Arb. Welcome, good Gobrias. [Grace.
Gob. My service, and this letter, to your
Arb. From whom? [beauty,
Gob. From the rich mine of virtue and
Your mournful sister.
Arb. She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?
Gob. She is, Sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,
Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,
That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild tygers, [ners,
And wilder people, that have known no man-
Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's sake,
If there be any in that noble heart
To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;
Or for her love to you, which is as much
As nature and obedience ever gave,
Have pity on her beauties. [too fair,
Arb. Pray thee, stand up; 'Tis true, she is
And all these commendations but her own:
'Would thou hadst never so commended her,
Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, Gobrias!
If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does her,
Thou would'st, in pity of her, be a lyar.
Thy ignorance has drawn thee, wretched man,
Whither myself, nor thou, canst well tell.
Oh, my fate!
I think she loves me, but I fear another
Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou, Gobrias?
Gob. I do beseech your Grace, believe it not;
For, let me perish, if it be not false!
Good Sir, read her letter.
Mar. This love, or what a devil it is, I know not, begets more mischief than a wake. I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lousy, than live within the air on't. He, that had seen this brave fellow charge through a grove of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he continue thus but two days more, a taylor may beat him, with one hand tied behind him.
Arb. Alas, she would be at liberty;
And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,
Thousands, that will deny't;
Which, if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is, and bless her virtues for it,
And me, though she were closer: She would,
Good man, indeed, she would. [Gobrias;
Gob. Then, good Sir, for her satisfaction,
Send for her, and, with reason, make her
Why she must live thus from you. [know
Arb. I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bessus, two Sword-men, and a boy.

Bes. You're very welcome, both! Some stools there, boy;
And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,
Pray sit, without more compliment. Be gone, child!
I have been curious in the searching of you,
Because I undestand you wise and valiant persons.
1 *Sw.* We understand ourselves, Sir.
Bes. Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o' th' sword,
No compliment, I pray; but to the cause
I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.
2 *Sw.* You cannot hang too much, Sir, for
But to your cause. [your honour.
Bes. Be wise, and speak truth.
My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.
1 *Sw.* Stay there a little, Sir: Do you doubt a beating?
Or, have you had a beating by your prince?
Bes. Gentlemen o' the sword, my prince has beaten me.
2 *Sw.* Brother, what think you of this case?
1 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, the case is clear. [case.
2 *Sw.* If he has beaten him, I grant the
But how? we cannot be too subtle in this bu-
I say, but how? [siness.
Bes. Even with his royal hand.
1 *Sw.* Was it a blow of love or indignation?
Bes. 'Twas twenty blows of indignation, gentlemen;
Besides two blows o' th' face.
2 *Sw.* Those blows o' th' face have made a new cause on't;
The rest were but an honourable rudeness.
1 *Sw.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by a worse man, I must confess, as the sword-men say, had turn'd the business: Mark me, brother, by a worse man: But, being by his prince, had they been ten, and those ten drawn ten teeth, besides the hazard of his nose for ever; all this had been but favours. This is my flat opinion, which I'll die in.
2 *Sw.* The king may do much, captain, believe it; for had he crack'd your skull through, like a bottle, or broke a rib or two with tossing of you, yet you had lost no honour. This is strange, you may imagine, but this is truth now, captain. [men.
Bes. I will be glad to embrace it, gentle-
But how far may he strike me?
1 *Sw.* There is another; a new cause rising from the time and distance, in which I will deliver my opinion. He may strike, beat, or cause to be beaten; for these are natural to

man: Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth as his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; the time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2 *Sw.* Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day; His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen.

Bes. 'Tis of the longest, but we subjects must—— [virtuous.

1 *Sw.* Be subject to it: You are wise and

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use To which I dedicate my beaten body. [on't, I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th' sword.

2 *Sw.* No trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may Profit your understanding: We are bound, By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions. Shortly, and discretely. [kick'd.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been

2 *Sw.* How far, Sir?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over:[33] My sword lost, but not forc'd; for discretely I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1 *Sw.* It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour. [ponder on't:

2 *Sw.* Brother, this is a pretty case; pray Our friend here has been kick'd.

1 *Sw.* He has so, brother. [down here,

2 *Sw.* Sorely, he says. Now, had he set Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 *Sw.* I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

2 *Sw.* But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering His sword without compulsion; and that man That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one, And his kicks nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the delivery, Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 *Sw.* Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;

For, say, that I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* I must not say so; [man.

Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of You kick'd, dear brother! You're merry.

1 *Sw.* But put the case, I were kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Let them put it, that are things weary of their lives, and know not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1 *Sw.* I do not say, I was kick'd.

2 *Sw.* Nor no silly creature that wears his head without a case, his soul in a skin-coat. You kick'd, dear brother! [shall do,

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we Truly and honestly. Good Sirs, to the question.

1 *Sw.* Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

2 *Sw.* The boy, may be suppos'd, is liable. But, kick my brother! [friend.

1 *Sw.* A foolish forward zeal, Sir, in my But to the boy: Suppose, the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1 *Sw.* Has your boy a sword? [too.

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword

1 *Sw.* I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd then.

2 *Sw.* By no means, captain; let it be supposed still; the word 'grant' makes not for us.

1 *Sw.* I say, this must be granted.[34]

[33] *Not to flatter myself in it, all over*; *my sword* forc'd, *but not* lost.] This is as absurd and ridiculous a transposition (made through the error of the copyists, or at press) as we shall meet with in haste. Though Bessus was by nature and habit a lyar, yet here he meant to represent the state of his case seriously to the Sword-men, to have their opinion upon it. We find in a preceding scene, that, upon Bacurius discovering him to be a notorious poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his sword. Bessus obeys, and does it with a Gasconade; saying, *it is a pretty hilt, and if his lordship takes an affection to it, with all his heart he'll present it to him for a new-year's-gift.* How then was his sword *forc'd* from him? It was not; for he immediately subjoins here to the Sword-men; *for I discretely* render'd *it, to save that imputation.* All the editions concur in the blunder; and, I imagine, the most accurate readers may have slipped over this absurdity. Let the two words *forc'd* and *lost* change places, and then all is clear, and the fact truly stated. *Mr. Theobald.*

[34] 1 Sw. *I say, this* must *be granted.*
2 Sw. *This* must *be granted, brother?*
1 Sw. *Ay, this* must *be granted.*
2 Sw. *Still this* must.] The poets here are flirting (I was almost going to say, invidiously) at a passage in Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

——— *It is a mind*
That shall *remain a poison where it is,*
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall *remain?*
Hear you this triton of the minnows? Mark you
His absolute shall?
Com. *'Twas from the Canon.*
Cor. Shall!
——— *Have you thus*
Giv'n Hydra here to chuse an officer,
That with his peremptory shall——
——— *They choose their magistrate!*
And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, &c. *Mr. Theobald.*

2 *Sw.* This must be granted, brother?
1 *Sw.* Ay, this must be granted.
2 *Sw.* Still, this must?
1 *Sw.* I say, this must be granted.
2 *Sw.* Ay! give me the must again! Brother, you palter.
1 *Sw.* I will not hear you, wasp.[35]
2 *Sw.* Brother, I say you palter; the must three times together! I wear as sharp steel as another man, and my fox bites as deep.[36] Musted, my dear brother! But to the cause again.
Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen!
2 *Sw.* In a word, I ha' done.
1 *Sw.* A tall man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity. Once more, suppose the boy kick'd.
2 *Sw.* Forward.
1 *Sw.* And, being thoroughly kick'd, laughs at the kicker.
2 *Sw.* So much for us. Proceed.
1 *Sw.* And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,
Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?
Bes. It lies i' th' beating, Sir: I found it four days since.
2 *Sw.* The error, and a sore one, as I take it,
Lies in the thing kicking.
Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore, indeed, Sir. [did it.
1 *Sw.* That is according to the man that
2 *Sw.* There springs a new branch: Whose was the foot?
Bes. A lord's.
1 *Sw.* The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords, [clear.
And both had kick'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis
Bes. I did laugh;
But how will that help me, gentlemen?
2 *Sw.* Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.
Bes. As loud as a kick'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, Sir. [known
1 *Sw.* My reason now: The valiant man is
By suffering and contemning; you have
Enough of both, and you are valiant.
2 *Sw.* If he be sure he has been kick'd enough: [ther,
For that brave sufferance you speak of, bro-
Consists not in a beating and away,
But in a cudgel'd body, from eighteen
To eight-and-thirty; in a head rebuk'd
With pots of all size,[37] daggers, stools, and bed-staves:
This shews a valiant man. [proudest;
Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the
For these are all familiar things to me;
Familiar as my sleep, or want of money:
All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.
I think I have been cudgel'd with all nations,
And almost all religions. [valiant;
2 *Sw.* Embrace him, brother! this man is
I know it by myself, he's valiant.
1 *Sw.* Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman,
To bide upon, a very valiant man. [request
Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must
Your hands to this.
2 *Sw.* 'Tis fit it should be. [within.
Bes. Boy, get some wine, and pen and ink,
Am I clear, gentlemen?
1 *Sw.* Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done, [steel,
Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.
Bes. I must request you go along, and testify to the lord Bacurius, whose foot has struck me, how you find my cause.
2 *Sw.* We will; and tell that lord he must be rul'd: [ship.
Or there be those abroad, will rule his lord-
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gobrias and Panthea at another.

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.
Arb. Leave us, then, alone;
For the main cause of her imprisonment
Must not be heard by any but herself.
[*Exit Gobrias.*

[35] 1 Sw. *I will not hear you*, wasp.] Here again is a sneer upon that celebrated quarrelling scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

——— *Must I budge?*
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy *humour? By the gods,*
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish. *Mr. Theobald.*

[36] *My* fox *bites as deep, &c.*] Our authors use the word *fox*, to signify a *sword*, in Philaster, as well as here. It is also to be found in the same sense, in Shakespeare. R.

[37] ——— *in a head rebuk'd, &c.*] There is a pleasant passage in Plautus's Persian about Parasites, whom he styles *hard-headed* fellows, because they had frequently things thrown at their pates.

His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus.

Casaubon has this note upon the place. *Olim inter alia instrumenta perditi luxûs, & mensulæ in triclinia inferri solitæ; quas sæpe, ubi incaluissent, in capita sibi invicem illi serunt. Hinc dicti propterea Parasiti,* duri capitones. *Mr. Sympson.*

You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heav'n
I could so bid you by another name.
If you above love not such sins as these,
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,
To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

Pan. Sir, does it please you I shall speak?

Arb. Please me?
Ay, more than all the art of music can,
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;
I pray thee, think so.

Pan. Be it so; I will.
Am I the first that ever had a wrong
So far from being fit to have redress,
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back
To prison, rather than disquiet you,
And wait till it be fit.

Arb. No, do not go;
For I will hear thee with a serious thought:
I have collected all that's man about me
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd
To hear thee largely: But I do beseech thee,
Do not come nearer to me; for there is
Something in that, that will undo us both.

Pan. Alas, Sir, am I venom?

Arb. Yes, to me;
Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in
As equal a degree of heat or cold,
As nature can make: Yet, as unsound men
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st meats
Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.

Pan. Sir, this is that I would: I am of late [thus
Shut from the world, and why it should be
Is all I wish to know.

Arb. Why, credit me,
Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,
That might undo thee everlastingly,
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?
By Heav'n, 'tis true; believe it, if thou can'st.

Pan. Children and fools are ever credulous,
And I am both, I think, for I believe.
If you dissemble, be it on your head!
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,
I might be kept in some place where you are;
For in myself I find, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often. [mean?

Arb. Fie, you come in a step; what do you
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,
Where I am would you be? why, that's the cause
You are imprison'd, that you may not be
Where I am.

Pan. Then I must endure it, Sir. Heav'n keep you!

Arb. Nay, you shall hear the cause in short, Panthea; [me,
And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way
To gain thy freedom; but, 'tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it: Know, that I've lost,
The only difference betwixt man and beast,
My reason.

Pan. Heav'n forbid!

Arb. Nay, it is gone;
And I am left as far without a bound
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.
I have beheld thee with a lustful eye;
My heart is set on wickedness, to act
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st gain
Thy liberty, and yield me a content;
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,
Where I may never see thee: For, Heav'n knows,
That laid this punishment upon my pride,
Thy sight at some time will enforce my mad- [ness
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing.
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches
Thou canst devise together, and at once
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

Pan. Far be it from me to revile the king!
But it is true, that I shall rather choose
To search out death, that else would search out me,
And in a grave sleep with my innocence,
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,
And must have patience; and, but that my eyes
Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!

Arb. Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray for me,
(Thy prayers are pure) that I may find a death,
However soon, before my passions grow,
That they forget what I desire is sin;
For thither they are tending: If that happen,
Then I shall force thee, tho' thou wert a virgin
By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap
Of strange, yet uninvented, sin upon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall
It is a sullen fate that governs us: [know
For I could wish, as heartily as you,
I were no sister to you; I should then
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly,
That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart
To like another.

Arb. Then I curse my birth!
Must this be added to my miseries,
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop

To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,
Brother and sister?
Pan. There is nothing else:
But these, alas! will separate us more
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.
Arb. I have liv'd
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, brother and sister. Where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em; but they are
Not to be grasp'd: Let them be men or beasts,
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.
Pan. But 'tis not in the pow'r of any force,
Or policy, to conquer them.
Arb. Panthea,
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,
And gaze our eyes out?
Pan. 'Would I could do so!
But I shall weep out mine.
Arb. Accursed man,
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when ev'ry beast is free:
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd,
Because they had one dam?
Pan. Sir, I disturb
You and myself too; 'twere better I were gone.
Arb. I will not be so foolish as I was;
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,
No otherwise: Brothers and sisters may
Walk hand in hand together; so will we.
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?
Pan. I hope not.
Arb. Faith, there is none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You love above me?
Pan. No, by Heav'n. [sister.
Arb. Why, yet you sent unto Tigranes,
Pan. True,
But for another: For the truth——
Arb. No more.
I'll credit thee; thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.
Pan. But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
Arb. And so they may, Panthea; so will we;
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous
And foolish, but we will be so no more.
Pan. If you have any mercy, let me go
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,
Worse than all these, hotter than yours. [do?
Arb. That is impossible; what should we
Pan. Fly, Sir, for Heav'n's sake.
Arb. So we must; away!
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.
[*Exeunt, several ways.*

ACT V.

Enter Mardonius and Lygones.

Mar. SIR, the king has seen your commission, and believes it; and freely by this warrant gives you power to visit prince Tigranes, your noble master.
Lyg. I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.
Mar. But is the main of all your business ended in this?
Lyg. I have another, but a worse; I am asham'd! it is a business——
Mar. You serve a worthy person; and a stranger, I am sure, you are: You may employ me, if you please, without your purse; such offices should ever be their own rewards.
Lyg. I am bound to your nobleness.
Mar. I may have need of you, and then this
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd. [courtesy,
But may I civilly desire the rest?[38]
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.
Lyg. Sir, you shall know: I have lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away
By a mean captain of your king's.
Mar. Stay there, Sir:
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman,
Though she were yours, and noble. [fellow
Lyg. I grant all that too: But this wretched
Reaches no further than the empty name,
That serves to feed him. Were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,

[38] *But may I civilly desire the rest?*] Mardonius may seem here at first view, to be over inquisitive into the secrets of one, whom he had never seen before: but he, first, offers him his best services without fee, or reward. But the motive of the poets for this curiosity was to let the audience be inform'd that Lygones was the father of Spaconia; and that a scurvy captain, belonging to Arbaces, had pilfer'd her away from him. *Mr. Theobald.*

It is certainly the usual intention, as well as business, of dramatic poets, to convey the plot to the audience; yet that ought always to be effected by natural and probable means; and we think there is no force used in the present dialogue.

That might hereafter promise him a good man,
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave
A span yet from me.

Mar. I confess, such fellows
Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,
To make the sin of coward more detested
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil
Sets off much valour. By description,
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

Lyg. 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus;
and, now I think, 'tis he.

Mar. Captain do you call him?
Believe me, Sir, you have a misery
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him!
For that must be the end of all his service.
Your daughter was not mad, Sir?

Lyg. No; 'would she had been!
The fault had had more credit. I would do
something.

Mar. I would fain counsel you; but to
what I know not.
He's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaves, and
To hang him were to cast away a rope.
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,
That no revenge can catch him.
I'll tell you, Sir, and tell you truth; this rascal
Fears neither God nor man, h'as been so
beaten:
Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,
Since he was first a slave, at least three hundred daggers [hot meat.
Set in's head, as little boys do new knives in
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,
That has not been thrice broken with dry
beating: [gets,
And now his sides look like two wicker tar-
Every way bended;
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bows in his forehead.
He is of so base a sense, I cannot in a week
imagine what shall be done to him.

Lyg. Sure, I have committed some great sin
That this base fellow should be made my rod.
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

Mar. 'Tis no great matter, if you have not:
If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you
pleasure, Sir, he has it for you; and I'll help
you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a
leg broke, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd
o' th' stones like a tansy. Draw not your
sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience,
his head will break it: We use him i'th' wars
like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here
comes the very person of him; do as you shall
find your temper; I must leave you: But if
you do not break him like a bisket, you're
much to blame, Sir. [*Exit Mar.*

Enter Bessus and the Sword-men.

Lyg. Is your name Bessus?

Bes. Men call me captain Bessus.

Lyg. Then, captain Bessus, you're a rank
rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen
slave! and, with the favour of your friends
here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, Sir; you
seem to be a gentleman.

Lyg. Thus, captain Bessus, thus! Thus
twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon
you. [quickly.

Bes. I do beseech you, yield your cause, Sir,

Lyg. Indeed, I should have told you that

Bes. I take it so. [first.

1 *Sw.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is
mistaken. [more beating:

Lyg. Sir, you shall have it quickly, and
You have stol'n away a lady, captain Coward,
And such a one—— [*Beats him.*

Bes. Hold, I beseech you, hold, Sir;
I never yet stole any living thing
That had a tooth about it.

Lyg. I know you dare lye. [my life, Sir:

Bes. With none but summer-whores upon
My means and manners never could attempt
Above a hedge or haycock. [this lady?

Lyg. Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth, [out,
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

Bes. There was a lady, Sir, I must confess,
Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes
gave her
To my guard, for her safety. How I us'd her
She may herself report; she's with the prince
I did but wait upon her like a groom, [now.
Which she will testify, I'm sure: If not,
My brains are at your service, when you please,
And glad I have 'em for you. [Sir,

Lyg. This is most likely. Sir, I ask you
And am sorry I was so intemperate. [pardon,

Bes. Well, I can ask no more. You will
think it strange now, to have me beat you at
first sight.

Lyg. Indeed, I would; but, I know, your
goodness can forget twenty beatings: You
must forgive me.

Bes. Yes; there's my hand. Go where
you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for
all this.

Lyg. My daughter is a whore!
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;
Discharge myself from being father to her,
And then back to my country, and there die:
Farewell, captain. [*Exit Lyg.*

Bes. Farewell, Sir, farewell! Commend
me to the gentlewoman, I pray.

1 *Sw.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

Bes. Gentlemen o'th' sword, your hands
once more; I have been kick'd again; but
the foolish fellow is penitent, h'as ask'd me
mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow
had better have kick'd his grandsire.

Bes. Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let
him come, and say he was not sorry, and he
sleeps for it.

Bes. Alas! good ignorant old man, let

him go, let him go, these courses will undo him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lygones and Bacurius.

Bac. My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Lyg. There he is, indeed,
And with him my disloyal child. [yet,
Tigr. I do perceive my fault so much, that Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.
Lyg. Health to your majesty! [business
Tigr. What, good Lygones! welcome! what Brought thee hither?
Lyg. Several businesses:
My public business will appear by this;
I have a message to deliver, which
If it pleases you so to authorize, is
An embassage from th' Armenian state,
Unto Arbaces for your liberty. [it.
The offer's there set down; please you to read
Tigr. There is no alteration happen'd since I came thence?
Lyg. None, Sir; all is as it was.
Tigr. And all our friends are well?
Lyg. All very well? [was good,
Spa. Though I have done nothing but what I dare not see my father: It was fault
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.
Lyg. Madam, I should have seen you.
Spa. Oh, good Sir, forgive me. [am I?
Lyg. Forgive you! why, I am no kin t'you,
Spa. Should it be measur'd by mean deserts,
Indeed, you are not.
Lyg. Thou couldst prate, unhappily,
Ere thou couldst go; 'would thou couldst do as well!
And how does your custom hold out here?
Spa. Sir?
Lyg. Are you in private still, or how?
Spa. What do you mean?
Lyg. Do you take money? Are you come to sell sin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to liberal clients: Or has not the king cast you off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best commendation is, that thou art a young whore! I would thy mother had liv'd to see this; or, rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why didst not make me acquainted when thou wert first resolv'd to be a whore?
I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,
And a whole consort of musicians,
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.
Spa. Sir, I was never whore.
Lyg. If thou couldst not say so much for thyself, thou shouldst be carted.
Tigr. Lygones, I have read it, and I like it; You shall deliver it.
Lyg. Well, Sir, I will:
But I have private business with you.
Tigr. Speak; what is't?
Lyg. How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,
That you can pick no strumpets o' the land,
But out of my breed?
Tigr. Strumpets, good Lygones? [scorn
Lyg. Yes; and I wish to have you know, I
To get a whore for any prince alive: [daughter
And yet scorn will not help! Methinks, my
Might have been spar'd; there were enow besides.
Tigr. May I not prosper but she's innocent
As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear,
For all the world.
Lyg. Why is she with you, then?
Can she wait on you better than your man?
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?
Can she make caudles well, or cut your corns?
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen, I know, you do contemn her; so should I;
And every subject else think much at it.
Tigr. Let 'em think much; but 'tis more firm than earth,
Thou see'st thy queen there.
Lyg. Then have I made a fair hand; I call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that she shall be a queen: But if I shall speak to you as a statesman, she were more fit to be your whore. [baces;
Tigr. Get you about your business to Ar-Now you talk idly.
Lyg. Yes, Sir, I will go.
And shall she be a queen? She had more wit Than her old father, when she ran away. [fine!
Shall she be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:
Shall I not, Sir?
Tigr. Yes, marry, shalt thou. [my body
Lyg. I'll make these withered kexes bear Two hours together above ground.
Tigr. Nay, go;
My business requires haste.
Lyg. Good Heav'n preserve you!
You are an excellent king.
Spa. Farewell, good father.
Lyg. Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter.
I never was so joyful in all my life,
That I remember! Shall she be a queen?
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;
I had thought they had lyed that said so.
[*Exit Lyg.*
Tigr. Come, my dear love.
Spa. But you may see another,
May alter that again.
Tigr. Urge it no more;
I have made up a new strong constancy,
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have
The passions of a man; but if I meet
With any subject that should hold my eyes
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,
And run away from it: Let that suffice.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacurius and his servant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without, to speak with me?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Bac. Let them come in.

Enter Bessus with the two Sword-men.

Ser. They are entered, Sir, already.

Bac. Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?

Bes. My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen, my friends o'th' sword, along with me.

Bac. I am afraid you'll fight, then.

Bes. My good lord, I will not; Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.

Bac. Sir, I am sorry for't.

Bes. I ask no more in honour. Gentlemen, you hear my lord is sorry.

Bac. Not that I have beaten you, But beaten one that will be beaten? One whose dull body will require a laming, As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall. Now, to your sword-men: What come they for, good captain Stockfish?

Bes. It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No, nor your nature neither; though they are things fitter, I must confess, for any thing than my remembrance, or any honest man's: What shall these billets do? be pil'd up in my wood-yard?

Bes. Your lordship holds your mirth still, Heav'n continue it! But, for these gentlemen, they come——

Bac. To swear you are a coward: Spare your book; I do believe it.

Bes. Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch, under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

Bac. That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirs, be wise and take money for this motion, travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural. Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

2 Sw. It is so, most renowned.

Bac. 'Tis somewhat strange.

1 Sw. Lord, it is strange, yet true. We have examined, from your lordship's foot there to this man's head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his honour is come off clean and sufficient: This, as our swords shall help us.

Bac. You are much bound to your *bilbo* men; I'm glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere good you would think some way how to gratify them; they have undergone a labour for you, Bessus, would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

2 Sw. Your lordship must understand we are no men o'th' law, that take pay for our opinions; it is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

Bac. Yet there is something due, which I, as touch'd in conscience, will discharge. Captain, I'll pay this rent for you.

Bes. Spare yourself, my good lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge, Sir, for the pains.

2 Sw. Oh, lord! my good lord!

Bac. Be not so modest; I will give you something. [that's sufficient.

Bes. They shall dine with your lordship;

Bac. Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires, do you come hither, with your bottled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 Sw. I do beseech your lordship.

2 Sw. Oh, good lord!

Bac. S'foot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here! Get me a cudgel, Sirrah, and a tough one. [your lordship.

2 Sw. More of your foot, I do beseech

Bac. You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1 Sw. O' this side, good my lord.

Bac. Off with your swords; for if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead, you rascals.

1 Sw. Mine's off, my lord.

2 Sw. I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you please.

Bac. Captain, these are your valiant friends; you long for a little too? [lordship.

Bes. I am very well, I humbly thank your

Bac. What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrel? Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with it quickly.

2 Sw. Here 'tis, Sir; a small piece of artillery, that a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with, to get it mended, Sir; for, if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine, you rascal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, than kicking these two foot-balls.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here is a good cudgel, Sir.

Bac. It comes too late; I'm weary; prithee, do thou beat them.

2 Sw. My lord, this is foul play, i'faith, to put a fresh man upon us: Men are but men, Sir.

Bac. That jest shall save your bones. Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone. I had rather thresh than be bound to kick these rascals, 'till they cry'd, 'ho!' Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. [*Exit.*

2 Sw. H'as a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like. [felt a hundred.

1 Sw. Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have

2 Sw. If he kick thus i' th' Dog-days, he will be dry-foundred. What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?

Bes. Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go.

2 *Sw.* Yes, Heav'n be thank'd! but I feel a shrewd ache; sure, he's sprang my hucklebone.

1 *Sw.* I ha' lost a haunch.

Bes. A little butter, friend, a little butter; butter and parsley is a sovereign matter: *Probatum est.*

2 *Sw.* Captain, we must request your hand now to our honours.

Bes. Yes, marry, shall ye; and then let all the world come, we are valiant to ourselves, and there's an end.

1 *Sw.* Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!

2 *Sw.* Oh, my small guts! a plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces, with his sword drawn.

Arb. It is resolv'd: I bare it whilst I could; I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them: If they be shut,
I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place
Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not have a sin,
But I may call it mine! I must begin
Wi' th' murder of our friend, and so go on
To that incestuous ravishing, and end
My life and sins with a forbidden blow
Upon myself!

Enter Mardonius.

Mar. What tragedy is near?
That hand was never wont to draw a sword,
But it cry'd 'dead' to something.

Arb. Mardonius,
Have you bid Gobrias come?

Mar. How do you, Sir?

Arb. Well. Is he coming?

Mar. Why, Sir, are you thus?
Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war
Against yourself? [another:

Arb. Thou answer'st me one question with
Is Gobrias coming?

Mar. Sir, he is.

Arb. 'Tis well:
I can forbear your questions then. Be gone!

Mar. Sir, I have mark'd ——

Arb. Mark less! it troubles you
And me.

Mar. You are more variable than you were.

Arb. It may be so.

Mar. To-day no hermit could be humbler
Than you were to us all.

Arb. And what of this? [eyes,

Mar. And now you take new rage into your
As you would look us all out of the land.

Arb. I do confess it; will that satisfy?
I prithee, get thee gone.

Mar. Sir, I will speak.

Arb. Will ye?

Mar. It is my duty.
I fear you'll kill yourself: I am a subject,
And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause,
And I may speak.

Arb. Thou art not train'd in sin,
It seems, Mardonius: Kill myself! by Heav'n,
I will not do it yet; and, when I will,
I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature,
That thou wilt give me leave without a word.
There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees:[39] I am not come
So high as killing of myself; there are
A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it,
Which I must do, and I shall come to't at last;
But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I'm sorry 'tis so ill.

Arb. Be sorry, then:[40]
True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.

Mar. I pray you, let me see your sword put up
Before I go: I'll leave you then. [it not

Arb. Why, so. What folly is this in thee? is
As apt to mischief as it was before? [toys
Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are
For children to be pleas'd with, and not men.
Now I am safe, you think: I would the Book
Of Fate were here; my sword is not so sure
But I would get it out, and mangle that,
That all the destinies should quite forget
Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new,
Far other fortunes; mine could not be worse.
Wilt thou now leave me?

Mar. Heav'n put into your bosom temperate thoughts!
I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit Mar.*

Arb. Go; thou art honest.
Why should the hasty errors of my youth
Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,
Helpless, upon me?

[39] *There is a method in man's wickedness,*
It grows up by degrees.] This thought is plainly borrowed from Juvenal's Satires; (as I had marked in the margin of my book, and as Mr. Sympson likewise hinted to me)

Nemo repentè *fuit* turpissimus. *Mr. Theobald.*

[40] *Be sorry then*; *true sorrow is* alone;
Grieve by thyself.] This reflection is as evidently shadowed out from one of Martial's epigrams.

Ille dolet verè, *qui* sine teste *dolet.*

This, if I remember right, was thus rendered by our facetious Tom Brown.

That man grieves with a witness *who grieves* without one. *Mr. Theobald.*

Enter Gobrias.

Gob. There is the king; now it is ripe.
Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man;[41]
That art the author of the loathed'st crime
Five ages have brought forth, and hear me speak!
Curses incurable, and all the evils
Man's body or his spirit can receive,
Be with thee!
Gob. Why, Sir, do you curse me thus?
Arb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my heart. [a child,
Gob. How, Sir! Have I preserv'd you, from
From all the arrows malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?
Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and in that
Wert crueller than hard'ned murderers
Of infants and their mothers! Thou didst save me,
Only till thou hadst studied out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:
This was a curious way of torturing.
Gob. What do you mean?
Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done to me!
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I
To do with that? what could her beauty be
To me? And thou didst write how well she lov'd me!
Dost thou remember this? so that I doted
Something before I saw her.
Gob. This is true. [know'st,
Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou
Thou didst pursue it, 'till thou wound'st me in
To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,
As good men cannot think on.
Gob. This I grant;
I think, I was the cause.
Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more,
I think, thou meant'st it.
Gob. Sir, I hate a lye:
As I love Heav'n and honesty, I did;
It was my meaning.
Arb. Be thine own sad judge;
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thyself to die.
Gob. Why, Sir, to die? [offender
Arb. Why, shouldst thou live? was ever yet
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot where thou hurl'dst me in;
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweet-
Left for me. [ness
Gob. Now's the time. Hear me but speak.
Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into me,
And never gav'st me warning: So much time
As I give thee now, had prevented me
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer
To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.
Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before you do 'em:
If you kill me ——
Arb. I will not stay then.
Gob. Know—you kill your father.
Arb. How?
Gob. You kill your father. [lye,
Arb. My father? Though I know it for a
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,
The very rev'rence of the word comes cross me,
And ties mine arm down.
Gob. I will tell you that shall heighten you again;
I am thy father; I charge thee hear me.
Arb. If it should be so,
As 'tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the despised fruit
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire
All my wild passions! But another truth
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lyes
Than he that teaches thee.

Enter Arane.

Ara. Turn thee about;
I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!
Hear me, thou tyrant!
Arb. I will turn to thee;
Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.
Ara. My shame! Thou hast less shame than any thing!
Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?
Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and answer quickly!

[41] *Draw near, thou guilty man.*] The subsequent scenes, to the end of the play, have been, through the whole course of the impressions, delivered down to us as prose; but I have restored them to their exact metre and versification: And through my whole edition (where the interpolations, or castrations, by the stage do not obstruct me in it, I shall endeavour to do our authors the same justice. *Mr. Theobald.*

This is only a continuation of the daring falsehood mentioned in p. 50; for, in the old copies, we find the lines run exactly the same as in Mr. Theobald's edition, except in two or three very trifling instances. It is remarkable, too, that that gentleman has introduced fewer of his arbitrary variations in this scene, than in almost any other part of the work.

If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an an-
And have it. [swer,
Ara. Help me, gentle Gobrias.
Arb. Guilt dare not help guilt; though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.
Think not of help; answer!
Ara. I will; to what?
Arb. To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,
That didst not shame to do what I must blush
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,
If thou refusest.
Ara. Why, you are his son.
Arb. His son? Swear, swear, thou worse than woman damn'd!
Ara. By all that's good, you are.
Arb. Then art thou all
That ever was known bad! Now is the cause
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heav'n,
Thy husband, and the land! Adulterous witch!
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd me:
I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I have by thee; which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such diseases
As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed!
Gob. You do not know why you curse thus.
Arb. Too well.
You are a pair of vipers; and behold
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;
And I am every way as beastly got,
As far without the compass of a law,
As they.
Ara. You spend your rage and words in vain,
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.
Arb. No, I will never hear, but talk away
My breath, and die.
Gob. Why, but you are no bastard.
Arb. How's that?
Ara. Nor child of mine.
Arb. Still you go on
In wonders to me.
Gob. Pray you, be more patient;
I may bring comfort to you.
Arb. I will kneel,
And hear with the obedience of a child.
Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.
Gob. First know, our last king, your supposed father,
Was old and feeble when he married her,
And almost all the land, as she, past hope
Of issue from him.
Arb. Therefore she took leave
To play the whore, because the king was old:
Is this the comfort?
Ara. What will you find out
To give me satisfaction, when you find [me
How you have injur'd me? Let fire consume
If ever I were whore!
Gob. Forbear these starts,
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,
As you are now: If you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind
That cools and blasts not.
Arb. Bring it out, good father.
I'll lie, and listen here as reverently
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.
Gob. Our king, I say, was old, and this our queen
Desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband,
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,
I think, she would not: If she would have been,
The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,
And had so slender opportunities, [ning
She hardly could have been: But yet her cun-
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with child, [land,
And posts were sent in haste throughout the
And God was humbly thank'd in ev'ry church,
That so had bless'd the queen; and prayers were made
For her safe going and delivery.
She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceiv'd
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought
A far more large respect from every man,
And saw her pow'r increase, and was resolv'd,
Since she believ'd she could not have't indeed,
At least she would be thought to have a child.
Arb. Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will make
No noise at all; but pray you to the point,
Quick as you can.
Gob. Now when the time was full
She should be brought to bed, I had a son
Born, which was you: This, the queen hearing of, [sons
Mov'd me to let her have you; and such rea-
She shew'd me, as she knew well would tie
My secrecy: She swore you should be king;
And, to be short, I did deliver you
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,
And in mine own house kept a funeral,
And had an empty coffin put in earth.
That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,
And by a pair of women of her own,
Which she had charm'd, she made the world believe
She was deliver'd of you. You grew up,
As the king's son, till you were six years old;
Then did the king die, and did leave to me
Protection of the realm; and, contrary
To his own expectation, left this queen

Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess
Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair,
And did alone to me, yet durst not speak
In public, for she knew she should be found
A traitor; and her tale would have been thought
Madness, or any thing rather than truth.
This was the only cause why she did seek
To poison you, and I to keep you safe;
And this the reason why I sought to kindle
Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea,
That she might get part of her right again.

Arb. And have you made an end now? Is this all?
If not, I will be still till I be aged,
Till all my hairs be silver.

Gob. This is all.

Arb. And is it true, say you too, madam?

Ara. Yes, Heaven knows, it is most true.

Arb. Panthea, then, is not my sister.

Gob. No.

Ara. But can you prove this?

Gob. If you'll give consent,
Else who dares go about it?

Arb. Give consent?
Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd
To get this from 'em. All that wait without,
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be
Partakers of my joy! Oh, you are welcome!

Enter Bessus, gentlmen, Mardonius, and other attendants.

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;
They all shall hear it: I am found No King.

Mar. Is that so good news?

Arb. Yes, the happiest news
That e'er was heard.

Mar. Indeed, 'twere well for you
If you might be a little less obey'd.

Arb. One call the queen.

Mar. Why, she is there.

Arb. The queen,
Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,
And I am plain Arbaces. Go, some one!
She is in Gobrias' house. Since I saw you,
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,
You little dream of. [*Exit a gentleman.*

Mar. So it should seem. My lord,
What fury's this?

Gob. Believe me, 'tis no fury;
All that he says is truth.

Mar. 'Tis very strange. [men?

Arb. Why do you keep your hats off, gentle-
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be;
Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be!
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,
For the respect you bare me when you took
Me for your king, each man clap on his hat
At my desire.

Mar. We will. You are not found
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd
As well as we; may you not?

Arb. Oh, not here!
You may, but not I, for here is my father
In presence.

Mar. Where?

Arb. Why, there. Oh, the whole story
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself
For ever. Oh, pardon me, dear father,
For all the idle and unreverend words
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!
I am Arbaces; we all fellow-subjects;
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.

Bes. Why, if you remember, fellow-subject Arbaces, I told you once she was not your sister: Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.

Arb. I think you did, good captain Bessus.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call him to account for beating me, now he is prov'd No King.

Enter Lygones.

Mar. Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the Armenian state.

Arb. Where is he? I know your business, good Lygones.

Lyg. We must have our king again, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your business: You shall have
Your king again; and have him so again,
As never king was had. Go, one of you,
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.
[*Exit two gentlemen.*

Lyg. 'Tis Spaconia.

Arb. Ay, ay, Spaconia.

Lyg. She is my daughter.

Arb. She is so. I could now tell any thing
I never heard. Your king shall go so home,
As never man went.

Mar. Shall he go on's head?

Arb. He shall have chariots easier than air,
That I will have invented; and ne'er think
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,
That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,
I know not how yet.

Lyg. Why, I shall be made
For ever! They bely'd this king with us,
And said he was unkind.

Arb. And then, thy daughter;
She shall have some strange thing; we'll have the kingdom
Sold utterly, and put into a toy,
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,
Somewhere or other. See, the virtuous queen!
Behold the humblest subject that you have,
Kneel here before you.

Enter Panthea and 1 *gentleman.*

Pan. Why kneel you to me,
That am your vassal?

Arb. Grant me one request. [can
Pan. Alas! what can I grant you? what I
I will.
Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can prove it lawful.
Pan. Is that all?
More willingly than I would draw this air.
Arb. I'll kiss this hand, in earnest.
2 *Gent.* Sir, Tigranes
Is coming; though he made it strange, at first,
To see the princess any more.

Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.

Arb. The queen,
Thou mean'st. Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,
For I have injur'd thee.

Tigr. No; I forgive. [ance,
And rejoice more that you have found repent-
Than I my liberty.
Arb. May'st thou be happy
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!
You owe no ransom to the state! Know, that
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay
My thanks to Heav'n for 'em. Will you go
With me, and help me? pray you, do.
Tigr. I will.
Arb. Take then your fair one with you:
And you, queen
Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave
To take your arm in mine! Come, every one
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd No King!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

The following observations are made by Mr. Seward, respecting this Play.

'Mr. Rymer flings the most virulent of all his invectives against Othello and Arbaces, falsly 'deeming all the faults of those characters to be so many charges against the Poets; whereas 'their intent was not to paint *perfection* but *human nature*, to blend the *virtues* and *vices* 'together, so that both may spring from the same *temper*, and, like *handsome* and *ill-favoured* '*children*, both still bear a *resemblance* to their *sire*. To do this well is one of the highest 'efforts of poetry. Arbaces, like his great pattern Achilles, has *virtues* and *vices* in the ex-'treme. His *violence* makes us expect some dreadful effect, and it therefore soon hurries him 'into an attempt to commit *incest*. He is to raise *terror* and *anger*, not *pity* and *love*; and 'Mr. Rymer having the same *choler* in his *temper*, ridiculously took fire, and furiously attacked 'his *own shadow*.'

The savage jealousy of the Moor is so finely delineated, that the tragedy of Othello, notwithstanding some slight defects in the construction of the fable, must for ever excite the admiration of all true lovers of dramatic poetry. The spleen of Rymer is almost as ineffectually vented on this Tragedy of our Authors: Yet Candor and Justice oblige us to confess, that the sudden transition of passions in the character of Arbaces sometimes borders on the ridiculous. The picture is, however, in the main, faithfully copied from nature, with many touches of peculiar excellence, particularly the agitations of Arbaces, during his conflict with a supposed incestuous passion. His reverential fear of Mardonius, and his contempt of Bessus, while he is severally soliciting them, are finely imagined, and as finely executed. The Arbaces of our Authors is evidently the model on which Lee formed his Alexander, as well as his Clytus on Mardonius. It would, perhaps, require a nice hand to make this play thoroughly relished by a modern audience; yet it most certainly abounds with the highest dramatic excellencies, and deserves an eminent rank in the list of theatrical productions.

THE SCORNFUL LADY.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Waller and Stanley speak of Fletcher as the Author of this Comedy; in the titles of the old copies we find the names of both our Authors, and it is supposed to have been their joint production. We do not find that it was ever altered; nor has it been performed in the course of many years past; though, in the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield, who acted the Lady, it used to be frequently represented.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.	Women.
Elder Loveless, *a suitor to the Lady.*	Lady, Martha, } *two sisters.*
Young Loveless, *a prodigal.*	Younglove, *or* Abigail, { *a waiting gentlewoman.*
Savil, *Steward to Elder Loveless.*	A rich Widow.
Welford, *a suitor to the Lady.*	*Wenches, fidlers, and attendants.*
Sir Roger, *curate to the Lady.*	
A Captain, A Traveller, A Poet, A Tobacco-man, } *hangers-on to Young Loveless.*	
Morecraft, *an usurer.*	

SCENE, London.

ACT I.

Enter Elder Loveless, Young Loveless, Savil, and a page.

Elder Loveless. BROTHER, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Young Loveless. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallow'd; he hath suck'd in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.[1] [this house.

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in

Yo. Lo. Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.

Yo. Lo. Make the boat stay.[2]

[1] *At a gulp, without trumpets.*] The allusion is here either to the drinking of healths at our public halls and city entertainments; or else to a passage in the Acharnenses of Aristophanes, upon which the old Scholiast informs us, that it was a custom in Athens, at certain of their feasts, to challenge one another to drink by sound of trumpet. *Mr. Theobald.*

[2] *And mine is to persuade,* &c.] The majority of the old quarto's thus divide this speech:

——— *or to leave the land.*
Yo. Lo. *Make the boat stay: I fear I shall,* &c.

which is certainly erroneous. The modern editions make no division, but give the whole to the Elder Loveless; which seems equally improper. We apprehend the original reading to have been,

——— *or to leave the land.*
Yo. Lo. *Make the boat stay.*
El. Lo. *I fear I shall begin,* &c.

i. e. After the Elder Lovelace declares, that, if he cannot persuade the Lady to remit the duty she had imposed on him in her passion, he must undergo the disagreeable task of quitting the land; the Younger jocularly replies, 'Make the boat stay;' *be not hasty, postpone your departure.* The Elder then rejoins, 'I fear I shall begin my journey this night.'

El. Lo. I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night; though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Savil. Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your country, than to travel and die without issue.

El. Lo. Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Yo. Lo. Yonder's mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress's toes.

Enter Younglove, or Abigail.

El. Lo. Mistress Younglove——

Abig. Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: My mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lo. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung above her heels.

El. Lo. I prithee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for France. [brother?

Abig. I'll do't. Hark hither, is that your

El. Lo. Yes; have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty fellow. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Oh, this is a sweet brach.[3]

El. Lo. Why she knows not you.

Yo. Lo. No, but she offer'd me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She lov'd all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they play'd murderers. She has nine spur-royals,[4] and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angerly, that the farmer's eldest son (or her mistress's husband's clerk shall be) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving-men——

El. Lo. Enough, I know her. Brother, I shall entreat you only to salute my mistress and take leave; we'll part at the stairs.

Enter Lady and waiting-woman.

Lady. Now, Sir, this first part of your will is perform'd: What's the rest?

El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a favour done to me. Though the gentleman hath receiv'd but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

Yo. Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions. [*Ex. Yo. Lo. and Savil.*

El. Lo. 'Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world, and you yourself can see——

Lady. It's a cold room this, servant.

El. Lo. Mistress——

Lady. What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

El. Lo. Mistress, another in my place, that were not ty'd to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience——

Lady. Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

El. Lo. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to th' purpose.

El Lo. Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But, as a man——

Lady. A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similies, and metaphors? If you have ought to say, break into't: My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lo. Mistress, I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatch'd; the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

Lady. To be gone?

El. Lo. Yes.

Lady. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

El. Lo. Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it. [fast!

Lady. I? never apter. Fast, good servant,

El. Lo. 'Twas to intreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly; have you brought one can speak it?

[3] *O, this is a sweet* brache!] A sort of hound, or any little stinking, house-hold cur. *Mr. Theobald.*

Brach is used by Shakespeare to signify a bitch-hound.

[4] *She has nine* spur-ryals.] This was a piece of gold coin, very current in the reign of king James I. *Mr. Theobald.*

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, lady.

Lady. Why, you may, and doubtlessly will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with passions: But the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful Cliff, passing in a poor water-house; the dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.[5]

El. Lo. You wrong me.

Lady. Then, to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. And all these (almost invincible) labours perform'd for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with your laughter; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chambermaids.

El. Lo. You wrong me much.

Lady. Louder yet.

El. Lo. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toys. But, in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: Was one kiss forc'd from you in public by me so unpardonable? Why, all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

Lady. 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide. [than I.

El. Lo. Your own eyes were not dearer to you

Lady. And so you told 'em.

El. Lo. I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your cheek: You yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

Lady. I did: But if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this disgrace? the world, that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop'd, that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetual bondage with one I never kiss'd; or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her husband?

Lady. Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on; [come;

Were the gloves bought and giv'n, the licence
Were the rosemary-branches dipp'd, and all
The hippocras[6] and cakes eat and drank off;
Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands
Of batchelors, to lead me to the church;
Were my feet in the door; were 'I John' said;
If John should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that year. And you, I hope,
When you have spent this year commodiously,
In atchieving languages, will at your return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,
Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now.
If you dare go——

El. Lo. I dare, you know. First, let me kiss.

Lady. Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,
On a new ground, as a beginning suitor,
I shall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewell, cruel mistress!

[*Exit Lady.*

Enter Young Loveless and Savil.

Yo. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the losing your tide to Gravesend; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

El. Lo. I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-of course to live doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Yo. Lo. Course, why horse-coursing, I think. Consume no time in this; I have no estate to be mended by meditation: He that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet some course you must take, which, for my satisfaction, resolve and open. If you will shape none, I must inform you, that that man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

Yo. Lo. Why, live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em; and the same measure must you expect from

[5] *Five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.*] This speech is all through sarcastical. She is bantering her gallant on the supposed danger of his voyage; and the great care he is taking of himself, in laying in three weeks provisions only to cross from Dover to Calais. *Mr. Theobald.*

Where the apprehensive Mr. Theobald acquired information of Loveless having laid in three weeks' provision is unknown to us. Had he not informed us this was the case, we should have supposed the sarcasm levell'd at the generality of *puny* travellers, not singly at Loveless.

[6] *Hippocras.*] This was a wine spiced and strain'd through a flannel bag, formerly in much request at weddings, wakes, &c. The strainer, we are told, was call'd Hippocrates's sleeve. I know, there is a woollen bag, so call'd, used by the apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification. *Mr. Theobald.*

your maintainers; which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores:[7] I would fain live by others. But I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after, the thought's taken.

El. Lo. I see you are ty'd to no particular employment, then?

Yo. Lo. Faith, I may chuse my course: They say, nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as master of my house. It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and cloath'd, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey stockings, blue devils' breeches, with the guards down, and my pocket i' th' sleeves, I'll never look you i' the face again.

Sav. A comelier wear, I wis, it is than those dangling slops.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing; which, at your best leisure, together open and read.

Enter Abigail to them, with a jewel.

Abig. Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token, and these words: It is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be perform'd; which, once expir'd, she will hastily expect your happy return.[8]

El. Lo. Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-over-joy'd man would willingly utter: And you, I hope, I shall with slender arguments persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall, through my long absence, and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me: She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men much sway'd by the grooms of their chambers; not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion of them, than on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other suitors.

El. Lo. I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning: You know how to take exception at their shirts at washing; or to make the maids swear they found plaisters in their beds.

Abig. I know, I know; and do you not fear the suitors.

El. Lo Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Abig.*

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you, Sir! A constant and liberal lover thou art; more such God send us!

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not stand still, we have rid hard.[9] [I'll not be seen.

Abig. A suitor, I know, by his riding hard;

Wel. A pretty hall this: No servant in't? I would look freshly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your errand to me, then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow: I'll shew myself.

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation? Are you the lady of this house?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so-late acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but nature may bring it about.

[7] *Why, I'll* purse; *if that raise me not, I'll* bett *at bowling-alleys, or* man whores.] *i. e.* I'll take a purse upon the road, or turn bully and stallion to a bawdy-house. *Mr. Theobald.*

The Authors here allude to three of the most despicable modes of acquiring subsistence to which mankind can be reduced: To be *a robber, a gambler,* and *an attendant of strumpets*; for such is the meaning of *man whores*, and not to be a stallion, as Mr. Theobald supposes.

This expression is used by Osborn, in his Advice to his Son, in the following manner.

'Carry no dogs to court, or any public place, to avoid contests with such as may spurn, or 'endeavour to take them up: The same may be said of boys not wise or strong enough to 'decline or revenge affronts, whose complaints do not seldom engage their masters; as I knew 'one of quality killed in the defence of his page: The like danger attends such as are so indiscrete, as to *man whores* in the street, in which every one pretends to have an interest for his 'money, and therefore unwilling to see them monopolized, especially when they have got a 'pot in their pate.'

[8] *She will* hastily *expect your happy return.*] All the editions, from that of 1639, downwards, erroneously read *happily* for *hastily*; notwithstanding the great difference in the sense. The one word implying, she will be *quite easy* and *contented* about your return; the other, she will be *impatient* for it; in which way we are to understand the passage, as appears by several of the Lady's own speeches.

[9] *Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.*] Mr. Seward prescribes the insertion of the word *hard*, which, probably, has been dropp'd at the press, and seems necessary to the sense.

Wel. For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

Abig. She is no straggler, Sir. [with her?

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak

Abig. If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be mov'd to persuade her, that a gentleman, benighted and stray'd, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. [10] Other women of the housholds', of good carriage and government; upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. [*Exit Abig.*

Wel. What a skinfull of lust is this? I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion; men, women, and all woo; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infus'd any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger.

Rog. God save you, Sir! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you?

Wel. Sir, my name calls me Welford.

Rog. Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. I'll try his wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham: Call you him cousin?

Wel. I am only allied to his virtues, Sir.

Rog. It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that? a cross? There's a tester.

Rog. I mean, the name which your godfathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

Wel. 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldness know, why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly-deny'd suitor, disguis'd in this message; for I can assure you, she delights not *in Thalamo*;[11] Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. [*Exit Roger.*

Wel. And much speed, Sir, I hope. Certainly, I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd myself to needless charge, then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

Rog. I am but a batchelor of arts, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down bed, to the maid in the pease-straw.

Wel. A cobler, Sir?

Rog. No, Sir; I inculcate divine service within these walls.[12]

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs: But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

[10] *Other women of the households, of as good carriage and government.*] Mr. Sympson reads, There are *other women of the* houshold *of* as *good carriage*, &c. We have not ventured to deviate from the old copies, thinking the sense not imperfect. She means, 'Though 'you cannot have my mistress's *person*, you may find *other* women of the household, upon 'any of which, &c.' It may be urged, that, without Mr. Sympson's words, *there are*, the expression is quaint; but that is, perhaps, rather an argument for than against its having been used by our Poets.

[11] *She delights not in* Thalame.] It must be, as I had long ago observ'd, and as Mr. Sympson likewise hinted to me, *in Thalamo*: She has no taste for wedlock, for the marriage-bed. *Mr. Theobald.*

[12] *No Sir, I inculcate divine* service *within these walls.*] Several of the old quarto's have it, *homilies*; either word is equally to the purpose, but the latter being the stiffer and more precise term, seems most suitable to Sir Roger's formal character. So Abigail, at the beginning of the fourth act, speaking of him, says;

To this good homilist *I've been ever stubborn*;

Sir Roger is a very good picture of a dull, pedantic country-chaplain, of those times, in a private family. *Mr. Theobald.*

The oldest editions, however, reading *service*, we have chose to insert that word.

Rog. Most properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then; and, whilst, I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Rog. I do, Sir. [your lady?

Wel. And this door, I hope, conducts to

Rog. Your understanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Young Loveless and Savil, with a writing.

Sav. By your favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I shall beat your favour, Sir![13] Cross me no more! I say, they shall come in.

Sav. Sir, you forget, then, who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen arithmetic.

Sav. Sir, I hope, you will not make so little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not so little as thou art; for, indeed, there goes no more to the making of a steward, but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable *item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done. [must tell you——

Sav. Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I

Yo. Lo. What wouldst thou tell me? how hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithee, farewell, and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy table-books; and, my dear spark of velvet,[14] thou and I——

Sav. Good Sir, remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in almanacks, and horse-fairs, and rose by honey, and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your brother's pleasure: These be the lessons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. Prithee, expound the first.

Sav. 'I leave to keep my house three hundred pounds a-year; and my brother to dispose of it——'

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked steward; and I dispose of it!

Sav. 'Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him.' Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it; while my legs will carry me I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

Sav. 'Next, it is my will, that he be furnish'd (as my brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people——'

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or——You understand me, Sir. Proceed.

Sav. 'Yet, that my steward keep his place, and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care.'

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more! This is Apocrypha; bind it by itself, steward.

Sav. This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you: Captains of gallyfoists;[15] such as in a clear day have seen Calais, fellows that have no more of God, than their oaths come to; they wear swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oil'd end of a pipe for their guerdon. Then the remnant of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen: Are these fit company for my master's brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee (oh, thou Pagan steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings. Who's there? Call in the gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir!

Yo. Lo. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my master's brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the sage master steward, with a face like an old Ephemeris?

Enter his comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, &c.

Sav. Then God help all,[16] I say!

Yo. Lo. Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen; mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love ——

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse.

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend and master's brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, Sir.

[13] *I shall* bear *your favour, Sir, cross me no more.*] There is neither sense nor humour, in Young Loveless's reply, as it stands in all the copies. My correction retrieves both: *i. e.* If you continue to cross me, I shall correct you for your stubbornness. *Mr. Theobald.*

[14] *My dear spark of* velvet.] Mr. Seward proposes changing *velvet* to *vellum.*

[15] *Captains of* gallyfoists.] See p. 65, of this volume.

[16] Sav. *Then God help all, I say!*] Savil has been esteemed by all good judges of comedy, an excellent character of a precise, dogmatical, self-conceited Steward: Always pretending to obtrude his advice, and as desirous of controuling with his opinions. The ingenious Mr. Addison, I remember, told me, that he sketched out his character of Vellum, in the comedy called the Drummer, purely from this model. *Mr. Theobald:*

Sav. H'as given himself into the hands of varlets, to be carv'd out.[17] Sir, are these the pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the morals of the age, the virtues, men made of gold.

Sav. Of your gold, you mean, Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a man of war, and cries, 'go on,' and wears his colours ——

Sav. In's nose.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant field. This is a traveller, Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the sea so far, 'till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds; and had a Flanders-mare leap'd there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more, Sir.

Sav. 'Tis even enough o' conscience. Sit down, and rest you; you are at the end of the world already. 'Would you had as good a living, Sir, as this fellow could lye you out of; he has a notable gift in't!

Yo. Lo. This ministers the smoke, and this the muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and to say truth, h'as too much land; hang it, dirt!

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three-hundred pounds a-year! We will be freely merry; shall we not?

Capt. Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

Poet. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither?

Yo. Lo. What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry 'till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry 'amen' to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' quorum.

Yo. Lo. It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one; we'll keep no powder'd flesh. All these we have by warrant, under the title of 'things necessary:' Here, upon this place I ground it; 'the obedience of my people, and all necessaries.' Your opinions, gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident, that he meant wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as yourself, Sir.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word 'necessary' is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Yo. Lo. Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by these words, 'the obedience of my people,' you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

Yo. Lo. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Nothing but drink, Sir; three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. Oh, miserable house; and miserable I that live to see it! Good Sir, keep some meat.

Yo. Lo. Get us good whores; and, for your part, I'll board you in an alehouse; you shall have cheese and onions.

Sav. What shall become of me? no chimney smoaking? Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. [*Exit.*

Yo. Lo. Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink.

Omnes. Oh, brave Loveless! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lady, Welford, and Sir Roger.

Lady. SIR, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good-night.

Wel. Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that compliment. Once more, good-night.

Wel. Once more, dear lady; and then, all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear Sir, be short and sweet, then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me? shall I hope my suit happier by this night's rest?

Lady. Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for

[17] *H'as given himself into the hands of varlets*, not *to be carv'd out.*] We cannot understand this passage as here printed; but think the word *not* an interpolation. Savil, we suppose, means, that Young Loveless has given himself into the hands of fellows who will consume him, eat him up; and accordingly afterwards says, 'You minister the clothes, and meat, and money.'

it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: But, had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

Wel. So fair, and cruel! Dear unkind, good night. [*Exit Lady.*

Nay, Sir, you shall stay with me; I'll press your zeal so far.

Rog. Oh, Lord, Sir!

Wel. Do you love tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet, with your reverence, I will be bold. [it?

Wel. Pray, light it, Sir. How do you like

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It is wet, Sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum! [text of it.

Wel. Handle it again, Sir; you have a warm

Rog. Thanks ever premis'd for it.[18] I promise you it is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual; for, certainly, it moves in sundry places.

Wel. Ay, it does so, Sir; and me, especially, to ask, Sir, why you wear a night-cap?

Rog. Assuredly, I will speak the truth unto you, You shall understand, Sir, that my head is broken; and by whom? even by that visible beast,[19] the butler.

Wel. The butler! Certainly, he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave cassock! The offence, Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at tra-trip, Sir, for swearing. You have the total, surely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a-tilt, and so he crack'd your canons: I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night?

Rog. Have patience, Sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd, that is, asleep; for so the word is taken: 'To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;'[20] a very figure, Sir. [tlewomen?

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the gen-

Rog. Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; his grave, his bed: The very same again, Sir. Our comic poet gives the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est*;[21] he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our patroness.

Wel. Your comment, Sir, hath made me understand you.

Enter Martha, and Abigail to them, with a posset.

Rog. Sir, be address'd; the graces do salute you with a full bowl of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd? [the poet?

Abig. He's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely, with

Mar. No, he out-snores the poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesy shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget you are a stranger and a gentleman.

Abig. In sooth, Sir, were I changed into my lady, a gentleman, so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.—See, how this foul familiar chews the cud! From thee and three-and-fifty, Good Love! deliver me! [spoon?

Mar. Will you sit down, Sir, and take a

Wel. I take it kindly, lady.

Mar. It is our best banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the gentlewomen already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' th' posset; you may chance have a scalding zeal else; an you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to yourself. 'Would you could like this, Sir?

[18] *Thanks ever* promised *for it. I* promise *you.*] But why thanks *promised?* He certainly meant to render them for the favour. I dare say, a slight corruption has crept in, from the word *promise* immediately following. I make no doubt, but the Authors wrote *premised*; *i. e.* his thanks given by way of preface, or introduction. And, as it is a term in *logic* too, it has the greater analogy to Sir Roger's character. *Mr. Theobald.*

[19] *And by whom? even by that* visible *beast, the butler.*] An *invisible* butler would certainly be a rare curiosity. Every man, *quoad homo*, is equally *visible* at some times. I am persuaded, *risible* was the original word; *i. e.* that boisterous, noisy, *laughing* varlet. Or, perhaps, Sir Roger may use the word in a more quaint acceptation; to signify a man *risu dignus*, worthy to be laugh'd at. *Mr. Sympson.*

'*Visible beast*, says Mr. Seward, signifies, one that appears to every one to be a beast.' That this was our Authors' meaning will not admit of a doubt; any more than that Mr. Sympson's alteration is arbitrary and injudicious.

[20] *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep*;

Not till the man be in his bed, *his* grave; *his* grave, *his* bed;] These two figures, as Sir Roger calls them, are a manifest flirt at the Hamlet of Shakespeare, in that fine soliloquy, which begins, *To be, or not to be*, &c. *Mr. Theobald.*

Though we should suppose every person who reads this passage would consider it in the same light as Mr. Theobald has done, yet Mr. Seward thinks our Authors had no intention to flirt at Shakespeare, but meant this speech as a ridicule upon *bad imitations of real beauties*; 'Sir Roger's whole character being, says he, a burlesque upon *scholarship*.'

[21] Plenus rimarum est, *he is full of loop-holes.*] The comic poet, whom Sir Roger is here quoting, is Terence, in his Eunuch.

Parm. *Plenus rimarum sum, hâc atque illâc perfluo.* *Mr. Theobald.*

Wel. I would your sister would like me as well, lady!

Mar. Sure, Sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination; she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself; and for another husband than herself, he may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise, Sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults; the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, she'll do worse! 'Would I were worthy his least grief, mistress

Wel. Now I must over-hear her. [Martha.

Mar. Faith, 'would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older. [sweeter.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper; 'tis the

Mar. Well said, old sayings.

Wel. She looks like one, indeed. Gentlewoman, you keep your word; your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter. [change, Sir?

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick: Dare you

Wel. Myself for you, so please you. That smile has turn'd my stomach: This is right the old emblem of the moyle cropping of thistles. Lord, what a hunting head she carries! sure she has been ridden with a martingale. Now, Love, deliver me!

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? surely, I know not. Am I rub'd off? Is this the way of all my morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass, and woman as a flower! Did I for this consume my quarters[22] in meditation, vows, and woo'd her in heroical epistles? Did I expound the Owl,[23] and undertook, with labour and expence, the recollection of those thousand pieces, consum'd in cellars, and tobacco-shops, of that our honour'd Englishman Nic. Broughton?[24] Have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the wise man, and say, 'He that holds a woman, has an eel by the tail.'

Mar. Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you, lady. And to you what you desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like yourself then. [*Ex. Mar. and Abig.*

Wel. Heav'n keep me from that curse, and all my issue! Good-night, antiquity.

Rog. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris: But I alone——

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and, requesting a greater measure of your learning, good-night, good master Roger.

Rog. Good Sir, peace be with you! [*Exit Roger.*

Wel. Adieu, dear *Domine!* Half a dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession: For who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a[25] crewel night-cap? Why, how now, shall we have an anticle?

Enter servant.

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you joll it so against the post? is it for your ease? or have you seen the cellar? Where are my slippers, Sir?

Ser. Here, Sir.

Wel. Where, Sir? Have you got the pot-vertigo;[26] Have you seen the horses, Sir?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith, Sir, they have a kind of wholesome rushes; hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry, Sir; and why so?

Ser. Faith, Sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's a cast of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle.

[22] *Did I for this consume my* quarters.] If Sir Roger means his body, as Mr. Sympson observed to me, one should conjecture, that *carcass* was more significant, if not more obvious to be understood. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have retained the old word, *quarters*, because it may refer to *time*, as well as to Sir Roger's *person*.

[23] *Did I expound the* Owl.] The *Owl* is evidently some piece of Nich. Broughton's, or *some such doughty writers.* *Mr. Seward.*

[24] *Of that our honour'd Englishman*, Ni. Br.] The Poets, I do not apprehend, had any intention of sinking, or making a secret, of this author's name. He was so well known at that time of day, that the copyists thought they might safely give us his name abbreviated. He was a voluminous writer, who, among other things, compiled an elaborate tract about Fifth-Monarchy-Men. Ben Jonson, in his Alchemist, has made Dol Common, in her ecstatick fit to Sir Epicure Mammon, talk very largely out of the works of this Nich. Broughton. *Mr. Theobald.*

[25] *To such a* cruel *night cap?*] The poets, as Mr. Sympson observ'd with me, certainly wrote, *crewel*; *i. e.* made of the ends of coarse *worsted.* *Mr. Theobald.*

[26] *Have you got the pot-*verdugo?] *Verdugo* is a word of Spanish extraction; but, amongst all the significations in which it is taken, it has no one consonant to the idea and meaning here required. The poets must certainly have wrote *vertigo*, a dizziness, or swimming in the head, with drink. *Mr. Theobald.*

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent, Sir; you may see through them! And such a house!

Wel. Come, Sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jews: The kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge. But this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But, of all this, the drink, Sir——

Wel. What of that, Sir?

Ser. Faith, Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three spoonfuls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy——

Wel. Sir, you belye the house.

Ser. I would I did, Sir. But, as I am a true man, if it were but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.[27]

Wel. I am glad on't, Sir; for, if it had prov'd stronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of these commendations. Light me the candle, Sir; I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless, and his comrades, with wenches, and two fiddlers.

Yo. La. Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling; [boys;
And you, my learned council, set and turn,
Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves.
My modern poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

Enter servant, with wine.

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your This is no pay for fiddlers. [peeping;

Capt. Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy captain,
Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty
Clap him in shamois!
Let there be deducted out of our main potation
Five marks, in hatchments to adorn this thigh,
Cramp'd with this rest of peace,[28] and I will
Thy battles. [fight
Yo. Lo. Thou shalt hav't, boy, and fly in feather;
Lead on a march, you michers.[29]

Enter Savil.

Sav. Oh, my head, oh, my heart, what a noise and change is here! 'Would I had been cold i' th' mouth before this day, and ne'er have liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron-mill. There's a dead sea of drink i' th' cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wreck'd; and, in the middle of this deluge, appear the tops of flagons, and black-jacks, like churches drown'd i' th' marshes.

Yo. Lo. What, art thou come, sweet Sir Amias? [Helen,
Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my
And court her in a dance.

Sav. Good Sir, consider. [say you?

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider, gentlemen? how

Capt. Consider! That were a simple toy, i'faith. [cries
Consider! Whose moral's that? The man that 'Consider,' is our foe: Let my steel know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must Prithee be calm, my Hector. [not die yet:

Capt. Peasant slave! [thank
Thou groom compos'd of grudgings, live and
This gentleman; thou hadst seen Pluto else!
The next 'consider' kills thee.

[27] ——— *if it were but one degree Colder, nothing but an* ass's hoof *would hold it.*] It is one peculiar impropriety in our authors, (who, to be sure, ought every where to shew their learning, so it be done without pedantry:) that they too frequently put it in the mouths of characters, who cannot well be supposed to know any thing of the matter. The allusion here is to those extreme cold waters which flow'd down from the mountain Nonacris in Arcadia, and which would penetrate through every vehicle but that of an horse's hoof; as Justin tells us in the xiith Book of his History. Plutarch and Ælian say, it was an ass's hoof. Arrian, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a mule's: And Quintus Curtius, an ox's. The variation in this point is of very little consequence. They were of so very cold a quality, as to be mortal to those who drank of them.
Mr. Theobald.

[28] *Five marks in* hatchments *to adorn this thigh, Crampt with this* rest *of peace.*] The *rest of peace* is a little tautological, and I believe the original was,

Cramp'd with the rust *of peace.*

i. e. Cramp'd with wearing such a rusty sword as a long peace had reduc'd him to. He wanted to have a new sword, or at least to have his old one new *hatch'd:* The *hatch* of the sword is the gilded wire of the handle, or the *gilt* of it in general. *Mr. Seward.*

We have no doubt of *rest* being the proper word, because the captain complains of his thigh being *cramp'd*; which it might be by a want of exercise, but hardly by having a rusty, any more than a bright, sword hanging near it.

[29] *You* michers.] *i. e.* Idlers, loiterers.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuff; make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

Sav. Nay, rather kill me; there's but a layman lost. Good captain, do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward. Strike him a horn-pipe, squeakers! Take thy stiver, and pace her till she stew.[30]

Sav. Sure, Sir, I cannot dance with your gentlewomen; they are too light for me. Pray break my head, and let me go.

Capt. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Capt. Who knocks there? let him in.

Enter Elder Loveless, disguis'd.

Sav. Some to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all! My business is to one master Loveless.

Capt. This is the gentleman you mean; view him, and take his inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no less, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your business?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loth, yet I am sworn to't! 'Would some other tongue would speak it for me!

Yo. Lo. Out with it, i' God's name.

El. Lo. All I desire, Sir, is the patience and suff'rance of a man; and, good Sir, be not mov'd more——

Yo. Lo. Than a pottle of sack will do. Here is my hand; prithee, thy business?

El. Lo. Good Sir, excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you; and be yourself, discrete, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Prithee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your brother's dead, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean—dead drunk?

El. Lo. No, no; dead and drown'd at sea, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Ay, but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure, Sir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure, Sir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want; I lov'd him better. Here, I forgive thee; and, i'faith, be plain; how do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd; these transitory toys ne'er trouble me; he's in a better place, my friend, I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curs'd thee, and fall'n out with their meat, and kept a pother; but all this helps not: He was too good for us, and let God keep him! There's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy drink; thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: Fill him another. Savil, your master's dead; and who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear it well. Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away. We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil?

Sav. Yes, Sir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Sav. Yes, forsooth.

Yo. Lo. And you'll strain court'sy, and be drunk a little?

Sav. I would be glad, Sir, to do my weak endeavour.

Yo. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Sav. In time the sturdy oak, Sir——

Yo. Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon for my good news: But I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, Sir; this is the worst I wish you for your news: And if I had another elder brother, and say, it were his chance to feed haddocks, I should be still the same you see me now, a poor contented gentleman. More wine for my friend there; he's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be, if I follow this beginning. Well, my dear brother, if I 'scape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice before I help you.—Sir, I cannot drink more; pray let me have your pardon.

Yo. Lo. Oh, lord, Sir, it is your modesty! More wine; give him a bigger glass. Hug him, my Captain! Thou shalt be my chief mourner.

Cap. And this my pennon. Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my lord of land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God they bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them so far again. Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear steward. Down o'your knees, you infidel, you pagan! be drunk, and penitent.

Sav. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a bawd; I'll have thee a brave bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my business is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast, before you go. Fill's a new stoop.

[30] *Take thy* striver, *and pace her till she stew.*] Here is both obscurity and nonsense, from the casual interposition of one unnecessary letter. *Stive* was the old and obsolete term for the *stews*; and consequently, a *stiver*, as it should be restored in the text, was a girl, a strumpet, who ply'd there. Hence, perhaps, might come the word *stiver* too, to signify that inconsiderable coin (the fifth part of an English Penny) the pay of these mean prostitutes, these *meretrices diobolares*, as Plautus styles them. *Mr. Theobald.*

El. Lo. I dare not, Sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratify you for the pains you took,

El. Lo. As little as to the other. [Sir.

Yo. Lo. If you find any stirring, do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you're too bounteous: When I feel that itching, you shall assuage it, Sir, before another. This only, and farewell, Sir: Your brother, when the storm was most extreme, told all about him, he left a will, which lies close behind a chimney in the matted chamber. And so, as well, Sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Yo. Lo. Let us embrace him all! If you grow dry before you end your business, pray take a bait here; I have a fresh hogshead for you.

Sav. You shall neither will, nor choose, Sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine state, a very fine state, Sir; I am his steward, Sir, and his man.

El. Lo. Would you were our own, Sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman!

El. Lo. What would you with me, Sir?

Sav. Farewell, gentlemen!

El. Lo. Oh, sleep, Sir, sleep. [*Ex. El. Lo.*

Yo. Lo. Well, boys, you see what's fall'n; let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Capt. Let's give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk, as I live.

Sav. Drunk, as I live, boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight. I will be knighted, for my state will bear it; 'tis sixteen hundred, boys! Off with your husks; I'll skin you all in sattin.

Capt. Oh, sweet Loveless!

Sav. All in sattin! Oh, sweet Loveless!

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble compeers! And this, my countess, shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft and Widow.

Mor. And, Widow, as I say, be your own friend: Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise; continue so, sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers; they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very light'ning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings; they are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds. Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, matter of moment, girl, matter of moment: You may meet with a worse back; I'll not

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir. [commend it.

Mor. Yet thus far, by your favour, Widow, 'tis tough. [love a tender one.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet; for I

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: You know my state; I sell no perspectives, scarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my trust in shoe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dredg'd with meal and powdered sugar, saunders, and grains, wormseed and rotten raisins, and such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy; I, in a year, have put up hundreds; inclos'd, my Widow, those pleasant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage; for which the poor knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess. Nay, more——

Wid. Good Sir, no more. Whate'er my husband was, I know what I am; and, if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off, Sir.

Mor. Not with the head, sweet Widow.

Wid. No, sweet Sir, but with your shoulders. I must have you dubb'd; for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toil, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which, for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse, and, Sir, so little—— But let that pass: Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband; who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage, left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be a worthy gossip to, be knighted, Sir.

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now, Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you, Sir? [less.

Sav. Sir, I come from young master Love-

Mor. Be silent, Sir; I have no money, not a penny for you: He's sunk; your master's sunk; a perish'd man, Sir.

Sav. Indeed, his brother's sunk, Sir; God be with him! A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea. [brother drown'd?

Mor. How saidst thou, good my friend? his

Sav. Untimely, Sir, at sea.

Mor. And thy young master left sole heir?

Sav. Yes, Sir.

Mor. And he wants money?

Sav. Yes; and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

Mor. Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, Widow; be wise, and give thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, Sir.

Sav. What says your worship to this money?

Mor. I say, he may have money, if he please.

Sav. A thousand, Sir?

Mor. A thousand, Sir, provided, any wise, Sir, his land lie for the payment; otherwise——

Enter Young Loveless and comrades, to them.

Sav. He's here himself, Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear friend, and worthy master Loveless, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear incloser, master Morecraft. Prithee, old angel-gold, salute my family; I'll do as much for yours. This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours, Sir, if you mean well. 'Tis a handsome gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my brother's dead.

Mor. Dead? [Ember-week.

Yo. Lo. Dead; and by this time sous'd for

Mor. Dead?

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man. By the next fresh conger that comes we shall hear more. [moves me much.

Mor. Now, by the faith of my body, it

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an ass, and weep for the dead? Why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have mov'd thee. Prithee, be quiet; he hath left his land

Mor. Oh, has he so? [behind him.

Yo. Lo. Yes, faith, I thank him for't: I've all, boy. Hast any ready money?

Mor. Will you sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not outright, good Gripe. Marry, a mortgage, or such a slight security.

Mor. I have no money, Sir, for mortgage: If you'll sell, and all or none, I'll work a new mine for you.

Sav. Good Sir, look before you; he'll work you out of all else. If you sell all your land, you have sold your country; and then you must to sea, to seek your brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering-tub, and break your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that must have watering, Sir: And where's your three hundred pounds a-year in drink then? If you'll turn up the Straits, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's sides; and then, if you 'scape with life, and take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh, come home, poor man, like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poor-john. I cannot tell, Sir; I would be loth to see it.

Capt. Steward, you are an ass, a meazel'd mungrel; and, were it not against the peace of my sovereign friend here, I would break your forecasting coxcombs, dog, I would, even with thy staff of office there, thy pen and inkhorn. Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well;[31] take money for thy dirt. Hark, and believe; thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealthful; sell and be wise: We are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart, child; mirth shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes men eternal.

Poet. Do what you will, it is the noblest course: Then may you live without the charge of people; only we four will make a family; ay, and an age that will beget new annals, in which I'll write thy life, my son of pleasure, equal with Nero and Caligula.

Yo. Lo. What men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring boys of Rome, that made all split.

Yo. Lo. Come, Sir, what dare you give?

Sav. You will not sell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so, Sir?

Sav. Good Sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your roof. What money? speak.

Mor. Six thousand pounds, Sir.

Capt. Take it; h'as overbidden, by the sun; bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come, strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

Mor. There's a god's penny for thee.

Sav. Sir, for my old master's sake, let my farm be excepted: If I become his tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knows what. Consider me, dear

Mor. I'll have all or none. [Sir.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in. Dispatch the writings. [*Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty forehanded fel- 'Would, thou wert wiser. [low!

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feel
Myself a rascal! 'Would I could teach a school,
Or beg, or lye well: I am utterly undone.
Now he, that taught thee to deceive and cozen,
Take thee to his mercy! So be it. [*Exit.*

Mor. Come, Widow, Come, never stand upon a knighthood; it is a mere paper honour, and not proof enough for a serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this, Sir. No knight, no Widow: If you make me any thing, it must be a lady; and so I take my leave. [it.

Mor. Farewell, sweet Widow, and think of

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it; it makes me dream, Sir. [*Exit Wid.*

Mor. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: And, say, I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the trumpets, ay, and the horsemen too, and be a knight, and she refuse me then:
Then am I hoist into the subsidy, [comb:
And so by consequence should prove a cox-
I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound,
And then the land is mine: There's some refreshing yet. [*Exit.*

[31] *The god of gold here has* fed *thee well.*] Mr. Seward imagines, 'that the last syllable of 'the true word only remained in the copy, *sed*, which the editors altered to *fed*;' and therefore proposes reading *advised*. Though we think his suggestion ingenious, the variation from the old authorities is too great, for us to admit *advised* into the text. It is very probable the Captain means, 'Morecraft has hitherto *fed*, *supplied*, you well with money; and do not 'break off with him now.'

ACT III.

Enter Abigail, and drops her glove.

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my hopes
Tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest,
And, I know, I shall draw him.

Enter Welford.

Wel. This is the strangest pamper'd piece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty cop'd withal. What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me:[32] These women are a proud kind of cattle, and love this whoreson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins bawds to their flesh. Here's dog-skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk: What to do with it, beside nailing it up[33] amongst Irish heads of *teer*, to shew the mightiness of her palm, I know not. There she is: I must enter into dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. Not, Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

Abig. 'Twill be uncivil in me to take back A favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, Sir. Pray, wear it for me. [you, mistress,

Wel. I had rather wear a bell.—But, hark What hidden virtue is there in this glove, That you would have me wear it? Is it good Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-ach? [soluble, Or these red tops, being steep'd in white-wine Will 't kill the itch? or has it so conceal'd A providence to keep my hands from bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair, 'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two always. [pleasure. Faith, let's draw cuts; one will do me no

Abig. The tenderness of 's years keeps him as yet In ignorance: He's a well-moulded fellow, And I wonder his blood should stir no higher; But 'tis his want of company: I must Grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveless disguised.

El. Lo. God save you both!

Abig. And pardon you, Sir! This is somewhat rude:
How came you hither? [open;

El. Lo. Why, through the doors; they are

Wel. What are you? and what business have you here?

El. Lo. More, I believe, than you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes; I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prithee, what art thou?

El. Lo. As much, gay man, as thou art; I am a gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more? [soldier.

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel?

El. Lo. No, not with women. I come With a gentlewoman. [here to speak

Abig. Why, I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I'm not fine yet. I am but new come over;
Direct me with your ticket to your tailor, And then I shall be fine, Sir. Lady, if there A better of your sex within this house, [be Say I would see her. [Sir?

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you,

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good. Pray, end my business.
This is another suitor: Oh, frail woman!

Wel. This fellow, with his bluntness, hopes to do [could:[34] More than the long suits of a thousand

[32] *What a trim* l'envoy *here she has put upon me.*] *L'envoy* signifies an ambassador, emissary, *go between*. It is a term still in use to signify a *minister*. Welford speaks with reference to Abigail's glove, which she drops when she enters.

[33] *Amongst* Irish *heads of* teer, *to shew the mightiness of her* palm.] *Teer* is the Irish pronunciation of *deer*; the *palm*, or *palmer*, is call'd the crown of a stag's head.
Mr. Theobald.

[34] *This fellow with his bluntness,* &c.] So Shakespeare, in his King Lear, Act II

This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Tho' he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him.
Sir, this lady is not to speak with you; she is more serious. You smell as if you were new calk'd; go, and be handsome, and then you may sit with the servingmen.
El. Lo. What are you, Sir?
Wel. Troth, guess by my outside.
El. Lo. Then, I take you, Sir, for some new silken thing, wean'd from the country, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray, good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.
Wel. How many lives hast thou; that thou talk'st thus rudely?[35]
El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither cat nor woman. [you ever
Wel. And will that one life, Sir, maintain In such bold sauciness? [as you are,
El. Lo. Yes, 'mongst a nation of such men And be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak With this lady?
Abig. No, by my troth, shall you not.
El. Lo. I must stay here then.
Wel. That you shall not, neither.
El. Lo. Good fine thing, tell me why?
Wel. Good angry thing, I'll tell you: This is no place for such companions; Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business Better i' th' suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,
Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion: This is no Thames-Street, Sir.
Abig. This gentleman informs you truly. Prithee, be satisfied, and seek the suburbs, Good captain, or whatever title else The warlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee. Go and reform thyself; prithee be sweeter; And know, my lady speaks with no such swabbers. [tradition
El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your Of wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye.
And for you, tender Sir, whose gentle blood Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all But three-pil'd people,[36] I do let you know, He that begot your worship's sattin suit, Can make no men, Sir. I will see this lady, And, with the reverence of your silkenship, In these old ornaments.
Wel. You will not, sure?
El. Lo. Sure, Sir, I shall.
Abig. You would be beaten out?
El. Lo. Indeed I would not; or, if I would be beaten,
Pray, who shall beat me? This good gentleman Looks as he were o' th' peace.
Wel. Sir, you shall see that. Will you get you out?
El. Lo. Yes; that that shall correct your boy's tongue.
Dare you fight? I will stay here still. [*They draw.*
Abig. Oh, their things are out! Help, help, for God's sake!
Madam! Jesus! They foin at one another.
Madam! Why, who is within there?

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness?
Wel. This uncivil fellow.
He says he comes from sea; where, I believe, H'as purg'd away his manners.
Lady. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why, he will rudely, without once 'God bless you,'
Press to your privacies, and no denial Must stand betwixt your person and his busi- I let go his ill language. [ness.
Lady. Sir, have you Business with me?
El. Lo. Madam, some, I have;
But not so serious to pawn my life for't.
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such knights o' th' sun as this is, to defy Men of employment to you, you may live; But in what fame?
Lady. Pray stay, Sir, who has wrong'd you?
El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild words at me: But to you, I think, he did no honour, to deny The haste I come withal a passage to you, Though I seem coarse. [my knowledge,
Lady. Excuse me, gentle Sir; 'twas from And shall have no protection. And to you, Sir, You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself
Have borrow'd pow'r I never gave you here, To do these vile unmanly things. My house Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours Not doting yet on your unknown deserts So far, that I should make you master of my business.
My credit yet stands fairer with the people Than to be tried with swords; and they that come
To do me service, must not think to win me With hazard of a murder. If your love Consist in fury, carry it to the camp; And there, in honour of some common mistress, Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd; And give me leave awhile, Sir.
Wel. You must have it. [*Exit Welford.*
Lady. Now, Sir, your business?
El. Lo. First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow, [enough
Whom his own follies, which he's prone

[35] *Abig. How many lives*, &c.] All the copies place this speech to Abigail. We have ventured to transfer it to Welford: which his next speech, we think, fully warrants us to do. *Mr. Theobald.*

[36] *But three-pil'd people.*] *i. e.* Wearers of velvet; the pile is the soft shag or fluff of it.

Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him away to his repentance.
Next, I should rail at you; but you are a woman,
And anger's lost upon you.
Lady. Why at me, Sir?
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.
El. Lo. You have done that,
I must confess, I have the least curse in,
Because the least acquaintance: But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black memory.
Lady. How is this, good Sir?
El. Lo. 'Tis that, that, if you have a soul,
You've kill'd a gentleman. [will choke it:
Lady. I kill'd a gentleman!
El. Lo. You, and your cruelty, have kill'd him, woman!
And such a man (let me be angry in't)
Whose least worth weigh'd above all womens' virtues
That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess him now.
Lady. I am so innocent, I cannot, Sir.
El. Lo. Repent, you mean. You are a perfect woman,
And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.
Lady. Sir, you have miss'd your way; I am not she.
El. Lo. Would he had miss'd his way too, though he had wander'd
Farther than women are ill spoken of,
So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady——
Lady. How do you do, Sir?
El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep myself out from temptations.
Lady. Pray, leap into this matter; whither would you? [peevishness
El. Lo. You had a servant, that your Enjoin'd to travel.
Lady. Such a one I have
Still, and should be grieved it were otherwise.
El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd; he's dead! [not;
How you will answer for his worth I know
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd
To've given a stronger testimony to th' world,
Of what he might have been. He was a man
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,
Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark
Bulg'd under us; in which sad parting blow
He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all
Sought to preserve their souls, he desp'rately
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,
'If any live, go to my Fate, that forc'd me
To this untimely end, and make her happy.'
His name was Loveless; and I 'scap'd the storm,
And now you have my business.
Lady. 'Tis too much. [perish'd.
'Would I had been that storm; he had not
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir:
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his ruin, I shall justly suffer
What they can say: I do confess myself
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.[37]
El. Lo. I like this well: These women are strange things. [*Aside.*
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with those tears at home.
Lady. 'Would you had told me then so; these two arms
Had been his sea.
El. Lo. Trust me, you move me much:
But, say he liv'd; these were forgotten things
Lady. Ay, say you so? [again.
Sure, I should know that voice: This is knavery.
I'll fit you for it!—Were he living, Sir,
I would persuade you to be charitable,
Ay, and confess we are not all so ill
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,
What penance shall I pull upon my fault,
Upon my most unworthy self for this?
El. Lo. Leave to love others; 'twas some jealousy
That turn'd him desperate.
Lady. I'll be with you straight:
Are you wrung there? [*Aside.*
El. Lo. This works amain upon her.
Lady. I do confess there is a gentleman,
Has borne me long good will.
El. Lo. I do not like that. [*Aside.*
Lady. And vow'd a thousand services to me, regardless of him: [me;
But since Fate, that no power can withstand,
Has taken from me my first, and best love,
And to weep away my youth is a mere folly,
I will shew you what I determine, Sir;
You shall know all.
Call Mr. Welford, there: That gentleman
I mean to make the model of my fortunes,
And, in his chaste embraces, keep alive
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless.
He is somewhat like him too.
El. Lo. Then you can love?
Lady. Yes, certainly, Sir: [cruel,
Though it please you to think me hard and
I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.
El. Lo. I have made myself a fine fool.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Would you have spoken with me, madam? [pardon,
Lady. Yes, Mr. Welford; and I ask your

[37] ——— *I would say more,*
But grief *is grown* too great to be deliver'd.]
Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent. *Mr. Theobald.*

Before this gentleman, for being froward:
This kiss, and henceforth more affection.
El. Lo. So; it is better I were drown'd indeed. [it!
Wel. This is a sudden passion; God hold
This fellow, out of his fear, sure, has
Persuaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.
Lady. A parting kiss; and, good Sir, let
To wait me in the gallery. [me pray you
Wel. I'm in another world!
Madam, where you please. [*Exit. Wel.*
El. Lo. I will to sea, [deed.
And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd in-
Lady. Now, Sir, you see I am no such hard-hearted creature,
But time may win me.
El. Lo. You have forgot your lost love.
Lady. Alas, Sir, what would you have me do?
I cannot call him back again with sorrow;
I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrew me,
I'll keep him far enough from sea.
And 'twas told me, now I remember me,
By an old wise woman, that my first love
Should be drowned; and see, 'tis come about.
El. Lo. I would she had told you your second [about:
Should be hang'd too, and let that come
But this is very strange.
Lady. Faith, Sir, consider all,
And then I know you will be of my mind:
If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.
El. Lo. But, say, that I were Loveless,
And scap'd the storm; how would you answer this? [leave all the world.
Lady. Why, for that gentleman I would
El. Lo. This young thing too?
Lady. This young thing too, [my state.
Or any young thing else. Why, I would lose
El. Lo. Why, then, he lives still: I am he, your Loveless! [purpose
Lady. Alas, I knew it, Sir, and for that
Prepar'd this pageant. Get you to your task,
And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you;
Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.
El. Lo. Will you then marry?
Lady. I will not promise; take your choice. Farewell. [a woman!
El. Lov. There is no other purgatory but
I must do something. [*Exit Loveless.*

Enter Welford.

Wel. Mistress, I am bold.
Lady. You are, indeed.
Wel. You so o'erjoy'd me, Lady!
Lady. Take heed, you surfeit not; pray fast, and welcome.
Wel. By this light, you love me extremely.
Lady. By this, and to-morrow's light, I care not for you.
Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.
Lady. Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.
Wel. I like this mirth well, Lady.
Lady. You shall have more on't.
Wel. I must kiss you.
Lady. No, Sir.
Wel. Indeed, I must. [my leave:
Lady. What must be, must be. I will take
You have your parting blow. I pray commend me [hither,
To those few friends you have, that sent you
And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit, [wit;
You brought less brav'ry with you, and more
You'll never get a wife else.
Wel. Are you in earnest?
Lady. Yes, faith. Will you eat, Sir?
Your horses will be ready straight; you shall have
A napkin laid in the buttery for you.
Wel. Do not you love me, then?
Lady. Yes, for that face.
Wel. It is a good one, Lady.
Lady. Yes, if 'twere not warpt;
The fire in time may mend it. [Lady.
Wel. Methinks, yours is none of the best,
Lady. No, by my troth, Sir; yet, o' my conscience,
You would make shift with it.
Wel. Come, pray, no more of this.
Lady. I will not: Fare you well. Ho! who's within there? [haste;
Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in
And set some cold meat on the table.
Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you, Lady: [goes
Take to your chamber when you please, there
A black one with you, Lady.
Lady. Farewell, young man! [*Exit Lady.*
Wel. You have made me one. Farewell; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee; I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in these women. 'Would all my sex were of my mind; I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more rev'rence with them.

Enter Abigail to him.

Abig. I am sorry, Mr. Welford——
Wel. So am I, that you are here.
Abig. How does my lady use you?
Wel. As I would use you, scurvily.
Abig. I should have been more kind, Sir.
Wel. I should have been undone then. Pray, leave me, [calls.
And look t' your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady
Abig. Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offence. [love, leave me.
Wel. You're nothing but offence; for God's
Abig. 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant. [good, do!
Wel. To send you to me. 'Pray, go stitch;
You are more trouble to me than a term.
Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love
I lied not, should any ways deserve this.
Wel. A thousand ways, a thousand ways!
Sweet creature, let me depart in peace.

Abig. What creature, Sir? I hope I am a woman.
Wel. A hundred, I think, by your noise.
Abig. Since you are angry, Sir, I'm bold to tell you
That I'm a woman, and a rib.
Wel. Of a roasted horse.
Abig. Construe me that.
Wel. A dog can do it better.[83] Farewell, Countess; and commend me to your lady; tell her she's proud, and scurvy: And so I commit you both to your tempter.
Abig. Sweet Mr. Welford! [ruins,
Wel. Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your
Your face looks fouler than a storm!
The footman stays you in the lobby, Lady.
Abig. If you were a gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions. Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?
Wel. As fit as they were made for you.
Sirrah, my horses! Farewell, old adage!
Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else. [*Exit Wel.*
Abig. The blessings of a prodigal young heir
Be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman, [bite?
Are your gums grown so tender they can't
A skittish filly will be your fortune, [saddle.
Welford, and fair enough for such a pack-
And I doubt not (if my aim hold)
To see her made to amble to your hand.
[*Exit Abig.*

Enter Young Loveless, and comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savil, and the rest.

Capt. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight!
And may thy back-sword bite them to the bone
That love thee not: Thou art an errant man;[39]
Go on: The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.
Let land and labour fill the man that tills;
Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed;
Mecha shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall,
And thy dear name fill up his monument.
Yo. Lo. It shall, Captain; I mean to be a worthy. [be all.
Capt. One worthy is too little; thou shalt
Mor. Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too. [noble Morecraft,
Capt. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, If thou wilt lend me money.
I am a man of garrison; be rul'd,
And open to me those infernal gates,
Whence none of thy evil angels pass again,
And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego!
I'll woo thy infanta for thee, and my knight
Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt. [meaning.
Mor. Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my
Yo. Lo. No, Mr. Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,
I should prepare her for ye.
Capt. Or provoke her.
Speak, my modern man, I say 'provoke her.'
Poet. Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it.
So say the critics.
Yo. Lo. But howsoever you expound it, Sir,
She's very welcome; and this shall serve for witness.
And, Widow, since you're come so happily,
You shall deliver up the keys, and free
Possession of this house, while I stand by to ratify. [lieve me;
Wid. I had rather give it back again, be-
It is a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.
Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, Widow. Come, sit down. Some wine there!
There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it.
Mr. Morecraft, all this fair house is yours, Sir. Savil![40]
Sav. Yes, Sir.
Yo. Lo. Are your keys ready? I must ease your burden.
Sav. I'm ready, Sir, to be undone, when you Shall call me to't.
Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.
Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all:
There's half a dozen of my friends i' th' fields,
Sunning against a bank, with half a breech
Among 'em; I shall be with 'em shortly.
The care and continual vexation
Of being rich, eat up this rascal!
What shall become of my poor family?
They are no sheep, yet they must keep themselves. [merry all.
Yo. Lo. Drink, master Morecraft! Pray be
Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink! Widow, a word.
Capt. Expound her throughly, knight.
Here, God o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!
Be a baron, and a bold one. [trouts,
Leave off your tickling of young heirs like
And let thy chimnies smoke. Feed men of war,
Live, and be honest, and be saved yet.
Mor. I thank you, worthy Captain, for your counsel.

[83] *A dog can do it better; farewell,* Countess.] This is not complimental, but sarcastically spoken. In a pack of hounds, an old staunch hunting bitch is often called *Duchess, Countess, Beauty,* &c. *Mr. Theobald.*

[39] ——— *thou art an* errant man,
Go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.] *i. e.* A knight-errant; one fit to go on the holy wars; to fight against the Turks and Jews. *Mr. Theobald.*

[40] *There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it. All this fair house is yours,* Sir Savil!] Thus the modern editions most nonsensically exhibit this passage; omitting 'Mr. Morecraft,' whom Young Loveless must be addressing. Some of the old editions also omit these words, but yet read sensibly, '*All this fair house is yours,* Sir. Savil?

You keep your chimnies smoking there, your nostrils;
And, when you can, you feed a man of war.
This makes you not a baron, but a bare one;
And how or when you shall be saved, let
The clerk o' th' company (you have com- [manded)
Have a just care of.
Poet. The man is much mov'd.[41] Be not angry, Sir.
But, as the poet sings,[42] let your displeasure
Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,
And bitterly to me, Sir. Captain, take truce;
The miser is a tart and a witty whorson!
Capt. Poet, you feign, perdie! The wit of this man
Lies in his fingers ends; he must tell all.
His tongue fills his mouth like a neat's tongue,
And only serves to lick his hungry chaps [are
After a purchase: His brains and brimstone
The Devil's diet to a fat usurer's head.
To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow her.
Where's the brave steward?
Sav. Here's your poor friend and servant, Savil, Sir.[43]
Capt. Away, thou'rt rich in tenements of nature:
First, in thy face, thou hast a serious face,
A betting, bargaining, and saving face,
A rich face; pawn it to the usurer;
A face to kindle the compassion
Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.
Sav. 'Tis such, I shall not dare to shew it shortly, Sir. [Morecraft,
Capt. Be blithe and bonny, Steward. Master
Drink to this man of reckoning.
Mor. Here's e'en to him.
Sav. The devil guide it downward! 'Would there were in't
An acre of the great broom-field he bought,
To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke
'Tis all one to me, usurer. [you!
Yo. Lo. Consider what I told you; you are
Unapt for worldly business: Is it fit [young,
One of such tenderness, so delicate,
So contrary to things of care, should stir
And break her better meditations,
In the bare brokage of a brace of angels?
Or a new kirtel, though it be of sattin?
Eat by the hope of surfeits, and lie down
Only in expectation of a morrow,
That may undo some easy-hearted fool,
Or reach a widow's curses; let out money,
Whose use returns the principal? and get,
Out of these troubles, a consuming heir;
For such a one must follow necessarily.
You shall die hated, if not old and miserable;
And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining,
Live to see tumbled to another's hands,
That is no more a-kin to you, than you
To his coz'nage!
Wid. Sir, you speak well: 'Would God,
That charity had first begun here.
Yo. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry!
Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' th' house.
Captain, where rests the health?
Capt. It shall go round, boy! [the end
Yo. Lo. Say, can you suffer this, because
Points at much profit? Can you so far bow
Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,
To be a partner of this fellow's bed,
And lie with his diseases? If you can, [him:
I will not press you further. Yet look upon
There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,
That man of mat, that all-decay'd,[44] but akes,
For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,
His dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth,
And so far I dare speak it: He has yet,
Past cure of physic, spaw, or any diet,
A primitive pox in his bones; and, o' my knowledge, [love him.
He has been ten times rowell'd: You may
He had a bastard, his own toward issue,
Whipp'd, and then crop'd, for washing out the roses
In three-farthings, to make 'em pence.
Wid. I do not like these morals.
Yo. Lo. You must not like him, then.

Enter Elder Loveless.

El. Lo. By your leave, gentlemen.
Yo. Lo. By my troth, Sir, you're welcome; welcome, faith. [know
Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray,
This gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here.
We are merry; you see the worst on's;
Your house has been kept warm, Sir.[45]

[41] *The man is much mov'd*, &c.] We are inclined to believe, this one speech was intended for three; and that the Captain should have the words, *You have spoke home and bitterly to me, Sir.* Mr. Seward would read, *And bitterly* too, Miser. We have not ventured to depart from our authorities, in favour of either suggestion.

[42] *But, as the poet sings, let your* displeasure *be a* short fury.] The Poet, alluded to here, is Horace.

Ira furor brevis *est.*—— *Mr. Theobald.*

[43] *Here's your poor friend* and Savil, *Sir.*] Mr. Seward recommends inserting the word *servant* in this passage.

[44] *That* all-decay'd.] I read, says Mr. Seward, *that all decay.*

[45] *Your house has been kept* warm, *Sir.*

El. Lo. I'm glad to hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise *too?*] This would be a very

El. Lo. I am glad [too!
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise
Yo. Lo. Pray, Mr. Morecraft, know my elder brother;
And, Captain, do your compliment. Savil, I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you. Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at sea, And see how luckily things come about!
Mor This money must be paid back again,
Yo. Lo. No, Sir; [Sir.
Pray keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors' I am well, I thank you. [measures.
Wid. By my troth, the gentleman Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love him for't.
Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad. Your worship is the welcom'st man alive: Upon my knees I bid you welcome home. Here has been such a hurry, such a din, Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'T has almost made me mad:
We've liv'd in a continual Turnbal-Street.[46] Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again; Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.
El. Lo. Brother, dismiss these people.
Yo. Lo. Captain, begone a-while; meet me at my old rendezvous in the evening; take your small poet with you. Mr. Morecraft, you were best go prattle with your learned counsel; I shall preserve your money; I was cozen'd when time was; we are quit, Sir.
Wid. Better and better still.
El. Lo. What is this fellow, brother?
Yo. Lo. The thirsty usurer that sup'd my
El. Lo. What does he tarry for? [land off.
Yo. Lo. To be landlord of your house and state: I was bold to make a little sale, Sir.
Mor. Am I o'er-reach'd? If there be law, I'll hamper ye. [thou art
El. Lo. Prithee, be gone, and rave at home; So base a fool I cannot laugh at thee. [spare; Sirrah, this comes of coz'ning! home, and Eat raddish 'till you raise your sums again. If you stir far in this, I'll have you whip'd, Your ears nail'd, for intelligencing, o' th' pillory,
And your goods forfeit! You're a stale cozener? Leave my house. No more!
Mor. A pox upon your house! [gamester! Come, Widow, I shall yet hamper this young
Wid. Good twelve i' th' hundred, keep your way; [tribe,
I am not for your diet; Marry in your own Jew, and get a broker. [jog on, Sir?
Yo. Lo. 'Tis well said, Widow. Will you
Mor. Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman, May I lend gratis, and build hospitals! [*Exit.*
Yo. Lo. Nay, good Sir, make all even: Here's a widow wants your good word for me; She's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.
El. Lo. I'm glad you look before you. Gentlewoman,
Here is a poor distressed younger brother.
Wid. You do him wrong, Sir; he's a knight.
El. Lo. I ask you mercy: Yet, it is no matter;
His knighthood's no inheritance, I take it. Whatsoever he is, he is your servant, Or would be, lady.
Faith, be not merciless, but make a man; He's young and handsome, though he be my brother,

odd reply, did it not depend on a proverbial expression, 'If you are *wise*, keep yourself *warm*' So in Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing,

So that if he has wit *enough to keep himself* warm, &c.

And, again, in his Taming of the Shrew:

Pet. *Am I not* wise?
Hath. *Yes*; *keep you* warm. *Mr. Theobald.*

[46] *We've liv'd in a continual* Turnbal-Street.] *Turnbal*, or rather *Turnbull-Street*, is mentioned in Shakespeare's Henry IV. part ii. It appears to have been a place of very ill repute at the period in which our authors wrote. In an old comedy, called Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, it is mentioned again:

——— *Sir, get you gone,*
You swaggering, cheating, Turnbull-Street *rogue.*

Nash, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, commends the sisters of *Turnbull-Street* to the patronage of the Devil. In the Inner Temple Masque, by Middleton, 1619,

'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,
——— *cause spoil in Shoreditch,*
And deface Turnbull.

Again, in Middleton's comedy called Any Thing for a Quiet Life, a French bawd says, 'J'ay 'une fille qui parle un peu François elle conversera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys en Turnbull-'Street.' Again, in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, by our Authors,

——— *This, my lady dear,*
I stole her from her friends in Turnbull-Street.

Turnbull, or *Turnmill-Street*, is near Cow-Cross, West-Smithfield. *Mr. Steevens.*

And his observance may deserve your love:
He shall not fall for means.
Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:
And so much do I credit your fair language,
That I shall love your brother; and so love
But I shall blush to say more. [him——
El. Lo. Stop her mouth.
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,
When this shall be repented. Now, brother,
I should chide;
But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.
I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't:
You have been wild and ignorant; pray,
mend it.
Yo. Lo. Sir, every day, now spring comes on.
El. Lo. To you, good Mr. Savil, and your
office, [steward
Thus much I have to say: You're from my
Become, first, your own drunkard, then his
bawd: [perfect.
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and
Give me your keys, Sir Savil. [to.
Sav. Good Sir, consider whom you left me
El. Lo. I left you as a curb for, not to pro-
voke, [now?
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink,
Come tell me, Savil; where's the soundest
whores? [stallion!
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame
Must you be leaping in my house? Your
whores, [out fear
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, with-
Either of king or constable, within my walls.
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold
yet? [on't.
I hope my plate is current; I have too much
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink
now? [me speak.
Sav. Good Sir, forgive me, and but hear
El. Lo. Methinks, thou shouldst be drunk
still, and not speak;
'Tis the more pardonable.
Sav. I will, Sir, if you will have it so.
El. Lo. I thank you: Yes, e'en pursue it,
Sir. Do you hear?
Get you a whore soon for your recreation;
Go look out captain Broken-breech, your fel-
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver [low,
These keys to one shall have more honesty,
Though not so much fine wit, Sir. You
may walk
And gather cresses, Sir, to cool your liver;
There's something for you to begin a diet,
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well,
Sir Savil!
You may eat at my house to preserve life;
But keep no fornication in the stables.
[*Ex. omnes pr. Savil.*
Sav. Now must I hang myself;[47] my friends
will look for't.
Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,
I'll drown myself, to a most dismal ditty.
[*Exit Savil.*

ACT IV.

Enter Abigail, sola.

Abig. ALAS, poor gentlewoman, to what a misery hath age brought thee, to what a scurvy fortune! Thou that hast been companion for noblemen, and at the worst of those times for gentlemen; now, like a broken serving-man, must beg for favour to those, that would have crawl'd like pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five-and twenty: Use your time with reverence, that your profits may arise: It will not tarry with you; *ecce signum.* Here was a face:
But time, that, like a surfeit, eats our youth
(Plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!)
Has been a little bolder here than welcome;
And now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man.
Old men i'th' house, of fifty, call me Granum;
And when they are drunk, e'en then, when
Joan and my lady
Are all one, not one will do me reason.
My little Levite hath forsaken me;
His silver sound of[48] cithern quite abolish'd;
His doleful hymns under my chamber-window,
Digested into tedious learning. [left him;
Well, fool, you leap'd a haddock when you
He's a clean man, and a good edifier,
And twenty nobles is his state *de claro*,
Besides his pigs *in posse*. [born,
To this good homilist I have been ever stub-
Which God forgive me for, and mend my
manners:
And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,[49]
Of such a piece of laye ground, hear my pray'r,

[47] *Now must I hang myself, &c.*] This Play, more than any other of our Authors, abounds with satirical sneers against our great dramatic Poet, Shakespeare. These concluding lines very plainly were intended to ridicule the catastrophe of Ophelia, in the tragedy of Hamlet. *R.*

[48] *Cithern.*] A kind of harp.

[49] *And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,*
Of such a piece of lape *ground, hear my prayer.*] I believe there is no such term in the English tongue, as *lape* ground. The word must have been *lay*, or *ley*: *i. e. terra inculta, novale:* unplowed, uncultivated, land. *Mr. Sympson.*

And fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults,
In this renew'd impression of my love,
May shew corrected to our gentle reader.

Enter Roger.

See, how negligently he passes by me;
With what an equipage canonical,
As tho' he had broken the heart of Bellarmine,
Or added something to the singing brethren.
'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it. Master Roger!

Rog. Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then, gentle Roger——

Rog. Ungentle Abigail! [wit

Abig. Why, master Roger, will you set your
To a weak woman's?

Rog. You are weak, indeed:
For so the poet sings.

Abig. I do confess
My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my lady's [woman,
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentle-
(This trope is lost to you now) leave your prating.
You have a season of your first mother in you;
And, surely, had the Devil been in love,
He had been abused too. Go, Dalilah;
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted man, you may dilate
Upon the weak infirmities of women:
These are fit texts: But once, there was a time—— [eyes,
'Would I had never seen those eyes, those
Those orient eyes!

Rog. Ay, they were pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, Sir, so they are still. [your cogging!

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave
What they are, they are:
They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.

Abig. Oh, will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can;
You're like a copy-hold, with nine lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you:
For your own worship's sake——

Rog. I was a Christian fool then!
Do you remember what a dance you led me?
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce?
Could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: [me in,
And then, out of the stinking stir you put
I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do
Remember all this?

Abig. Oh, be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for it:
Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail;
And, as the Ethnick poet sings,
I will not lose my oil and labour too.[49]
You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail?

Abig. Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like these tears well, and this humbling also; [ther saith.
They are symptoms of contrition, as a Fa-
If I should fall into my fit again, [coxcomb?
Would you not shake me into a quotidian
Would you not use me scurvily again,
And give me possets with purging comfits in 'em? [to me,
I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder
Than a long chapter with a pedigree.

Abig. Oh, curate, cure me!
I will love thee better, dearer, longer:
I will do any thing; betray the secrets
Of the main houshold to thy reformation.
My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning;
And when due time shall point thee for a parson,
I will convert thy eggs to penny custards,
And thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified,
As well shall testify this faithful kiss.
But have a great care, mistress Abigail,
How you depress the spirit any more
With your rebukes and mocks; for, certainly,
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.

Abig. Oh, Sir, you've pierc'd me thorough.
Here I vow
A recantation to those malicious faults
I ever did against you. Never more
Will I despise your learning; never more
Pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock;
Never again reproach your reverend night-cap,
And call it by the mangy name of Murrion;
Never your reverend person, more, and say,
You look like one of Baal's priests i' th' hanging;
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,
Nor put you out at prayers; never cramp you more [you ride,
With the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when
Get sope and thistles for you. No, my Roger,
These faults shall be corrected and amended,
As by the tenor of my tears appears. [hang'd;

Rog. Now cannot I hold, if I should be
I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved,
Abigail; and do e'en what thou wilt with me,
Sweet, sweet Abigail! I am thine own for ever: [creant,
Here's my hand. When Roger proves a re-
Hang him i' th' bell-ropes.

Enter Lady, and Martha.

Lady. Why, how now, master Roger, no pray'rs down with you to-night? Did you hear the bell ring? You are courting; your flock shall fat well for it. [up pray'rs,

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon.—I'll chop
But stay a little, and be with you again. [*Exit*

Enter Elder Loveless.

Lady. How dare you, being so unworthy a fel-
Presume to come to move me any more? [low,

[49] *I will not lose my* oil *and* labour *too.*] The Ethnick poet here alluded to is Plautus, in his *Pœnulus*;

Tum pol ego & oleum & operam perdidi. *Mr. Theobald.*

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha!
Lady. What ails the fellow?
El. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you.
I tell you, Lady, I would not, for your land,
Be such a coxcomb, such a whining ass,
As you decreed me for when I was last here.
Lady. I joy to hear you are wise; 'tis a rare jewel
In an elder brother: Pray, be wiser yet.
El. Lo. Methinks, I'm very wise: I do not come a-wooing. [ship.
Indeed, I'll move no more love to your lady-
Lady. What makes you here, then?
El. Lo. Only to see you, and be merry, Lady: [merry.
That's all my business. Faith, let's be very
Where's little Roger: He is a good fellow.
An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth,
Is worth a thousand of these puling passions.
'Tis an ill world for lovers.
Lady. They were never fewer. [me, Lady.
El. Lo. I thank God, there is one less for
Lady. You were never any, Sir.
El. Lo. Till now, and now
I am the prettiest fellow!
Lady. You talk like a taylor, Sir.
El. Lo. Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.
Lady. Why did you tell me you were wise?
Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will
You mend these faces? [hundred of 'em.
El. Lo. A hog's face, sous'd, is worth a
Lady. Sure, you had a sow to your mother.
El. Lo She brought such fine white pigs as
you, fit for none but parsons, Lady. [yet.
Lady. 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy
El. Lo. That will not save you. Oh, that
I were in love again with a wish!
Lady. By this light, you are a scurvy fellow!
Pray, be gone. [man.
El. Lo. You know, I am a clean-skin'd
Lady. Do I know it? [that's as good:
El. Lo. Come, come, you would know it;
But not a snap, ne'er long for't, not a snap,
dear Lady. [suburbs;
Lady. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye, get you to the
There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, Sir?
El. Lo. Lord, how I lov'd this woman! how I worship'd [live,
This pretty calf with a white face here! As I
You were the prettiest fool to play withal,
The wittiest little varlet! It would talk;
Lord, how it talk'd! And when I angred it,
It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no
And it would say, go hang. [meat,
Lady. It will say so still, if you anger it.
El. Lo. And when I ask'd it, if it would be married,
It sent me of an errand into France,
And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.
Lady. Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone. [to be at me)
El. Lo. And swear (even when it twitter'd
I was unhandsome.
Lady. Have you no manners in you?
El. Lo. And say my back was melted, when Heaven knows,
I kept it at a charge, four Flanders mares
Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.
Lady. You think all this is true now?
El. Lo. Faith, whether it be or no, it is too good for you.
But, so much for our mirth: Now have at you in earnest. [more.
Lady. There is enough, Sir; I desire no
El. Lo. Yes, faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now; and then the devil take the worst!
Lady. Pray, Sir, no more; I am not so much affected with your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner; I know they stay for you at the ordinary.
El. Lo. E'en a short grace, and then I am
You are a woman! [gone!
And the proudest that ever lov'd a coach:
The scornful'st, scurviest, and most senseless woman!
The greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd,
Though it be gross and open; the most envious,
That, at the poor fame of another's face,
Would eat your own, and more than is your own, [opinion,
The paint belonging to it: Of such a self-
That you think no one can deserve your glove:
And, for your malice, you're so excellent,
You might have been your tempter's tutor. Nay,
Never cry.
Lady. Your own heart knows you wrong
I cry for you! [me:
El. Lo. You shall before I leave you.
Lady. Is all this spoke in earnest?
El. Lo. Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.
Lady. Well, out with't.
El. Lo. You are——let me see——
Lady. One that has us'd you with too much respect. [will have it so,
El. Lo. One that hath us'd me, since you
The basest, the most foot-boy-like, without respect
Of what I was, or what you might be by me.
You have us'd me as I would use a jade,
Ride him off's legs, then turn him to the commons; [you;
You have us'd me with discretion, and I thank
If you have many more such pretty servants,
Pray build an hospital, and, when they are old,
Pray keep 'em, for shame.
Lady. I cannot think yet this is serious.
El. Lo. Will you have more on't?
Lady. No, faith, there's enough,
If it be true: Too much, by all my part.
You are no lover, then?
El. Lo. No, I had rather be a carrier.
Lady. Why, the Gods amend all!
El. Lo. Neither do I think
There can be such a fellow found i'th' world,

To be in love with such a froward woman:
If there be such, they're mad; Jove comfort 'em!
Now have you all, and I as new a man,
As light, and spirited, that I feel myself
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave
To be one's own man! I can see you now
As I would see a picture; sit all day
By you, and never kiss your hand: Hear you sing, [temper
And never fall backward; but, with as set a
As I would hear a fidler, rise and thank you.
I can now keep my money in my purse,
That still was gadding out for scarfs and waistcoats:
And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-skins finely.
I can eat mutton now, and feast myself
With my two shillings, and can see a play
For eighteen-pence again: I can, my lady, I can. [Sir,
Lady. The carriage of this fellow vexes me.
Pray let me speak a little private with you.
I must not suffer this. [me?
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! What would you with
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.
Lady. Thou perjur'd man!
El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine *exordium.*
And why, I pray you, perjur'd?
Lady. Did you not swear
A thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best
Of all things? [that.
El. Lo. I do confess it: Make your best of
Lady. Why do you say you do not, then?
El. Lo. Nay, I'll swear it.
And give sufficient reason; your own usage.
Lady. Do you not love me now, then?
El. Lo. No, faith.
Lady. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?
El. Lo. Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on't.
Lady. Do not deny your hand, for I must kiss it,
And take my last farewell: Now let me die,
So you be happy. [dear lady!
El. Lo. I am too foolish; Lady, speak,
Lady. No, let me die. [*She swoons.*
Mar. O, my sister!
Abig. Oh, my lady! Help, help!
Mar. Run for some *vosa solis!*
El. Lo. I have play'd the fine ass! Bend her body! Lady! [vant!
Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your ser-
I am not as I shew'd! Oh, wretched fool,
To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!
Give her more air. See, she begins to stir.
Sweet mistress, hear me.
Lady. Is my servant well?
El. Lo. In being yours, I am so.
Lady. Then I care not.
El. Lo. How do you? Reach a chair there. I confess
My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error:
But had I known it would have wrought thus with you, it.
Thus strangely, not the world had won me to
And let not, my best Lady, any word,
Spoke to my end, disturb your quiet peace;
For sooner shall you know a general ruin,
Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this, mistress;
For, by my life, I cannot live without you.
Come, come, you shall not grieve; rather be angry,
And heap infliction on me; I will suffer.
Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon me.
Upon my faith, 'twas but a trick to try you,
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely,
That you would never shew it, though my
Was all humility.[50] [means
All. Ha, ha, ha!
El. Lo. How now? [fine plot:
Lady. I thank you, fine fool, for your most
This was a subtle one, a stiff device [Sir,
To have caught doltrels with. Good senseless
Could you imagine I should swoon for you,
And know yourself to be an arrant ass; [Sir.
Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you,
Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Take heed, Sir; she may chance to swoon again.
All. Ha, ha, ha! [colour.
Abig. Step to her, Sir; see, how she changes
El. Lo. I'll go to hell first, and be better welcome.
I am fool'd, I do confess it; finely fool'd,
Lady; fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it!
Lady. Faith, 'tis not so much worth, Sir:
But if I knew when you come next a-birding,
I'll have a stronger noose to hold the wood-cock.
All. Ha, ha, ha! [laugh on.
El. Lo. I am glad to see you merry: Pray
Mar. H'had a hard heart, that could not laugh at you, Sir.
Ha, ha, ha! [ger him,
Lady. Pray, sister, do not laugh; you'll an-
And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger,
That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,
As loud and senseless.
El. Lo. I will not rail.
Mar. Faith, then let's hear him, sister.
El. Lo. Yes, you shall hear me.
Lady. Shall we be the better by it, then?
El. Lo. No; he that makes a woman better by his words,
I'll have him sainted: Blows will not do it.

[50] *Tho' my means was all* humanity.] This is the reading of the modern editions; the old ones say, *humility*. Mr. Seward (who mentions it in his Postscript) not comprehending the passage, proposes two or three variations, which seem to us totally unnecessary, as the meaning obviously is, 'I knew you loved me, though you would never shew it, notwithstanding I used 'the *humblest* means to induce you to do it.'

Lady. By this light, he'll beat us.
El. Lo. You do deserve it richly,
And may live to have a beadle do it.
Lady. Now he rails.
El. Lo. Come, scornful Folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.
Lady. Pray put it in good words, then.
El. Lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.
Lady. You bite, Sir.
El. Lo. I would till the bones crack'd, an I had my will. [mad.
Mar. We had best muzzle him; he grows
El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful, in the next great sickness, [tures,
To have the dogs spar'd, those harmless crea-
And knock o' th' head those hot continual plagues,
Women, that are more infectious. I hope
The state will think on't.
Lady. Are you well, Sir?
Mar. He looks
As though he had a grievous fit o' th' cholic.
El. Lo. Green-ginger will cure me.
Abig. I'll heat a trencher for him.
El. Lo. Dirty December, do;
Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;
Such a prognosticating nose: Thou thing,
That ten years since has left to be a woman,
Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;
And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,
But gords or ninepins,[51] pray go fetch a trencher, go.
Lady. Let him alone; he's crack'd.
Abig. I'll see him hang'd first; he's a beastly fellow,
To use a woman of my breeding thus;
Ay, marry is he. Would I were a man,
I'd make him eat his knave's words.
El. Lo. Tie your she-otter up, good Lady Folly,
She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.
Lady. Why will you be angry now?
El. Lo. Go paint, and purge;
Call in your kennel with you. You a Lady?
Abig. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-sessions:
If there be good behaviour in the world,
I'll have thee bound to it.
El. Lo. You must not seek it in your lady's house, then.
Pray send this ferret home; and spin, good Abigail.
And, madam, that your ladyship may know
In what base manner you have us'd my service,
I do from this hour hate you heartily;
And, tho' your folly should whip you to repentance,
And waken you at length to see my wrongs,
'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me;
Not all the friends you have, nor intercession,
Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke
As many tears as words; not your knees grown
To th' ground in penitence, nor all your state,
To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor my will
To give you Christian burial, if you die thus;
So, farewell.———
When I am married and made sure, I'll come
And visit you again, and vex you, Lady.
By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,
Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will
Recant and sue to me; but save that labour:
I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,
Rather contract my youth to drink, and rather
Dote upon quarrels,[52]
Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,
That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,
Than to be drawn to love you.
Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Pray do; but take heed though.
El. Lo. From thee, false dice, jades, cowards, and plaguy summers,[53]
Good Lord deliver me! [*Exit.*
Lady. But hark you, servant, hark ye! Is
Call him again. [he gone?
Abig. Hang him, paddock!
Lady. Art thou here still? Fly, fly,
And call my servant; fly, or never see me more. [rascal,
Abig. I had rather knit again, than see that
But I must do it. [*Exit Abigail.*

[51] *But* gords.] *i. e.* instruments of game then in common use. We meet with the same term again in Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor: *If* gord *and fullam holds.* *Mr. Seward.*

[52] *Rather contract my youth to drink,* and sacerdote *upon quarrels.*] In this unintelligible manner all the editions exhibit this passage, till that of 1750; when Mr. Sympson thought he supplied the chasm, both in the sense and the verse, by the following reading:

Rather contract my youth to drink and swagger,
Doat *upon quarrels, or take a drawn whore from*
An hospital, that time, diseases, and
Mercury had eaten, than, &c.

We do not think his conjecture by any means happy. As the words we have inserted come so near those of the old books, we hope we have restored the original reading. It is true, an hemistich is left; but hemistichs are common with our Authors. Probably, some words have been quite lost.

[53] *And* plaguy summers.] 'I read, says Mr. Seward, *plague-summers*; *i. e.* Summers in 'which the plague rages.' *Plaguy* clearly conveying the same idea, we have followed the old books.

Lady. I would be loth to anger him too much.
What fine foolery is this in a woman,
To use those men most frowardly they love most?
If I should lose him thus, I were rightly serv'd.
I hope he's not so much himself, to take it
To th' heart. How now! Will he come back?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Never, he swears, while he can hear men say [would
There's any woman living: He swore he
Have me first.
Lady. Didst thou entreat him, wench?
Abig. As well as I could, madam.
But this is still your way, to love being absent,
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him.
There is another way, if you could hit on't.
Lady. Thou say'st true; get me paper, pen, and ink; [in's anger.
I'll write to him: I'd be loth he should sleep
Women are most fools when they think they're wisest. [*Exeunt.*

Music. Enter Young Loveless and Widow (going to be married); with them his comrades.

Wid. Pray, Sir, cast off these fellows, as unfitting [company.
For your bare knowledge, and far more your
Is't fit such ragamuffins as these are, [out
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish
A civil house? You're to be married now;
And men, that love you, must expect a course
Far from your old career. If you will keep 'em, [grooms:
Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars
Once set o' horse-back, you have heard, will
How far you had best to look to. [ride,
Capt. Hear you,
You that must be lady, pray content yourself,
And think upon your carriage soon at night,
What dressing will best take your knight, what waistcoat, [him.
What cordial will do well i' th' morning for
What triers have you?
Wid. What do you mean, Sir?
Capt. Those that must switch him up: If he start well, [him hard.
Fear not, but cry 'Saint George,' and bear
When you perceive his wind grows hot and wanting, [him,
Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt
And stands sound.
Wid. Sir, you hear these fellows?
Yo. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.
Wid. To one another let 'em be companions,
But, good Sir, not to you: You shall be civil,
And slip off these base trappings.

Capt. He shall not need, my most sweet lady Grocer!
If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar,
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the Captain
To live a coxcomb with him. Let him be civil,
And eat i' th' Arches, and see what will come on't.
Poet. Let him be civil, do: Undo him; ay, that's the next way!
I will not take, if he be civil once,
Two hundred pounds a-year to live with him.
Be civil! There's a trim persuasion.
Capt. If thou be'st civil, knight (as Jove defend it!)
Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd
Off by the angry boys for thy conversion.
The children thou shalt get on this civilian
Cannot inherit by the law; they're Ethnicks,
And all thy sport mere mortal lechery.
When they are grown, having but little in 'em,
They may prove haberdashers, or gross grocers,
Like their dear dam there! Prithee be civil, knight;
In time thou may'st read to thy household,
And be drunk once a-year: This would shew finely. [this;
Yo. Lo. I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer
You do not understand these gentlemen.
I will be short and pithy; I had rather
Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are creatures,
That nothing goes to the maintenance of,
But corn and water. I will keep these fellows
Just in the competency of two hens.
Wid. If you can cast it so, Sir, you've my liking:
If they eat less, I should not be offended.
But how these, Sir, can live upon so little
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.
Yo. Lo. Why, prithee, sweetheart, what's your ale? Is not
That corn and water, my sweet widow?
Wid. Ay; [this,
But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to
And clothes, that they must look for?
Yo. Lo. In this short sentence 'ale,' is all included;
Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no rav'ning footmen,
No fellows, that at ordinaries dare
Eat their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise,
And yet go hungry to a play, and crack
More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels;
Besides the din, which is most damnable:
I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a boat-maker, [ple,
Than live among such rascals. These are peo-
Of such clean discretion in their diet,
Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat [son;
If they but smell hot meat. Porridge is poi-
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter,
And, shew 'em but a feather-bed, they swoon

Ale is their eating and their drinking solely.[54]
Which keeps their bodies clear, and soluble.
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,
Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an apple,
Which is more airy and of subtler nature.
The rest they take is little, and that little
Is little easy; for, like strict men of order,
They do correct their bodies with a bench,
Or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney
Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,
They are in down. When they are sick, that's drunk,
They may have fresh straw; else they do despise
These worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel,
'Tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none;
And if a man should offer, they are angry,
Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him:
You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast dobtlet
Once in a year, which is a modesty
Befitting my poor friends: You see their wardrobe,
Though slender, competent. For shirts, I take it,
They are things worn out of their remembrance.
Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,
Which shews a fine variety; and then, to cure 'em,
A tanner's limepit, which is little charge:
Two dogs, and these two, may be cur'd for three-pence.
Wid. You have half persuaded me; pray, use your pleasure: [diet,
And, my good friends, since I do know your
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you;
You shall have ale.
Capt. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady;
And, if we perish, then our own sins on us.
Yo. Lo. Come, forward, gentlemen; to church, my boys!
When we have done, I'll give you cheer in bowls. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Elder Loveless.

El. Lo. THIS senseless woman vexes me to th' heart;
She will not from my memory! 'Would she were [her.
A man for one two hours, that I might beat
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,
'T had been an even lay she might have scorned me;
But, to be young, and, by this light, I think,
As proper as the proudest; made as clean,
As straight, and strong-back'd; means and manners equal
With the best cloth-of-silver Sir i' th' kingdom:
But these are things at some time of the moon,
Below the cut of canvas. Sure, she has
Some meeching rascal in her house,[55] some hind,

[54] *Ale is their eating and their drinking*, surely.] *Surely* seems a mere expletive here; but, I believe the true word was *solely*; *i. e.* Ale is the only thing they desire to eat as well as drink. *Mr. Seward.*

[55] *Sure she has some* meeching *rascal in her house.*] This word is generally spelt *miching*; it means, *secret, covered, lying hid.* In this sense Chapman, a cotemporary writer, uses it in the Widow's Tears, *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. IV. p. 291. Lysander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her. His friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him. His wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument; to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her, in the mean time, 'that he was the man who murdered her husband; on which he exclaims,

> ——— *Out upon thee, monster!*
> *Go, tell the governor; let me be brought*
> *To die for that most famous villany,*
> *Not for this* miching *base transgression*
> *Of truant negligence.*

And again, p. 301,

> ——— *My truant*
> *Was* micht, *Sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.*

In this sense it occurs in Philaster (p. 56.) *A rascal* miching *in a meadow.* A passage in an old Comment on the Ten Commandments, printed at London in 1493, illustrates the meaning of the word: Commonly in such feyrs and markets ther ben many theyves, *mychers*, and cut-purse.' *Mychers*, that is, *lurking vagabonds.* Shakespeare says of Prince Henry, *Shall the blessed sun of Heaven prove a* micher? *Mr. Watron.*

That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,
Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with 't; [ings,
Thresh all day, and i' th' evening, in his stock-
Strike up a hornpipe, and there stink two hours, [they,
And ne'er a whit the worse man. These are
These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all.
'Would I had been a carter, or a coachman,
I had done the deed ere this time.

Enter servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a gentleman without would speak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave, Sir. [will, Sir?

El. Lo. You are welcome. What's your

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must, Sir.
I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong.
In your disguise; I have enquir'd you out.

El. Lo. I was disguis'd, indeed, Sir, if I
Pray, where and when? [wrong'd you.

Wel. In such a lady's house,
I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you:
You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady?

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget
How scurvily you used me: That was
No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:
If you be honest, you dare fight with me,
Without more urging; else I must provoke you.

El. Lo. Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman;
I will not have her in my cause; she's mortal,
And so is not my anger. If you have brought
A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you;
In this I would be loth to prick my finger.
And where you say, I wrong'd you, 'tis so far
From my profession, that, amongst my fears,
To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,
We have been both abus'd, not by ourselves
(For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,
And may, with man enough, be left forgotten)
But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,
That much-forgetful Lady: For whose sake,
If we should leave our reason, and run on
Upon our sense, like rams, the little world
Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,
Fixing upon our desperate memories
The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.
Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you;
In this I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you. [self
And, you shall find it, though you throw your-
Into as many dangers as she offers,
Though you redeem her lost name every day,
And find her out new honours with your sword,
You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy, Sir; you have ta'en my edge off:
Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper. We are two,
And they are two; two sisters, rich alike,
Only the elder has the prouder dowry.
In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,
Yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but
Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,
We'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this——

Enter servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs speak with you:
I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, Sir.

El. Lo. It is the waiting-woman: Pray be not seen. [your ear;
Sirrah, hold her in discourse awhile. Hark in
Go and dispatch it quickly. When I come in,
I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. [*Exit Wel.*

El. Lo. Away; 'tis done; she must not see you.
Now, lady Guiniver, what news with you?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Pray, leave these frumps, Sir, and receive this letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity? [soul,

Abig. 'Tis from my lady, Sir: Alas, good
She cries and takes on!

El. Lo. Does she so, good soul? [you
Would she not have a cawdle? Does she send
With your fine oratory, goody Tully,
To tie me to belief again? Bring out the cat-hounds! [my tiller
I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with
Bring down your gibship;[56] and then have
And hung up in the warren. [you cas'd,

Abig. I am no beast, Sir; 'would you knew it. [doubtful.

El. Lo. 'Would I did, for I am yet very
What will you say now?

Abig. Nothing, not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing? [deration.

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more mo-
I can speak wise enough. [love me?

El. Lo. And loud enough? Will your lady

Abig. It seems so by her letter, and her lamentations;
But you are such another man.

[56] *Then with my* tiller *bring down your* gibship, *and then have you* cast, &c.] I have already explained the word *tiller* in the 14th note upon Philaster. *Cast*, Mr. Sympson has ingeniously reform'd to *cased*; *i. e. flea'd*, and hung up. *Mr. Theobald.*

We know not how old Mr. Sympson was when he made this *ingenious reformation*—which we find in some of the old quarto's, considerably more than an hundred years before that gentleman's *ingenuity* was discovered.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, mumps;
Nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle:
Ha, ha, ha! Is not thy mistress mad?
Abig. For you she will be; 'tis a shame you should
Use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly:
She loves the ground you tread on; and you, hard heart,
Because she jested with you, mean to kill her.
'Tis a fine conquest, as they say.
El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been touchwood five years since. Nay, let it rain; thy face chaps for a shower, like a dry dunghill.
Abig. I'll not endure this ribaldry. Farewell, i' th' Devil's name! If my lady die, I'll be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.
El. Lo. Do, maukin, do. Deliver to your lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other business; which before I will want, to come to her, I mean to go seek birds' nests. Yet I may come too:
But if I come,
From this door till I see her, will I think
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much, that the physician,
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by, and she remediless
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage!
I hope to see the boys make potguns of thee.
Abig. Thou'rt a vile man. God bless my issue from thee. [thy left crupper,
El. Lo. Thou hast but one, and that's in
That makes thee hobble so. You must be ground [else.
I' th' breech like a top; you'll ne'er spin well
Farewell, fytchock! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

Lady. Is it not strange that every woman's will
Should track out new ways to disturb herself?
If I should call my reason to account,
It cannot answer why I keep myself
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love
From his; and every hour repent again,
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man [dull,
That wants his natural sleep, and, growing
Would gladly give the remnant of his life
For two hours rest; yet, through his frowardness,
Will rather chuse to watch another man,
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.
All this I know; yet a strange peevishness
And anger, not to have the power to do
Things unexpected, carries me away
To mine own ruin!
I'd rather die, sometimes, than not disgrace
In public, him whom people think I love,
And do't with oaths, and am in earnest then.
Oh, what are we! Men, you must answer this,
That dare obey such things as we command.
How now? what news?

Enter Abigail.

Abig. Faith, madam, none worth hearing.
Lady. Is he not come?
Abig. No, truly.
Lady. Nor has he writ?
Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone yourself.
Lady. Why, but what says he?
Abig. Faith, he talks strangely.
Lady. How strangely? [tremely.
Abig. First, at your letter he laugh'd ex-
Lady. What, in contempt?
Abig. He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think, you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way: And having done, he cried, 'Alas for her,' and violently laugh'd again.
Lady. Did he?
Abig. Yes; till I was angry.
Lady. Angry, why?
Why wert thou angry? He did do but well;
I did deserve it; he had been a fool,
An unfit man for any one to love, [angry!
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were
That shew'd your folly; I shall love him more
For that, than all that e'er he did before.
But said he nothing else?
Abig. Many uncertain things. He said, though you had mock'd him, because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you: Yet, he said, he knew you rash, and was loth to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.
Lady. What one was that?
Abig. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there; for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: And as I came back through the hall, there were two or three clerks writing great conveyances in haste, which, they said, were for their mistress's jointure.
Lady. 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so;
For he does think, and reasonably think,
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,
For ever ere he be married.
Abig. At last he said, it should go hard but he would see you, for your satisfaction.
Lady. All we, that are call'd women, know as well
As men, it were a far more noble thing
To grace where we are grac'd, and give respect
There, where we are respected: Yet we practise
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes
On men with pleasure, till they find the way
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,
And dote to death.

Enter Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonder's your servant, with a gentlewoman with him.
Lady. Where?
Mar. Close at the door.

Lady. Alas, I am undone! I fear, he is betroth'd.
What kind of woman is she? [mask on?
Mar. A most ill-favoured one, with her
And how her face should mend the rest, I know not. [stuff
Lady. But yet her mind was of a milder
Than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveless, and Welford in woman's apparel.

Now I see him, if my heart
Swell not again (away, thou woman's pride!)
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him,
Let me not live.
El. Lo. By your leave here. [you hither?
Lady. How now! what new trick invites
Have you a fine device again? [have now.
El. La. Faith, this is the finest device I
How dost thou, sweetheart?
Wel. Why, very well,
So long as I may please you, my dear lover.
I nor can, nor will be ill when you are well,
Well when you are ill. [I have giv'n,
El. Lo. Oh, thy sweet temper! What would
That lady had been like thee? See'st thou her?
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble
Had made a wench indeed! [mind,
Wel. Alas, my love, [mend!
What God hath done I dare not think to
I use no paint, nor any drugs of art;
My hands and face will shew it.
Lady. Why, what thing have you brought
to shew us there?
Do you take money for it?
El. Lo. A godlike thing,
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;
What I will is her law. Pray you, salute her.
Lady. Salute her? by this good light, I would not kiss her
For half my wealth.
El. Lo. Why, why, pray you?
You shall see me do't afore you: Look you.
Lady. Now fie upon thee! a beast would not have don't. [kingdom.
I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain a
El. Lo. Marry, you shall not be troubled.
Lady. Why, was there ever such a Meg as
Sure thou art mad. [this?
El. Lo. I was mad once, when I lov'd pictures; [tures?
For what are shape and colours else, but pic-
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones want it. [is't not?
Lady. And this is she you are to marry,
El. Lo. Yes, indeed, is't.
Lady. God give you joy!
El. Lo. Amen. [good wish.
Wel. I thank you, as unknown, for your
The like to you whenever you shall wed.
El. Lo. Oh, gentle spirit!
Lady. You thank me? I pray,
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.
Wel. I would not willingly offend at all;
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.
El. Lo. Sweet, sweet! [nature
Lady. I do not think this woman can by
Be thus, thus ugly: Sure, she's some common
Deform'd with exercise of sin. [strumpet,
Wel. Oh, Sir,
Believe not this; for Heav'n so comfort me,
As I am free from foul pollution
With any man; my honour ta'en away,
I am no woman.
El. Lo. Arise, my dearest soul;
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear [proach!
Her tender heart will break with this reFie, that you know no more civility
To a weak virgin. 'Tis no matter, sweet;
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.
Wel. For all things else I would; but for
Methinks—— [mine honour,
El. Lo. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.
Is this the business that you sent for me
About?
Mar. Faith, sister, you are much to blame,
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be, [ther.
Thus. I'll salute her: You are welcome hi-
Wel. I humbly thank you.
El. Lo. Mild yet as the dove,
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,
A jesting stock. Adieu. To the world's end!
Lady. Why, whither now?
El. Lo. Nay, you shall never know,
Because you shall not find me.
Lady. I pray, let me speak with you.
El. Lo. 'Tis very well. Come.
Lady. I pray you, let me speak with you.
El. Lo. Yes, for another mock.
Lady. By Heav'n, I have no mocks. Good Sir, a word.
El. Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet, if you be in such earnest, I'll speak a word with you; but, I beseech you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a parson and a licence stay for us i' th' church all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.
Lady. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoe'er
I've heretofore spoke jestingly, forget:
For, as I hope for mercy any where,
What I shall utter now is from my heart,
And as I mean.
El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?
Lady. Was not I once your mistress, and you my servant?
El. Lo. Oh, 'tis about the old matter.
Lady. Nay, good Sir, stay me out: I would but hear you excuse yourself, why you should take this woman, and leave me:
El. Lo. Prithee, why not? deserves she not as much as you?
Lady. I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both.
El. Lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true: But if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your

minds, you are a thousand women off of her in worth.[57] She cannot swoon in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And, for a wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie in bed and get 'em? Your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things: She can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen should be cramm'd; she cuts cambrick at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

Lady. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear yourself?

El. Lo. Forswear myself, how?

Lady. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have utter'd, in disclaiming all for wives but me: I'll not remember you. God give you joy!

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me, the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit, I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodgings to-morrow; divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind, or he hid where my diligent search could not find him; so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

Lady. Alas, you need not: I make already tender of myself, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily fall upon me; as whosoever deals with women shall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would choose the least ill; which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman, contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I'd been past getting of children, Rather than her that hath forsook her family, And put her tender body in my hand. Upon my word——

Lady. Which of us swore you first to?

El. Lo. Why, to you.

Lady. Which oath is to be kept then? [me,

El Lo. I prithee do not urge my sins unto Without I could amend 'em.

Lady. Why, you may, by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfy my word to

Lady. It is not to be kept, [her?

And needs no satisfaction: It is an error, Fit for repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so? It may not be!

Lady. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I swear I had rather marry thee But yet mine honesty—— [than her;

Lady. What honesty? [light, 'Tis more preserv'd this way. Come, by this Servant, thou shalt! I'll kiss thee on't.

El. Lo. This kiss, Indeed, is sweet! Pray God, no sin lie under it!

Lady. There is no sin at all; try but another.

Wel. Oh, my heart!

Mar. Help, sister; this lady swoons!

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why, very well, if you be so.

El. Lo. Since a quiet mind lives not in any woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more; which, by all my hopes, I will not alter. I did make an oath, when you delay'd me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, With your own minister, to your own chapel, I'll wed you, and to-bed.

Lady. A match, dear servant. [I care not:

El. Lo. For if you should forsake me now, She would not though, for all her injuries; Such is her spirit. If I be not asham'd To kiss her now I part, may I not live!

Wel. I see you go, as slily as you think To steal away; yet I will pray for you: All blessings of the world light on you two, That you may live to be an aged pair! All curses on me, if I do not speak What I do wish, indeed!

El. Lo. If I can speak To purpose to her, I'm a villain.

Lady. Servant, away! [man?

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant Think you, he will not cast you off tomorrow? To wrong a lady thus! Look'd she like dirt, 'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper

Wel. Now God forbid! [with him! Alas, I was unworthy; so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty: Too good for him!

I would not see your wedding, for a world.

Lady. Choose, choose! Come, Younglove.

[*Exeunt Lady, El. Love. and Abig.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes, forsooth; you shall not think We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these. Would I knew how to give you a revenge!

Wel. So would not I: No, let me suffer That I desire. [truly;

Mar, Pray walk in with me; 'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night: Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks: God grant I may but live to quit your love! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless and Savil.

Yo. Lo. Did your master send for me, Savil?

[57] *You are a thousand women* of *her in worth.*] From the similarity of the words *off* and *of*, the copyists, we apprehend, have lost one of them; which we have restored.

Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, Sir.
Yo. Lo. Do you know the business?
Sav. Alas, Sir, I know nothing;
Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.
My dancing days are done, Sir.
Yo. Lo. What art thou now, then?
Sav. If you consider me in little, I am, with your worship's reverence, Sir, a rascal: One, that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the highway, and sell switches. My wife is learning now, Sir, to weave inkle.
Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?
Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already:
He was born bursten; and, your worship knows,
That is a pretty step to mens' compassions.
My youngest boy I purpose, Sir, to bind
For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him,
That he may shew us mercy in his function.
Yo. Lo. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.
You are resolved to cant, then? Where, Savil,
Shall your scene lie?
Sav. Beggars must be no choosers:
In every place, I take it, but the stocks.
Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil:
I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.
Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, indeed.
I do remember yet in tears, you told me, [Sir,
You would have whores; and in that passion,
You broke out thus: Thou miserable man,
Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshead:
'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time
Can tarry for no man. [I see,
Yo. Lo. You're grown a bitter gentleman.
Misery can clear your head better than mustard.
I'll be a suitor for your keys again, Sir. [Sir?
Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me,
I shall be bound——
Yo. Lo. You shall, Sir,
To your bunch again; or I'll miss foully.

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you, gentleman, save you!
Yo. Lo. Now, polecat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?
Mor. Come, prithee be familiar, knight.
Yo. Lo. Away, fox! I'll send for terriers for you. [company.
Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee
Yo. Lo. I am about some business, Indentures!
If you follow me, I'll beat you; take heed!
As I live I'll cancel your coxcomb. [usurer.
Mor. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no
What poor fellow's this?
Sav. I am poor indeed, Sir.
Mor. Give him money, knight.
Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering. [for thee.
Mor. There, poor fellow; here's an angel
Yo. Lo. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft.
Mor. Yes, faith, knight. I'll follow thy example: [spent'st,
Thou hadst land and thousands,[58] which thou
And flung'st away, and yet it flows in double.
I purchas'd, wrung, and wiredraw'd, for my wealth, [vow,
Lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a
To try all ways above ground, but I'll find
A constant means to riches without curses.
Yo. Lo. I am glad of your conversion, master Morecraft:
You're in a fair course; pray pursue it still.
Mor. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company. Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake, there's two angels more for thee.
Sav. God quit you, Sir, and keep you long in this mind!
Yo. Lo. Wilt thou persevere?
Mor. Till I have a penny.
I have brave cloaths a-making, and two horses:
Canst thou not help me to a match, knight?
I'll lay a thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.
Yo. Lo. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Africk monster!
There will be no more talk of the Cleve wars
While this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.
Sav. 'Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! I beseech you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys; I like his good beginning, Sir; the whilst, I'll pray for both your worships.
Yo. Lo. He shall, Sir.
Mor. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.
Yo. Lo. I'll be your servant, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Loveless and Lady.

El. Lo. 'Faith, my sweet Lady, I have caught you now,
Maugre your subtilties, and fine devices.
Be coy again now.
Lady. Prithee, sweetheart, tell true.
El. Lo. By this light,
By all the pleasures I have had this night,
By your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd merely; [woman
I have cast beyond your wit: That gentle-
Is your retainer Welford.[59]

[58] *Thou hadst land and thousands, thou spent'st*, &c.] We have added the word *which* here, it being requisite to both sense and verse.

[59] *That* gentleman *is your retainer Welford.*] I think the poets certainly wrote *gentlewoman, i.e.* that seeming gentlewoman; for Welford was now in woman's habit. And so, again, in the subsequent page, *Now you may see the* gentlewoman: *Stand close.*

Mr. Theobald.

Lady. It cannot be so. [mistake.
El. Lo. Your sister has found it so, or I
Mark how she blushes when you see her next.
Ha, ha, ha! I shall not travel now. Ha,
Lady. Prithee, sweetheart, [ha, ha!
Be quiet; thou hast anger'd me at heart.
El. Lo. I'll please you soon again.
Lady. Welford?
El. Lo. Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow; well-bred, and landed: Your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time.
Lady. Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?
El. Lo. Yes, i'faith;
And over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.
Lady. I must be patient, though it torture
You have got the sun, Sir [me!
El. Lo. And the moon too; in which I'll be the man. [mis'd it,
Lady. But had I known this, had I but sur-
You should have hunted three trains more,
You had come to th' course; [before
You should have hank'd o'th' bridle, Sir, i'faith. [so blew you up.
El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and
Now you may see the gentlewoman: Stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For God's sake, Sir, be private in this business; [have I done?
You have undone me else. Oh, God, what
Wel. No harm, I warrant thee. [again?
Mar. How shall I look upon my friends
With what face?
Wel. Why e'en with that; 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better. Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and, to your thinking, honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, mistress; and yet they keep no stir.
Mar. Good Sir, go in, and put your woman's cloaths on:
If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.
Wel. I'll watch you for that, mistress: I am no fool.
Here will I tarry till the house be up,
And witness with me.
Mar. Good dear friend, go in.
Wel. To-bed again, if you please; else I am fix'd here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done. If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an asinego, as your sister left me. No; I'll have it known and publish'd: Then, if you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be asham'd; and, when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast Cleve captain, and sell bottle-ale.
Mar. I dare not stay, Sir; use me modestly; I am your wife.
Wel. Go in; I'll make up all. [truth, Sir.
El. Lo. I'll be a witness of your naked
This is the gentlewoman; prithee look upon him: [sweet:
This is he that made me break my faith,
But thank your sister, she hath solder'd it.
Lady. What a dull ass was I, I could not see
This wencher from a wench! Twenty to one,
If I had been but tender, like my sister,
He had serv'd me such a slippery trick too.
Wel. Twenty to one I had.
El. Lo. I would have watch'd you, Sir, by your good patience,
For ferreting in my ground.
Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes; to bring——
El. Lo. An heir into the world, he means.
Lady. There is no chafing now.
Wel. I have had my part on't: [least;
I have been chaft this three hours, that's the
I am reasonable cool now.
Lady. Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roastmeat? [the founders,
Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless
Is either surfeited, or ill taught, Lady. [diet,
For mine own part, I have found so sweet a
I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.
El. Lo. How like you this dish, Welford? I made a supper on't,
And fed so heartily I could not sleep.
Lady. By this light, had I but scented out your train, you had slept with a bare pillow in your arms; and kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife you had got this twelvemonth yet. I would have vex'd you more than a tir'd post-horse; and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at Irish was. Lord, that I were unmarried again!
El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake you, were you again a haggard,[60] for the best cast of ladies i' th' kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truss round.
Wel. Is she fast?
El. Lo. She was all night lock'd here, boy.
Wel. Then you may lure her, without fear of losing;[61] Take off her creyance. You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister: Lord,

[60] *Haggard.*] This is a term relative to a diversion, in our Authors' time much attended to, but now lost; *viz.* hawking. A *haggard* hawk is a *wild hawk*, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable. *R.*

[61] *Then you may* lure *her without fear of losing: Take off her* cranes.] A *lure*, in falconry, is a machine composed of feathers and leather; which by being cast up into the air, seems in its motion to look like a fowl. Upon this, a young hawk is train'd up to be fed, has a live dove given her; and therefore forsakes not the *lure*. The *creyance* is a fine small long line of strong, and even twined packthread, which is fastened to the hawk's leash before she is *reclaim'd*, or fully tamed. *Mr. Theobald.*

what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man! But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple, without the parson o'th' town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a shrewd guess at it; I see it by her. [large gentlewoman,

Lady. Well, you may mock us: but, my My Mary Ambrée,[62] had I but seen into you, You should have had another bedfellow, Fitter a great deal for your itch. [well.

Wel. I thank you, lady; methought it was You are so curious!

Enter Young Loveless, his lady, Morecraft, Savil, and two servingmen.

El. Lo. Get on your doublet; here comes my brother. [to your lady!

Yo. Lo. Good-morrow, brother; and all good

Mor. God save you, and good-morrow to you all! [ther of yours.

El. Lo. Good-morrow. Here's a poor bro-

Lady. Fie, how this shames me.

Mor. Prithee, good fellow, help me to a

Ser. I will, Sir. [cup of beer.

Yo. Lo. Brother, what make you here? Will this lady do?

Will she? Is she not nettled still?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her.

Mr. Welford, pray know this gentleman; he's my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

Yo. Lo. I shall not be your debtor, Sir. But how is't with you? [married.

El. Lo. As well as may be, man: I am Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all's well. [lady sister,

Yo. Lo. I am glad on't. Now, my pretty How do you find my brother?

Lady. Almost as wild as you are.

Yo. Lo. He'll make the better husband: You have tried him?

Lady. Against my will, Sir.

Yo. Lo. He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it.

But, Sir, I must intreat you to be better known To this converted Jew here.

Ser. Here's beer for you, Sir.

Mor. And here's for you an angel.

Pray buy no land; 'twill never prosper, Sir.

El. Lo. How's this? [turn'd gallant.

Yo. Lo. Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's

El. Lo. Gallant? [ting Morecraft:

Yo. Lo. Ay, gallant, and is now call'd Cut-The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

Wel. Oh, good Sir, let me know him presently.

Yo. Lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you company.

El. Lo. And reason.

Yo. Lo. Cutting Morecraft, faces about![63] I must present another. ['em.

Mor. As many as you will, Sir; I am for

Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.

Mor. I shall look for't, in good faith, Sir.

El. Lo. Prithee, good sweetheart, kiss him.

Lady. Who? that fellow? [me?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember My keys, good Sir!

Yo. Lo. I'll do it presently. [sport sake.

El. Lo. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our

Lady. Let him come on then; and, do you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks, for you may repent it. [craft,

El. Lo. That at my peril. Lusty Mr. More-Here is a lady would salute you.

Mor. She shall not lose her longing, Sir.

El. Lo. My wife, Sir. [What is she?

Mor. She must be, then, my mistress.

Lady. Must I, Sir?

El. Lo. Oh, yes, you must. [pawn

Mor. And you must take this ring, a poor Of some fifty pound. [prize.

El. Lo. Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful

Lady. Sir, I shall call you servant. [that?

Mor. I shall be proud on't. What fellow's

Yo. Lo. My lady's coachman.

Mor. There's something, my friend, for you to buy whips;

And for you, Sir; and you, Sir.

El. Lo. Under a miracle, this is the strangest I ever heard of. [shall we do?

Mor. What, shall we play, or drink? What Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a suit unto you,

Concerning your old servant Savil.

El. Lo. Oh, for his keys, I know it.

[62] *My* Mary Ambrée.] This was a virago who went a volunteering in men's cloaths in the reign of queen Elizabeth. She was celebrated in a ballad which Dr Percy has printed at large in his Reliques of Antient Poetry, Vol. II. The time when she performed this exploit appears to have been about the year 1584; when the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, 711. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicœne*, act iv. scene ii.; his Tale of a Tub, act i. scene iv.; and his masque entitled the Fortunate Isles.

[63] *Cutting Morecraft* faces about.] These words are of the same import with our modern phrase, which, by dropping of a letter, is corrupted to *face about*. We meet with the same expression again in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, where Ralph is exercising his men; *Double your files as you were*; faces about; act v. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Wellbred says, *Good captain*, faces about—*to some other discourse*; act iii. scene i. R

Sav. Now, Sir, strike in.
Mor. Sir, I must have you grant me. [again:
El. Lo. 'Tis done, Sir. Take your keys
But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall
I'll try you once more. [graze again:
Sav. If ever, I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggest key i'th' bunch, and open
My head with it, Sir. I humbly thank your worships. [liday.
El. Lo. Nay, then, I see we must keep ho-

Enter Roger and Abigail.

Here's the last couple in hell.
Rog. Joy be among you all!
Lady. Why, how now, Sir, what's the meaning of this emblem?
Rog. Marriage, an't like your worship.
Lady. Are you married? [madam.
Rog. As well as the next priest could do it,
El. Lo. I think the sign's in Gemini, here's such coupling.
Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweetheart to-night?
Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship's gift, Sir?
Wel. A whorson, how he swells! [Roger?
Yo. Lo. How many times to-night, Sir
Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous.
What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need your help.
Yo. Lo. For horse-flesh, Roger. [day
El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry; tis a
Given wholly to our mirth. [bride,
Lady. It shall be so, Sir. Sir Roger and his
We shall intreat to be at our charge.
El. Lo. Welford, get you to the church:
By this light, [married.
You shall not lie with her again, till y' are
Wel. I am gone.
Mor. To every bride I dedicate, this day,
Six healths a piece; and, it shall go hard,
But every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!
El. Lo. Thou art in a good beginning. Come, who leads? [the way.
Sir Roger, you shall have the van, and lead
'Would every dogged wench had such a day!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

'THE sudden conversion of Morecraft, says Mr. Theobald, from a griping usurer to a down-'right gallant, is quite extravagant and out of the rules and practice of the stage: Especially, 'as there is no shadow of reason for it; unless he may be said to look upon the loss he had 'sustained from Young Loveless to be a scourge and judgment upon him for his former 'rapaciousness.'

If Mr. Theobald, by 'out of the rules and practice of the stage' means, that there is no similar circumstance to be met with, his objection is trifling, his assertion erroneous. *Trifling*, because, on such principle, the most pleasing ingredient in dramatic entertainment, Originality, must be precluded the theatre; *erroneous*, because Terence exhibits the same change in the character of Denea, in his Adelphi. Mr. Theobald asserts too, 'that there is no shadow 'of *reason* for the alteration, unless it be the loss he had sustained by Young Loveless.' Morecraft himself assigns a much better; one, indeed, which may go far in persuading us, that his disposition is *not altered*, and that he only affects profusion, in hope of gaining more by that than by over-reaching and scraping: 'Thou, says he to Young Loveless, wast rich; thou 'flung'st away; and yet wealth flows in double: I wrung and wire-draw'd; lost, and was 'cozen'd: On which account, I mean to follow thy example.' Goodnature, by laying much stress on this passage, may think the character consistent: But, after all that can be urged for or against, the plain question being asked, 'Whether such an alteration, either in sentiment 'or policy, is consonant to Nature, the grand arbitress of propriety?' the reply must certainly be in the negative. And it is pity a Comedy, so replete with wit, character, and conduct, should have so striking a blemish.

Donatus remarks, that Terence 'shews, how awkwardly a man of an opposite disposition 'endeavours to be complaisant; and, that a miser, meaning to be generous, runs into profu-'sion.' We think our Authors do not fall short of Terence in this picture; since what Mr. Colman says of Demea may, with equal propriety, be applied to Morecraft; 'That his com-'plaisance, gaiety, and liberality, are assumed; and that his awkwardness, in affecting those 'qualities, is truly comic.'

THE

CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.[1]

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace speak singly of Fletcher, as Author of this Play; other writers speak of Beaumont as sharer in it. It was first printed in 1647, when ten of the then principal performers collected into a folio volume thirty-five dramatic pieces of our Poets, which had never before been published. Colley Cibber has founded his comedy of Love Makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune, on this play and the Elder Brother of our Authors.

THE PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,
That, we are confident, it needs no defence
From us, or from the Poets. We dare look
On any man, that brings his table-book
To write down what again he may repeat
At some great table, to deserve his meat.
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injury.
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,
Nor any private person; their poor hate
Will be starv'd here; for envy shall not find
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play
Is quick and witty; so the Poets say,
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;
Fashion'd like those that are approv'd by you:
Only 'twill crave attention in the most;
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;
And, as our cause is, let our censure be.

ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

We wish, if it were possible, you knew
What we would give for this night's luck, if new.
It being our ambition to delight
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made
By such as were held workmen in their trade;
At a time too, when they, as I divine,
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,
The nectar of the muses. Some are here,
I dare presume, to whom it did appear
A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth
To passionate scenes, mix'd with no vulgar mirth.
But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame
From others, perhaps, only by the name,
I am a suitor, that they would prepare
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injustice to decry this now,
For being lik'd before: You may allow [schools,
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old
'All such as liv'd before you were not fools.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Count Clodio, { *governor, and a dishonourable pursuer of Zenocia.*
Manuel du Sosa, { *governor of Lisbon, and brother to Guiomar.*
Arnoldo, { *a gentleman contracted to Zenocia.*
Rutilio, { *a merry gentleman, brother to Arnoldo.*
Charino, *father to Zenocia.*
Duarte, { *son to Guiomar; a gentleman well qualified, but vainglorious.*
Alonzo, { *a young Portugal gentleman, enemy to Duarte.*
Leopold, { *a sea-captain, enamour'd on Hippolyta.*
Zabulon, *a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.*
Jaques, *servant to Sulpitia.*

Women.

Zenocia, { *mistress to Arnoldo, and a chaste wife.*
Guiomar, *a virtuous lady, mother to Duarte.*
Hippolyta, { *a rich lady, wantonly in love with Arnoldo.*
Sulpitia, *a bawd, mistress of the male-stews.*

Doctor, Chirurgeon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the male-stews, Servants.

The SCENE, *sometimes* Lisbon, *sometimes* Italy.

[1] The Custom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Mons. Bayle tells us, in Italy; till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious car-

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Rutilio and Arnoldo.

Rutilio. WHY do you grieve thus still?
Arn. 'Twould melt a marble,
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty years,
And run through all these follies you call fortunes,
Yet never fix'd on any good and constant,
But what I made myself: Why should I grieve, then,
At that I may mould any way?
Arn. You are wide still.
Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handsome woman;
I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.
Arn. You are dispos'd—— calling,
Rut. You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful friend to it.
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,
Take heed, dear brother,[2] of a stranger fortune
Than e'er you felt yet: Fortune my foe's a friend to it.
Arn. 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid;
And am belov'd again.
Rut. That's too much o' conscience, wits.
To love all these, would run me out o' my country!
Arn. Prithee, give ear. I am to marry her.
Rut. Dispatch it, then, and I'll go call the piper.
Arn. But, oh, the wicked custom of this barbarous, most inhuman, damned custom!
Rut. 'Tis true,[3] to marry is the most inhuman
Damn'd custom in the world: for, look you, brother,
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of hearts,
With one pack of cards, all days on's life?
Arn. You do not,
Or else you purpose not to, understand me.
Rut. Proceed; I will give ear.
Arn. They have a Custom
In this most beastly country—out upon't!
Rut. Let's hear it first.

dinal. It is likewise generally imagined to have obtained in Scotland for a long time; and the received opinion hath hitherto been, that Eugenius III. king of Scotland (who began his reign A. D. 535) ordained, that the lord, or master, should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obscene ordinance is supposed to have been abrogated by Malcolm III. who began his reign A. D. 1061, about five years before the Norman conquest; having lasted in force somewhat above five hundred years. See Blount in his Dictionary of Law-Termes, under the word *Mercheta.* *Theobald.*

This account hath received the sanction of several eminent antiquarians; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to contravert the fact, and deny the actual existence of the Custom. See Annals of Scotland. The excellent Commentator on the Laws of England is of opinion, this Custom never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. *R.*

[2] *Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune*
Than e'er you felt yet; Fortune my foe*'s a friend to it.*]
i. e. Take heed of the consequences of marriage, the chance of cuckoldom. But still this passage must be obscure to the most attentive reader, who is not informed of this circumstance. 'Fortune my foe' was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of Fortune. This ballad is again mentioned in our Authors' Knight of the Burning Pestle:

Old Mer. *Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.*
Merch. *Well. Sir, I'll sing.* Fortune my foe, &c.

And it is likewise mentioned in a comedy of more recent date, called the Rump, or Mirrour of the times (by John Tatham, printed in 1660). A Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps; and, catching hold of Priscilla, Mrs. Lambert's waiting-woman, will oblige her to dance, and orders the music to play 'Fortune my foe.' *Theobald.*

[3] *'Tis true, to marry is a custom*
I' the world; for, look you, brother.] *i. e.* It is a custom to marry; for who would be such a foo! as to marry? Besides the defect in the metre, this is flagrant nonsense. Nothing is more common in printing than to reprint the words of a foregoing line in a subsequent one; and when the same words are really to be repeated, the printer, by not attending to the sense, might naturally think it an error of the transcriber, and so omit them. This latter has undoubtedly happened in the place above, which therefore, I believe, I have restored, and the passage gains much humour by it. *Seward.*

There is certainly some defect in the text; and though, as Mr. Theobald observes, 'there is an uncommon liberty taken in this emendation,' yet we do not think a cure can be effected with less violence.

Arn. That when a maid's contracted,
And ready for the tie o'th' church, the go-
vernor, [maidenhead,
He that commands in chief, must have her
Or ransom it for money at his pleasure.
Rut. How might a man atchieve that place?
A rare Custom! [cepted?
An admirable rare Custom! And none ex-
Arn. None, none. [about me,
Rut. The rarer still! How could I lay
In this rare office! Are they born to it, or
Arn. Both equal damnable. [chosen?
Rut. Methinks both excellent:
'Would I were the next heir.
Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,
And nothing can redeem me from this mis-
Rut. She's very young. [chief.
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And fair, I dare proclaim her;
Else mine eyes fail.
Arn. Fair as the bud unblasted.
Rut. I cannot blame him then: If 'twere
mine own case,
I would not go an ace less.[4]
Arn. Fie, Rutilio,
Why do you make your brother's misery
Your sport and game?
Rut. There is no pastime like it. [counsel,
Arn. I look'd for your advice, your timely
How to avoid this blow, not to be mock'd at,
And my afflictions jeer'd.
Rut. I tell thee, Arnoldo, [brother,
An thou wert my father, as thou art but my
My younger brother too, I must be merry.
And where there is a wench i' th' case, a young
wench,[5] [too,
A handsome wench, and so near a good turn
An I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.
But you shall see, Sir, I can change this habit
To do you any service; advise what you please,
And see with what devotion I'll attend it.
But yet, methinks, I am taken with this
Custom,

Enter Charino and Zenocia.

And could pretend to th' place.
Arn. Draw off a little;
Here come my mistress and her father.
Rut. A dainty wench!
'Would I might farm this Custom!
Char. My dear daughter,
Now to bethink yourself of new advice,
Will be too late; later, this timeless sorrow;
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath cast on you. My best
Zenocia,
Be rul'd by me; a father's care directs you:
Look on the count, look chearfully and sweetly.
What though he have the power to possess you,
To pluck your maiden honour, and then slight
By Custom unresistible to enjoy you; [you,
Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and
goodness, [desty,
The beauty of your soul, and saint-like mo-
Have won upon his wild mind, so much
charm'd him, [him,
That, all pow'r laid aside, what law allows
Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,
He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly;
For ever to be ty'd your faithful husband.
Consider, my best child.
Zen. I have consider'd. [consider:
Char. The blessedness, that this breeds too,
Besides your father's honour, your own peace,
The banishment for ever of this Custom,
This base and barbarous use: For, after once
He has found the happiness of holy marriage,
And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,
Left him by lust, and lewd progenitors.
All virgins too shall bless your name, shall
saint it,
And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,
Fill'd with your pious memory.
Zen. Good father,
Hide not that bitter pill I loath to swallow,
In such sweet words.
Char. The count's a handsome gentleman;
And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune, to attend you.
Where, if you fling your love upon this
stranger, [place
This young Arnoldo, not knowing from what
Or honourable strain he's sprung, you venture
All your own sweets, and my long cares, to
nothing; [not that
Nor are you certain of his faith: Why may
Wander, as he does, every where?
Zen. No more, Sir; [thus:
I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd
Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.[6]

[4] *I would not go an ace less.*] *i. e.* As we now say, I would not bate an ace of it. *Theobald.*

[5] *And where there is a wench* yet can, *a young wench,*
A handsome wench, and sooner *a good turn too.*] The oldest folio exhibits *it can*, which led the latter editors to this corrupted reading, and will lead us back again to the true one. I think I may venture to say, that I have both retrieved the metre and the meaning of the Authors. Mr. Seward likewise saw with me, that *i' th' case* was necessary in the first part of the emendation. *Theobald.*

[6] *Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.*] This glorious sentiment, which, as the ingenious Mr. Sympson says, is more worthy of a philosopher than a woman, we have met with before, somewhat differently cloathed, in Philaster:

When any falls from virtue, *I am distracted*;
I have an int'rest in't. *Theobald.*

'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,
To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too;
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wild embraces,
She hates as Heav'n hates falshood.
Rut. A good wench!
She sticks close to you, Sir.
Zen. His faith uncertain?
The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted?
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's perfect, [perate,
Your stomach well dispos'd, your pulses tem-
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, father, [nobleness,
One hour of this man's goodness, this man's
Put in the scale against the count's whole being,
(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life)
He could no more endure to hold weight with
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples; [him.
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and strong ties of virtue. He has my first love;
To him in sacred vow I have giv'n this body;
In him my mind inhabits.
Rut. Good wench still! [serving.
Zen. And 'till he fling me off, as undeWhich I confess I am of such a blessing,
But would be loth to find it so——
Arm. Oh, never,
Never, my happy mistress, never, never!
When your poor servant lives but in your favour,
One foot i' th' grave, the other shall not linger.
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,
What danger of more dreadful look than death,
What willing martyrdom to crown me constant, [ness?
May merit such a goodness, such a sweet-
A love so nobly great, no pow'r can ruin!
Most blessed maid, go on: The gods that gave this,
This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.
Zen. I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,
And then they have crown'd my wishes: If I fall then, [you.
Go seek some better love; mine will debase
Rut. A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,
Though I think well of your Custom, and could wish myself
For this night in your place, heartily wish it;
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board too, [more:
I have a foolish engine here.[7]——I say no
I'll tell you what, and, if your honours guts are not enchanted——
Arn. I should now chide you, Sir, for so declining [shew'd me,
The goodness and the grace you have ever
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,
To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that affection [give it—
That both our hearts have tied, and seek to
Rut. To a wild fellow, that would worry her;[8]
A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.
Would any man of discretion venture such a gristle
To the rude claws of such a cat o' mountain?
You'd better tear her 'tween two oaks![9] A town-bull [losopher;
Is a meer stoick to this fellow, a grave phi-
And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gentleman.[10]

[7] *I have a foolish* gin *here.*] The verse halts in its emphasis; and besides, *gin*, I think, is always used to signify a trap, or snare, never, a sword, or pistol, which carry open violence. *Theobald.*

[8] *To a wild fellow, that would* weary *her.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson concur in reading *worry*; which certainly agrees better with the sense of what follows than *weary*.

[9] *You* had *better tear her* between *two oaks.*] I have cured the metre, and now must explain the allusion of our Poets. Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic stature and strength, haunting the isthmus of the Peloponnese; and was called Πιτυοκαμπης, or the Pine-bender. When any unhappy passenger fell into the clutches of this merciless man, he would bend down by main force two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and having fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore asunder the limbs of his wretched captives. Pausanias tells us, that one of those pines was to be seen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinnis was put to death by Theseus in the same manner that he had exercised his cruelty upon others; as Plutarch informs us in the life of that hero.

——— *Nec lex est justior ulla,*
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ. *Theobald.*

[10] *A town-bull,* &c.] Mr. Theobald recommends the following transposition in this passage:

——— *A town-bull*
Is a mere stoick to this fellow; and
A Spanish jennet, a grave philosopher;
A most virtuous gentleman.——

But this is not only unnecessary, but would hurt the sense, and rob us of the Poets' meaning, which evidently is, 'A town-bull, compared to Clodio, is a stoick, a very philosopher, devoid 'of sensuality; and a Spanish jennet is virtuous.'

Arn. Does this seem handsome, Sir?
Rut. Though I confess [means,
Any man would desire to have her, and by any
At any rate too, yet that this common hang-
man, [maids already,
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my
stomach! [saddle,
This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the
And teaches them to stumble ever after;
That he should have her! For my brother,
now,[11] [thought on,
That is a handsome young fellow, and well
And will deal tenderly in the business:
Or for myself, that have a reputation,
And have studied the conclusions of these
causes, [old Sir,
And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you,
(If I should call you 'wise Sir,' I should
bely you)
This thing you study to betray your child to,
This maiden-monger, when you have done
your best, [honour,
And think you have fix'd her in the point of
Who do you think you have tied her to? A
surgeon!
I must confess, an excellent dissecter;
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-
pies— [compulsion,
Char. What I spake, gentlemen, was mere
No father's free-will; nor did I touch your
person
With any edge of spite, or strain your loves
With any base or hired persuasions.[12]
Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your
fortunes! [*Exit.*
Rut. There's some grace in thee yet.—You
are determined
To marry this count, lady?
Zen. Marry him, Rutilio?
Rut. Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.

Zeno. You cannot mean that;
If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;
The brother to this man, and one that loves
I'll marry the devil first. [him.
Rut. A better choice; [low;
And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bedfel-
A cooler, o' my conscience.
Arn. Pray let me ask you;
And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me
For what I shall propound. I am confident
No promise, nor no power, can force your love,
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you;
Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you.
But, for this Custom, which this wretched
country [fied;
Hath wrought into a law, and must be satis-
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd
And modesty regarded as a may-game; [at,
What shall be here consider'd? Power we
have none
To make resistance, nor policy to cross it:
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.
Zeno. I'll die an atheist then.
Arn. My noblest mistress,
Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,
Say you did render up part of your honour,
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot pe-
rish) [ster;
Say, for one night you entertain'd this mon-
Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this
render? [teous:
Your mind I know is pure, and full as beau-
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,
And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your
lustre. [self, Sir?
Zeno. Who made you witty, to undo your-
Or, are you loaden with the love I bring you,
And fain would fling that burden on another?
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnoldo?
Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?
D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;

[11] *That he should have her'* fore *my brother now,*
That is a handsome young fellow; and well thought on,
And will deal tenderly in the business?
Or' fore *myself, that have a reputation,*
Have studied the conclusions, &c.] This is Mr. Theobald's reading, upon which he says, 'This passage, till reformed in the pointing, and the change of two monosyllables, as I 'have regulated the text, I think, I may venture to pronounce was stark nonsense.'

These *regulations* (both in punctuation and change of words) injure the Poets, disgrace the annotator, and mislead the reader ——Rutilio is angry *such a man* as Clodio should have the privilege here mentioned: 'Indeed, were it my brother now, says he, or myself, that know 'how to conduct ourselves—it might be allowable and proper.' Thus understood, which it certainly ought to be, this speech contains much humour, and is finely depictive of Rutilio's whimsical character.

[12] ——— *or* strain *your loves*
With any base or hir'd persuasions.] Mr. Sympson saw with me, that the word here should be *stain*. *Theobald.*

This is another of the multitudinous arbitrary and mischievous alterations, which the Editors of 1750 are continually obtruding on us. How had Charino *stained* their loves? Had he hinted, that they entertained a shameful passion, or sought a faulty connexion? No such thing. His meaning is clearly and beautifully expressed to be, 'What I spake was from compulsion: 'I did not mean, with any persuasions I was hired to, to *thwart* you, *torture*, or *torment* you.' Shakespeare has the same idea in Romeo and Juliet, expressed in a manner not dissimilar:

'Why do you *pull* our heart-strings thus?'

And, therefore, rather wish that fall beforehand,
Colour'd with Custom not to be resisted?
D'ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,
Some certain handsome touches of your mistress,
And let the mind pass by you, unexamin'd?
Be not abus'd. With what the maiden vessel[23] [verb.
Is season'd first——You understand the pro-
Rut. I am afraid this thing will make me virtuous.
Zen. Should you lay by the least part of that love
You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith have giv'n me,
To entertain another, nay, a fairer,
And, make the case thus desp'rate, she must die else; [honest?
D'ye think I would give way, or count this
Be not deceiv'd; these eyes should never see you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were born my full antipathy.
Empire and more imperious love alone[24]
Rule, and admit no rivals. The purest springs,
When they are courted by lascivious landfloods, [perish;
Their maiden pureness and their coolness
And tho' they purge again to their first beauty,
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed:
I must have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,
Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and handsome. [thank you!
Arn. I never shall deserve you; not to
You are so heav'nly good, no man can reach you. [you.
I am sorry I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try
Rut. You might have try'd a thousand women so,
And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen should have follow'd your counsel.
Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.
Arn. We must bethink us suddenly and constantly, [ger.
And wisely too; we expect no common dan-
Zen. Be most assur'd I'll die first.

Enter Clodio and Guard.

Rut. An't come to that once,
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!
I'll jog along with you. Here comes the stallion:
How smug he looks upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act? Pox o' your kidneys!
How they begin to melt! How big he bears!
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a sweet company [ness?
Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewd-
Plague o' your chaps! you ha' more handsome bits [serving.
Than a hundred honester men, and more de-
How the dog leers!
Clod. You need not now be jealous;
I speak at distance to your wife; but, when the priest has done,
We shall grow nearer then, and more familiar.
Rut. I'll watch you for that trick, baboon; I'll smoke you. [he broils!
The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains;
If I do come to the basting of you——
Arn. Your lordship
May happily speak this to fright a stranger;
But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.
The Custom of this place, if such there be,
At best most damnable, may urge you to it;
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.
However, I will presently prepare
To make her mine: and most undoubtedly
Believe you are abus'd; this Custom feign'd too;
And what you now pretend, most fair and virtuous. [well, Sir.
Clod. Go, and believe; a good belief does
And you, Sir, clear the place; but leave her
Arn. Your lordship's pleasure! [here.
Clod. That anon, Arnoldo;
This is but talk.
Rut. Shall we go off?
Arn. By any means: [guard her;
I know she has pious thoughts enough to
Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till the tie
Nor dare he offer. [be done,
Rut. Now do I long to worry him!
Pray have a care to the main chance.
Zen. Pray, Sir, fear not. [*Ex. Arn. and Rut.*
Clod. Now, what say you to me?
Zen. Sir, it becomes
The modesty, that maids are ever born with,
To use few words.
Clod. Do you see nothing in me?
Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men come short, and want in?

[23] ——*With what the maiden vessel*
Is season'd first—You understand the proverb.] The Poets here had evidently Horace in their eye.

Quò semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diù. *Theobald.*

[24] *Empire and more imperious love alone*
Rule, and admit no rivals.] This is a fine translation of a sentiment in Ovid's Metamorphoses.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur
Majestas & Amor. *Theobald.*

Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?
And what a happiness it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aim at?
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,
The best, and the most beauteous, have run mad for? [you
Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd
I do not every day propound to women.
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour
I am glutted with the sacrifice of beauty,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To cast so good a grace and liking on you—
You understand. Come, kiss me, and be joy-
I give you leave. [ful:

Zen. Faith, Sir, 'twill not shew handsome;
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too
In these alarms.

Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour pardon me,
And take some skilful one can hold you play;
I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee; [thee,
Let that word make thee happy; so far love
That tho' I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will descend so low, to marry thee. [us;
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from
Some, princes; some great soldiers.

Zen. I am afraid
Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;
For, certain, I shall ne'er have child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. 'Cause I must not think to marry you.
I dare not, Sir: The step betwixt your honour
And my poor humble state——

Clod. I will descend to thee,
And buoy thee up.

Zen. I'll sink to th' centre first.
Why would your lordship marry, and confine that pleasure
You ever have had freely cast upon you?
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad matter:
Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartane fever find you.
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:
Your eyes must be called home; your thoughts in cages, [bound;
To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart
The Custom, that your youth was ever nurs'd
Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else, [in,
And how that will appear——

Clod. We'll talk of that more.

Zen. Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,
As all young women are, that shew like handsome, [strous.
Exceeding proud; being commended, mon-
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleas'd,
Unless it be with infinite observance; [angred,
Which you were never bred to. Once well
As every cross in us provokes that passion,
Like a sea, I roll, toss, chafe a whole week after:
And then, all mischief I can think upon;
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest.
I tell you what you'll find: And, in these fits,
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,
To such a vizard——Ten to one, I die too;
Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me:

Clod. Away, away, fool! why dost thou proclaim these, [other?
To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in an-

Zen. Him I have chosen I can rule and master,
Temper to what I please; you are a great one,
Of too strong will to bend; I dare not venture.
Be wise, my lord, and say you were well counsel'd;
Take money for my ransom, and forget me;
'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour:
And, wheresoe'er my fortunes shall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,
So virtuous and so fair——

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour be not angry
At what I say; I cannot love you, dare not;
But set a ransom for the flower you covet.

Clod. No money, nor no prayers, shall re-
Not all the art you have. [deem that,

Zen. Set your own price, Sir. [me!

Clod. Go to your wedding; never kneel to
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy you. [Custom,
Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this Custom,[15] cruel man! [*Exit.*

Clod. Your body will content me: I'll look for you. [*Exit.*

Enter Charino and servants in black; covering the place with blacks.

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your autumn sweets,
By the hot sun ravished of bud and beauty,
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang those blacks there,
The emblems of her honour lost! All joy,
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,
Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that bless her, [her:
And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from
No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the rooms giddy: [nour!
This is no masque of mirth, but murder'd ho-
Sing mournfully that sad epithalamion
I gave thee now; and, prithee, let thy lute weep.

[15] Zen. *My* mind *shall not pay this Custom*——

Clod. *Your* body *will content me.*] Congreve says,

'I take her *body*, you her *mind*,
'Which hath the better bargain?'

Song and dance. Enter Rutilio.

Rut. How now? what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?
This is more like a funeral.
Char. It is one,
And my poor daughter going to her grave;
To his most loath'd embraces, that gapes for her. [done, Sir?
Make the earl's bed ready. Is the marriage
Rut. Yes, they are knit. But must this slubberdegullion
Have her maidenhead now?
Char. There's no avoiding it.[16]
Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?
Char. The bed, Sir.
Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?
Char. That we know.
Rut. To any honest well-deserving fellow,
An 'twere but to a merry cobler, I could sit still now,
I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,
This universal rutter——Fare ye well, Sir;
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a remedy.
Char. I wish it; [*Exit Rut.*
And all my best devotions offer to it.

Enter Clodio and guard.

Clod. Now, is this tie dispatch'd?
Char. I think it be, Sir.
Clod. And my bed ready?
Char. There you may quickly find, Sir,
Such a loath'd preparation.
Clod. Never grumble,
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure:
It must and shall be done. Give me some wine,
And fill it till it leap upon my lips!
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,
The toy I must take pains for!
Char. I beseech your lordship,
Load not a father's love.
Clod. Pledge it, Charino;
Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dull'd)
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,
And my blood beats alarums through my body,
And fancy, high. You of my guard retire,
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,
But music and sweet airs. Now fetch your daughter,
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,
And dim the breaking East with her bright crystals.
I'm all on fire; away!
Char. And I am frozen. [*Exit.*

Enter Zenocia with bow and quiver, an arrow bent; Arnoldo and Rutilio after her, armed.

Zen. Come fearless on.
Rut. Nay, an I budge from thee,
Beat me with dirty sticks.
Clod. What masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous huntress? Fairer far and sweeter!
Diana shews an Ethiop to this beauty,
Protected by two virgin knights.[17]
Rut. That's a lie,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.
The guard's dispers'd.
Arn. Fortune, I hope, invites us.
Clod. I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart from me.
Zen. Stand, and stand fix'd; move not a foot, nor speak not; [sits.
For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher,
Thou scum of noble blood, repent, and speedily; [gins,
Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless virTheir innocence betray'd to thy embraces!
Arn. The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,
In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,
In nourishing this black and barbarous Cus-
Clod. My guard! [tom.
Arn. One word more, and thou diest.
Rut. One syllable

[16] Arn. *There's no avoiding it.*
Rut. And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?
Arn. *The bed, Sir.*] Arnoldo's name is here put to swo speeches, when we do not find him on the stage, and which, besides, come with more propriety from Charino, to whom we have placed them.

[17] *Puckfist*] *i. e.* upstart. The *puckfist*, or *puckball*, is a species of variety in the mushroom, and is filled with dust.

[17] *The beauteous huntress*, &c.] Mr. Theobald reads,

Diana shews an Ethiop to his beauty,
This, *beauteous huntress, fairer far, and sweeter;*
Protected by, &c.

and says he has 'ruminated over this passage an hundred times, and can find no sense in it 'but by this *transposition*,' and altering *the* to *this*. Without transposition, or any other alteration than that of the pointing (in which all the old copies are extremely licentious) we think the passage is rendered perfect sense, and very poetical.

That tends to any thing, but 'I beseech you,'
And, 'as you're gentlemen, tender my case,'
And I will thrust my javelin down thy throat,
Thou dog-whelp, thou! [pion!
Pox upon thee, what should I call thee? Pom-
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-pot.
Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,
You great blind fool. Farewell, and be hang'd to you.
Lose no time, lady.
Arn. Pray take your pleasure, Sir;
And so we'll take our leaves.
Zen. We are determined.
Die, before yield.
Arn. Honour, and a fair grave——
Zen. Before a lustful bed! So for our fortunes. [prithee, cry.
Rut. Du cat a whee,[18] good count! Cry,
Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! Cry, you great booby. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is she gone then? am I dishonour'd thus, [man answer?
Cozen'd and baffled? My guard there! No
My guard, I say! Sirrah, you knew of this plot? [villain,
Where are my guard? I'll have your life, you
You politic old thief!
Char. Heaven send her far enough,

Enter Guard.

And let me pay the ransom!
Guard. Did your honour call us?
Clod. Post every way, and presently recover
The two strange gentlemen, and the fair lady.
Guard. This day was married, Sir?
Clod. The same.
Guard. We saw 'em
Making with all main speed to the port.
Clod. Away, villains! [*Ex. Guard.*
Recover her, or I shall die. Deal truly;
Didst not thou know?
Char. By all that's good, I did not.
If your honour mean their flight, to say I grieve for that, [please.
Will be to lie: You may handle me as you
Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor; [sure——
For thou hast robb'd me, villian, of a trea-

Enter Guard.

How now? [ready for 'em,
Guard. They're all aboard; a bark rode
And now are under sail, and past recovery.
Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that may be; [ther,
I will not lose her! Thou, her most false fa-
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,
A whole day will I study to destroy thee.
Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll find me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Manuel du Sosa and Guiomar.

Man. I HEAR and see too much of him, and that
Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;
And, much I fear, the comfort of a son
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's pray'rs and care
Were never wanting in his education.
His childhood I pass o'er, as being brought up
Under my wing; and, growing ripe for study,
I overcame the tenderness and joy
I had to look upon him, and provided
The choicest masters, and of greatest name,
Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts
To train his youth up.[19]
Man. I must witness that.
Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admiration
Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,
Being one of note before he was a man,
Is still remembered in that academy.
From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,
Attended like his father's son, and there
Maintain'd him in such bravery and height,
As did become a courtier.
Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him;
My nephew had been happy, but for that.

[18] Du cat a whee, *good count*;] 'Tis very much out of character, that an Italian to an Italian should talk Welch, in his merriment; neither of whom in all probability ever heard a syllable of that language. *Theobald.*

We are well assured this is not Welch. *Du cat o' nee*, in that language, signifies, 'God 'bless, or save you;' *i. e.* a usual mode of bidding farewell; from which, probably, this is a corrupt reading.

[19] *Of Salamanca in all liberal arts,*
Man. *To train his youth up.*——
I must witness that.] Manuel is here made to speak before his time. The first hemistich is the close of Guiomar's speech, as Mr. Seward likewise observ'd to me. *Theobald.*

The court's a school, indeed, in which some few
Learn virtuous principles; but most forget
Whatever they brought thither good and honest.
Trifling is there in practice; serious actions
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known
What's there in grace and fashion.

Gui. I have heard, yet,
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor
Took notice of his carriage and good parts;
The grandees did not scorn his company;
And of the greatest ladies he was held
A complete gentleman.

Man. He, indeed, danc'd well:
A turn o' th' toe, with a lofty trick or two
To argue nimbleness, and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true,
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows it;
An exact courtier, and he knows that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off still with honour,
Which he forgets not.

Gui. Nor have I much reason
To grieve his fortune that way.

Man. You are mistaken.
Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper,
More than his adverse fortune. I have known
Many, and of rare parts, from their success
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,
And so transform'd from what they were, that all in them.
That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen
I need not write examples; in your son
'Tis too apparent; for ere don Duarte
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now
He's swoln so high, out of his own assurance
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,
Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him
Shunn'd of all fair societies.

Gui. 'Would it were
In my weak pow'r to help it! I will use,
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great king in Lisbon.

Enter Duarte and his Page.

Man. Here he comes:
We are unseen; observe him.

Dua. Boy.

Page. My lord. [I struck,

Dua. What saith the Spanish captain that
To my bold challenge?

Page. He refus'd to read it.

Dua. Why didst not leave it there?

Page. I did, my lord:
But to no purpose; for he seems more willing
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,
That from your lordship nothing can be got
But more blows and disgraces.

Dua. He's a wretch,
A miserable wretch, and all my fury
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?

Page. 'Tis broke off.

Dua. The reason? [ship

Page. This was one; they heard your lord-
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

Dua. They at their best are such, and ever shall be,
Where I appear.

Man. Do you note his modesty?

Dua. But was there nothing else pretended?

Page. Yes; [phew,
Young don Alonzo, the great captain's ne-
Stood on comparisons.

Dua. With whom?

Page. With you;
And openly profess'd that all precedence,
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;
Nor were your lordship to contend with one
So far above you.

Dua. I look down upon him [slave;
With such contempt and scorn, as on my
He's a name only, and all good in him
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes:
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
'This is a lord,' he had liv'd unobserv'd
By any man of mark, and died as one [me?
Amongst the common rout. Compare with
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know myself: That man is truly noble,
And he may justly call that worth his own,[22]
Which his deserts have purchas'd. I could wish [kinsmen
My birth were more obscure, my friends and
Of lesser pow'r, or that my provident father
Had been like to that riotous emperor
That chose his belly for his only heir;
For, being of no family then, and poor,
My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make
That kingdom my inheritance.

Gui. Strange self-love!

Dua. For if I studied the country's laws,
I should so easily sound all their depth,
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in most practice and esteem,
Should starve for want of clients. If I travell'd,
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,
I would return in act more knowing, than

[22] *And he may justly call that worth his own,*
Which his deserts have purchas'd;] This sentiment is evidently founded on Horace.

——— *Sume superbiam*
Quæsitam meritis. *Theobald.*

Homer could fancy him. If a physician,
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,
That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be nam'd;
And he, that join'd again the scatter'd limbs
Of torn Hippolytus, should be forgotten.
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dow'r
Were all the sun gives light to: And for arms
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers, added
To the Turks present pow'rs, I could direct,
Command, and marshal them.

Man. And yet you know not
To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,
Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

Dua. All I speak,
In act I can make good.

Gui. Why then, being master
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting
Nor to yourself, nor others, the use of them?
They are to you but like enchanted viands,
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And those so-rare perfections in my son,
Which would make others happy, render me
A wretched mother.

Man. You are too insolent;
And those too-many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turn to a pleurisy, and kill
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you think,
All blessings are conferr'd on you alone?
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you,
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?
Waste not that courage then in brawls, but spend it
I' th' wars, in service of your king and country.

Dua. Yes, so I might be general: No man
That's worthy to command me. [lives

Man. Sir, in Lisbon,
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions,[21] and all sects.
And my authority, which you presume
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish
The next fault with as much severity
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.

Gui. And by that love you should bear, or that duty
You owe a mother, once more I command you
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,
All that is mine is yours: If not, expect,
My pray'rs and vows for your conversion only,
But never means nor favour.

[*Ex. Man. and Gui.*

Dua. I am tutor'd
As if I were a child still! The base peasants
That fear and envy my great worth, have done this;
But I will find them out: I will abroad.[22]
Get my disguise. I have too long been idle;
Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,
And will pursue the course best liketh me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, sailors, and Zenocia.

Leop. Divide the spoil amongst you; this
I only challenge for myself. [fair captive

Sail. You have won her, [liv'd
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have
A burgess of the sea, and have been present
At many a desperate fight, but never saw
So small a bark with such incredible valour
So long defended, and against such odds;
And by two men scarce arm'd too.

Leop. 'Twas a wonder. [taken,
And yet the courage they express'd, being
And their contempt of death, wan more upon me [thinks
Than all they did when they were free. Me-
I see them yet, when they were brought aboard us,
Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn
Never to taste the bread of servitude, [virgin
Both snatching up their swords, and from this
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leap'd into the sea.

Sail. Indeed, 'twas rare. [I fear'd

Leop. It wrought so much on me, that, but
The great ship that pursu'd us, our own safety
Hind'ring my charitable purpose to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They should have had their liberties.

Zen. Oh, too late;
For they are lost, for ever lost!

Leop. Take comfort;
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;
For, when they left the ships, they were within
A league o' th' shore, and with such strength and cunning

[21] *From men of all conditions, and all* sexes] Mr. Sympson proposes reading *sects*; which we think the proper word, and therefore have inserted. Mr. Theobald, in his edition, reads,

From them *of all conditions, and* all sexes.

[22] *I will* o' board;] But he has not been talking of any vessel provided for his passage. I suspect, the poets intended no more than (on his being *tutor'd* so, as he calls it) that he should express a resolution of quitting his country and going *abroad*. *Sympson.*

We believe Mr. Sympson's *word* is right, but not his acceptation of it. Duarte means, only leaving the house, 'to find out the base peasants' he is incensed against. His calling for his disguise is a proof that this is his meaning.

They, swimming, did delude the rising billows, [other
With one hand making way, and with the
Their bloody swords advanc'd, threat'ning the sea-gods [off;
With war, unless they brought them safely
That I am almost confident they live,
And you again may see them.
Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,
Death hath so many doors to let out life,[23]
I will not long survive them.
Leop. Hope the best;
And let the courteous usage you have found,
Not usual in men of war, persuade you
To tell me your condition.
Zen. You know it; [me.
A captive my fate and your pow'r have made
Such I am now; but, what I was, it skills not;
For, they being dead, in whom I only live,
I dare not challenge family, or country;
And therefore, Sir, enquire not: Let it suffice,
I am your servant, and a thankful servant
(If you will call that so, which is but duty)
I ever will be; and, my honour safe,
(Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd)
No slavery can appear in such a form,
Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not
Boldly look on and suffer.
Leop. You mistake me:
That you are made my prisoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I do find
A winning language in your tongue and looks;
Nor can a suit by you mov'd be deny'd;
And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be
The victor's advocate.
Zen. To whom?
Leop. A lady;
In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,
Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair;
And, had I not seen her before, perhaps,
I might have sought to you.
Zen. This I hear gladly. [you
Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give
(Yet, being mine, you are already hers);
And to serve her is more than to be free,
At least, I think so. And when you live with her, [brought you
If you will please to think on him that
To such a happiness, for so her bounty [ever
Will make you think her service, you shall
Make me at your devotion.
Zen. All I can do,
Rest you assur'd of.
Leop. At night I'll present you;
Till when, I am your guard.
Zen. Ever your servant! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo and Rutilio.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?
Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain. [stand fair,
Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and
For ought I know, for hanging. Money we have none,
Nor e'er are like to have, 'tis to be doubted.
Besides, we're strangers, wondrous hungry strangers;
And charity growing cold, and miracles ceas-
Without a conjuror's help, I cannot find [ing,
When we shall eat again.
Arn. These are no wants,
If put in balance with Zenocia's loss:
In that alone all miseries are spoken!
Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,
And that which she may suffer, being a captive,
Then I could curse myself; almost those powr's
That send me from the fury of the ocean.[24]
Rut. You've lost a wife, indeed, a fair and chaste one; [man.
Two blessings, not found often in one wo-
But she may be recover'd: Questionless,
The ship that took us was of Portugal;
And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,
We may hear of her.
Arn. In that hope I live.
Rut. And so I do: But hope is a poor salad
To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast
Have you no money left? [too.
Arn. Not a denier. [fashion.
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in
Having a mistress, sure you should not be
Without a neat historical shirt.[25]

[23] *Death hath so many doors to let out life,*] *Mille viæ mortis,*
As Virgil says in his Æneis. *Theobald.*

[24] *Then I could curse myself, almost those powers*
That send *me from the fury of the ocean.*] Mr. Theobald alters *send* to *fenc'd*; Mr. Seward proposes *sav'd*, and Mr. Sympson *serv'd*. The first of these gentlemen says, 'The 'powers did not *send* Arnoldo from the fury of the ocean, but *protected* him from it. A strange assertion: They *protected* him from this fury, by *sending* him to land. We have not disturbed the text; but believe the alteration of one letter would restore the original lection; an *r* for an *s*;

——— *almost those powers*
That rend *me from the fury of the ocean*;

this being, at the same time that it is perfect sense, much more poetical than *send*, or either of the other words proposed.

[25] *Having a mistress, sure you should not be*
Without a neat historical *shirt.*] This is an obscure epithet to us at this time of day. Mr.

Arn. For shame,
Talk not so poorly.
Rut. I must talk of that
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me. Something must be done,
And suddenly, resolve on't.

Enter Zabulon and a Servant.

Arn. What are these?
Rut. One, by his habit, is a Jew.
Zab. No more:
Thou'rt sure that's he?
Ser. Most certain.
Zab. How long is it
Since first she saw him?
Ser. Some two hours.
Zab. Be gone; [*Exit Ser.*
Let me alone to work him.
Rut. How he eyes you!
Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold;
Nor can I fear.
Zab. That you are poor, and strangers,
I easily perceive.
Rut. But that you'll help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, Sir.
Zab. Why think you so?
Rut. Because you are a Jew, Sir;
And courtesies come sooner from the devil
Than any of your nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have, like you, compassion, when we find
Fit subjects for our bounty; and, for proof
That we dare give, and freely, (not to you, Sir; [amaz'd;
Pray spare your pains) there's gold: Stand not
'Tis current, I assure you.
Rut. Take it, man!
Sure, thy good angel is a Jew, and comes
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish
Mine would appear too, like a Turk. [now,
Arn. I thank you;
But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act you would have me practise,
I must not take it.
Zab. This is but the earnest
Of that which is to follow; and the bond,
Which you must seal to for't, is your advancement.
Fortune, with all that's in her pow'r to give,
Offers herself up to you: Entertain her,
And that which princes have kneel'd for in vain,
Presents itself to you. [lation
Arn. 'Tis above wonder.
Zab. But far beneath the truth, in my re-
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;[26]
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours.
If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*
Arn. 'Tis no vision.
Rut. 'Tis gold, I'm sure.
Arn. We must, like brothers, share;
There's for you.
Rut. By this light, I'm glad I have it:
There are few gallants (for men may be such,
And yet want gold; yea, and sometimes silver)

Mr. Sympson conjectured to me, that it might possibly have been *a neat* rhetorical *shirt, i. e.* a moving, persuasive one; neatness being a main recommendation to the ladies. I have not presum'd to alter the text. The Poets, perhaps, might mean no more than a shirt neatly wrought, with some story express'd in it; as we have at this day damask table-cloths with sieges, encampments, cannons, &c. by way of decoration. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's explanation of this passage is very right; and I praise his judgment for retaining the old reading, though it be at the expence of my own correction. Jasper Maine, in his City Match, act ii. scene ii. is full to this purpose. Aurelia, speaking of her waiting-woman, says,

'She works religious petticoats; for flowers
'She'll make church-histories; her needle doth
'So sanctify my cushionets, besides,
'My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
'And are so learned, that I fear in time
'All my apparel will be quoted by
'Some pure instructor.'

'Tis true, the person here mention'd is an high-flown Puritan, but that is no objection; what the passage is brought to prove (and it proves it sufficiently) is, that historical shirts were then in very high fashion; the only difference was, that the *saints* adorn'd theirs only with religious stories, while the *wicked* flourished theirs with either sacred or profane ones. *Sympson.*

[26] *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.] How much more nobly, and more poetically, is this sentiment expressed by Shakespeare in his Julius Cæsar!

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
'Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
'Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
'Is bound in shallows and in misery.' *Theobald.*

But would receive such favours from the devil,
Though he appeared like a broker, and de-
Sixty i' the hundred. [manded
Arn. Wherefore should I fear
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him:
Farewell! Wish me good fortune; we shall
Again, I doubt not. [meet
Rut. Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,
[*Exit Arnoldo.*
Nor Christian for his sake. Plague o' my stars!
How long might I have walk'd without a
cloak, [tune?
Before I should have met with such a for-
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard, that
spoils us; [do now?
The smooth chin carries all. What's here to

Enter Duarte, Alonzo, and a Page.

Dua. I'll take you as I find you.
Alon. That were base;
You see I am unarm'd.
Dua. Out with your bodkin,[27] [it,
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers, [are
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:
You carry poniards to murder men, [nour.
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your ho-
Rut. That's true, indeed. Upon my life
this gallant
Is brib'd to repeal banish'd swords.
Dua. I'll shew you
The difference now between a Spanish rapier
And your pure Pisa.[28]
Alon. Let me fetch a sword;
Upon mine honour I'll return.
Dua. Not so, Sir. [take this.
Alon. Or lend me yours, I pray you, and
Rut. To be disgrac'd as you are? no, I thank
Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am [you:
Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis
For you, that are a man, to put yourself
Into your enemy's mercy.
Dua. Yield it quickly, [you;
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,
You may again prefer complaints against me
To my uncle and my mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.
Alon. I am paid
For being of the fashion.
Dua. Get a sword
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation;
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to
To put you in mind. [it,
Rut. You are too insolent,
And do insult too much on the advantage
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,
More than your valour.
Dua. This to me, you peasant?
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:
Kneel down and thank me for't. How? do
you stare? [a good one;
Rut. I have a sword, Sir, you shall find;
This is no stabbing guard.
Dua. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durst attempt thee.
Rut. Then have at you; [*Fight.*
I scorn to take blows.
Dua. Oh! I'm slain! [*Falls.*
Page. Help! murder! murder!
Alon. Shift for yourself; you are dead else;
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.
Page. Raise the streets there. ['scape.
Alon. If once you are beset, you cannot
Will you betray yourself?
Rut. Undone for ever!
[*Exe. Rut. and Alonzo.*

Enter Officers.

1 *Offi.* Who makes this outcry?

[27] *Out with your* bodkin.] A *bodkin* was the ancient term, it is imagined, for a *small dagger*. Gascoigne, speaking of Julius Cæsar, says,

'At last, with *bodkins* dub'd and doust to death,
'All, all his glory vanish'd with his breath.'

In the margin of Stowe's Chronicle, ed. 1614, it is said, that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins*; and in the Muse's Looking Glass, by Randolph, 1638,

'*Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin*.
'*Deil.* And a *bodkin*
'Is a most dang'rous weapon: Since I read
'Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
'Into a taylor's shop, for fear of *bodkins*.'

Again, Hamlet says,

'When he himself might his quietus make
'With a bare *bodkin*.' *Steevens.*

[28] *And your* pure *Pisa.*] The Pisa and Provent sword blades never were in any estimation. Those of Turky, Toledo, and the steel tempered in the water of the Ebro, were eminent for their goodness, and consequently bore a price. The epithet I have substituted [*poor*] for the corrupted one, shews that contempt which Duarte would express for a Pisa rapier. *Theobald*

Pure is right, and means a *mere* Pisa. Duarte's speech explains *bodkin*, and confirms Mr. Steevens's note. Indeed, the whole scene turns upon it.

Page. Oh, my lord 'is murder'd!
This way he took; make after him. Help, help there! [*Exit Page.*
2 *Offi.* 'Tis don Duarte.
1 *Offi.* Pride has got a fall! [makers,
He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-
And all our bill-authority; now h'as paid for't:
You ha' met with your match, Sir, now.
Bring off his body,
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue
The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast;
There's few will pity him: But for his mother
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. He's not i' th' house?
Ser. No, madam.
Gui. Haste and seek him;
Go all, and every where; I'll not to-bed,
'Till you return him. Take away the lights too; [fears;
The moon lends me too much, to find my
And those devotions I am to pay,
Are written in my heart, not in this book;
[*Kneels.*
And I shall read them there, without a taper.
[*Ex. Ser.*

Enter Rutilio.

Rut. I am pursued; all the ports are stopt too;
Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,
On either side, I am beset. Curs'd Fortune!
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!
'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my fears brought me?
I am got into a house; the doors all open;
This, by the largeness of the room, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, glist'ring through
The sable mask of night, says it belongs
To one of means and rank. No servant stir-
Murmur, nor whisper? [ring?
Gui. Who's that?
Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.
Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia!
Who waits there?
Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house;
I'll fly to her protection.
Gui. Speak, what are you? [wretched.
Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most
Gui. I'm sure you are a man of most ill manners;
You could not with so little reverence else
Press to my private chamber. Whither would
Or what do you seek for? [you?
Rut. Gracious woman, hear me!
I am a stranger, and in that I answer
All your demands, a most unfortunate stranger,
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,
Have left him dead i' th' streets. Justice pursues me,
And, for that life I took unwillingly,
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,
Unless you in your charity protect me.
Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,
And by your innocence, that needs no for-
Take pity on me! [giveness,
Gui. Are you a Castilian?
Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.
Gui. I ask not
With purpose to betray you; if you were
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,
If it lay in my pow'r. Lift up these hangings;
Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,
Into which enter. So; but from this stir not,
If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:
I know they owe such reverence to my lodg-
That they will easily give credit to me, [ings,
And search no further.
Rut. The bless'd saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you!
Gui. How he quakes! [fort;
Thus far I feel his heart beat. Be of com-
Once more I give my promise for your safety.
All men are subject to such accidents,
Especially, the valiant; and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this stranger
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Officers and Servants with the body of Duarte.

1 *Ser.* Now, madam, if your wisdom ever could
Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of
Your great discretion.
2 *Ser.* Your only son,
My lord Duarte, 's slain.
1 *Offi.* His murderer,
Pursu'd by us, was by a boy discover'd
Ent'ring your house, and that indueed us
To press into it for his apprehension.
Gui. Oh!
1 *Ser.* Sure her heart is broke.
Offi. Madam!
Gui. Stand off!
My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,
That you must not partake it; suffer it,
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to dispatch me!
Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this
Thy pride long since did prophesy; thou art dead,
And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My soul's divided;
And piety to a son, and true performance
Of hospitable duties to my guest,
That are to others angels, are my furies.

Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word giv'n
Denies the entrance: Is no medium left,
But that I must protect the murderer,
Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?
Motherly love, give place; the fault made this way,
To keep a vow, to which high Heav'n is witness,
Heav'n may be pleas'd to pardon!

Enter Manuel, Doctors and Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late;
He's gone, past all recovery: Now reproof
Were but unseasonable, when I should give
And yet remember, sister—— [comfort;
Gui. Oh, forbear! [body,
Search for the murderer, and remove the
And, as you think fit, give it burial.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort!
And therefore I intreat my friends and kinsfolk,
And you, my lord, for some space to forbear
Your courteous visitations.
Man. We obey you.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

Manet Guiomar.

Rut. My spirits come back; and now Despair resigns
Her place again to Hope. [Her
Gui. Whate'er thou art,
To whom I have giv'n means of life, to witness
With what religion I have kept my promise,
Come fearless forth; but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;
For motherly affection may return,
My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast taken from me
The respiration of my heart, the light [me.
Of my swol'n eyes, in his life that sustain'd
Yet, my word giv'n to save you, I make good,
Because what you did was not done with malice. [you
You are not known; there is no mark about
That can discover you; let not fear betray you. [me,
With all convenient speed you can, fly from
That I may never see you; and that want
Of means may be no let unto your journey,
There are a hundred crowns. You're at the door now,
And so farewell for ever. [*Rut.* Let me first fall
Before your feet, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodness: Next, all blessings on you, [you,
And Heav'n restore the joys I have bereft
With full encrease hereafter! Living, be
The goddess styl'd of hospitality. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Leopold and Zenocia.

Leop. FLING off these sullen clouds; you are enter'd now
Into a house of joy and happiness;
I have prepar'd a blessing for you.
Zen. Thank you:
My state would rather ask a curse!
Leop. You're peevish, [us'd those means,
And know not when you are friended. I've
The lady of this house, the noble lady,
Will take you as her own, and use you graciously. [beauty;
Make much of what you're mistress of, that
Expose it not to such betraying sorrows:
When you are old, and all those sweets hang wither'd,

Enter Servant.

Then sit and sigh
Zen. My autumn's not far off.
Leop. Have you told your lady?
Ser. Yes, Sir; I have told her
Both of your noble service, and your present,
Which she accepts.
Leop. I should be blest to see her.
Ser. That now you cannot do: She keeps her chamber,
Not well dispos'd, and has deny'd all visits.
The maid I have in charge to receive from
So please you render her. [you,
Leop. With all my service.
But fain I would have seen——
Ser. 'Tis but your patience;
No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly.
Leop. These three years I have lov'd this scornful lady,
And follow'd her with all the truth of service; [me
In all which time, but twice she has honour'd
With sight of her blest beauty. When you please, Sir, [lady,
You may receive your charge; and tell your
A gentleman whose life is only dedicated
To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.
And, fair one, now, your help: You may remember
The honest courtesies, since you were mine,
I ever did your modesty. You shall be near her;
And if sometimes you name my service to her,
And tell her with what nobleness I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.
Zen. What in my pow'r lies, so it be honest——
Leop. I ask no more.
Ser. You must along with me, fair.

Leop. And so I leave you two; but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate: You shall enjoy her.[29]

SCENE II.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet there![30] [fuller;
These scents are dull; cast richer on, and
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd the music?
Ser. Here they stand ready, Sir.
Zab. 'Tis well. Be sure
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,
And amber'd all.
Ser. They are.
Zab. Give fair attendance.
In the best trim and state make ready all.
I shall come presently again.
[*Banquet set forth.*
2 *Ser.* We shall, Sir. *Exit Zab.*
What preparation's this? Some new device
My lady has in hand.
1 *Ser.* Oh, prosper it,
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?
2 *Ser.* They are ready to attend. [*Music.*
1 *Ser.* Sure, some great person;
They would not make this hurry else.
2 *Ser.* Hark, the music.

Enter Zabulon and Arnoldo.

It will appear now, certain; here it comes.
Now to our places.
Arn. Whither will he lead me?
What invitation's this? to what new end
Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game
Has fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,
And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real.
What wealth and state!
Zab. Will you sit down and eat, Sir?
These carry little wonder, they are usual;
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,
That that will strike indeed, strike with amazement:
Then, if you be a man!—This fair health to you. [I was never
Arn. What shall I see? I pledge you, Sir.
So bury'd in amazement!
Zab. You are so still:
Drink freely.
Arn. The very wines are admirable! [tion,
Good Sir, give me but leave to ask this ques-
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, Sir;
And under-value not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: Think well of these,
They shall be more, and greater.
Arn. Well, blind Fortune, [pleas'd
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou'rt
To play thy game out wantonly——
Zab. Come, be lusty,
And awake your spirits.
Arn. Good Sir, do not wake me, [servants
For willingly I'd die in this dream. Pray whose
Are all these that attend here?
Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you.
Arn. I never yet remember
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintain so many.
Zab. Now you are, and shall be.
Arn. You'll say this house is mine too?
Zab. Say it? swear it.
Arn. And all this wealth?
Zab. This is the least you see, Sir.
Arn. Why, where has this been hid these thirty years?
For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy
'Till this hour; never dream'd of house, and servants: [a poor gentleman.
I had thought I had been a younger brother,
I may eat boldly then?
Zab. 'Tis prepar'd for you. [cate:
Arn. The taste is perfect, and most deli-
But why for me? Give me some wine: I do
I feel it sensibly, and I am here, [drink,
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd too. [little;
Good gentle Sir, give me leave to think a
For either I am much abus'd——
Zab. Strike, music;
And sing that lusty song.[31] [*Music, song.*

[29] *And so I leave you two: but to a fortune*
Too happy for my fate: you shall enjoy her.] Mr. Sympson, with his usual fondness for alteration, cavils at this passage, and for *her* reads *here*. Till this gentleman made Leopold talk downright nonsense, he said, sensibly enough, 'I leave you to a better fortune than fate 'allows me; the enjoyment of Hippolyta's presence.'

[30] *Out with the* banquet *there.*] A banquet is set out in about eight lines after this, as we find by the marginal direction. The oldest folio in 1647, when this play was first printed, has it, *out with the* bucket *there:* and then it must relate to the vessel that held the perfumes. I only mention the variation of the copies; for as the sense of the text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the words we espouse. *Theobald.*

[31] *And sing that* lusty *song*] *Lusty*, at first view, may seem an odd epithet appropriated to music: but it means that wanton, invigorating song, inciting to amorous pleasures. So, before, in this very play,

No merry noise, nor lusty songs, *be heard here:*

Arn. Bewitching harmony!
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

Enter Hippolyta.

Happy and blest; Arnoldo was unfortunate.
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of nature
To poze the world? [nature
Zab. I told you, you would see that
Would darken these poor preparations.
What think you now? Nay, rise not, 'tis no vision.
Arn. 'Tis more; 'tis miracle [vision.
Hip. You are welcome, Sir.
Arn. It speaks, and entertains me; still stirs me!
more glorious! [stirs me!
She is warm, and this is flesh here: How she
Bless me, what stars are there?
Hip. May I sit near you? [hold,
Arn. No, you're too pure an object to be-
Too excellent to look upon, and live;
I must remove.
Zab. She is a woman, Sir.
Fie, what faint heart is this?
Arn. The house of wonder! [happy?
Zab. Do not you think yourself now truly
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.
Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty;
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;
Fortune has made her mistress of herself,
Wealthy, and wise, without a pow'r to sway
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress. [her;
Arn. And all this is——
Zab. Hippolyta, the beauteous.
Hip. You are a poor relater of my fortunes,
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,
And leave out that essential part of story
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship
Of this fair gentleman. Pray you, do not wonder,
Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady,
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave
I will sit by you. [and courtesy,
Arn. I know not what to answer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end; consider,
Why do you use me thus?
Hip. Are you angry, Sir,
Because you're entertain'd with all humanity?
Freely and nobly us'd?
Arn. No, gentle lady,
That were uncivil; but it much amazes me,
A stranger, and a man of no desert,
Should find such floods of courtesy.
Hip. I love you,
I honour you, the first and best of all men;
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow,
I would not have you proud now, nor disdainful,
Because I say I love you, though I swear it;
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you.
Though you be handsome, and the only man,
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,
And bring along all promises that please us,
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn you; [son,
And with as much contempt pursue your per-
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,
At least, I think, more master of your for-
And so I drink your health. [tune;
Arn. Hold fast, good honesty;
I am a lost man else!
Hip. Now you may kiss me;
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.
Arn. That I dare do, sweet lady.
Hip. You do it well too;
You are a master, Sir; that makes you coy.
Arn. 'Would you would send your people off.
Hip. Well thought on. [off.
Wait all without.
Zab. I hope she is pleas'd throughly.
[*Ex. Zab. and Servants.*
Hip. Why stand you still? here's no man
to detect you; [conjuring;
My people are gone off. Come, come, leave
The spirit, you would raise, is here already;
Look boldly on me.
Arn. What would you have me do? [do?
Hip. Oh, most unmanly question! have you
Is't possible your years should want a tutor?
I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.
Arn. Fy, stand off; [wonder,
And give me leave, more now than e'er, to
A building of so goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of Heaven,
Should hide within so base inhabitants.
You are as fair as if the morning bare you;
Imagination never made a sweeter;
Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,[32]

So, again:

——— *Come, be* lusty,
And wake your spirits.

So, towards the conclusion of Wit without Money:

——— *Come, boy, sing the* song *I taught you,*
And sing it lustily.

And, in the Mad Lover, songs in this free strain are expressed by another, but equivalent, term:

Fool. ——*What new* songs, *sirrah?*
Stre. *A thousand man, a thousand.*
Fool. ——————Itching airs,
Alluding to the old sport. *Theobald.*

[32] *Can it be possible, this frame should* suffer,
And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?] Though the word *suffer* be not ab-

And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy mistress of those many blessings
Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.[33]
Would you have me love you?
Hip. Yes.
Arn. Not for your beauty;
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.
Nor for your wealth; altho' the world kneel
And make it all addition to a woman; [to it,
Fortune, that ruins all, make that his conquest.
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;
At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,
Strow over 'em a little modesty; [fools.
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more
Hip. Could any one that lov'd this wholesome counsel, [fonder.
But love the giver more? You make me
You have a virtuous mind; I want that orna-
Is it a sin I covet to enjoy you? [ment.
If you imagine I'm too free a lover,
And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:
Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with you; [ble
I will not touch your hand, but with a trem-
Fitting a vestal nun; not long to kiss you,
But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,
I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,
So still and silent, that it shall be equal
To put me off as that; and when I covet
To give such toys as these——
Arn. A new temptation! [drop 'em,
Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I
Which past once are forgotten.
Arn. Excellent vice! [upon me,
Hip. Will you be won? Look stedfastly
Look manly, take a man's affections to you;
Young women, in the old world, were not wont, Sir,
To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,
To talk themselves into young men's affections.
How cold and dull you are!
Arn. How do I stagger! [dom;
She's wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wis-
I'll choke before I yield.
Hip. Who waits within there?
Make ready the green chamber.
Zab. [*within.*] It shall be, madam.
Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.
Hip. What music do you love?
Arn. A modest tongue. [how lumpish?
Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fy, fy,
In a young lady's arms thus dull!
Arn. For Heaven's sake,
Profess a little goodness.
Hip. Of what country?
Arn. I am of Rome.
Hip. Nay then, I know you mock me;
The Italians are not frighted with such bug-
Prithee, go in. [bears.
Arn. I am not well.
Hip. I'll make thee;
I'll kiss thee well.
Arn. I am not sick of that sore. [thee;
Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish
I shall be famous for the first example:
With this I'll tie you first, then try your strength, Sir. [abhor thee!
Arn. My strength? Away, base woman, I
I am not caught with stales. Disease dwell with thee! [*Exit.*
Hip. Are you so quick? and have you lost
Ho, Zabulon! my servants! [my wishes?

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Called you, madam? [sued for?
Hip. Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many
So many princes? By a stranger too?
Must I endure this?
Zab. Where's the gentleman? [bulon;
Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Za-
He has broke from me. Jewels I have giv'n him: [love, my freedom:
Charge him with theft. He has stol'n my

---

velete non vacat, yet it carries on the fine metaphor of the following line so ill, that, I am persuaded, it is a corrupt reading; and that the original word was *totter*; which perfectly corresponds with the rest of the metaphor. *Seward.*

Totter is certainly best, but is unauthorized; and we think the alteration too bold to be followed.

[33] ——— *make 'em appear still nobler,*
Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.] Mr. Seward thinks this passage erroneous, and that for *weaker* we should read *wealthy*; because, as he urges, Hippolyta's *wealth* is one of the principal objects of Arnoldo's admiration. The deficiency of poetic idea, and poverty of argument, in this reading, assure us it never came from Beaumont or Fletcher. Mr. Theobald adheres to the old copy, and supposes, we think with reason, that the Poets had the 'words of the Sacred Writ in view, of woman being *the weaker vessel*;' and then, says he, 'the comment will run thus: "Be the worthy mistress of those blessings which Heaven has "bestowed; and make them still nobler by preserving them, as they are entrusted to the *frailty* "and *weakness* of a woman."

[33] *But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too.*] Were it not departing from authority, we could wish to change *and* into *as*, and read,

But gently as the air, as *undiscern'd too*;

which surely would be both more easy and more elegant.

Draw him before the governor, imprison him!
Why dost thou stay?
Zab. I'll teach him a new dance,
For playing fast and loose with such a lady.
Come, fellows, come! I'll execute your anger,
And to the full.
Hip. His scorn shall feel my vengeance!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never see a lusty man again?
Ja. Faith, mistress, ['em,
You do so over-labour 'em when you have
And so dry-founder 'em, they cannot last.
Sul. Where's the Frenchman?
Ja. Alas, he's all to fitters;[35]
And lies, taking the height of his fortune with a syringe. [mourner.
He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good man; he is a
Sul. What is become o' th' Dane?
Ja. Who, goldly-locks?
He's foul i'th' touch-hole, and recoils again?
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his cock; [breech'd.
He lies at the sign of the Sun, to be new-
Sul. The rutter, too, is gone.[36]
Ja. Oh, that was a brave rascal;
He would labour like a thresher. But alas,
What thing can ever last? He has been ill mew'd, [hospital.
And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the
Sul. There was an Englishman.
Ja. Ay, there was an Englishman; [good.
You'll scant find any now, to make that name
There were those English, that were men indeed, [are vanish'd:
And would perform like men; but now they
They are so taken up in their own country,
And so beaten off their speed by their own women, [like hacknies.
When they come here they draw their legs
Drink, and their own devices, have undone 'em. [in Lisbon else;
Sul. I must have one, that's strong; no life
Perfect and young: My custom with young ladies, [else.
And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break
I want myself too, in mine age to nourish me.
They are all sunk I maintain'd. Now, what's this business?
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter Rutilio and Officers.

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox o' your justice! let me loose.

1 *Offi.* Not so, Sir. [drunken cellars,
Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your
And venture the breaking on's neck, your trap-doors open,
But he must be us'd thus rascally?
1 *Offi.* What made you wand'ring
So late i'th' night? You know, that is imprisonment.
Rut. May be, I walk in my sleep.
Offi. May be, we'll wake you. [vault,
What made you wand'ring, Sir, into that
Where all the city-store, and the munition lay? [shins for't:
Rut. I fell into't by chance; I broke my
Your worships feel not that. I knock'd my head [had it!
Against a hundred posts; 'would, you had
Cannot I break my neck in my own defence?
2 *Offi.* This will not serve; you cannot put it off so;
Your coming thither was to play the villain,
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o' th' city
Rut. Yes, with my nose. Why were the trap-doors open?
Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that
I thought your city had sunk. [way?
1 *Offi.* You did your best, Sir,
We must presume, to help it into the air,
If you call that sinking. We have told you what's the law;
He that is taken there, unless a magistrate,
And have command in that place, presently,
If there be nothing found apparent near him
Worthy his torture, or his present death,
Must either pay his fine for his presumption
(Which is six hundred duckets) or for six years
Tug at an oar i' th' gallies. Will you walk, Sir?
For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.
Rut. Row in the gallies, after all this mischief?
2 *Offi.* May be, you were drunk: they'll keep you sober there. [rascals,
Rut. Tug at an oar? You are not arrant
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?
Sul. A lusty-minded man.
Ja. A wondrous able. [liberty
Sul. Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that
To speak a few words with your prisoner,
And I shall thank you.
1 *Offi.* Take your pleasure, lady.
Sul. What would you give that woman, should redeem you,
Redeem you from this slavery?

[35] *He's all to* fitters.] *Fitter* is an old word for a *small piece*, a *morsel*, a *fragment*. We still say, *All to pieces.*

[36] *The* rutter, *too, is gone.*] I suspect this word should be *ruttier*, which in French signifies an old beaten soldier. And they have a phrase, *C'est une vieux routtier.* He's an old dog at it; meaning, I suppose, at the game that is here discours'd of. *Theobald.*

Rutter, we do not doubt, is the right word, alluding to *deer*; the *rutting-time*, &c. This man, by a cant term, to denote his superiority, was nicknamed *the Rutter*, which is humorous. The alteration, imported from the French, and unprecedented in our language, is hard and forced.

Rut. Besides my service,
I'd give her my whole self; I'd be her vassal.
Sul. She has reason to expect as much, considering [fort:
The great sum she pays for it; yet take com-
What you shall do to merit this, is easy,
And I will be the woman shall befriend you;
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies,
And young fair gentlewomen: You guess the
By giving of your mind—— [way:
Rut. I am excellent at it;
You cannot pick out such another living.
I understand you: Is't not thus?
Sul. You have it. [patch 'em.
Rut. Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll dis-
I will be none but yours: Should another offer, [it.
Another way to redeem me, I should scorn
What women you shall please: I am monstrous lusty; [children?
Not to be taken down: Would you have
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.
Sul. I admire him, wonder at him!
Rut. Hark you, lady,
You may require sometimes?
Sul. Ay, by my faith.
Rut. And you shall have it, by my faith, and handsomely.
This old cat will suck shrewdly! You have no daughters?
I fly at all. Now am I in my kingdom.
Tug at an oar? No; tug in a feather-bed,
With good warm caudles; hang your bread and water:
I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;
I will so frubbish you!
Sul. Come, follow, officers;
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the duckets.
Rut. And when you catch me in your city-powdering-tub
Again, boil me with cabbage.
1 *Offi.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, and Zenocia.

Zen. Will your ladyship wear this dressing?
Hip. Leave thy prating;
I care not what I wear.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty [tion
To know your pleasure, and my worst afflic-
To see you discontented.
Hip. Weeping too;
Prithee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,
And speak I know not what. To make thee amends,
The gown that I wore yesterday is thine.
Let it alone awhile.
Leop. Now you perceive,
And taste her bounty.
Zen. Much above my merit. [time
Leop. But have you not yet found a happy
To move for me?
Zen. I have watch'd all occasions; [not
But, hitherto, without success: Yet, doubt
But I'll embrace the first means.
Leop. Do, and prosper.
Excellent creature, whose perfections make
Even sorrow lovely; if your frowns thus take
What would your smiles do? [me,
Hip. Pox o' this stale courtship![37]
If I have any pow'r——
Leop. I am commanded;
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,
Which I pay gladly.
Hip. To be forc'd to woo,
Being a woman, could not but torment me:
But bringing, for my advocates, youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth, and then to be deny'd too,
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd me [fetters,
That said my looks were charms, my touches
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of princes,
And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage, happy.
I am, like others of a coarser feature,
As weak t'allure, but in my dotage stronger.
I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slights my favours; [me,
And, as I were some new Egyptian,[38] flies
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind him.
But he shall find, that, in my fell revenge,
I am a woman; one, that never pardons
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweetness.

[37] Pox *o' this stale courtship!*] To modern ears this expression will appear exceedingly gross and vulgar; but that it convey'd no such meaning in the days of our Authors, may be proved from several instances. In Shakespeare's Love's Labour Lost, act v. scene ii. the princess exclaims, '*Pox* of that jest!' a mode of speech that Mr. Theobald was much offended at. But, as a judicious critic, Mr. Farmer observes, there needs no alarm; the *small pox* only is alluded to. Davison has a canzonet on his Lady's Sicknesse of the *Pox*; and Dr. Donne writes to his sister, 'At my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *pox*. I humbly thank 'God, it hath not much disfigured her.' It may be added, that the *small-pox* is still spoken of in the same manner, to this day, in many parts of the North of England. *R.*

[38] *And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me.*] This alludes to the story of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joseph. The circumstances in the following lines prove it; for Potiphar's wife, 'tis well known, failing in her design of seducing Joseph to wantonness with her, accused him to her husband of an attempt upon her chastity. *Theobald.*

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done.
Hip. What's done?
Zab. Th' uncivil stranger
Is at your suit arrested.
Hip. 'Tis well handled.
Lab. And under guard sent to the governor;
With whom my testimony, and the favour
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,
That he is sentenc'd ——
Hip. How?
Zab. To lose his head.
Hip. Is that the means to quench the scorching heat
Of my enrag'd desires? Must innocence suffer,
'Cause I am faulty? Or is my love so fatal,
That of necessity it must destroy
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,
To think that injuries could make way for love,
When courtesies were despis'd! that by his death
Thou should'st gain that, which only thou canst hope for
While he is living! My honour's at the stake now,
And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish.
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my fame: Why doubt I now then?
One only way is left me, to redeem all.
Make ready my caroch!
Leop. What will you, madam?
Hip. And yet I am impatient of such stay.
Bind up my hair! Fy, fy, while that is doing,
The law may seize his life! Thus as I am then,
Not like Hippolyta, but a Bacchanal,
My frantic love transports me. [*Exit.*
Leop. Sure, she's distracted.
Zab. Pray you follow her; I will along with you:
I more than guess the cause. Women that love
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave,
What in another they refuse to have.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Clodio and Charino.

Clod. Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd
From what I was: The tempests we have met with
In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,
Compar'd to those the memory of my lusts
Rais'd in my conscience: And if e'er again
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue
And seek t' her as a lover, and a servant;
And not command affection, like a tyrant.
Char. In hearing this, you make me young again;
And Heav'n, it seems, favouring this good change in you,
In setting of a period to our dangers,
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lisbon for.
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought
I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,
Such strangers have been seen here; and though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place
Of their abode, I have a soul presages
A fortunate event here.
Clod. There have pass'd
A mutual interchange of courtesies boldly
Between me and the governor; therefore,
We may presume of him, and of his pow'r,
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,
I would not be known here; and these disguises
Will keep us from discovery.

Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnoldo, and Guard.

Char. What are these? bound.
Clod. The governor; with him my rival,
Char. For certain, 'tis Arnoldo.
Clod. Let's attend
What the success will be.
Man. Is't possible,
There should be hope of his recovery,
His wounds so many and so deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at first; but, the blood stopp'd,
His trance forsook him, and, on better search,
We found they were not mortal.
Man. Use all care
To perfect this unhop'd-for cure; that done,
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall
Hear further from me, for some ends I have,
Conceal it from his mother.
Doct. We'll not fail, Sir. [*Exit.*
Man. You still stand confident on your innocence. will not
Arn. It is my best and last guard, which I
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, and two Servants.

Hip. Who bad you follow me? Go home! and you, Sir,
As you respect me, go with her!
Arn. Zenocia!
And in her house a servant!
Char. 'Tis my daughter! [*Zen. passes.*
Clod. My love. Contain your joy; observe the sequel.
Man. Fy, madam, how indecent 'tis for you,
So far unlike yourself to be seen thus
In th' open streets? Why do you kneel? pray you, rise.
I am acquainted with the wrong and loss
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now
Stands ready for his punishment.
Hip. Let it fall, Sir,
On the offender: He is innocent,
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;
But I made up of guilt.
Man. What strange turn's this?
Leop. This was my prisoner once.
Hip. If chastity
In a young man, tempted to the height too,
Did e'er deserve reward, or admiration,
He justly may claim both. Love to his person
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;
All engines I rais'd there to shake his virtue,

Which in th' assault were useless; he, unmov'd still,
As if he had no part of human frailty,
Against the nature of my sex, almost
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,
In our contention, young Apollo fly,
And lovesick Daphne follow: All arts failing,
By flight he won the victory, breaking from
My scorn'd embraces. The repulse (in women
Unsufferable) invited me to practise
A means to be reveng'd; and from this grew
His accusation, and the abuse
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,
(Thank Heav'n) though wanton, I found not myself
So far engag'd to hell, to prosecute
To th' death what I had plotted; for that love,
That made me first desire him, then accuse him,
Commands me, with the hazard of myself,
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

Man. Whate'er you are, so much I love your virtue, [loose
That I desire your friendship. Do you un-
Him from those bonds you are worthy of. Your repentance
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must
Severely reprehend you.

Leop. I am made
A stale on all parts! But this fellow shall
Pay dearly for her favour.

Arn. My life's so full
Of various changes, that I now despair
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,
A new and worse succeeds it: What should Zenocia
Do in this woman's house? Can chastity
And hot lust dwell together, without infection?
I would not be or jealous, or secure;
Yet something must be done, to sound the depth on't.
That she lives is my bliss; but living there,
A hell of torments! There's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, thro' which
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must
And will make trial.

Man. Let me hear no more
Of these devices, lady: This I pardon,
And, at your intercession, I forgive
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the city,
Towards the setting forth of the last navy
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which
I balance with your ill now.

Char. Now, Sir, to him;
You know my daughter needs it.

Hip. Let me take
A farewell with mine eye, Sir, though my lip
Be barr'd the ceremony courtesy,
And custom too, allows of.

Arn. Gentle madam,
I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,
But that I dare receive it. You are unguarded;
And let me tell you, that I am asham'd
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly therefore,
If you please to accept my ready service,
Wait on you to your house.

Hip. Above my hope!
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,
He should not be more welcome.

Ex. Arn. and Hip.

Clod. Now you know me. [memb'ring

Man. Yes, Sir, and honour you; ever re-
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cause to say, by some one service,
That I am not ungrateful.

Clod. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a suit to you, and an easy one,
Which ere long you shall know.

Man. When you think fit, Sir;
And then as I command I will receive it;
Till then, most welcome. You are welcome too, Sir; [not
'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs
Much protestation. At your better leisure
I will enquire the cause that brought you hither;
I' th' mean time serve you.

Clod. You out-do me, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Duarte and Doctor.

Dua. YOU have bestow'd on me a second life, [better'd
For which I live your creature; and have
What Nature fram'd unperfect; My first being, [ter,
Insolent pride made monstrous; but this lat-
In learning me to know myself, hath taught
Not to wrong others. [me

Doct. Then we live indeed,
When we can go to rest without alarm
Giv'n ev'ry minute to a guilt-sick conscience,
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning
Secure in being innocent: But when,
In the remembrance of our worser actions,
We ever bear about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,
Ev'n life's a burden.

Dua. I have found and felt it;
But will endeavour, having first made peace

With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,
To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor,
Pray, if you can, resolve me; was the gentleman,
That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?
Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.
Dua. That's my grief.
Doct. Why, do you wish he had been punish'd?
Dua. No; way:
The stream of my swol'n sorrow runs not that
For could I find him, as I vow to Heav'n
It shall be my first care to seek him out,
I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword, poison'd,
In opening my veins, which proud blood
Gave the first symptoms of true health.
Doct. 'Tis in you
A christian resolution. That you live
Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge
As yet conceal'd; and though a son's loss never row,
Was solemniz'd with more tears of true sor-
Than have been paid by your unequal'd mother
For your supposed death, she's not acquainted
With your recovery.
Dua. For some few days,
Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguis'd,
I may abroad unknown.
Doct. Without suspicion
Of being discover'd.
Dua. I am confident,
No moisture sooner dies than woman's tears;[39]
And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,
Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose
Her further trial.
Doct. That as you think fit;
I'll not betray you.
Dua. To find out this stranger,
This true physician of my mind and manners,
Were such a blessing——He seem'd poor, and may, find him!
Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could
The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:
He was of Italy, and that country breeds not
Precisians that way, but hot libertines;
And such the most are. 'Tis but a little travel.
I am unfurnish'd too: Pray, Mr. Doctor,
Can you supply me?
Doct. With what sum you please.
Dua. I will not be long absent.
Doct. That I wish too;
For, till you have more strength, I would not have you
To be too bold.
Dua. Fear not; I will be careful.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, Zabulon, and Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him, Sir; a fellow that will do it,
Though hell stood in his way; ever provided,
You pay him for't.
Leop. He has a strange aspect, man
And looks much like the figure of a hang-
In a table of the Passion.
Zab. He transcends
All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd ruffian,
That hath so often taken the strappado,
That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick
Is to a tumbler. He hath perus'd too
All dungeons in Portugal; thrice sev'n years
Row'd in the gallies for three several murders; dred,
Though I presume that he has done a hun-
And 'scap'd unpunish'd.
Leop. He is much in debt to you, Sir,
You set him off so well. What will you take,
To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?[40]
Bra. To beat him, say you?
Leop. Yes, beat him to lameness;
To cut his lip or nose off; any thing,
That may disfigure him.
Bra. Let me consider?
Five hundred pistolets for such a service,
I think, were no dear pennyworth.
Zab. Five hundred! city,
Why, there are of your brotherhood in the
I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.
Bra. Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any man
For half the money.
Leop. And will you ask more
For a sound beating than a murder?
Bra. Ay, Sir,
And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,
The Spanish proverb says, will never bite:
But should I beat or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.
Leop. A good conclusion.
The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:

[39] ——— *I am confident,*
No moisture sooner dies *than women's tears*;] Moisture *dying* is stark nonsense; the insertion of a single letter gives the true sense, *dries*. *Sympson.*
Dies is *not* 'nonsense;' but rather more poetical here than *dries*; the *evaporation* or *drying-up* of moisture being, metaphorically, the *death* of it. *Dries*, however, it must be confessed, is more obvious, and probably the word used by our Authors.

[40] ——— *What will you take, Sir,*
To beat a fellow for me, that thus *wrong'd me?*] *Thus* wrong'd me? The nature and quality of the wrong are not in one syllable premised. The Poets certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd me. *Sympson.*
The acute Mr. Sympson did not observe that *thus* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the Bravo's interview with Leopold.

I'll run some other course. There's your re-
Without the employment. [ward
Bra. For that, as you please, Sir. [me;
When you have need to kill a man, pray use
But I am out at beating. [*Exit.*
Zab. What's to be done then?
Leop. I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make thee privy [which
To my most near designs. This stranger,
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner
When the last virgin I bestow'd upon her
Was made my prize; how he escap'd, hereafter
I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love
He bears the servant makes him scorn the mistress.
Zab. 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he saw her, [proof,
His looks express'd so much; and, for more
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I promis'd. [meeting;
Leop. And by all means perform it, for their
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,
'Tis my hard fate to love) may see and hear
Zab. To what end, Sir? [them.
Leop. This, Zabulon: When she sees
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,
The sight will make her scorn what now she dotes on.
I'll double thy reward.
Zab. You are like to speed then:
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,
We serve them best that are most apt to give.
For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,
And yet be unobserv'd.
Leop. That I desire too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo.

Arn. I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts me,
The poison of this place should mix itself
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was commanded, [face,
Or my eyes fail'd me grossly; that youth, that
And all that noble sweetness. May she not live here,
And yet be honest still?

Enter Zenocia.

Zen. It is Arnoldo,
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bless thee!
My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!
But why in this place? what business hath he here?
He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think now? [me?
And how that joy I had cools and forsakes

Enter, above, Hippolyta and Zabulon.

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,
Without compare admir'd. She has bewitch'd him,
And he forgot——
Arn. 'Tis she again; the same,
The same Zenocia.
Zab. There they are together;
Now you may mark.
Hip. Peace; let 'em parley.
Arn. That you are well, Zenocia, and once more
Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd presence,
I thank the Gods! But that I meet you here——
Hip. They are acquainted.
Zab. I found that secret, madam,
When you commanded her go home. Pray hear 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here! ne'er blush at that, Arnoldo. [man;
Your cunning comes too late;[41] I am a wo-
And one woman with another may be trusted.
Do you fear the house?
Arn. More than a fear, I know it;
Know it not good, not honest.
Zen. What do you here then?
I' th' name of virtue, why do you approach it?
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?
Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my Arnoldo? [Fy,
What constancy, what faith, do you call this?
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?
I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,
[*Leopold places himself unseen below.*
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;
But you, that have a love, a wife——You do well
To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,
Since you are pleas'd to study a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,
Study a nobler way, for shame, to leave me;[42]
Wrong not her honesty——
Arn. You have confirm'd me.
Zen. Who, though she be your wife, will never hinder you;
So much I rest a servant to your wishes,

[41] *Your* coming *comes too late.*] Mr. Theobald proposes reading *coining*; which is preferable to the word we find in the text; but falls short of our Authors' strength of expression; who, we do not doubt, wrote *cunning*; a confirmation of which occurs afterwards, in her saying he deals *wisely* with her.

[42] *Study a nobler way for shame to* love *me.*] A nobler way to *love* her, when she suspected that he had ceased to *love* her at all? We must read, *to* leave *me*. The foregoing lines sufficiently evince the genuineness of this emendation. *Seward.*

And love your loves, though they be my destructions. [in thee;
No man shall know me, nor the share I have
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:
For since I am a slave to this great lady,
Whom I perceive you follow——
Arn. Be not blinded. [service:
Zen. Fortune shall make me useful to your
I will speak for you.
Arn. Speak for me? You wrong me.
Zen. I will endeavour, all the ways I am able, [please?
To make her think well of you: Will that
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.
So far, against myself, I will obey you.
But when that's done, and I have shew'd this duty, [price)
This great obedience (few will buy't at my
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you well,
But never see you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, Arnoldo.
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor desire longer
To be a man, and live, than I am honest,
And only yours: Our infinite affections
Abus'd us both.
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cause?
Zab. Attend it further.
Zen. Did she invite you, do you say?
Arn. Most cunningly;
And with a preparation of that state
I was brought in and welcom'd——
Zen. Seem'd to love you? [dotingly.
Arn. Most infinitely, at first sight, most
Zen. She is a goodly lady.
Arn. Wondrous handsome.
At first view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your memory not present then to assist me,
She seem'd so glorious, sweet, and so far stir'd me——
Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.
Zen. Prithee,
Didst thou not kiss, Arnoldo?
Arn. Yes, faith, did I.
Zen. And then——
Arn. I durst not, did not.
Zen. I forgive you:
Come, tell the truth.
Arn. May be, I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, most basely.
Zen. Did you, faith?
Did you forget so far?
Arn. Come, come, no weeping; [that.
I would have lyen first in my grave; believe
Why will you ask those things you would not hear?
She's too intemperate to betray my virtues,
Too openly lascivious. Had she dealt
But with that seeming modesty she might,
And flung a little art upon her ardor——
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceiv'd. No, my Zenocia,
My first love here begun, rests here unreap'd
And here for ever. [yet,
Zen. You have made me happy;
Even in the midst of bondage blest.
Zab. You see now,
What rubs are in your way.
Hip. And quickly, Zabulon, [ly.
I'll root 'em out. Be sure you do this present-
Zab. Do not you alter then.
Hip. I'm resolute. [*Exit Zabulon.*
Arn. To see you only I came hither last,
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allurements;
For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.
Leop. I am glad of that; you have sav'd me so much vengeance,
And so much fear. From this hour fair befall you! [redeem you;
Arn. Some means I shall make shortly to
'Till when, observe her well, and fit her tem-
Only her lust contemn. [per,
Zen. When shall I see you?
Arn. I will live hereabouts, and bear her fair still,
'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.
Hip. Shut all the doors.
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd;
The lady of the house has heard our parley,
Seen us, and seen our loves.
Hip. You courteous gallant, [at
You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh
Th' afflictions and the groans I suffer for you,
That slight and jeer my love, contemn the fortune [you?
My favours can fling on you, have I caught
Have I now found the cause you fool my wishes?
Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that,
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,
Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish man,
And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and slighted; [Zabulon!
Redeem her then, and steal her hence. Ho,
Now to your work.

Enter Zabulon and Servants, some holding Arnoldo, some ready with a cord to strangle Zenocia.

Arn. Lady! but hear me speak first;
As you have pity.
Hip. I have none. You taught me:
When I even hung about your neck, you scorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hip. No, hold a little, Zabulon;
I'll pluck his heart-strings first. Now am I worthy
A little of your love?
Arn. I'll be your servant; [aim at,
Command me through what danger you shall
Let it be death!
Hip. Be sure, Sir, I shall fit you.

Arn. But spare this virgin![43]
Hip. I would spare that villain first,
Had cut my father's throat.
Arn. Bounteous lady,
If in your sex there be that noble softness,
That tenderness of heart, women are crown'd for—— [honour;
Zen. Kneel not, Arnoldo; do her not that
She is not worthy such submission:
I scorn a life depends upon her pity. [ger
Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy an-
With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and bloody!
I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,
An innocence, shall out-look thee, and death too. [dom to you,
Arn. Make me your slave; I give my free-
For ever to be fetter'd to your service!
'Twas I offended; be not so unjust then,
To strike the innocent. This gentle maid
Never intended fear and doubt against you:
She is your servant; pay not her observance
With cruel looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hip. Am I fair now? now am I worth your liking?
Zen. Not fair, not to be lik'd, thou glorious devil! [fury!
Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted
Arn. Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.
Zen. I'll speak nobly;
'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.
Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,
And then consider, how I weigh thy anger!
Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,
Than useful to his honour I preserve it.
If thou hadst studied all the courtesies
Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,
Thou couldst not have propounded such a benefit, [nour,
Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for ho-
As dying for his sake, to be his martyr.
'Tis such a grace——
Hip. You shall not want that favour:
Let your bones work miracles!
Arn. Dear lady,
By those fair eyes——
Hip. There is but this way left you
To save her life——
Arn. Speak it, and I embrace it. [ly,
Hip. Come to my private chamber presently,
And there, what love and I command——
Arn. I'll do it.
Be comforted, Zenocia.
Zen. Do not do this;
To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you!
I charge you, by your love, that love you bear me,
That love, that constant love you have twin'd to me, ['em)—
By all your promises (take heed you keep
Now is your constant trial! If thou dost this,
Or mov'st one foot, to guide thee to her lust,
My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!
Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?
Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?
Go, and entwine thyself about that body!
Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine honour, [basely,
Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; basely, most
Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul woman,
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Know thee not again, nor name thee for a husband!
Arn. What shall I do to save her?
Hip. How now? what haste there?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The governor, attended with some gentlemen, [ship.
Are newly enter'd, to speak with your lady-
Hip. Pox o' their business! Reprieve her for this hour;
I shall have other time.
Arn. Now, Fortune, help us!
Hip. I'll meet 'em presently. Retire awhile all. [*Ex.*
Zab. You rise to-day upon your right side, lady.
You know the danger too, and may prevent it;
And if you suffer her to perish thus,
(As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,
Unless you stand her friend) you know the way on't;
I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and perform this matter;
There are hours ordain'd for several businesses.
You understand——
Arn. I understand you bawd, Sir,
And such a counsellor I never car'd for.

Enter the Governor, Clodio, Leopold, Charino and attendants at one door, Hippolyta at the other.

Hip. Your lordship does me honour.
Gov. Fair Hippolyta,
I'm come to ease you of a charge.
Hip. I keep none
I count a burden, Sir.—And yet I lie too.
Gov. Which is the maid? Is she here?
Clod. Yes, Sir; this is she, this is Zenocia;
The very same I sued to your lordship for.

[43] *But spare this virgin,* &c.] Mr. Theobald reads,

But spare this virgin.
Hip. *I would spare that villain,*
Had cut my father's throat, first;

and says, 'The metre here is so defective, that the transposition, and correction in the pointing, which I have made, seem absolutely necessary.' But we apprehend, that, as the metre is so frequently licentious, the present defect does not warrant the change.

Zen. Clodio again? More misery? more ruin?
Under what angry star is my life govern'd?
Gov. Come hither, maid: You are once more a free woman;
Here I discharge your bonds.
Arn. Another smile,
Another trick of Fortune to betray us!
Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly? [man?
Against my will, to take away my bond-wo-
Gov. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:
She's of that country we hold friendship with,
And ever did; and, therefore, to be us'd
With entertainment fair and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foul example;
Therefore, you must be pleas'd to think this honest.
Did you know what she was?
Leop. Not 'till this instant; [ner.
For had I known her, she had been no priso-
Gov. There, take the maid; she's at her own dispose now:
And if there be ought else to do your honour
Any poor service in——
Clod. I am vow'd your servant. [comfort;
Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only
And in a country now, we stand free people,
Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.
Zen. I fear some trick yet.
Arn. Be not so dejected. [well, lady.
Gov. You must not be displeas'd; so, fare-
Come, gentlemen. Captain, you must with
I have a little business. [me too;
Leop. I attend your lordship.
Now my way's free, and my hope's lord again.[44]
[*Exeunt all but Hip. and Zab.*
Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going?
I may live yet——to make you howl both.
Zab. You might have done; you had power then;
But now the chains are off, the command lost;
And such a story they will make of this,
To laugh out lazy time——
Hip. No means yet left me? [me?
For now I burst with anger! None to satisfy
No comfort? no revenge?
Zab. You speak too late; [vants,
You might have had all these your useful ser-
Had you been wise and sudden. What pow'r, or will,
Over her beauty have you now, by violence
To constrain his love? She is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty;
And, while she's so, Arnoldo will despise you.
Hip. Either my love or anger must be satisfied,
Or I must die! [Zab. I have a way would do it,
Would do it yet; protect me from the law.
Hip. From any thing! Thou know'st what power I have,
What money, and what friends.
Zab. 'Tis a devilish one: [tell you;
But such must now be us'd. Walk in, I'll
And if you like it, if the devil can do any thing——
Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fellow,
And so bestirs himself—— [low,
Ja. Give him breath, mistress;
You'll melt him else.
Sul. He does perform such wonders——
The women are mad on him.
Ja. Give him breath, I say;
The man is but a man; he must have breath.
Sul. How many had he yesterday?
Ja. About fourteen; and they paid bravely too.[45] [have him.
But still I cry, give breath; spare him, and
Sul. Five dames to-day: This was a small stage;
He may endure five more.
Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still;
Body o'me, give breath; the man's a lost man else.
Feed him, and give him breath.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen;
You're very welcome.
1 *Gent.* We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd fellow, [here
That does rare tricks. My sister and myself
Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.
Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.
Both. There's for your courtesy.
[*Exeunt Ja. and Gent.*
Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow
Will set me up again; he brings in gold
Faster than I have leisure to receive it.
Oh, that his body were not flesh, and fading!

[44] *Now my way's free, and my hopes. Lords againe.*] This is the reading of the oldest edition; but as there is no making sense of the passage in this state, we have, with Mr. Theobald, followed the folio of 1679.

[45] *How many had he yesterday?*
And they paid bravely too.
Ja. *About fourteen.*] The necessary transposition here is so self-evident, that it wants no note in confirmation. The metre is lame and defective; and Sulpitia is made to say what belongs to Jaques, which quite destroys the sense. I decline saying more upon this occasion, because, as the subject is not a little dissolute, *pudet his nequitiis immorari.* A proper regard to decency is a respect due to the readers; and an editor ever ought to blush, when he takes a voluntary liberty of offending them. *Theobald.*

But I'll so pap him up——Nothing too dear for him. [Jaques?
What a sweet scent he has? Now, what news,
Ja. He cannot last; I pity the poor man,
I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,
And they drive as the devil were in the wheels,
Are ready now to enter: And behind these,
An old dead-palsied lady, in a litter;
And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost! [nine-pins;
You may gather up his dry bones to make
But, for his flesh——
Sul. These are but easy labours;
Yet, for I know he must have rest——
Ja. He must;
You'll beat him off his legs else presently.
Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself; I'm pleas'd too.
To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,
I would have him take pity o'th' old lady:
Alas, 'tis charity!
Ja. I'll tell him all this;
And, if he be not too fool-hardy——

Enter Zabulon.

Sul. How now?
What news with you?
Zab. You must presently
Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.
Sul. She may command.
Zab. You must not dream nor trifle.
Sul. Which way? [one;
Zab. A spell you must prepare, a pow'rful
Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;
There is the picture too: Be quick and faithful,
And do it with that strength——When 'tis perform'd, [have it.
Pitch your reward at what you please, you
Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly. But,
Will you never lie at home again? [hark ye,
Zab. Excuse me;
I have too much business yet.
Sul. I am right glad on't.
Zab. Think on your business; so, farewell.
Sul. I'll do it.
Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again,
And give you greater lights.
Sul. I shall observe you.
This brings a brave reward; bravely, I'll do it,
And all the hidden art I have, express in't.
[*Exeunt at both doors.*

Enter Rutilio with a night-cap.

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-trodden! [me,
Fy, how my hams shrink under me! Oh
I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?
I had a body once, a handsome body, [rascal,
And wholesome too: Now I appear like a
That had been hung a year or two in gibbets.
Fy, how I faint! Women! keep me from women!
Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;
But women! women! oh, the devil! women!
Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous.
Is there no way to find the trap-door again,
And fall into the cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No gallies to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,
But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women!
How devilishly my bones ake! Oh, the old lady! [back too;
I have a kind of waiting-woman lies cross my
Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me?
Now, what are you? do you mock me?

Enter three, with night-caps, very faintly.

1. No, Sir, no;
We were your predecessors in this place.
2. And come to see how you bear up.
Rut. Good gentlemen! [Sir,
You seem to have a snuffling in your head,
A parlours snuffling; but this same dampish
2. A dampish air, indeed. [air——
Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your nose will ne'er endure it. Mercy o' me,
What are men chang'd to here! Is my nose fast yet? [gentlemen,
Methinks it shakes i'th' hilts. Pray tell me,
How long is't since you flourish'd here?
3. Not long since. [tender.
Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are
Nor long endured?
2. The labour was so much, Sir,
And so few to perform it——
Rut. Must I come to this,
And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble.
Will you sue for this place again, gentlemen?
1. No truly, Sir, the place has been too warm for our complexions. [Sir!
2. We have enough on't: Rest you merry,
We came but to congratulate your fortune;
You have abundance.
3. Bear your fortune soberly;
And so we leave you to the next fair lady.
[*Exeunt the three.*
Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you, gentlemen,
At the next hospital. There's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer: [me,
With all the help and heats that can be given
I am at my trot already.[46] They are fair and young,

[46] *With all the helps and* heats *that can be given me I'm at my* trot *already.*] The first line here would be very obscure, and the text to be very much suspected, but for the subsequent one; from which, I think, the allusion is plainly to the managery of horses. It is the duty of a groom to give his horses *heats*, *i. e.* to pace 'em out in a morning) lest they should grow restive and short-winded. This Rutilio complains to be his case, he is quite broken-winded, beaten off his speed, is reduced to a *trot*, and past all power of *galloping*. *Theobald.*

Most of the women that repair unto me;
But they stick on like burs, shake me like feathers.

Enter Sulpitia.

More women yet? 'Would I were honestly married
To any thing that had but half a face,
And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock;
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,
Rather than labouring in these fulling-mills.
Sul. By this, the spell begins to work. You
I see; you bear up bravely yet. [are lusty,
Rut. Do you hear, lady? [hourly,
Do not make a game-bear of me, to play me
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:
Play me with some discretion; to-day, one
And, two days hence, another. [course,
Sul. If you be so angry,
Pay back the money I redeem'd you at,
And take your course; I can have men enough.
You have cost me a hundred crowns since you came hither, [do pay me,
In broths and strength'ning caudles; till you
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;
I'll chain you to't else.
Rut. Make me a dog-kennel, [bare bones.
I'll keep your house and bark, and feed on
And be whipp'd out o' doors! Do you mark me, lady? whipp'd!
I'll eat old shoes.

Enter Duarte.

Dua. In this house, I am told,
There is a stranger, of a goodly person; [him,
And such a one there was——If I could see
I yet remember him.
Sul. Your business, Sir?
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;
I keep none here. [*Exit.*
Dua. Certain, this is the gentleman:
The very same.
Rut. 'Death! if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I'd thresh, set up a cobler's shop, keep hogs,
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes
And knights of ginger-bread; thatch for three
Half-pence a day, and think it lordly,
From this base stallion-trade. Why does he
Eye me so narrowly? [eye me,
Dua. It seems, you are troubled, Sir;
I heard you speak of want.
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, than relieving, Sir.
Dua. I do not think so;
You know me not.
Rut. Not yet, that I remember.
Dua. You shall, and for your friend; I am beholden to you,
Greatly beholden, Sir. If you remember,
You fought with such a man, they call'd Duarte,
A proud distemper'd man: He was my enemy,
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speak softly, Sir; you do not mean to betray me? [fairly.
I wish'd the gallows; now they're coming
Dua. Be confident; for, as I live, I love you, [vice,
And now you shall perceive it: For that ser-
Me and my purse command; there, take it to you; [cats;
'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand du-
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully? [me.
Dua. If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick
In what else may I serve you, Sir?
Rut. I thank you!
This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,
And now I'll tempt my fortune.
Dua. Trust me with it. [you;
Rut. You are so good and honest, I must trust
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady,
That sav'd my life once.
Dua. That will be most thankful;
I will do't with all care.
Rut. Where are you, White-broth?

Enter Sulpitia.

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your money;
'Tis ready here: No threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now.
Sul. You do not mean to leave me?
Rut. I'll live in hell sooner than here, and cooler. [wholsome.
Come quickly, come, dispatch! this air's un-
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't!
Sul. Well, since it must be,
The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.
Rut. And pick his bones, as you've done mine, pox take you! [be quarter'd,
Dua. At my lodging, for a while, you shall
And there take physic for your health.
Rut. I thank you.
I have found my angel now too, if I can keep him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Rutilio and Duarte.

Rut. YOU like the letter?
Dua. Yes; but I must tell you,
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit
The mother (and the griev'd one too, 'tis rumour'd)
Of him you slew so lately. [mour'd)
Rut. I have told you
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not
A nearer way to make her satisfaction
For a lost son, than speedily to help her

To a good husband; one that will beget
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot one;
It fired and fired me;[47] but, all thanks to you, Sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.

Dua. What is done, Sir,
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;
And therefore spare your thanks.

Rut. I'll no more whoring; [wears one
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more
Than all the exercise in the world besides.
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,
Or like gourd-water to it; twenty surfeits
Come short of one night's work there. If I get this lady,
(As ten to one I shall; I was ne'er denied yet)
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her
Gravely and demurely,
And then instruct my family. You are sad;
What do you muse on, Sir?

Dua. Truth, I was thinking [letter;
What course to take for the deliv'ry of your
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know,
You kill'd her son?

Rut. Give me a book, I'll swear't;
Deny'd me to the officers that pursu'd me,
Brought me herself to the door, then gave me gold [then
To bear my charges; and shall I make doubt
But that she lov'd me? I am confident
Time having ta'en her grief off, that I shall be
Most welcome to her: For then to have woo'd
Had been unseasonable. [her,

Dua. Well, Sir, there's more money,
To make you handsome. I'll about your bu-
You know where you must stay? [siness:

Rut. There you shall find me.
'Would I could meet my brother now, to know
Whether the Jew his genius, or my Christian,
Has prov'd the better friend. [*Exit.*

Dua. Oh, who would trust
Deceiving woman?[48] or believe, that one
The best, and most canoniz'd, ever was [now
More than a seeming goodness? I could rail
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme
And way's too common. Yet that Guiomar
My mother (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation), she that was
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care,
And tenderness to a son; she that yet feigns
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak she ow'd her son![49] I fear her honour. [only,
That he was sav'd, much joys me; I grieve
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,
Or us'd to cloke her base hypocrisy. [*Exit.*

Enter Hippolyta and Sulpitia.

Hip. Are you assur'd the charm prevails?

Sul. Do I live?
Or you speak to me? Now, this very instant,
Health takes its last leave of her; meagre paleness,
Like winter, nips the roses and the lillies,
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her face with.
To force affection is beyond our art;
For I have prov'd all means that hell has taught me,
Or th' malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpose.
But, for your bond-woman——

Hip. Let her pine and die!

[47] *It* fired *and* fired *me*; *but, all thanks to you, Sir,*
You have both freed *and* cool'd me.] I imagine, an *antithesis* was design'd by the poets in this passage, but half of it is quite lost. *Cool'd* stands very well in opposition to *fired*; but the contrast to *freed* is wanting. My conjecture supplies the other part of the *antithesis:* For Rutilio was not only *fired* in his hot service, but *fetter'd* to it; so confin'd, and watch'd, that he could not make an escape. *Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson reads,

It fired and fetter'd me; *but, all thanks to you, Sir,*
You have both freed and cool'd me.

This alteration, being unauthorised, we think unwarrantable, at the same time that it is injurious to the metre, and no great improvement of the sense. There seems to us, also, to be a vigor of expression in the repetition, *fired* and *fired*, which is enfeebled by Mr. Sympson's alteration.

[48] *Oh, who would trust*
Deceiving woman?] In writing this severe invective against the female sex, our Authors seem to have had the well-known speech of Posthumus in their contemplation. See Cymbeline, act ii. scene v. *R.*

[49] ——————— *Good God, that this mother,*
After all this, should give up to a stranger
The wreak *she ow'd her son!*] *i. e.* That she should give up the right and duty of vengeance which she ow'd for her son's murder, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his murderer out of the pursuit and reach of justice. *Theobald.*

She remov'd, which like a brighter sun
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,
And, as I have been, be admir'd and sought to.
How long has she to live?

Sul. Lady, before
The sun twice rise and set, be confident, [her.
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,
Her father's sorrow, or his pow'r that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. All things have succeeded [home,
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick
The image of pale death stamp'd on her fore-
Let me adore this second Hecate, [head.
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,
That, as she pleases, can shut short, or
The thread of life! [lengthen,

Hip. Where was she when the enchantment
First seiz'd upon her?

Zab. Taking the fresh air, [Clodio;
I' th' company of the governor and count
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;
When, in a moment (so the servants told me)
As she was giving thanks to the governor
And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,
To their amazement.

Hip. 'Tis thy master-piece, [here:[50]
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more
Make trial of thy pow'rful art; which, known,
Our laws call death! Off with this magical
And be thyself. [robe,

Enter Governor, Clodio and Charino.

Sul. Stand close; you shall hear more.

Man. You must have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids that we should question
What is decreed above, or ask a reason,
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.

Clod. Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell!
Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions
So free from the suspicion of a crime,
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,
Than to endure what now her sweetness suffers. [suffers:

Char. Not for her fault, but mine, Zenocia
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow
He now expresses for her, does deserve her
Above all kings, though such had been his rivals. [bands

Clod. All ancient stories, of the love of hus-
To virtuous wives, be now no more remember'd!

Char. The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,
Or, for his sake, believ'd!

Man. I have heard, there has been
Between some married pairs such sympathy,
That the husband has felt really the throes
His wife then teeming suffers: This true grief
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

Clod. We shall find
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now
All possible means to help her.

Man. Care, nor cost,
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting;
Make use of any means or men.

Char. You are noble.

[*Ex. Man. Clod. and Char.*

Sul. Ten colleges of doctors shall not save
Her fate is in your hand. [her,

Hip. Can I restore her?

Sul. If you command my art.

Hip. I'll die myself first!
And yet I will go visit her, and see
This miracle of sorrow in Arnoldo: [her,
An 'twere for me, I should change places with
And die most happy! Such a lover's tears
Were a rich monument; but too good for her,
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,
You shall along with me. Good Zabulon,
Be not far off.

Zab. I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duarte and a Servant.

Ser. I have serv'd you from my youth, and ever you [treasure
Have found me faithful. That you live 's a
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth,
But when you give me warrant.

Dua. I rely
Upon thy faith: Nay, no more protestations;
Too many of them will call that in question,
Which now I doubt not. She is there?

Ser. Alone too;
But take it on my life, your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.
For the displeasure I shall undergo
I am prepar'd.

Dua. Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.

[*Exit Servant.*

The silence that's observ'd, her close retire-
No visitants admitted, not the day, [ments,
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;
Manners, give leave! She sits upon the ground;
By Heav'n, she weeps; my picture in her hand
She kisses it, and weeps again. [too;

Enter Guiomar.

Gui. Who's there? [dam.

Dua. There is no starting back now, ma-

Gui. Ha!
Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,
Though I have no more sons.

[50] *Which I will so reward, that* thou shalt fix here, &c.] *i. e.* I'll reward thee so liberally, as to set thee above all the necessities of life, and thou shalt rest in this last trial of thy pernicious destructive practices, which, once discover'd, are death by the laws. *Theobald.*

Dua. Your pardon, lady;
There's no such foul fact taints me.
Gui. What mak'st thou here then?
Where are my servants? Do none but my sorrows [hither?
Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee
Dua. A will to give you comfort.
Gui. Thou'rt but a man,
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.
If thou couldst raise the dead out of their graves, [was,
Bid time run back, make me now what I
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!
But that's impossible.
Dua. Please you but to read this;
You shall know better there why I am sent,
Than if I should deliver it.
Gui. From whom comes it? [stranger;
Dua. That will instruct you.—I suspect this
Yet she spake something that holds such alliance [on't.
With his reports, I know not what to think
What a frown was there? She looks me thro' and thro',
Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.
These are strange changes! Oh, I understand it!
She's full of serious thoughts.
Gui. You are just, you Heav'ns,
And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd vengeance,
For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,
Under which as a mountain my heart groans yet,
When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.
The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!
Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the
That sent these charms. [gentleman
Dua. Charms, lady?
Gui. Ay, these charms; [me
I well may call them so; they've won upon
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it)
And, therefore, I'll be open-breasted to thee:
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,
Was most desir'd of all men! Let me blush,
And then I'll say I love him.
Dua. All men see,
In this, a woman's virtue!
Gui. I expected, [seen him;
For the courtesy I did, long since to have
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large distance.
But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto
He has forborne it, in respect my son
Fell by his hand.
Dua. And reason, lady.
Gui. No;
He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,
And, with that, insolent, not worth the owning!
I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,
For my friends' sake partly; but especially
For his long absence.
Dua. Oh, the devil!
Gui. Therefore,
Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him;
Deliver that, and bring him.
Dua. I am dumb:
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,
And something I shall do! I wait upon you.
[*Exe.*

Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnoldo, Zenocia borne in a chair, two Doctors, and Clodio.

Doct. Give her more air; she dies else.
Arn. Oh, thou dread pow'r,
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship
This virgin wife, the master-piece, look down on her! [garment,
Let her mind's virtues, cloath'd in this fair
That worthily deserves a better name
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail for her!
Or, if those are deny'd, let innocence,
To which all passages in Heav'n stand open,
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,
And mediate for her! Or, if this age of sin
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun
In his diurnal progress never saw
So sweet a subject to employ it on!
Man. Wonders are ceas'd, Sir, we must work by means. [are:
Arn. 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians
To you thus low I fall then! So may you ever
Be styl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's restorers;
Get wealth and honours; and by your success,
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world, as now
You use your saving art! For know, good gentlemen,
Besides the fame, and all that I possess,
For a reward, posterity shall stand
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will suffer in the want of her example.
Doct. Were all the world to perish with her, we
Can do no more than what art and experience
Give us assurance of. We have us'd all means
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot:
How should we then, promise the cure?
Arn. Away!
I did belie you, when I charg'd you with
The pow'r of doing: Ye are mere names only,
And ev'n your best perfection accidental.
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us)
As love already makes me sensible
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,
And I will swear thou'rt merciful!
Doct. Your hand, lady.

What a strange heat is here! Bring some warm water. [my sorrow
Arn. She shall use nothing that is yours; Provides her of a better bath; my tears Shall do that office.
Zen. Oh, my best Arnoldo! The truest of all lovers! I would live, Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow [me, With my true service; but since that's denied May you live long and happy! Do not suffer (By your affection to me, I conjure you) My sickness to infect you; though much love Makes you too subject to it.
Arn. In this only Zenocia wrongs her servant: Can the body Subsist, the soul departed? 'tis as easy, As I to live without you! I am your husband, And long have been so, though our adverse fortune, Bandying us from one hazard to another, Would never grant me so much happiness As to pay a husband's debt. Despite of fortune, In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own; And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me!
Clod. So true a sorrow, and so feelingly Express'd, I never read of.
Man. I am struck With wonder to behold it, as with pity.
Char. If you, that are a stranger, suffer for Being tied no further than humanity [them, Leads you to soft compassion; think, great What of necessity I must endure, [Sir, That am a father!

Hippolyta, Zabulon, and Sulpitia at the door.

Hip. Wait me there; I hold it Unfit to have you seen. As I find cause, You shall proceed.
Man. You're welcome, lady.
Hip. Sir. I come to do a charitable office. How does the patient?
Clod. You may enquire Of more than one; for two are sick, and deadly: [of, He languishes in her; her health's despair'd And in hers, his.
Hip. 'Tis a strange spectacle: With what a patience they sit unmov'd? Are they not dead already?
Doct. By her pulse, She cannot last a day.
Arn. Oh, by that summons, I know my time too!
Hip. Look to the man!
Clod. Apply Your art to save the lady; preserve her, A town is your reward![51]
Hip. I'll treble it In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo; For in his death I die too.
Clod. Without her I am no more.
Arn. Are you there, madam? Now You may feast on my miseries. My coldness In answering your affections, or hardness, [of; Give it what name you please, you are reveng'd For now you may perceive, our thread of life Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia, And not to serve the use of any other; And, in that, she may equal;[52] my lord Clodio Had long since else enjoy'd her: Nor could I Have been so blind, as not to see your great And many excellencies, far, far beyond Or my deservings, or my hopes. We are now Going our latest journey, and together: Our only comfort we desire; pray, give it; Your charity to our ashes, such we must be, And not to curse our memories.
Hip. I'm much mov'd. [women,
Clod. I am wholly overcome. All love to Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon; And yours, Sir! Had she many years to live, Perhaps I might look on her as a brother, But as a lover never. And since all Your sad misfortunes had original [country, From th' barb'rous Custom practis'd in my Heav'n witness, for your sake, I here release it. So, to your memory, chaste wives and virgins Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you; And wish she were so now, as when my lust Forc'd you to quit the country.
Hip. It is in vain To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends! Look up, Zenocia! Health in me speaks to you; She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,

[51] *A* town *is your reward.*
Hip. I'll trebie *it*
In ready gold.] *I can't think, how a* town *should be* trebled *in ready money.* Indeed, where it is made a guarantee, or hostage, it may be rated at a particular value; or where it is simply mortgaged, another may be willing to advance three times the value. But Clodio had no *town* to give away; and if he had, what should Sulpitia, or the Doctor, do with it? It must be the *crown*, or golden coronet, or nothing: Upon which Hippolyta replies, that she'll give thrice the value of such a coronet in ready money. *Sympson.*
A *crown* or *town* were equally out of Clodio's power to give. To think he meant merely a *golden coronet* is poor and childish. He speaks *hyperbolically*, not *literally*.

[52] *And in that she* may *equal.*] 'Mr. Sympson and I both saw,' says Mr. Theobald, 'that 'the Poets wrote "*my* equal." But the old reading seems to us very good sense; signifying, that 'in that respect, Zenocia may be said to equal his affection; which is proved by his having 'refused Clodio.'

So long has kept him from you! And repent not,
That you were once my servant; for which, health,
In recompence of what I made you suffer,
And th' hundred thousand crowns the city
Shall be your dower. [owes me,
Man. 'Tis a magnificent gift,
Had it been timely given.
Hip. It is, believe it.
Sulpitia!

Enter Sulpitia and a Servant.[53]

Sul. Madam.
Hip. Quick, undo the charm!
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice,
It is my will.
Sul. Which I obey, and gladly. [*Exit.*
Man. Is to be married, say'st thou?
Ser. So she says, Sir,
And does desire your presence.
Man. Tell her I'll come. [already
Hip. Pray carry them to their rest; for tho'
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not.
[*They are borne off in chairs*
Man. What you have warranted,
Assure yourself, will be expected from you;
Look to them carefully; and till the trial——
Hip. Which shall not be above four hours.
Man. Let me [thing
Entreat your companies: There now is some-
Of weight invites me hence.
All. We'll wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. You understand what my directions are, [mise
And what they guide you to; the faithful pro-
You've made me all.
All. We do, and will perform it.
Gui. The governor will not fail to be here presently.
Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;
And bring me word when they arrive.

All. We shall, madam.
Gui. Only stay you to entertain.
1 *Ser.* I am ready. [lice,
Gui. I wonder at the bold and practis'd ma-
Men ever have o' foot against our honours;
That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,
No shape put on so pious (no, not think
What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,
Never so laden with admir'd example)
But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded!
Why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger, [here yet,
Whose life I sav'd at what dear price sticks
Why should he hope? He was not here an hour;
And certainly in that time, I may swear it,
I gave him no loose look; I had no reason!
Unless my tears were flames, my curses courtships,
The killing of my son a kindness to me,
Why should he send to me, or with what safety
(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)
Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,
And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly troubled.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The gentlemen are come.
Gui. Then bid 'em welcome. I must retire.
[*Exit.*

Enter Rutilio and Duarte disguised.

Ser. You are welcome, gentlemen.
Rut. I thank you, friend; I would speak with your lady.
Ser. I'll let her understand.
Rut. It shall befit you. [*Ex. Servant.*
How do I look, Sir, in this handsome trim?
Methinks, I am wondrous brave.[54]
Dua. You're very decent.
Rut. These by themselves, without more helps of nature,
Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,

[53] *Enter Sulpitia, and a Servant.*] Mr. Theobald informs us, Mr. Sympson *sagaciously* hinted to him, that the Servant should not enter when Sulpitia does, but on her departure; and therefore, when she is gone, he reads,

Enter a Servant, who whispers Manuel.

With all due deference to the *sagacity* of the one, and the *complaisance* of the other, we think this alteration arbitrary and hurtful; for, if the Servant enters at the same time as Sulpitia, he has time to give the information, which Manuel appears to have acquired, while Hippolyta speaks to Sulpitia.

[54] *I am wondrous* brave.] *i. e.* As the word is used by our ancient writers, *fine, handsome, magnificent.* So Shakespeare,

> 'What think you, if he were convey'd to-bed,
> 'Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;
> 'A most delicious banquet by his bed;
> 'And *brave* attendants near him.' *Taming of the Shrew.*

And Rowley, in the comedy of A Match at Midnight, makes the Welshman say, 'Randall 'will be no serving-mans now; hur will buy hur *prave* parrels, *prave* swords, *prave* daggers, 'and *prave* feathers, and go a-wooing to *prave* comely pretty maid.' In Philaster, where he says to Bellario, who is *new-drest* by Arethusa, 'Why, boy, she has made thee *brave*.' *P*

And where their first aims light. I'll lay my head on't,
I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me;
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her!
I have her in a nooze, she cannot 'scape me,
I have their several lasts.
Dua. You are thoroughly studied.
But tell me, Sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confess you are——
Rut. That's not an hour's work;
I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.
Dua. She being set in years; next, none of those lustres
Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;
Nor nothing in her face, but handsome ruins—— [authentic,
Rut. I love old stories: Those live believ'd,
When twenty of your modern faces are called in,
For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she sav'd me, [her?
She sav'd my life; have I not cause to love
She's rich, and of a constant state, a fair one,
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried sufficient [try'd 'em,
All your young fillies, I think, this back has
And smarted for it too: They run away with me,
Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;
A stay'd pace now becomes my years, a sure one,
Where I may sit and crack no girths.
Dua. How miserable, [now,
If my mother should confirm what I suspect
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.
Here comes the lady, Sir.

Enter Guiomar.

Rut. Excellent lady,
To shew I am a creature bound to your service,
And only yours——
Gui. Keep at that distance, Sir;
For if you stir——
Rut. I am obedient.
She has found already, I am for her turn:
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds
Mark, how she musters all my parts. [me?
Gui. A goodly gentleman,
Of a more manly set I never look'd on.
Rut. Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but the carriage of 'em! [fell,
Gui. How happy am I now, since my son
He fell not by a base unnoble hand; [py
As that still troubled me? How far more happy
Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice
I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy
A son's untimely loss, and a mother's sorrow?
Rut. Sir, I am made, believe it; she is mine own;
I told you what a spell I carried with me.
All this time does she spend in contemplation
Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thankful to you; [it,
And if you please to know my house, to use
To take it for you own——
Gui. Who waits without there?

Enter Guard and Servants; they seize upon Rutilio and bind him.

Rut. How now? what means this, lady?
Gui. Bind him fast. [for me?
Rut. Are these the bride-laces you prepare
The colours that you give?
Dua. Fy, gentle lady;
This is not noble dealing.
Gui. Be you satisfied;
It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;
You shall not be so long.
Rut. Do you call this wooing?
Is there no end of women's persecutions?
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction?[55]
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the devil's teeth? You are not mad, lady?
Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,
To offer you that honour——
Gui. You are deceiv'd, Sir;
You come besotted to your own destruction;
I sent not for you. What honour can you add to me, [on?
That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd
That robb'd me of that right made me a mother? [terror,
Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul!
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o'er thee, [ruin?
Thou desperate fool! Who bad thee seek this
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover
Thy cursed face to me again? Was't not enough
To have the fair protection of my house,
When misery and justice close pursued thee?
When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee, [thee.
Hatch'd in the life of him?[56] Yet I forgave
My hospitable word, even when I saw
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopp'd from me,
Did I not seal still to thee?

[55] *Must I needs fool* into *my own destruction?*] I think verily, we ought to read,

Must I needs fool it, *to*, &c.

It appears to me much the more natural expression. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading may be more *natural*, in *his* idea; but we think that of the old copies so expressive, that any variation would be unnecessary.

[56] Hatch'd *in the life of him?*] Hatch'd, among cutlers, is used to mean when the hilts of a sword are *gilt:* So she would say that Rutilio's bloody sword was *hatch'd* or *gilt* in the life of her son Duarte. *Theobald.*

Rut. I am gone. [misery,
Gui. And when thou went'st, to imp thy
Did I not give thee means?[57] But hark, ungrateful!
Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory?
Thy cursed blood and kindred? Did I not swear then, [me,
If ever (in this wretched life thou hast left
Short and unfortunate) I saw thee again,
Or came but to the knowledge where thou wandredst, [geance,
To call my vow back, and pursue with ven-
With all the miseries a mother suffers?
Rut. I was born to be hang'd; there's no avoiding it.
Gui. And dar'st thou with this impudence appear here? [in,
Walk like the winding sheet my son was put
Stain'd with those wounds![58]
Dua. I am happy now again!
Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother,
So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The governor's come in.
Gui. Oh, let him enter.
Rut. I have fool'd myself a fair thread! Of all my fortunes,
This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,
But that this unmannerly boldness has brought me to it.

Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.

Gov. Are these fit preparations for a wedding, lady?
I came prepar'd a guest.
Gui. Oh, give me justice!
As ever you will leave a virtuous name,
Do justice, justice, Sir! [it.
Gov. You need not ask it; I am bound to
Gui. Justice upon this man, that kill'd my
Gov. Do you confess the act? [son!
Rut. Yes, Sir.
Clod. Rutilio?
Char. 'Tis the same.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be sorrow for the good Arnoldo!
Gov. Take heed, Sir, what you say.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well;
I am the man! nor is it life I start at;
Only I am unhappy I am poor,
Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,
That I've not two lives lent me for this sacrifice;[59]
One for her son, another for her sorrow!
Excellent lady, now rejoice again; [blood,
For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in
Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your vengeance; [that)
(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies
Yet let the world believe, you lov'd Duarte!
The unmatch'd courtesies you have done my miseries, [me
Without this forfeit to the law, would charge
To tender you this life, and proud 'twould please you.
Gui. Shall I have justice?
Gov. Yes.
Rut. I'll ask it for you;
I'll follow it myself, against myself.
Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly:
The monstrous burden of that grief she labours with
Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies on me!
Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,
Before I'd draw one tear more from that virtue. [bold sword—
Gui. Be not too cruel, Sir—and yet his
But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too
Of a fair promise—but, alas! my son's dead!—
If I have justice, must it kill him?
Gov. Yes. [goodly!
Gui. If I have not, it kills me; strong and
Why should he perish too?
Gov. It lies in your pow'r;
You only may accuse him, or may quit him.
Clod. Be there no other witnesses?
Gui. Not any. [claim,
And, if I save him, will not the world pro-
I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?
And yet he looks not like one; he looks manly. [perish!
Clod. Pity, so brave a gentleman should
She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.
Gui. Will you pronounce?—Yet, stay a little, Sir.
Rut. Rid yourself, lady, of this misery,
And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,
With which you are already too much shaken.
Gui. Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.
Dua. You shall not! [*Discovering himself.*
Yet turn and see, good madam.
Gov. Do not wonder:
'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good doctor.
Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte,
He's well, is safe again.
Gui. Oh, my sweet son! [tions.
I will not press my wonder now with ques-

[57] ——— *to* imp *thy misery,*
Did I not give thee means?] *i. e.* Did I not furnish thee with money, to *assist thy flight?* It is a term in *falconry*; to *imp* is said, when a fresh feather of a *hawk* is put to an old broken stump. *Theobald.*

[58] Stand *with those wounds!*] Thus say all the editions. We have ventured to substitute *stain'd* for *stand.*

[59] *That I have not two lives lent me for* his *sacrifice*;] For *whose* sacrifice? Not for Duarte's; that the beginning of the subsequent verse contradicts. To make any sense, we must read, *this.* *Sympson.*

Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty
I urg'd against you.
Rut. Madam, it was but justice [again;
Dua. 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind perfect: [sav'd me;
The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,
For which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,
Honour and love this man.
Gui. You sent this letter?
Rut. My boldness makes me blush now.
Gui. I'll wipe off that;
And, with this kiss, I take you for my husband.
Your wooing's done, Sir; I believe you love me,
And that's the wealth I look for now.
Rut. You have it. [wishes.
Dua. You have ended my desire to all my
Gov. Now 'tis a wedding again. And if Hippolyta
Make good, what with the hazard of her life
She undertook, the evening will set clear,
After a stormy day.

Enter Hippolyta, and Leopold leading Arnoldo, and Zenocia, with Zabulon, and Sulpitia.

Char. Here comes the lady. [again
Clod. With fair Zenocia, health with life
Restor'd unto her.
Zen. The gift of her goodness. [too,
Rut. Let us embrace; I am of your order
And though I once despair'd of women, now
I find they relish much of scorpions;
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and cure too.
But what have been your fortunes?
Arn. We'll defer
Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence virtue, and in that
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,
Or for her sake Arnoldo's, join with us
In th' honour of this lady.
Char. She deserves it. [hereafter:
Hip. Hippolyta's life shall make that good
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;
For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions
Not altogether innocent,[60] shall from me
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel them
To any course of life, but what the law
Shall give allowance to.
Zab. and Sul. Your ladyship's creatures.
Rut. Be so, and no more, you man-huckster! [such fervour
Hip. And, worthy Leopold, you that with
So long have sought me, and in that deserv'd me,
Shall now find full reward for all your travels,
Which you have made more dear by patient sufferance. [me
And though my violent dotage did transport
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have kept in, [act,
Though my desires were loose, from unchaste
Heav'n knows, I am free.[61]
Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.
Rut. Do so, Sir;
A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down
Silver that's whole.
Gov. You shall be all my guests;
I must not be deny'd.
Arn. Come, my Zenocia,
Our bark at length has found a quiet harbour;
And the unspotted progress of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;
To instruct others, by our fair example,
That, though good purposes are long withstood, [good.
The hand of Heav'n still guides such as are
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[60] *For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions Not altogether innocent,* &c.] Hippolyta had obligations to the agency both of Zabulon and Sulpitia; and she shews a sort of romantic generosity in requiting their services; but, indeed, in poetical justice, they both ought to have been punished: Zabulon was a scoundrel pimp to a bawdy-house; and Sulpitia was not only a notorious bawd, but a dealer in magic and a poisoner. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald, we apprehend, has mistaken the Poets here: Hippolyta does not mean to give Zabulon and Sulpitia *a reward*, instead of a punishment, *for their malversation*; she means to 'better' the community at large, by placing these vile instruments in such a state, as that 'need shall not compel them to any course of life, but what the law shall give allowance to.' It must be confessed, however, that all this MAGICAL *episode* is both unpleasing and improbable. Hippolyta's character, too, is almost too vicious even for reformation sufficient to recommend her to the favour of the audience.

[61] ——— *from unchaste* art,
Heav'n knows, I am free.] The Editors of 1750 concur in altering, we think properly, *art* to *act*.

THE EPILOGUE.

Why there should be an Epilogue to a play,
I know no cause. The old and usual way,
For which they were made, was t' entreat the grace
Of such as were spectators: In this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know,
What you resolve already to bestow
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,
You may or cry it up or silence it.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

I spake much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a syllable grow less confident,
I were weak-hearted: I am still the same
In my opinion, and forbear to frame
Qualification, or excuse. If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true,
Shew it with any sign; and from this place,
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills speak of Fletcher as sole Author of this Comedy; and some of the old quartos have his name only in the title, while others have Beaumont's also. The Prologue, and the Epilogue, ascribe it totally to Fletcher. The first copy we have seen was printed in 1637; which we apprehend Mr. Theobald was not possessed of, as he speaks of an edition of 1640 as the oldest. We have heard of one bearing date 1629; but have not seen it, nor that of 1640; and that which is dated 1651, is said in the title to be 'the second edition.' Colley Cibber, as has been mentioned in our account of the Custom of the Country, has introduced parts of this Play into his Comedy of Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune.

THE PROLOGUE.

But that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till your fair suffrage crown it; I should say,
You're all most welcome to no vulgar Play;
And so far we are confident. And if he
That made it still live in your memory;
You will expect what we present to-night
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight:
You shall hear Fletcher in it; his true strain,
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends
This orphan to the care of noble friends:[1]
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth!
Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

LEWIS, *a lord.*
MIRAMONT, *a gentleman.*
BRISAC, *a justice, brother to Miramont.*
CHARLES, *a scholar,* } *sons to Brisac.*
EUSTACE, *a courtier,* }
EGREMONT, } *two courtiers, friends to Eu-*
COWSY, } *stace.*[2]
ANDREW, *servant to Charles.*
COOK, } *servants to Brisac.*
BUTLER, }
PRIEST.
NOTARY.
SERVANTS.
OFFICERS,

WOMEN.

ANGELLINA, *daughter to Lewis.*
SYLVIA, *her woman.*
LILLY, *wife to Andrew.*
Ladies.

LECTORI.

Wouldst thou all wit, all comick art survey?
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

---

[1] ——— *But, now dead, commends*

This orphan *to the care of noble friends.*] By this passage it should seem, the Elder Brother was not given to the stage till after Fletcher's demise; a circumstance on which it is impossible for us to decide. All the information we can give is, that this prologue is printed to the edition of 1637; and, if the play *was* published in 1629, *that* was not till four years after Fletcher died.

[2] Friends to *Eustace.*] This is the reading of all the copies prior to 1750; when Mr. Theobald chose to substitute *dependants on* Eustace; which may, perhaps, be more characteristic of the persons: But an arbitrary variation should at least be mentioned.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.

Lewis. NAY, I must walk you further.
Ang. I am tir'd, Sir,
And ne'er shall foot it home.
Lew. 'Tis for your health;
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you are
My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;
And you in thankfulness must needs acknow-[ledge
You ever find me an indulgent father,
And open-handed.
Ang. Nor can you tax me, Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you.
Lew. No, my Angellina,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.
All that I aim at is, to win thee from
The practice of an idle foolish state,
Us'd by great women, who think any labour
(Though in the service of themselves) a ble-[mish
To their fair fortunes.
Ang. Make me understand, Sir,
What 'tis you point at.
Lew. At the custom, how
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth:
After a long sleep, when you wake, your wo-[man
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others' hands,
You're led to dinner, and that ended, either
To cards or to your couch (as if you were
Borne without motion), after this to supper,
And then to-bed: And so your life runs round
Without variety, or action, daughter.
Syl. Here's a learn'd lecture!
Lew. From this idleness,
Diseases, both of body and of mind,
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature,
With wholesome exercise, guards both from [hunt,
danger.
I'd have thee rise wi' th' sun, walk, dance, or
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the virtues
Of plants and simples: Do this moderately,
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,
Fall into the green-sickness.
Syl. With your pardon,
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,
And her delight too, far transcending those
Your lordship but now mention'd.
Lew. What is it, Sylvia? [word,
Syl. What is't? a noble husband: In that
'A noble husband,' all content of women
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,
As you say, with the sun; and so pipe to her,
As she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, until both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your plants and simples,
As I take it, were superfluous. A loving,
And but add to it, a gamesome bedfellow,
Being the sure physician!
Lew. Well said, wench. [deliver
Ang. And who gave you commission to
Your verdict, minion?
Syl. I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, dear madam. I but speak
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with 't.
Let her lose no time, Sir: Fathers that deny
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe for them,
In some kind edge their appetites to taste of
The fruit that is forbidden.
Lew. 'Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it. No more blushing, girl;
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells near us
A gentleman of blood, monsieur Brisac,
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*,
The happy father of two hopeful sons, [lar,
Of different breeding; the elder, a mere scho-
The younger, a quaint courtier.
Ang. Sir, I know them
By public fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,
The other side preferring Eustace, as
A man complete in courtship.
Lew. And which way
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)
Doth your affection sway you?
Ang. To be plain, Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldness) as they are,
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his own bottoms, though he have the means
To bring his mistress to a masque, or, by
Conveyance from some great one's lips, to taste [purchase
Such favour from the king's; or, grant he
Precedency in the country, to be sworn
A servant-extraordinary to the queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; if
He want a present fortune, at the best
Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield him
A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*.

Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer; nor
Discharge a taylor's bill, nor in full plenty,
Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,
Maintain a family.
Lew. Aptly consider'd,
And to my wish. But what's thy censure of The scholar?
Ang. Troth, if he be nothing else, [nets,
As of the courtier: All his songs, and son-
His anagrams, acrostics, epigrams,
His deep and philosophical discourse
Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow
The stars of the celestial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor Charles's wane for a coach,
Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown
From Juno's wardrobe; nor would I lye-in,
For I despair not once to be a mother,
Under Heav'n's spangled canopy, or banquet
My guests and gossips with imagin'd nectar;
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A courtier, and a scholar, young, and valiant,
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not
Something to make up a substance.
Lew. And what's that? [said all:
Ang. A full estate; and, that said, I've
And, get me such a one, with these additions,
Farewell, virginity! and welcome, wedlock!
Lew. But where is such one to be met with, daughter?
A black swan is more common;[3] you may wear
Grey tresses ere we find him.
Ang. I am not
So punctual in all ceremonies; I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll
Too long upon the choice. [dwell
Syl. Only, my lord, remember
That he be rich and active; for, without these,
The others yield no relish: But, these perfect,
You must bear with small faults, madam.
Lew. Merry wench;
And it becomes you well! I'll to Brisac,
And try what may be done. I' th' mean time, home, [a bride.
And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food, Sir; let her taste them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.

And. Unload part of the library and make room [you.
For th' other dozen of carts; I'll strait be with
Cook. Why, hath he more books?
And. More than ten marts send over.
But. And can he tell their names?
And. Their names! he has 'em [thing;
As perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's no-
H'has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thousand times. [sink
But here's the wonder; tho' their weight would
A Spanish carrack,[4] without other ballast,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright.
But. Surely he has a strong brain.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books, [in
Made of the barks of trees, or myst'ries writ
Old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,
Than there would be larks (though the sky should fall)
Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not,
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! though his learn'd stomach
Cannot be appeas'd, he'll seldom trouble you;
His knowing stomach contemns your black-jacks, Butler,
And your flagons; and, Cook, thy boil'd, thy roast, thy bak'd!
Cook. How liveth he?
And. Not as other men do;
Few princes fare like him: He breaks his fast
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes
His watering with the muses, sups with Livy,
Then walks a turn or two in *Vitâ Lacteâ*,[5]
And, after six hours' conference with the stars,
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.
But. This is admirable. [my old master,
And. I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

Enter Brisac and Lewis.

Bri. What, Andrew? welcome, where's my Charles? speak, Andrew;
Where didst thou leave thy master?
And. Contemplating

[3] *A black swan is more common.*] The Poets seem here to have had an eye to this Latin hexameter.

Rara avis in terris, *nigroque* simillima *cygno*. *Theobald.*

[4] *A Spanish* carrack.] A *carrack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. So Shakespeare;

'Faith, he to night hath boarded a land *carrack*:
'If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever. *Othello*, act i.

And in the Coxcomb, by our Authors,

'——— they'll be freighted;
'They're made like *carracks*, all for strength and stowage. *R.*

[5] *He breaks his fast*, &c.] This passage seems to have been before Mr. Congreve, when he wrote the beginning of his play of Love for Love. *R.*

The number of the sands in the highway;
And, from that, purposes to make a judgment
Of the remainder in the sea. He is, Sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of 's pace to knowledge.[6]
Lew. This is strange. [him
And. Yet he hath sent his duty, Sir, before
In this fair manuscript.
Bri. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and andirons!
And. I much pity you!
It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.
Would you have it said, so great and deep a scholar
As master Charles is, should ask blessing
In any Christian language? Were it Greek,
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,
I'm gone no further.
Bri. And in Greek you can
Lie with your smug wife Lilly?[7]
And. If I keep her [Sir,
From your French dialect (as I hope I shall,
Howe'er she is your laundress) she shall put you
To the charge of no more sope than usual
For th' washing of your sheets.
Bri. Take in the knave,
And let him eat.
And. And drink too, Sir?
Bri. And drink too, Sir:
And see your master's chamber ready for him.
But. Come, doctor Andrew, without dis-
Thou shalt commence i'th' cellar. [putation,
And. I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat.
Cook. Thou shalt ha't, boy. [*Exeunt.*
Bri. Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join
Our antient families, and make them one;
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live
And see what you have purpos'd put in act,
Of which your visit at this present is
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting
Th' arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd
Their birth for want of means and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then, from your allowance, your fair
May fashion her affection. [daughter
Lew. Monsieur Brisac,
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,
Being bless'd but with one daughter, I shall
Appear impertinently curious, [not
Though, with my utmost vigilance and study,
I labour to bestow her to her worth.
Let others speak her form, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silence.
Bri. You may, my lord, securely;
Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all men's tongues to sing her praises.
Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.
What trampling's that without of horses?

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, my young masters are newly alighted. [sitions.
Bri. Sir, now observe their several dispo-

Enter Charles.

Char. Bid my subsiser carry my hackney to
The butt'ry, and give him his bever; it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately;
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.
Bri. He cannot out of his university tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsy.

Eust. Lackey, take care our coursers be well rubb'd [in speed.
And cloath'd; they have outstripp'd the wind
Lew. Ay, marry, Sir, there's metal in this young fellow!

[6] ——— *and will lose no minute,*
Nor out of space *to knowledge.*] We do not thoroughly comprehend this passage, but suspect a corruption. Perhaps the author wrote,

——— *and will lose no minute,*
Nor ought of space *to knowledge*;

The meaning of which is clear. *Time* and *space* are no uncommon association.

[7] ——— *And in* Greek *you can*
Lie with your smug wife Lilly.] Brisac is here strangely out of character. He is represented as an old stupid justice of the peace, one of no polite literature, and read only in the old statutes, and in them no better learned than his clerk: Yet here, 'tis manifest, he is making an allusion to a passage in Juvenal's Satires.

Hoc cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultrà?
Concumbunt Græcè. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald complains, that the country justice is here out of character, as he supposes him to refer to Juvenal's *Concumbunt Græcè.* But supposing the Author took his hint from hence, he does not make the country justice refer to it. But Mr. Theobald does not seem to have observed the equivocation of the word *Lilly*, which refers to the old grammarian, as Andrew says after, *To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!* This is an allusion surely within the compass of a country squire, and therefore quite in character. *Seward.*

What a sheep's look his Elder Brother has!
Char. Your blessing, Sir!
Bri. Rise, Charles; thou hast it.
Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the court, (Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee, And do expect what follows.
Bri. Courtly beg'd.
My blessing! take it. [adorer.
Eust. (to Lew.) Your lordship's vow'd
What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him
The new Italian shrug. How clownishly
The book-worm does return it.
Char. I am glad you're well. [*Reads.*
Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge
This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs: [of
They are gallants that have seen both Tro-
Bri. I embrace their loves. [picks.
Egre. Which we'll repay with servulating.[8]
Cow. And will report your bounty in the court. [first.
Bri. I pray you, make deserving use on't Eustace, give entertainment to your friends; What's in my house is theirs.
Eust. Which we'll make use of: [healths,
Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen
And then, hang cold discourse; for we'll speak fire-works. [*Exeunt.*
Lew. What, at his book already?
Bri. Fy, fy, Charles,
No hour of interruption?
Char. Plato differs from Socrates in this.
Bri. Come, lay them by;
Let them agree at leisure.
Char. Man's life, Sir, being
So short,[9] and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and te-
Each minute should be precious. [dious,
Bri. In our care [with
To manage worldly business, you must part
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Yourself for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the palm of learning. You must study
To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen[10]
When they're o'ergone with labour.
Char. I may do this [tillage,
From what I've read, Sir. For what concerns
Who better can deliver it than Virgil
In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds,
His Bucolicks is a master-piece.[11] But when
He does describe the commonwealth of bees,
Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the hive,
Their government among themselves, their order
In going forth and coming loaden home,
Their obedience to their king, and his rewards
To such as labour, and his punishments[12]
Only inflicted on the slothful drone;
I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gain my cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey.
Bri. And grow rich
In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!
Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees! Art mad?
Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it. [of books,
Bri. But can you find among your bundle
And put in all your dictionaries that speak all tongues,
What pleasures they enjoy, that do embrace
A well-shap'd wealthy bride? Answer me that.
Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in story: There I read of
All kind of virtuous and vicious women,
The ancient Spartan dames, and Roman ladies,
Their beauties and deformities. And when
I light upon a Portia or Cornelia,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present, loving
The whole sex for their goodness and example.
But, on the contrary, when I look on
A Clytemnestra or a Tullia, [latter,
The first bath'd in her husband's blood; the

[8] *Which we'll repay with* servulating.] This is the reading of 1637. The edition of 1651, and all the subsequent, say, *with service.* The old reading is probably right, and meant to ridicule the conceit and affectation of Eustace's travelled companions.

[9] *Man's* life, *Sir, being*
So short, &c.] Charles is here immediately shewing his learning; for if I am not very much mistaken, the Poets have given him this sentiment from the first Aphorism of Hippocrates. Ὁ βίος βραχὺς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ὀξὺς, ἡ δὲ πεῖρα σφαλερὴ, ἡ δὲ κρίσις χαλεπή. *Theobald.*

[10] ——— *How to cure my oxen,*
When they're o'ergrown *with labour.*] *O'ergrown*, we think with the editors of 1750, is erroneous. Those gentlemen read *o'erdone*; but as *o'ergone*, which conveys the same meaning, is nearer the trace of the old letters, we have chose to adopt that word.

[11] *And to cure our herds*
His Bucolicks *is a master-piece.*] This mistake, of mentioning those subjects, as occurring on the Bucolicks, which are treated of in the Georgicks, is noticed by Mr. Sympson.

[12] ——— *with his punishments*
Only inflicted on the slothful drone.]
Ignavum fucos *pecus à præsepibus* arcent, says Virgil. *Theobald.*

Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,
Horror invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few
That did die innocents, I detest and loath 'em,
As ignorance or atheism.
Bri. You resolve then, [me?
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe
Char. What debt, good Sir?
Bri. A debt I paid my father
When I begat thee, and made him a grandsire;
Which I expect from you.
Char. The children, Sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,
Shall be my living issue. [collection
Bri. Very well; and I shall have a general
Of all the quiddits[13] from Adam to this time
To be my grandchild.
Char. And such a one, I hope, Sir,
As shall not shame the family.
Bri. Nor will you take care of my estate?
Char. But in my wishes: [soul
For know, Sir, that the wings on which my
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,
In that gross element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave
T'enjoy myself; that place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care
T'augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
T'encrease in knowledge. Lights there, for my study! [*Exit.*
Bri. Was ever man, that had reason, thus transported
From all sense and feeling of his proper good?
It vexes me; and if I found not comfort
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude
My name were at a period!
Lew. He's indeed, Sir,
The surer base to build on.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy, and Andrew.

Bri. Eustace!
Eust. Sir.
Bri. Your ear in private.
And. I suspect my master [less
Has found harsh welcome; he's gone supper-
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,
It may be borrowing of his books, or so,
I shall be satisfied.
Eust. My duty shall, Sir, [tion
Take any form you please; and, in your mo-
To have me married, you cut off all dangers
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.
Lew. It is well answer'd.
Eust. Nor shall you, my lord,
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause
To mourn your choice of me. The name of husband,
Nor the authority it carries in it,
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's:
And, but that modesty forbids that I
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,
I could say, my choice manners have been such,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To the princes of the blood.
Cow. Nay, to the king.
Egre. Nay, to the king and council.
And. These are court-admirers,
And ever echo him that bears the bag:
Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this juggling.
Eust. Then for my hopes——
Cow. Nay, certainties.
Eust. They stand
As far as any man's. What can there fall
In compass of her wishes, which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me.
Bri. He speaks well,
And I believe him.
Lew. I could wish I did so. [man,
Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper gentle-
And promises nothing but what is possible;
So far I will go with you: Nay, I add,
He hath won much upon me; and, were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soon struck up.
Bri. What's that, my lord?
Lew. The heir. [shall be.
And. Which he is not, and, I trust, never
Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference.
You see, [take,
Charles has giv'n o'er the world; I'll under-
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him [state
For a dry-fat of new books; nor shall my
Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's;
Who, being issueless, t'advance our name,
I doubt not, will add his. Your resolution?
Lew. I'll first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings:
On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be,

[13] *All the* quiddits.] *Subtilties* or *equivocations*. The word occurs in Shakespeare's Hamlet: 'Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his *quiddits* now, his quillets, 'his cases, and his tricks?'

Make you no scruple; get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will hold [stace,
A second conference. Farewell, noble Eu-
And you, brave gallants.
Eust. Full increase of honour
Wait ever on your lordship! [grim!
And. The gout, rather, and a perpetual me-
Bri. You see, Eustace,
How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to. Be you worthy of it:
I'll furnish you for a suitor; visit her,
And prosper in't.
Eust. She's mine, Sir, fear it not:
In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin
That could resist my courtship.
Cow. If this take now,
We're made for ever,[14] and will revel it!
[*Exeunt.*
And. In tough Welch parsly, which, in our vulgar tongue, is
Strong hempen halters. My poor master cozen'd,
And I a looker-on! If we have studied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,
We've made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I've found
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies.
This shall t' old monsieur Marmont; one, that though
He cannot read a proclamation, [Charles
Yet dotes on learning, and loves my master
For being a scholar. I hear he's coming hither;
I shall meet him; and if he be that old
Rough testy blade he always us'd to be,
He'll ring 'em such a peal[16] as shall go near
To shake their bell-room; peradventure, beat 'em,
For he is fire and flax; and so have at him.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Miramont and Brisac.

Mir. NAY, brother, brother!
Bri. Pray, Sir, be not mov'd;
I meddle with no business but mine own;
And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.
Mir. But know to govern then, and understand, Sir, [be
And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you
My brother, and from one blood sprung, I must tell you,
Heartily and home too——
Bri. What, Sir?
Mir. What I grieve to find;
You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.
Bri. We'll part 'em, if you please.
Mir. No, they're entail'd to you.
Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,
Your eldest son, Sir, and your very image,
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse for't)
Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,
And only studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know further [chants,
Than when to cut your vines, and cozen mer-
And choke your hide-bound tenants with musty harvests!
Bri. You go too fast.
Mir. I'm not come to my pace yet.
Because h' has made his study all his pleasure,
And is retir'd into his contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,

[14] ——— *If this take now,*
We're made for ever.] Several of the editions old and modern continue this to Eustace's speech; others have nonsensically assigned it to Brisac. The oldest quarto of all has it thus.

Eust. *If this take now*, &c.

But Eustace was the last speaker, and nobody had interrupted him; therefore 'tis absurd, that his name should be put here only because he continues to speak. It must certainly be placed to one of his hangers-on, who hugs himself with the thought, that if this match takes place, they shall have it in their power to revel it with a vengeance. *Theobald.*

These words might be spoken by Eustace, but the oldest quarto marking them as a new speech, gives force to Mr. Theobald's conjecture.

[16] *I'll ring him such a peal.*] *To ring a peal* is a metaphor for scolding, which Andrew would certainly not use: No more than he would beat Brisac and Eustace: It is plain, Miramont was to do both; we must read therefore;

He'll ring 'em such a *peal*———

This will restore both the sense and grammar. *Seward.*

Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance? [boy,[17]
Must he be dispossess'd, and monsieur Gingle-
His younger brother——
Bri. You forget yourself.
Mir. Because h' has been at court, and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she-calves of the season,
Therefore must he jump into his brother's land? [enough
Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake
In praise of learning, Sir?
Mir. Never enough. [ing is?
Bri. But, brother, do you know what learn-
Mir. It is not to be a justice of peace, as you are,
And[18] palter out your time i' th' penal statutes·
To hear the curious tenets controverted
Between a Protestant constable and a Jesuit cobler;
To pick natural philosophy out of bawdry, [lady;
When your worship's pleas'd to correctify a
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worship's tenants
Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig;
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state o'th' question.
These are your *quodlibets*, but no learning, brother. [learning,
Bri. You are so parlously in love with
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, brother:
I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.
Mir. Faith, no:
But I believe; I have a learned faith, Sir,
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't;
It goes so thundering as it conjur'd devils:
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a man,
Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's Iliads,
Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst run mad, [gentleman
And hang thyself for joy thou'dst such a
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things
To me!
Bri. And you do understand 'em, brother?
Mir. I tell thee, no; that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirm an honest man.
Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excellent gentleman,
The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,
Understand any other power than his taylor?
Or know what motion is, more than an horse-race? [from taverns?
What the moon means, but to light him home
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear slash'd clothes in? [up,
And must this piece of ignorance be popp'd
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, 'sweet lady?' [licks,
Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the re-
Drunk your Verdea wine,[19] and rid at Naples,
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes;
Must this thing therefore——
Bri. Yes, Sir, this thing must!
I will not trust my land to one so sotted,
So grown like a disease unto his study.
He that will fling off all occasions [state is,
And cares, to make him understand what
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing:
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.
Mir. He is an ass, a piece of ginger-bread,
Gilt over to please foolish girls and puppets.
Bri. You are my elder brother.
Mir. So I had need, [all else,
And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us
Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.
Bri. I say, no;
Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year
Out of the metaphysicks? or can all
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?
Can the drunken old poets make up my vines?

[17] ——— *and monsieur* Gingle-boy,

His younger brother——] We must read, *jingle-boy. i. e.* A fop, that fell into every upstart fashion. It was the custom in the latter part of queen Elizabeth's reign, and also in that of king James the First, for the men to wear boots; as we may see by the pictures of those times, and their spurs were equipped with a sort of bells, or loose rowels, which *jingled* whenever they moved. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's solution of this passage is a good one; but we see no cause why *gingle* may not be spelt with a *g*.

[18] *And* palter *out your time.*] Shakespeare says, in his Macbeth,

'And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
'That *palter* with us in a double sense;
'That keep the word of promise to our ear,
'And break it to our hope——' *R.*

[19] *Drunk your* Verdea *wine.*] There is a river in Italy, that runs through the territory of Præneste, which of old was called Veresis: The more modern geographers tell us that now its name is Verdé. I doubt not, but our Authors allude to the wines made in that neighbourhood. *Theobald.*

(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent humanists
Sell 'em the merchants for my best adventage?
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?
And can geometry vent it in the market?
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff now?
I wonder you will magnify this mad-man;
You that are old and should understand.
Mir. Should, say'st thou?
Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses,
Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,
And he no more than custom of his office;[20]
Thou unreprievable dunce! (that thy formal band-strings,
Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for)
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll poze thy worship
In thine own library, an almanack;
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in, [me,
And full moons to cut cattle! Dost thou taint
That have run over story, poetry,
Humanity?
Bri. As a cold nipping shadow [ed.
Does o'er the ears of corn, and leave 'em blast-
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.
Mir. Thou shalt not do.
Bri. I will.
Mir. Thou art an ass then,
Adull old tedious ass; thou'rt ten times worse,
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshead
The Englishman, that writes of shows and sheriffs.[21]

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Well, take your pleasure; here's one I must talk with.
Lew. Good day, Sir.
Bri. Fair to you, Sir.
Lew. May I speak wi' you?
Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.
Lew. Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.
Mir. Oh, sweet Sir,
Keep your good-morrow to cool your worship's pottage.
A couple of the world's fools met together
To raise up dirt and dunghills!
Lew. Are they drawn? [two hours,
Bri. They shall be ready, Sir, within these
And Charles set his hand.
Lew. 'Tis necessary; [state
For he being a joint purchaser, though your
Was got by your own industry, unless
He seal to the conveyance, it can be
Of no validity.
Bri. He shall be ready,
And do it willingly.
Mir. He shall be hang'd first.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes.
Lew. She loves him well, Sir:
Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman;
A budding sprightly fellow. You're resolv'd
That all shall pass from Charles? [then,
Bri. All, all; he's nothing;
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,
And more than he can manage too.
Lew. Will your brother
Pass over his land too, to your son Eustace?
You know he has no heir.
Mir. He will be flead first,
And horse-collars made of 's skin!
Bri. Let him alone; [Sir,
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turn,
And how does your daughter?
Lew. Ready for the hour;
And like a blushing rose, that stays the pulling.
Bri. To-morrow then's the day.
Lew. Why then to-morrow,
I'll bring the girl; get you the writings ready.
Mir. But hark you, monsieur, have you the virtuous consience
To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,
Of that which nature and the law flings on him?
You were your father's eldest son, I take it,
And had his land; 'would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion, to consider nobly
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things!
You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit
Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know things? [tice?
Why was he not, like his father, a dumb jus-
A flat dull piece of phlegm, shap'd like a man?
A reverend idol in a piece of arras?
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge?

[20] *And he no more than custom of* offences.] There is great humour in this passage, and 'tis pity that it should be lost by so obscure an expression at the close. I can affix no idea to it, but that the justice's clerk's whole literature consists in the forms of commitment for common offences; and therefore thought that the original might have been, —— *customary offences*. Which conveys this idea more clearly than the present reading, which is too obscure to be genuine. But by a small change of the letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which for that reason is most likely to have been the original one.

And he no more than custom of his office. *Seward.*

[21] *That writes of shows and sheriffs.*] The *quarto* in 1651, and the *folio* in 1679, have it *shows*; which I take to be the genuine word: because H. Hollingshead is very prolix in describing tilts and tournaments, public entries, masques, and other pieces of pageantry. *Theobald.*

Lew. I do not, [me, Sir;
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not
This man must answer.
Bri. I have don't already,
And given sufficient reason to secure me.
And so, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.
Lew. Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.
Mir. Good night-caps
[*Exeunt Bri. and Lew.*
Keep you brains warm, or maggots will breed in 'em! [thee books yet;
Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy
The fairest in thy study are my gift,
And the University Louvaine for thy sake
Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex
Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother, [them:
They shall not share a solz of mine between
Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand crowns a-year,
In some high strain to write my epitaph. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsy.

Eust. How do I look now to my Elder Brother?
Nay, 'tis a handsome suit. [
Cow. All courtly, courtly.
Eust. I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my taylor has travell'd,
And speaks as lofty language in his bills too.
The cover of an old book would not shew thus.
Fy, fy, what things these academicks are,
These book-worms, how they look!
Egre. They're mere images,
No genteel motion nor behaviour in 'em;
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of Heav'n,
What lords and ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together, [a juggler,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like
And make a noise, when they're drunk, which we call thunder.
Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest; [thing
Such small-bear brains! But ask 'em any
Out of the element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.
Do they know what a court is, or a council,
Or how the affairs of Christendom are mamag'd?
Do they know any thing but a tir'd hackney?
And then, they cry 'absurd,' as the horse understood 'em.[22] [Brother,
They have made a fair youth of your Elder
A pretty piece of flesh!
Eust. I thank 'em for it;
Long may he study, to give me his state!
Saw you my mistress?
Egre. Yes, she's a sweet young woman;
But, be sure, you keep her from learning.
Eust. Songs she
May have, and read a little unbak'd poetry,
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,
That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;
Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.
I will not have a scholar in mine house,
Above a gentle reader; they corrupt
The foolish women with their subtle problems:
I'll have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating philosophers from entertainment.
Cow. It will do well: Love those that love good fashions, [mire 'em;
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to ad-
That speak the lisp of court; oh! 'tis great learning [courtly,
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle
They're rare endowments; that have seen far countries, [no truths,
And can speak strange things, tho' they speak
For then they make things common. When are you married?
Eust. To-morrow, I think; we must have a masque, boys,
And of our own making.
Egre. 'Tis not half an hour's work;
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.
But let's be handsome; shall's be gods or nymphs?
Eust. What, nymphs with beards?
Cow. That's true; we will be knights then,
Some wandring knights, that light here on a sudden. [gentlemen,
Eust. Let's go, let's go; I must go visit,
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss tomorrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cook, Andrew, and Butler.

Cook. And how does my master?
And. Is at's book. Peace, coxcomb!
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for him!
Cook. Does he not study conjuring too?
And. Have you
Lost any plate, Butler?
But. No, but I know
I shall to-morrow at dinner.
And. Then to-morrow [we meddle
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't;
With no spirits o' th' butt'ry; they taste too small for us.

[22] *And then they cry* absurd *as the horse understood 'em.*] Mr. Theobald censures this passage as *stark nonesense:* Mr. Seward gives the following very proper explication of it: 'This 'is spoke of the college-students, whom the fop makes such pedants, as to talk even to their 'horses in *scholastic terms*, calling it *absurd* in a tired hackney to hobble and stumble.'

Keep me a pie in folio, I beseech thee,
And thou shalt see how learn'dly I'll translate him.
Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?
Cook. Excellent good cheer, Andrew.
And. The spite on't is, that, much about that time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the males and females of red herrings; [only;
And whether they be taken in the Red Sea
A question found out by Copernicus,
The learned motion-maker.
Cook. Ay, marry, Butler,
Here are rare things! A man, that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we
But. Certain, a learned Andrew. [do.
And. I've so much on't,
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new instrument, [with,
A mathematical glister, to purge the moon
When she is laden with cold phlegmatic humours;
And here's another, to remove the stars,
When they grow too thick in the firmament.
Cook. Oh, Heav'ns! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets
Of a sallad, and know no further?
And. They are not
Reveal'd to all heads; these are far above
Your element of fire, Cook! I could tell you
Of Archimedes' glass, to fire your coals with;
And of the philosopher's turf, that ne'er goes out.
And, Gilbert Butler, I could ravish thee,
With two rare inventions.
But. What are they, Andrew?
And. The one, to blanch your bread from chippings base,
And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond;
The sect of the Epicureans invented that:
The other, for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,
And no noise heard; which is the wonder, Gilbert!
And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.
But. Why, what a learned master dost thou serve, Andrew?
And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, Gilbert. [people,
With gods and goddesses, and such strange
He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,
As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy drink, [scalders.
Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and
Cook. But why should he not be familiar, and talk sometimes,
As other Christians do, of hearty matters?
And come into th' kitchen, and there cut his breakfast? [there eat it,
But. And then retire to the butt'ry, and
And drink a lusty bowl? My younger master,
That must be now the heir, will do all these,
Ay, and be drunk too; these are mortal things.
And. My master studies immortality.
Cook. Now thou talk'st of immortality,
How does thy wife, Andrew? My old master
Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her, [her now,
And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love
As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your learning [Andrew?
And your strange instruments to that, my
Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?
Can you put by his mathematical engine?
And. Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st me;
And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll watch for him!
My master rings; I must go make him a fire,
And conjure o'er his books.
Cook. Adieu, good Andrew;
And send thee manly patience with thy learning! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Charles.

Char. I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,
And all my faculties turn into study:
'Tis meat and sleep! What need I outward garments, [ing?
When I can clothe myself with understand-
The stars and glorious planets have no taylors,
Yet ever new they are, and shine like courtiers;
The seasons of the year find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,
And some in gaudy green come in like masquers; [lodging,
The silk-worm spins her own suit and her
And has no aid nor partner in her labours!
Why should we care for any thing but knowledge?
Or look upon the world, but to contemn it?

Enter Andrew.

And. Would you have any thing?
Char. Andrew, I find
There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' bull,[23]
Which will go near to blind the constellation.
And. Put a gold ring in's nose, and that will cure him.
Char. Ariadne's crown's awry too; two main stars,
That held it fast, are slipp'd out.
And. Send it presently

[23] *There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' bull.*] Charles is speaking of the Bull, or sign *Taurus*, upon the celestial globe. A piece of dirt was fallen on the Bull's eye, which looked like that inflammation which is called a *stie*. *Theobald.*

To Gallilæo, the Italian star-wright;[24]
He'll set it right again, with little labour.
Char. Thou art a pretty scholar.
And. I hope I shall be: [nothing?
Have I swept your books so often to know
Char. I hear thou'rt married.
And. It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maid of his own choosing:[25]
(I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing) [Sir.
And a sweet farm he has given us, a mile off,
Char. Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew:
These women are *errata* in all authors!
They're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,
Smooth, white, and clear; but their contents are monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases. [there is
Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as
On those shelves, Andrew.
And. I think I have not, Sir.
Char. No, if thou hadst
Thou'dst never have warm'd a woman in thy bosom:[26]
They're cataplasms, made o' th' deadly sins.
I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother,
Or, if I did, I did regard them but
As shadows that pass by of under creatures.
And. Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you with my own wife.
I would not have your brother go beyond you,
They're the prettiest natural philosophers to play with!
Char. No, no; they're opticks to delude men's eyes with. [Andrew?
Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet,
And. No, but he speaks High Dutch; and that goes as daintily. [yesterday,
Char. Reach me the books down I read
And make a little fire, and get a manchet;
Make clean those instruments of brass I shew'd you, [fox-tail,
And set the great sphere by; then take the
And purge the books from dust; last, take your Lilly,
And get your part ready.
And. Shall I go home, Sir? [lies, Sir.
My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part
Char. I mean your grammar. Oh, thou dunderhead!
Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's Syntaxis?
Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb
I am to find a secret. [me;
And. So am I too;
Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart for't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, and Notary.

Lew. THIS is the day, my daughter Angellina,
The happy day, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one; my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertain it.
Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent; I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.
Young handsome people should be match'd together, [fortunes.
Then follow handsome children, handsome
The most part of his father's state, my wench,
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the harmony;
And, when ye are married, he's of that soft temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your observance,
That you may rule and turn him as you please.
What, are the writings drawn on our side, Sir? [him,
Not. They are; and here I have so fetter'd
That, if the Elder Brother set his hand to,
Not all the pow'r of law shall e'er release him. [knaves,
Lew. These notaries are notable confident
And able to do more mischief than an army.
Are all your clauses sure?
Not. Sure as proportion; [ings.
They may turn rivers sooner than these writ-
Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?
Lew. 'Twas not condition'd.
Not. If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;
If not found, all the land.

[24] *To* Gallatteo, *the Italian star-wright.*] But *Gallilæo* was his true name, as I had several years ago marked in the margin of my book, and as Mr. Sympson likewise lately observed to me. *Theobald.*

[25] *To match me to a* maid *of his own choosing*;] Mr. Sympson alters *maid* to *mate*; which is certainly as unnecessary as it is unwarranted.

[26] *Thou'dst ne'er have* warm'd *a woman in thy bosom*;] The allusion, I take it, is to the silly countryman in the fable, who cherished a frozen snake in his bosom till it recovered and stung him. *Theobald.*

Lew. These are small devils, [make it;
That care not who has mischief, so they
They live upon the mere scent of dissention:
'Tis well, 'tis well. Are you contented, girl?
For your will must be known.
Ang. A husband's welcome,
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, Sir;
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.
The gentleman I have seen, and well observ'd him,
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise;
A pretty gentlemen, and he may please too;
And some few flashes I have heard come from
But not to admiration, as to others; [him,
He's young, and may be good, yet he must make it; [also.[27]
And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.
Lew. Why then let's go, and I shall love your modesty. [lina,
To horse, and bring the coach out. Angel-
To-morrow you will look more womanly.
Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eye, Sir.
[*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, and Lilly.

Bri. Wait on your master; he shall have that befits him.
And. No inheritance, Sir?
Bri. You speak like a fool, a coxcomb!
He shall have annual means to buy him books,
And find him clothes and meat; what would he more? [nature.
Trouble him with land? 'tis flat against his
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.
And. Shall master Eustace have all?
Bri. All, all; he knows how
To use it; he's a man bred in the world,
T'other i' th' heav'ns. My masters, pray be wary [sauces
And serviceable; and, Cook, see all your
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that they may
Commend you; look to your roast and bak'd meats handsomely, [things—
And what new kickshaws and delicate made
Is th' music come?
But. Yes Sir, they're here at breakfast.
Bri. There will be a masque too. You must see this room clean, [lows:
And, Butler, your door open to all good fel-
But have an eye to your plate, for there be furies——
My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;
Sort it, and set it ready for the table;
And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be
Not cut asunder by the gallants too;
There be such knacks abroad. Hark hither, Lilly! [w'ye:
To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, I'll sup
Your husband shall be safe; I'll send you meat too.
Before, I cannot well slip from my company.
And. Will you so, will you so, Sir? I'll make one to eat it;
I may chance to make you stagger too.
Bri. No answer, Lilly?
Lil. One word about the linen. I'll be ready,
And rest your worship's still.
And. And I'll rest w'ye; [nimble?
You shall see what rest 'twill be. Are you so
A man had need have ten pair of ears to watch you. [wants you;
Bri. Wait on your master, for I know he
And keep him in his study, that the noise
Do not molest him. I will not fail, my Lilly!
Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several duties. [*Ex.*
And. Are you kissing-ripe, Sir? Double but my farm,
And kiss her 'till thy heart ake. These smock-vermin!
How eagerly they leap at old mens' kisses!
They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure.
And if 'twere not for the scurvy name of cuckold, [bour at length
He should lie with her. I know, she'll la-
With a good lordship. If he had a wife now!
But that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up
Unto my master; he'll be mad with study.
[*Exit.*

[27] *He's young and may be good, yet he must make it,*
And I may help, and help to *thank him also.*] I can make no sort of sense of the latter part of the last line; but as the foregoing lines point out the intention of the author, so that will direct us to the true reading. The sense I take to be this. He's yet too young to be fix'd to either good or evil, but he may hereafter make himself good, and I may help to make him so: And, as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in goodness. The slight reformation, that I have offered, entirely gives this sense. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

He's young, and may be good, yet he must make him so,
And I may help, and for help *thank him also.*

We think Mr Seward's explanation of the *sense* of this passage just; but the *words* we have introduced to the text are nearer those of the old copies, while they convey the same meaning: 'Each giving *help*, and each giving *thanks*.' The alteration in the first line seems totally unnecessary.

SCENE III.

Enter Charles.

Char. What noise is this? My head is broken! In ev'ry corner,[28]
As if the earth were shaken with some strange cholic,
There are stirs and motions. What planet rules this house?

[28] *What noise is in this house, my head is broken.*] The old editions have handed down to us as ridiculous a blunder upon this passage, as ever pass'd the press. They read;

——— *my head is broken,*
Within a parenthesis *in ev'ry corner:*

Our learned and ingenious Mr. Cibber, who jumbled the Custom of the Country and this play into one comedy, sagaciously saw, that *within a parenthesis* did not so harmoniously begin a verse; he has therefore alter'd it thus.

——— *my head is broken*
With a parenthesis *in ev'ry corner*;

This gentleman, I suppose, might have met with this scrap of Latin, which is said to those who make false grammar, *Diminuis Prisciani caput:* You break Priscian's head. Now if a little false grammar would break Priscian's head, he naturally concluded, a common man's head might be broken with a *parenthesis:* and so he very judiciously adopted the expression.———But may it not be asked, how did this nonsense slip at first into the old books? I believe, I can give a solution for that. Some careful reader had written in the margin of his book at the words,

——— *My heart is broken*
Within a *parenthesis.*

But forgetting to make the two half-moons, which form a *parenthesis,* it was mistook at press for a part of the text, and thence we derive this wonderful interpolation. *Theobald.*

As this passage has been most strangely treated, we hope our readers will allow us to lay before them the lections of the several editions which have come to our hands, together with a few remarks on the different variations: But which, as it may be censured as a species of *verbal criticism,* we should not have done, had we not imagined it would afford entertainment to the curious and discerning.——Quarto, 1637, says,

What noise is in this house, my head is broken,
Within a parenthesis, in every corner
As if the earth were shaken, &c.

Quarto, 1651,

What noise is this, my head is broken,
Within a parenthesis, in every corner
As if the earth were shaken, &c.

Folio, 1679 (wherein the whole of this beautiful poem is degraded into prose), except saying, *What* a *noise,* copies the words of 1637.——Octavo, 1711,

What noise is in this house, my head is broken,
With several noises; and *in every corner,*
As if the earth were shaken, &c.

Here we find that the rejection of the words, *within a parenthesis,* was concluded on near forty years before Mr Theobald's edition was published; a circumstance he ought to have mentioned, as well as the interpolation of the words, *with several noises*; *and* —.——Octavo, 1750,

What noise is in this house, (my head is broken!)
With several noises; *and in every corner*;
As if the earth were shaken, &c.

We will give Mr. Theobald credit for the rejected words having been meant as a direction; but surely, then, the *parenthesis* should have extended further than he has made it; it should have gone on to the word *corner*; otherwise, assisted by his alteration of the points, the whole passage is (to use that gentleman's favourite expression) *stark nonsense.* It is beyond the power of human ingenuity, we believe, to make any sense of, *What noise is in this house, with several noises*; *and in every corner*; *as if the earth were shaken,* &c. A plain proof this is, among innumerable others, that the deservedly-most-admired Editor of Shakespeare undertook the revisal of the next-best English dramatists, when his faculties were debilitated and his fancy extinguished, if not his understanding impaired. Of the quartos, the oldest are, generally, most to be depended on; but the Elder Brother is an exception to this rule. The copy of 1651 corrects various passages which appear nonsense in that of 1637, as well as enables us to rectify

Enter Andrew.

Who's there?
And. 'Tis I, Sir, faithful Andrew.
Char. Come near,
And lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?
And. The cooks [pies,
Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make
And breaking marrow-bones.
Char. Can they set them again?
And. Yes, yes, in broths and puddings; and they grow stronger,
For th' use of any man.
Char. What squeaking's that?
Sure, there is a massacre.
And. Of pigs and geese, Sir, [Sir,
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry,
And that makes up the medley.
Char. Do they thus
At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a cook.
And. They're sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a taber.
Char. What loads are these?
And. Meat, meat, Sir, for the kitchen;
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in:
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.
And there's fat venison, Sir.
Char. What's that?
And. Why, deer; [sures,
Those that men fatten for their private plea-
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.
Char. I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat any. [viare,[29] Sir;
And. There's a fishmonger's boy with ca-
Anchovies, and potargo,[30] to make you drink.
Char. Sure, these are modern, very modern
For I understand 'em not. [meats,
And. No more does any man
From *caca-merda*,[31] or a substance worse,
'Till they be greas'd with oil, and rubb'd with onions, [sallads.
And then flung out of doors, they are rare

Char. And why is all this, prithee, tell me, Andrew?
Are there any princes to dine here to-day?
By this abundance, sure, there should be princes.
I've read of entertainment for the gods, ['em?
At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve
I never had but one, and that a small one.
And. Your brother's married this day; he's
Your younger brother, Eustace! [married;
Char. What of that? [hither;
And. And all the friends about are bidden
There's not a dog that knows the house but
Char. Married? to whom? [comes too.
And. Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,
Young, sweet, and modest.
Char. Are there modest women?
How do they look?
And. Oh, you'd bless yourself to see them.
He parts with's book! He ne'er did so before
Char. What does my father for 'em? [yet!
And. Gives all his land,
And makes your brother heir.
Char. Must I have nothing?
And. Yes, you must study still, and he'll maintain you.
Char. I am his Elder Brother.
And. True, you were so;
But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, Sir.
Char. 'Tis well;
He'll not inherit my understanding too?
And. I think not; he'll scarce find tenants Out to. [to let it
Char. Hark, hark!
And. The coach that brings the fair lady.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Ladies, Notary, &c.

Now you may see her.
Char. Sure, this should be modest; [of it,
But I do not truly know what women make
Andrew! She has a face looks like a story;[32]
The story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.

several new errors in the more modern editions: Not that that is immaculate: Without the first copy (aided by the same infinite drudgery of comparison necessary for the other sixteen plays printed in quarto) we should not be enabled to furnish our readers with such a copy of the Elder Brother as would give ourselves satisfaction.

With respect to *parentheses*, our ancestors were unreasonably fond of them; in the present instance, to put the words, *my head is broken*, between a *parenthesis*; though allowable, is totally unnecessary. We have (except in punctuation) followed our favourite quarto; and flatter ourselves, the reading here exhibited will be allowed to be, more than any prior to it, sensible, poetical, and nervous.

The interpolated words, *with several noises*, we apprehend to have been originally a direction for the representation at the theatre.

[29] *Caviare.*] The eggs of a sturgeon.

[30] *Potargo.*] A pickle, prepared in the West Indies.

[31] *Caca merda.*] This expression, too gross for an English audience, or an English reader, will be understood by every person conversant in the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

[32] ——*She has a face looks like a* story:

The story of the Heav'ns looks very like her.] Mr. Seward, out of kindness to Charles, and that he may 'not talk nonsense,' would alter *story* to *glory* in both places: But, says Mr. Theobald, 'I have preserv'd the word *story*, because our Authors have used the same image' in their Philaster;

——*How that foolish man,*
That reads the story *of a woman's* face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever!

wherein

And. She has a wide face then.
Char. She has a cherubin's,
Cover'd and veil'd with modest blushes.
Eustace, be happy, whilst poor Charles is patient!
Get me my book again, and come in with me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy and Miramont.

Bri. Welcome, sweet daughter; welcome, noble brother; [writings;
And you are welcome, Sir, with all your Ladies, most welcome! What, my angry brother! [else.
You must be welcome too; the feast is flat
Mir. I come not for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joys to bless the bed withal;
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials.
I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.
Bri. You'll stay and dine though?
Mir. All your meat smells musty;
Your table will shew nothing to content me.
Bri. I'll assure you, here's good meat.
Mir. But your sauce is scurvy; [tion.
It is not season'd with the sharpness of discre-
Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle. [thou'rt a boy;
Mir. Thee! Thou art not worth my anger;
A lump o' thy father's likeness, made of nothing [head,
But antick clothes and cringes! Look in thy
And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes
And rotten smoke! Lady, I pity you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,
And ought to have a handsome man yok'd t'ye,
An understanding too; this is a gincrack,
That can get nothing but new fashions on you;
For say, he have a thing shap'd like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a taylor.
Eust. These are but harsh words, uncle.
Mir. So I mean 'em. [ther.
Sir, you play harsher play w'your Elder Bro-
Eust. I would be loth to give you——
Mir. Do not venture; [then.
I'll make your wedding-clothes sit closer t'ye
I but disturb you; I'll go see my nephew.
Cow. Pray take a piece of rosemary.[33]
Mir. I'll wear it;
But for the lady's sake, and none of yours!
May be, I'll see your table too.
Bri. Pray do, Sir. [*Exit Mir.*

Ang. A mad old gentleman.
Bri. Yes, faith, sweet daughter, [ledge.
He has been thus his whole age, to my know-
He has made Charles his heir, I know that certainly; [thing?
Then why should he grudge Eustace any
Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden [Charles is,
With too much learning, as, they say, this
That makes his book his mistress. Sure, there's something
Hid in this old man's anger, that declares him
Not a mere sot.
Bri. Come, shall we go and seal, brother?
All things are ready, and the priest is here.
When Charles has set his hand unto the writings,
As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,
And so to dinner.
Cow. Come, let's seal the book first,
For my daughter's jointure.
Bri. Let's be private in't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Charles, Miramont, and Andrew.

Mir. Nay, you're undone!
Char. Hum!
Mir. Ha'ye no greater feeling? [Sir,
And. You were sensible of the great book,
When it fell on your head; and, now the house
Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?
Char. Will he have my books too?
Mir. No; he has a book,
A fair one too, to read on, and read wonders.
I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,
An 'twere but to new-string her.
Char. Yes, I saw her; [learning;
And, methought, 'twas a curious piece of
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.
And. He flung away his book.
Mir. I like that in him:
'Would he had flung away his dullness too,
And spake to her.
Char. And must my brother have all?
Mir. All that your father has.
Char. And that fair woman too?
Mir. That woman also.
Char. He has enough then. [ter?
May I not see her sometimes, and call her sis-
I will do him no wrong.
Mir. This makes me mad;
I could now cry for anger! These old fools
Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st coxcombs!

wherein he certainly is very right; which is still stronger proved, by Eustace afterwards saying,

How do you, brother, with your curious story?
Have you not read *her yet sufficiently?*

[33] *Pray take a piece of* rosemary.] It has been observed, that *rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and that it was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. See Hamlet, act iv. sc. v. *R.*

Farewell, and fall to your book; forget your brother;
You are my heir, and I'll provide y' a wife.
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it.
[*Exit.*

Enter Brisac,

Bri. Where is my son?
And. There, Sir; casting a figure
What chopping children his brother shall have.
Bri. He does well. How dost, Charles? Still at thy book? [his father.
And. He's studying now, Sir, who shall be
Bri. Peace, you rude knave! Come hither, Charles; be merry. [Sir.
Char. I thank you; I am busy at my book,
Bri. You must put your hand, my Charles, as I would have you,
Unto a little piece of parchment here;
Only your name. You write a reasonable hand. [it.
Char. But I may do unreasonably to write
What is it, Sir?
Bri. To pass the land I have, Sir,
Unto your younger brother.
Char. Is't no more? [provided for;
Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing: You shall be
And new books you shall have still, and new studies; [care, boy;
And have your means brought in without thy
And one still to attend you.
Char. This shews your love, father.
Bri. I'm tender to you.
And. Like a stone, I take it.
Char. Why, father, I'll go down, an't please you let me, [*woman.*
Because I'd see the thing they call *the gentle-*
I see no women, but through contemplation,
And there I'll do't before the company,
And wish my brother fortune.
Bri. Do, I prithee. [above,
Char. I must not stay; for I have things
Require my study.
Bri. No, thou shalt not stay;
Thou shalt have a brave dinner too.
And. Now has he
O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down
Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, Priest, Ladies, Cowsy, Notary, and Miramont.

Not. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done.
Is your's ready?
Priest. Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently,
Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.
Eust. Do, speak apace, for we believe ex-
Do not we stay long, mistress? [actly.
Ang. I find no fault; [do them.
Better things well done, than want time to
Uncle, why are you sad?

Mir. Sweet-smelling blossom! [tent;
'Would I were thine uncle to thine own con-
I'd make thy husband's state a thousand better,
A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man
(But that he is addicted to his study,
And knows no other mistress than his mind)
Would weigh down bundles of these empty kexes.
Ang. Can he speak, Sir?
Mir. 'Faith, yes; but not to women:
His language is to Heav'n, and heav'nly wonder,
To nature, and her dark, and secret causes.
Ang. And does he speak well there?
Mir. Oh, admirably!
But he's too bashful to behold a woman;
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles
Ang. He is a man. [none.
Mir. Yes, and a clear sweet spirit.
Ang. Then conversation, methinks——
Mir. So think I too;
But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.
Ang. I like thy nobleness.
Eust. See, my mad uncle
Is courting my fair mistress.
Lew. Let him alone;
There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

Enter Brisac and Charles.

Eust. My father's here, my brother too, that's a wonder;
Broke like a spirit from his cell.
Bri. Come hither, [see
Come nearer, Charles; 'twas your desire to
My noble daughter, and the company, [boy.
And give your brother joy, and then to seal,
You do like a good brother.
Lew. Marry, does he,
And he shall have my love for ever for't.
Put to your hand now.
Not. Here's the deed, Sir, ready.
Char. No, you must pardon me awhile: I tell you,
I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.
Bri. Come, leave thy study, Charles.
Char. I'll leave my life first;
I study now to be a man; I've found it.
Before, what man was, was but my argument.
Mir. I like this best of all; he has taken
His dull mist flies away. [fire;
Eust. Will you write, brother?
Char. No, brother, no; I have no time for poor things; [tion.
I'm taking th' height of that bright constella-
Bri. I say you trifle time, son.
Char. I will not seal, Sir:
I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;
For, Heav'n forbid I should become example.
Had y'only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,
And been a proud man to have parted with it;
'Tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, uncle?
Mir. Bravely, my boy; and bless thy tongue!

Char. I'll forward.
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,
(I find my mind free; Heav'n direct my fortune!) [sacrifice?
Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to
Char. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,
That I have studied long, and now found only,
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,
And only make the number of things up,
Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to't!
Lew. He speaks unhappily.
Ang. And, methinks, bravely.
This the mere scholar?
Eust. You but vex yourself, brother,
And vex your study too.
Char. Go you and study;
For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man and manners; [on't.
I've studied both, although I made no show
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee: [lamps,
Wear out the tedious night with thy dim
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt:
Distil the sweetness from the poets' spring,
And learn to love; thou know'st not what fair is:
Traverse the stories of the great heroes,
The wise and civil lives of good men walk through: [tries,
Thou hast seen nothing but the face of coun-
And brought home nothing but their empty words!
Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,
That hast no worth within thee to preserve her?

'Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speak such another ode, and take all
What say you to the scholar now? [yet!
Ang. I wonder!
Is he your brother, Sir?
Eust. Yes. 'Would he were buried!
I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker.[34]
Ang. Speak not so softly, Sir; 'tis very likely.
Bri. Come, leave your finical talk, and let's dispatch, Charles.
Char. Dispatch! what?
Bri. Why, the land.
Char. You are deceiv'd, Sir: [man,
Now I perceive what 'tis that wooes a wo-
And what maintains her when she's woo'd.
I'll stop here.
A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.
Though land and monies be no happiness,
Yet they are counted good additions.
That use I'll make; he that neglects a blessing, [use it,
Though he want present knowledge how to
Neglects himself. May be, I have done you wrong, lady, [gether;
Whose love and hope went hand in hand to-
May be, my brother, that has long expected
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance.
(Pray, give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all doubts.) [that.
Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me
(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for thy knavery.)
Char. You, happy you! why did you break unto me? [ly.
The rosy-fingur'd morn ne'er broke so sweet-
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd awhile, [them:
And lay dead, till the spring of beauty rais'd
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,
A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguish'd,
And into form he drew my faculties; [too.
And now I know my land, and now I love
Bri. We had best remove the maid.
Char. It is too late, Sir; [Eustace,
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not,
There are less worthy souls for younger brothers:

[34] *I fear, he'll make an ass of me, a* younger.] A *younger* what? He was already his *younger* brother. I hope, I may venture to say, that I have retrieved the original word. A *younker*, among the sailors, is a lad employed in the most servile offices belonging to the ship; such as swabbing the deck, taking in the top-sails, slinging the yards, taking their turns at the helm, &c. *Theobald.*

This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays. So Falstaff says, 'What, will you make a *younker* of me?' First Part Henry IV. act iii. *R.*

And yet, probably, after all, *younger* is the right word; since the whole play turns on an attempt to make the Younger Brother the Elder, which the Elder Brother defeats.

This is no form of silk, but sanctity, [fy.
Which wild lascivious hearts can never digni-
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,
For, like the light, we make no separation.
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion;
Wash off the swift hours from his downy wings,
Or steal Eternity to stop his glass,
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.
Room for an Elder Brother! Pray give place, Sir! [beat thee;
Mir. H'as studied duel too; take heed, he'll
H'as frighted the old justice into a fever!
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass;
For, though he be grave with years, he's a great baby.
Char. Do not you think me mad?
Ang. No, certain, Sir: [cellent.
I have heard nothing from you but things ex-
Char. You look upon my clothes, and laugh at me;
My scurvy clothes!
Ang. They have rich linings, Sir.
I would your brother——
Char. His are gold, and gaudy.
Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell of copper. [sweet lady,
Char. Can you love me? I am an heir,
However I appear a poor dependant.
Can you love with honour? I shall love so ever.
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must die. [take it deeply.
Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll
Char. Old men are not immortal, as I take it.
Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?
I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman; [lady.
But he shall give me leave to lead the way,
Can you love for love,[35] and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heaps of gold
With a more doting superstition, [lights;
Than I'll love you; the young man his de-
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry sea up, [him,
And sees the mountain-billows falling on
As if all elements, and all their angers,
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.
We'll live together like two wanton vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another;
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit; [mourn,
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy. [yours for ever!
Ang. And one hand seal the match: I'm
Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay!
Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, Sir.
Bri. There was a contract.
Ang. Only conditional,
That if he had the land, he had my love too:
This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain
Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I say; [it.
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.
You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,
But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.
'Tis not a face I only am in love with;
Nor will I say, your face is excellent;
A reasonable hunting face, to court the wind with; [plac'd too.
Nor they're not words, unless they be well
Nor your sweet *dam-mee's*, nor your hir'd verses, [horses,
Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,
Nor your black patches you wear variously,
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges.[36] [ther!
All which but shew you still a younger bro-
Mir. Gra'mercy, wench, thou hast a noble soul too. [knowledge,
Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little
Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go study,
And glean some goodness, that you may shew manly; [you.)
(Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach
Or only study how to get a wife, Sir.
You're cast behind; 'tis good you should be melancholy, [money,
It shews like a gamester that had lost his
And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a scarf, Sir, [gers.
For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fin-
Lew. But are you in earnest?
Ang. Yes, believe me, father;
You shall ne'er chuse for me; you're old and dim, Sir, [judgment.
And th' shadow of the earth eclips'd your

[35] *Love for Love.*] These words are the title of Congreve's comedy, in which he has palpably copied our Authors, particularly in endeavouring to make the Elder Brother forego his birthright, in favour of the Younger. The very name of Angelica, Valentine's mistress, is perhaps borrowed from Angellina.

[36] *Nor your black patches you wear variously,*
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges.
All which but shew you still a younger brother.] The custom of wearing black patches on the face began amongst the men, being made of black velvet, and cut in various shapes. It was a foppish imitation of the officers of the army, who, in one place of our Authors, are said, after a campaign, to be obliged from their wounds, *to wear their faces in velvet scabbards.* *Seward.*

You've had you're time without controul, dear father, [now, Sir.
And you must give me leave to take mine
Bri. This is the last time of asking; will you set your hand to?
Char. This is the last time of answering; I will never!
Bri. Out of my doors!
Char. Most willingly.
Mir. He shall, Jew;
Thou of the tribe of *Man-y-asses!* coxcomb!
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold, fool.
Ang. Must I begone too?
Lew. I will never know thee.
Ang. Then this man will: What fortune he shall run, father,
Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter Egremont.

Egre. When shall the masque begin?
Eust. 'Tis done already:
All, all, is broken off; I am undone, friend!
My brother's wise again, and has spoil'd all,
Will not release the land; has won the wench too.
Egre. Could he not stay till th' masque was past? We're ready.
What a scurvy trick is this?
Mir. Oh, you may vanish! [wives
Perform it at some hall, where the citizens'
May see't for six-pence a-piece, and a cold supper. [daughter,
Come, let's go, Charles! And now, my noble
I'll sell the titles of my house ere thou shalt want, wench.
Rate up your dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap.
Some younger brother will take't up in commodities. [the law,
Send you joy, nephew Eustace! If you study
Keep your great pippin-pies; they'll go far with you.
Char. I'd have your blessing.
Bri. No, no; meet me no more!
Farewell! thou wilt blast mine eyes else.
Char. I will not.
Lew. Nor send not you for gowns!
Ang. I'll wear coarse flannel first.
Bri. Come, let's go take some counsel.
Lew. 'Tis too late.
Bri. Then stay and dine; it may be, we shall vex 'em. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsy.

Bri. NE'ER talk to me! You are no men, but masquers;
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-bubbles,
That every breath or breaks or blows away!
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion!
Frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with leavers! [lants?
Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gal-
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?
You've no more spirit than three sleepy sots!
Eust. What would you have me do, Sir?
Bri. Follow your brother, [tune!
And get you out of doors, and seek your for-
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in characters,
Cross my design, and take thy own wench from thee? [fellow!
In mine own house too? Thou despis'd, poor
Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you, Sir, [sauciness
Then to my uncle, with whom 't had been but
T' have been so rough——
Egre. And we not seeing him
Strive in his own cause, that was principal,
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here.
Bri. You dare do nothing.
Do ye make your care th' excuse of your cowardliness? [penny halberts,
Three boys on hobby-horses, with three-
Would beat you all.
Cow. You must not say so.
Bri. Yes,
And sing it too.
Cow. You are a man of peace,
Therefore we must give way.
Bri. I'll make my way; [you;
And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force
And, having first torn off your flaunting feathers, [you
I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach
To quit my house, I'll kick you out of my gates, [fire,
You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming
Yet have no heat within you!
Cow. Oh, bless'd travel!
How much we owe thee for our pow'r to suffer? [never seen
Egre. Some splenitive youths now, that had
More than their country smoke, would grow in choler:
It would shew fine in us!
Eust. Yes, marry, would it,
That are prime courtiers, and must know no angers;

But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose
To hold our places.
Bri. Will you find the door, [way, Sir,
And find it suddenly? You shall lead the
With your perfum'd retinue, and recover
The now-lost Angellina; or, build on it,
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,
Before thou shalt inherit.
Eust. We'll to counsel; [lour
And what may be done by man's wit or va-
We'll put in execution.
Bri. Do, or never
Hope I shall know thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis.

Lew. Oh, Sir, have I found you?
Bri. I never hid myself. Whence flows this fury, [fright me?
With which, as it appears, you come to
Lew. I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;
And if she be not suddenly deliver'd,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heir, and if she may be ravish'd
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!
Honour and blood are mere neglected nothings. [and tax him
Bri. Nay, then, my lord, you go too far,
Whose innocency understands not what fear is.
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell
On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integrity and truth?
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,
Cast an aspersion on me.
Lew. I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind
As you will blush to answer! [*Exit Lewis.*
Bri. All the world,
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not
Torment myself; some sprightful mirth must banish [choak'd me:
The rage and melancholy which hath almost
T' a knowing man 'tis physic, and 'tis thought one.
One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,
To chear my heart, and this is that appointed:
This night I'll hug my Lilly in my arms;
Provocatives are sent before to chear me;
We old men need 'em; and though we pay dear
For our stol'n pleasures, so it be done securely,
The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives 'em relish.
Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm,
And it shall have a beacon, to give warning
To my other tenants when the foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,
I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead;
Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come! poor Andrew!
[*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miramont and Andrew.

Mir. Do they chafe roundly?
And. As they were rubb'd with sope, Sir.
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still alters;
And then they sit in council what to do,
And then they jar again, what shall be done.
They talk of warrants from the parliament,
Complaints to the king, and forces from the province; [minutes,
They have a thousand heads in a thousand
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.
Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at 'em,
A couple of pure puppies yoak'd together!
But what says the young courtier, master
And his two warlike friends? [Eustace,
And. They say but little;
How much they think, I know not. They look ruefully, [house,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting-
And had been quite shot thro' 'tween wind and water
By a she Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, Sir.
Certain, my master was to blame.
Mer. Why, Andrew? [from him,
And. To take away the wench o' th' sudden
And give him no lawful warning; he is tender,
And of a young girl's constitution, Sir,
Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.
Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling language,
Or bought an elegy of his condolement,[37]
That th' world might have ta'en notice he had
An ass, 't had been some savour. [been
Mir. Thou say'st true, [things
Wise Andrew; but those scholars are such
When they can prattle!
And. Very parlous things, Sir. [tinguish
Mir. And when they gain the liberty to dis-
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool,
To look below and spy a younger brother,
Pruning and dressing up his expectations
In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him;
Those dreaming scholars then turn tyrants,
And shew no mercy. [Andrew,
And. The more the pity, Sir. [brother,
Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my
And anger him a little further, Andrew.
It shall be only anger, I assure thee,
And a little shame.
And. And I can fit you, Sir.
Hark in your ear.

[37] *Or bought an elegy of his condolement.*] This is spoke of Eustace, whom Angellina before attacks for hiring verses; but Mr. Theobald unaccountably mistook it to be spoke of the scholar Charles, and therefore reads, *brought an elegy*. *Seward.*

Mer. Thy wife?
And. So, I assure you:
This night at twelve o'clock.
Mir. 'Tis neat and handsome;
There are twenty crowns due to thy project, Andrew.
I've time to visit Charles, and see what lecture
He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not
To be with you. [fail
And. Nor I to watch my master. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Angellina, and Sylvia with a taper.

Ang. I'm worse than e'er I was, for now I fear
That that I love, that that I only dote on.
He follows me through every room I pass,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if a spark of innocence were blown
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me!
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him—
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest!
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief!
'Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly!
Syl. You need not fear that; will you be a child still?
He follows you, but still to look upon you.
Or, if he did desire to lie with you, [end.
'Tis but your own desire; you love for that
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed w' you,
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.
Ang. Dare you venture that?
Syl. Let him consent; and have at you.
I fear him not; he knows not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the mystery men aim at.
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam?
Ang. He follows still, yet with a sober face,
'Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied. [you.
Syl. You may both,[38] let him but go with

Enter Charles.

Char. Why do you fly me? What have I
About me, or within me, to deserve it? [so ill
Ang. I am going to-bed, Sir.
Char. And I am come to light you;
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.
You may have me to-bed without a scruple;
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.
Two innocents should not fear one another.
Syl. The gentleman says true. Pluck up your heart, madam. [declining,
Char. The glorious sun, both rising and
We boldly look upon; even then, sweet lady,
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's curtains; [hold him.
Even then he blushes, that men should be-
Ang. I fear he will persuade me to mistake him. [mind to't.
Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your
Ang. Pray you, to your bed.
Char. Why not to yours, dear mistress?
One heart and one bed.
Ang. True, Sir, when 'tis lawful:
But yet, you know——
Char. I would not know; forget it.
Those are but sickly loves that hang on ceremony, [and healthful,
Nurs'd up with doubts and fears; ours high
Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest.
Love should seal first, then hands confirm the bargain.
Ang. I shall be an heretic, if this continue.
What would you do a-bed? You make me blush, Sir.
Char. I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your sleeps are excellent:
You, that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere
Those were rich shows. [possible;
Ang. I am becoming traitor.
Char. Then, like blue Neptune, courting of an island,
Where all the perfumes and the precious things
That wait upon great nature are laid up,
I'd clip you in mine arms, and chastely kiss you;
Dwell in your bosom like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weep.
Ang. I've too much woman in me.
Char. And those true tears, falling on your pure crystals, [wear.[39]
Should turn to armlets for great queens to
Ang. I must be gone.
Char. Do not; I will not hurt you.
This is to let you know, my worthiest lady,
You've clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too.
Fear not my manners; though I never knew,
Before these few hours, what a beauty was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feel it;
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,

[38] *You may both.*] Mr. Theobald's edition reads, *You may* know *both*; which interpolation, we think, destroys the Poets' meaning. Sylvia is designed to say, BOTH *you and Charles* may know the worst.

[39] *Should turn to armlets for great queens* t' adore.] But why should a queen, or lady of any other rank, *adore* her bracelets? They might be very rich and finely made, and so far to be admired and esteem'd: But to make them the subject of devotion, is a rapture a little above the pitch of common sense. *For great queens* to wear, is, I think, a sufficient compliment; and so I have ventur'd to reform the text. *Theobald.*

Is it not astonishing, that, after this parade and this *reforming the text*, these words, *to wear*, appear in the edition of 1651, which Mr. Theobald often quotes, and therefore must have seen? Neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Sympson, as appears by their Postscript and Addenda, knew that this authority existed.

And studied it among my other secrets:
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceiye one rudeness against chas-
Ang. Then, we may walk. [tity.
Char. And talk of any thing,
Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,
And not desire; 'twill prove a wise man's task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled, mistress,
And temper'd with the quality of honour,
That, if you should yield, I should hate you
I am no courtier, of a light condition, [for't.
Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,
That only serves his will and wantonness;
And lets the serious part of life run by,
As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name,[40]
You must be mine! why should I rob myself
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?
We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,
Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,
And sing of love and youth; each wind that
blows, [lights;
And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed de-
The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,
And on the perfum'd flow'rs wooe us to
tumble;
Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in
them. [a fair end
Ang. To-bed, and pray then, we may have
Of our fair loves. 'Would I were worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thanks!
But I am poor in all but your affections.
Once more, good night!
Char. A good night t'ye, and may
The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slum-
bers! [fancy!
No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your
And break betimes, sweet morn! I've lost my
light else.
Ang. Let it be ever night, when I lose you.[41]
Syl. This scholar never went to a free-
school, he's so simple.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your brother, with two gallants, is at
the door, Sir;
And they're so violent, they'll take no denial.
Ang. This is no time of night——
Char. Let 'em in, mistress.
Ser. They stay no leave. Shall I raise the
house on 'em?
Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur
of 't, I charge you.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsy.

Eust. They're here; my uncle absent; stand
close to me.
How do you, brother, with your curious story?
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?
Char. No, brother, no; I stay yet in the
The style's too hard for you. [preface;
Eust. I must entreat her;
She's parcel of my goods.
Char. She's all, when you have her.
Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly,
rude Sir;
Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.
Char. Do, let her alone; she gives good
counsel. Do not [light;
Trouble yourself with ladies; they are too
Let out your land, and get a provident steward.
Ang. I cannot love you, let that satisfy you!
Such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.
Eust. Nay then, you must go, I must
claim mine own.
Both. Away, away with her!
Char. Let her alone,
[*She strikes off Eustace's hat.*
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.
Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother:
It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.
Eust. Oh, is your heart come down? What
are your terms, Sir?
Put up, put up.
Char. This is the first and chiefest.
Let's walk a turn. Now stand off, fools, I
advise ye. [*Snatches away his sword.*
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.
This is the first sword yet I ever handled,
And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,

[40] *As thin neglected sand.* Whiteness of name, &c.] Mr. Theobald totally misunderstood this passage; and therefore pointed it thus:

And lets the serious part of life run by,
As thin neglected sand, whiteness of name.
You must be mine, &c.

'The relative *you*, says Mr. Seward, misled him; he thought it related to Angellina, 'whereas, with infinite poetic beauty, it relates to *whiteness of name*: The meaning of the pas-'sage [illegible] evidently this——If you should yield, I should hate you; for I am no courtier, 'that [illegible] to all his wanton appetites. No; *whiteness of name*, i. e. the character 'and [illegible] of chastity and innocence, *you must be always mine*; which I should for-'feit eternally, should I debauch my mistress before marriage, for

Why should I seek to cuckold *my delights?*
And widow *all those sweets I aim at in you?*'

[41] We think the [illegible] have not paid due regard to the delicacy of female character, in this scene of Angellina: The behaviour of Charles is admirable.

And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence!
'Tis sharp, I'm sure; and, if I put it home,
'Tis ten to one I shall new pink your sattins.
I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,
And will enough to make ye all examples!
Let me toss it round; I have the full command on't:
Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him!
I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.
Do you watch me when my uncle is absent?
This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards!
Teach me to fight; I willing am to learn.
Are ye all gilded flies? nothing but show in ye?
Why stand ye gaping? Who now touches her?
Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me, [her?
But name her, as his own? who dares look on
That shall be mortal too; to think is danger-
Art thou a fit man to inherit land, [ous!
And hast no wit, nor spirit, to maintain it?
Stand still, thou sign of man, and pray for thy friends;
Pray heartily; good prayers may restore ye.
Ang. Do not kill 'em, Sir.
Char. You speak too late, dear:
It is my first fight, and I must do bravely;
I must not look with partial eyes on any;
I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen:
Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like, ['em.
I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill
Who waits within?
Ser. Sir!
Char. View all these; view 'em well;
Go round about 'em, and still view their faces.
Round about yet; see how death waits upon
For thou shalt never view 'em more. [em;
Eust. Pray hold, Sir. [fore me;
Char. I cannot hold, you stand so fair be-
I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.
Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,
And get my pardon instantly; I have need on't.
Eust. Are you so unnatural?
Char. You shall die last, Sir; [with.
I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight
Come; will ye come? Methinks I have fought whole battles! [know on, Sir.
Cow. We have no quarrel to you, that we
Egre. We'll quit the house, and ask you mercy too.
Good lady, let no murder be done here;
We came but to parly.
Char. How my sword
Thirsts after them? Stand away, sweet.
Eust. Pray, Sir, [ever——
Take my submission, and I disclaim for
Char. Away, ye poor, slight, despicable creatures!
Do you come post to fetch a lady from me,
From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,
And grow lame in your hearts, when you should execute?
Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her;
What did ye bring to carry her?
Egre. A coach and four horses.
Char. But are they good?
Egre As good as France can shew, Sir.
Are you willing to leave those, and take your
Speak quickly. [safeties?
Eust. Yes, with all our hearts.
Char. 'Tis done then. [bargain.
Many have got one horse; I've got four by th'

Enter Miramont.

Mir. How now? who's here?
Ser. Nay, now you're gone without bail.
Mir. What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me my two-hand sword! [wretches!
I will not leave a head on your shoulders.
Eust. In truth, Sir, I came but to do my
Both. And we to renew our loves. [duty.
Mir. Bring me a blanket.
What came they for?
Ang. To borrow me a while, Sir: ['em,
But one, who never fought yet, has so frighted
So bastinado'd them with manly carriage,
They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to stone. [thought
They watch'd your being absent, and then
They might do wonders here, and they have done so:
For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness;
The nipping North, or frosts, never came near them; [sensible:
St. George upon a sign would grow more
If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to do it
In all the world, and yet they are but young.
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as goodly;
Nobility and patience are match'd rarely
In these three gentlemen; they have right use on't;
They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten.
These are the anagrams of three great worthies.
Mir. They will infect my house with cowardice,
If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers
No baffled monsieurs; walk and air yourselves! [wretches!
As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed!
For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect ye,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.
[*Exeunt Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsy.*
My horse again there! I have other business,
Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.
Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you,
'Tis late, 'tis late. [dear lady.
Ang. Pray, Sir, be careful of us.
Mir. It is enough; my best care shall attend ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Andrew.

And. Are you come, old master? Very good, your horse
Is well set up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,

And spur your reverend justiceship such a question,[42] [bleed;
As I shall make the sides o'your reputation
Truly, I will. Now must I play at bo-peep.
A banquet? Well! Potatoes,[43] and eringoes,
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.
Now they begin to bill. How he slavers her!
Gra'mercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off,
(That's a good wench) and cries, 'fair play, above-board.'
Who are they in the corner? As I live, [yet
A covey of fidlers; I shall have some music
At my making free o'th' company of horners.[44]
There's the comfort; and a song too! He beckons for one.
Sure, 'tis no anthem, nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the School of Virtue. I will listen.
[*A song.*
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's too sprightly. [follows?
So, so, the music's paid for; and now what
Oh, that monsieur Miramont would but keep his word, [laughter!
Here were a feast to make him fat with
At the most, 'tis not six minutes riding from his house; [come, Sir?
Nor will he break, I hope. Oh, are you

Enter Miramont.

The prey is in the net;[45] and we'll break in
Upon occasion.
Mir. Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.
Oh, th' infinite fright that will assail this gentleman!
The quartans, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang, like serjeants, on his worship's shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man,
This grave austere man, will be wonder'd at!
How will those solemn looks appear to me,
And that severe face, that spake chains and shackles, [with him?
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done
He'd better have stood between two panes[46] of wainscot,
And made his recantation in the market,
Than hear me conjure him.
And. He must pass this way, [close.
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand

Enter Brisac and Lilly.

Bri. Well done, well done; give me my night-cap. So! [trounce thee!
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and
Come, wench, a kiss between each point;
It is a sweet parenthesis. [kiss close;
Lil. You're merry, Sir. [feel it;
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt
Thou shalt, my Lilly.
Lil. Shall I air your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, I'll use no warming-pan but thine, girl;
That's all. Come, kiss me again.
Lil. Ha' you done yet? [Lilly.
Bri. No; but I will do, and do wonders,
Shew me the way.
Lil. You cannot miss it, Sir.
You shall have a caudle in the morning, for
Your worship's breakfast!
Bri. How? i'th' morning, Lilly?
Thou'rt such a witty thing, to draw me on.
Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,
And th'hast another kickshaw; I must taste it.
Lil. 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender
You've all you're like to have. [of you;
And. Can this be earnest?
Mir. It seems so, and she honest.
Bri. Have I not
Thy promise, Lilly?
Lil. Yes; and I've perform'd
Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,
And you shall find, Sir. You have kiss'd and tous'd me, [more, Sir?
Handled my leg and foot: What would you

[42] *And spur your reverend justiceship such a* question.] To spur such a *question*, I think, is downright nonsense. The word, that I have ventured to substitute, gives a meaning and humour into the bargain; *i. e.* such an *inquest*, such an *enquiry* into what you are about; and the term is the more peculiarly proper, as connected with *justiceship*. *Theobald.*

This gentleman says, *such a* quest on't; but to us this alteration seems puerile; for if *quest* means *inquest* or *enquiry*, surely *question* conveys the same sense.

[43] *Potatoes.*] If the reader should be desirous of any information why this vegetable is introduced on the present occasion, he may see the subject very learnedly discussed in the Appendix to the last edition of Shakespeare. *R.*

[44] *My making free o'th' company of* horners.] This word must signify *planters* of *horns*, *cuckold-makers*; but this was not Andrew's case, he was to be dubb'd a *cuckold*; and therefore, consequently, to be made free of the company of *horn'd ones*. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald reads, *horn'd ones*. This is one of the finest strokes of verbal criticism we recollect. If Andrew had any kind of dealing with *horns*, he commenced *horner*.

[45] *The prey is in the net, and* will *break in*
Upon occasion.] If the prey was already in the net, where was it to break into? Andrew means, that he and Miramont would break in, and surprize it. Mr. Seward saw with me, that the slight alteration made, was quite necessary to the sense. *Theobald.*

[46] *Two* panes *of wainscot.*] Some of the old writers use *pane* and *pannel* indiscriminately; both are deduced from the French word *paneau*. We still say, 'pane of glass.'

As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And the labour in an old man would breed aches,[47]
Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me,
For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir.
Be good unto yourself; you've ta'en already
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,
It is a work too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgery to Andrew.

Mir. How she jeers him?

Lil. Let Andrew alone with his own tillage; He's tough, and can manure it.

Bri. You're a quean,
A scoffing jearing quean!

Lil. It may be so, but,
I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.

Bri. Do not provoke me; [turn
If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and
Thee out a-begging.

Lil. Though you have the will, [Sir,
And want of honesty, to deny your deed,
Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning
From my young master, as to keep his own.

And. I warrant thee, wench. [the judges,

Lil. At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to
For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and
What terms you would revoke it. [on

Bri. Whore, thou dar'st not! [blood boils,
Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my
As if 'twere o'er a furnace!

Mir. I shall cool it.

Bri. Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!
I'll be a friend to you, such a loving bountiful friend— [a little;

Lil. To avoid suits in law, I would grant
But should fierce Andrew know it, what would
Of me? [become

And. A whore, a whore!

Bri. Nothing but well, wench:
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my Lilly: [him,
Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work
And thank thee for the office.

Mir. Take heed, Andrew;
These are shrewd temptations.

And. Pray you, know [worship's favour!
Your cue, and second me, Sir.—By your

Bri. Andrew!

And. I come in time to take possession
Of th' office you assign me; hold the door!
Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without, when a deep, understanding
Holds conference within; say, with his wife:
A trifle, Sir. I know I hold my farm
In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o'th' soil, Sir:
Lilly is a weft, a stray; she's yours to use, Sir,
I claim no interest in her.

Bri. Art thou serious? [heard us,
Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'er-
And wink at small faults, man; I'm but a pidler, [enough,
A little will serve my turn; thou'lt find
When I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private
And silent?

And. By all means; I'll only have
A ballad made of 't, sung to some lewd tune,
And the name of it shall be the Justice Trap:
It will sell rarely with your worship's name,
And Lilly's, on the top.

Bri. Seek not the ruin
O' my reputation, Andrew.

And. 'Tis for your credit;
Monsieur Brisac, printed in capital letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.

Bri. No mercy, Andrew?

And. Oh, it will proclaim you [royal.
From th' city to the court, and prove sport-

Bri. Thou shalt keep thy farm.

Mir. He does afflict him rarely. [arriving,

And. You trouble me. Then his intent
The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off
To the judge criminal——

Bri. Oh, I am undone. [grace,

And. He's put out of commission with dis-
And held uncapable of bearing office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this I'll put in practice.

Bri. Do but hear me.

And. To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!
It is unpardonable.

Bri. Do not play the tyrant;
Accept of composition.

Lil. Hear him, Andrew.

And. What composition?

Bri. I'll confirm thy farm,
And add unto't an hundred acres more,
Adjoining to it.

And. Hum! this mollifies.
But you're so fickle, and will again deny this,
There being no witness by.

Bri. Call any witness,
I'll presently assure it.

And. Say you so? [hearing,
Troth, there's a friend of mine, Sir, within
That is familiar with all that's past;
His testimony will be authentical.

Bri. Will he be secret?

And. You may tie his tongue up,
As you would do your purse-strings.

Bri. Miramont!

[47] *And the labour in an old man would breed* agues.] But will labour in any case breed *agues*, unless a man gets a violent cold after it? *Aches*, which I have substituted, corresponds with the attendant words, *sciaticas*, and *cramps*. So, in the Knight of Malta;

——————*Share her among ye;*
And may she give you as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches!

Mir. Ha, ha, ha! [are troubled!
And. This is my witness. Lord, how you
Sure you've an ague, you shake so with choler.
He's your loving brother, Sir, and will tell nobody,
But all he meets, that you have eat a snake,
And are grown young, gamesome, and ram-
Bri. Caught thus? [pant.
And. If he were one that would make jests of you, [gravity
Or plague you with making your religious
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd.
Bri. I shall become
Discourse for clowns and tapsters.
And. Quick, Lilly, quick!
He's now past kissing between point and point;
He swoons, fetch him some cordial. Now put in, Sir. [mistake.
Mir. Who may this be? Sure, this is some
Let me see his face; wears he not a false beard?
It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,
The pillar, and the patron, of his country;
He is too prudent, and too cautelous;
Experience hath taught him to avoid these fooleries.
He is the punisher, and not the doer;
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for women:
This is some counterfeit; he shall be whipp'd for't;
Some base abuser of my worthy brother.
Bri. Open the doors! will y' imprison me? Are ye my judges?
Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious Brisac.
Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look
Like my brother; a guilty hanging face. [do!
Bri. I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do,
Mir. Why, it's manly in you.
Bri. Nor will I rail, nor curse. [you;
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with
But all the torments that e'er fell on men
That fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all! [*Exit.*
Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir.
Mir. He will ride you the better, Lilly.
And. We'll teach him to meddle with us scholars.
Mir. He shall make good his promise t' encrease thy farm, Andrew,
Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;
And then I'll hunt him out, and monsieur Eustace,
The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily
To see 'em mourn together.
And. 'Twill be rare, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsy.

Eust. TURN'd out of doors, and baffled!
Egre. We share with you
In the affront.
Cow. Yet bear it not like you,
With such dejection.
Eust. My coach and horses made
The ransom of our cowardice!
Cow. Pish, that's nothing;
'Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remember'd. [the example
Eust. And does the court, that should be
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us
No other doctrine?
Egre. None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge.
Cow. Flatt'ry rubs on;[48] [selves,
But since great men learn to admire them-
'Tis something crest-fallen.
Egre. To be of no religion
Argues a subtile moral understanding,
And it is often cherish'd.
Eust. Piety then,
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,
Are these no virtues?
Egre. Rather vices, Eustace.
Fighting! what's fighting? It may be in fashion
Among Provant swords, and buff-jerkin men:
But w' us, that swim in choice of silks and tissues,
Though in defence of that word *reputation*,
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a drachm of blood must needs appear
As coarse as to be honest.
Eust. And all this you seriously believe?
Cow. It is a faith
That we will die in; since, from the blackguard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other tenets.
Eust. Now my eyes are open;
And I behold a strong necessity,
That keeps me knave and coward.
Cow. You're the wiser.

[48] ——*Flatt'ry rubs* out;] This is a slight typographical error, which turns into obscurity a passage of great wit and humour. We must read, *on*; Flattery makes a shift to rub on at court; tho' it is somewhat crest-fallen, since great men have learned to admire themselves. *Seward.*

Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I pur-
To be of your society? [pose
Egre. By no means.
Eust. Honour is nothing with you?
Cow. A mere bubble; [garded.
For, what's grown common is no more re-
Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd,
You think, 's no blemish?
Egre. Get me a battoon; [trouble.
'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less
Eust. And yet you wear a sword.
Cow. Yes, and a good one,
A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade;
For ornament, not use; the court allows it.
Eust. Will't not fight of itself?
Cow. I ne'er try'd this,
Yet I have worn as fair as any man;
I'm sure, I've made my cutler rich, and paid
For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,
Two thousand crowns; and yet could never
Upon a fighting die. [light
Eust. I'll borrow this;
I like it well.
Cow. 'Tis at your service, Sir;
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.
Eust. And now I have it, leave me! Ye're infectious, [spreading
The plague and leprosy of your baseness
On all that do come near you; such as you
Render the throne of majesty, the court,
Suspected and contemptible! You are scarabes,[49]
That batten in her dung, and have no palates
To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,
Can only see her night-deformities, [ties,
But, with the glorious splendor of her beau-
You are struck blind as moles, that undermine [shelter!
The sumptuous building that allow'd you
You stick, like running ulcers, on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candor;
And, being bad servants, cause your master's goodness
To be disputed of! Make you the court,
That is the abstract of all academies
To teach and practise noble undertakings,
(Where Courage sits triumphant, crown'd with laurel, [nour)
And Wisdom, loaded with the weight of ho-
A school of vices?
Egre. What sudden rapture's this?
Eust. A heav'nly one,
That, raising me sloth and ignorance,
(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the air of action,
And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,
But pleading only in the court's defence,
Though far short of her merits and bright lustre,
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her champion against all the world
That throw aspersions on her.
Cow. Sure, he'll beat us;
I see it in his eyes.
Egre. A second Charles!
Pray look not, Sir, so furiously.
Eust. Recant [up
What you have said, ye mungrils! and lick
The vomit you have cast upon the court,
Where you, unworthily, have had warmth and breeding; [poison
And swear that you, like spiders, have made
Of that which was a saving antidote!
Egre. We will swear any thing!
Cow. We honour the court
As a most sacred place.
Egre. And will make oath,
If you enjoin us to't, nor knave, nor fool,
Nor coward, living in it.
Eust. Except you two,
You rascals!
Cow. Yes; we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so.
Eust. And that, until
You are again reform'd, and grown new men,
You ne'er presume to name the court, or press
Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,
To be disciplin'd for your roguery; and, this
With true contrition—— [done,
Both. Yes, Sir.
Eust. You again
May eat scraps, and be thankful.
Cow. Here's a cold breakfast,
After a sharp night's walking!
Eust. Keep your oaths,
And without grumbling vanish.
Both. We are gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Eust. May all the poorness of my spirit go with you!
The fetters of my thraldom are fil'd off,
And I at liberty to right myself;
And though my hope in Angellina's little,
My honour, unto which compar'd she's nothing, [clouds,
Shall, like the sun, disperse those low'ring
That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name
Of Brother shall divert me, but from him,
That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day;
And if the muse's friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he seldom missing
To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions. The doors opens.

Enter Charles.

'Tis he, most certain; and by's side my sword.
Blest opportunity!

[49] ———— *You are* scarabes.] A species of *beetles*, bred in dung and corrupted filth. Subtle, in the Alchymist, quarrelling with Face, calls him *scarabe*; which he afterwards explains, by adding, 'Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of *dung*.' *R.*

Char. I have o'erslept myself, [it.
And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book, which I'll now consider. [sword?
Ha! what means this? what do I with a
Learn'd Mercury needs not th' aid of Mars, and innocence
Is to itself a guard: Yet, since arms ever
Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;
For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not how, [study,
I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;
Matters of more weight ask my judgment.

Eust. None, Sir:
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;
And see ye expound it well.

Char. Eustace!

Eust. The same, Sir; [him,
Your younger brother, who, as duty binds
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) attended,
To bid good-morrow t' you. [begin.

Char. This, not in scorn,
Commands me to return it. Would you aught else?

Eust. Oh, much, Sir; here I end not, but
I must speak to you in another strain
Than yet I ever us'd; and if the language
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,
From whom I learn'd it.

Char. When I understand, [mand,
Be't in what style you please, what's your de-
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,
To make an answer to the point.

Eust. I come not [own,
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you
Your learning and deep knowledge: Though I am not
A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,
Forc'd from steep rocks, and with much toil attain'd, [ed;
And but to few, that prize their value, grant-
And therefore, without rival, freely wear them. [inform me,

Char. These not repin'd at, as you seem t'
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, Eustace,
Without this tempest in your looks, propound
And fear not a denial. [it,

Eust. I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man, the honour,
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me!
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,
My coach, my horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one hair of them; and, what concludes all,
My mistress Angellina, as she was
Before the musical magic of thy tongue
Enchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publicly,
At my father's and my uncle's intercession,
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen
To terms of reconcilement; but if these
In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,
To th' last gasp I defy thee.

Char. These are strict
Conditions to a brother.

Enst. My rest is up,[50]
Nor will I give less.

Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace;
Yet I can guess, your resolution stands
To win or lose all; I rejoice to find you
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were;
How deeply wounded by yourself, and made
Almost incurable in your own hopes;
The dead flesh of pale cowardice grown over
Your fester'd reputation, which no balm
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to.
And I am happy, that I was the surgeon,
That did apply those burning corrosives,
That render you already sensible [you,
O' th' danger you were plung'd in; teaching
And by a fair gradation, how far,
And with what curious respect and care
The peace and credit of a man within
(Which you ne'er thought 'till now) should be preferr'd
Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here;
For so far I go with you.

Eust. This discourse
Is from the subject.

Char. I'll come to it, brother;
But if you think to build upon my ruins,
You'll find a false foundation: Your high offers,
Taught by the masters of dependencies,[51]

[50] *My* rest *is up.*] The word *rest* is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, and is commonly an allusion to the manner of firing the *harquebus*. This, says Mr. Steevens, was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter, called a *rest*, which they fixed on the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of Old Fortunatus, 1600. 'Set your heart at rest; for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you run swifter 'than a hart, home you go not.' See also Romeo and Juliet, act iv. sc. v. *R.*

Rest, in this place, seems to allude to some game, like the modern *hazard*. The speech of Eustace and answer of Charles cannot well bear any other sense: *Nor will I* give less—*I'm no* gamester—*Your resolution stands to* win *or* lose *all*. Some copies read, *Nor will I* go less.

[51] *Taught by the masters of* dependencies.] Mr. Whalley, in his notes on Ben Jonson, says, '*dependance*, when the fighting system was in vogue, signified the ground or cause of

That, by compounding diff'rencies 'tween others,
Supply their own necessities, with me
Will never carry't. As you are my brother,
I would dispense a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in myself I love in you:
And therefore let not hopes nor threats persuade you
I will descend to any composition,
For which I may be censur'd.
Eust. You shall fight then. [but if
Char. With much unwillingness with you;
There's no evasion——
Eust. None.
Char. Hear yet a word:
As for the sword, and other fripperies, [em;
In a fair way send for them, you shall have
But rather than surrender Angellina,
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppose
My breast unto loud thunder; cast behind me
All ties of nature!
Eust. She detain'd, I'm deaf
To all persuasion.
Char. Guard thyself then, Eustace!
I use no other rhetoric.

Enter Miramont.

Mir. Clashing of swords
So near my house! Brother oppos'd to brother!
Here is no fencing at half sword. Hold, hold!
Charles! Eustace!
Eust. Second him, or call in more help.
Come not between us; I'll not know, nor spare you!
D'ye fight by th' book?
Char. 'Tis you that wrong me. Off, Sir!
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit
That I have raised in him.
Eust. Never, Charles, [me.
'Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in
Mir. I'm out of breath; yet trust not too much to't, boys; [son——
For if you pause not suddenly, and hear reaDo, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,
And not a choleric old testy fool, [you,[52]
Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would, [thee;
And it may be I will. Charles, I command
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave spark,
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting courtier,
I'll cherish him for example; in our age
They're not born every day.
Char. You of late, Sir,
In me lov'd learning.
Mir. True; but take me w'ye, Charles;
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in's breeches, [cringes;
And fought his battles in compliments and
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess, then, [me;
The lofty noise your Greek made, only pleas'd
But, now he's turn'd an Oliver and a Rowland—— [in him)
(Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up
Let me remember! when I was of his years,
I did look very like him; and, did you see
My picture as I was then, you would swear
That gallant Eustace (I mean, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger; you shall have enough,
Charles. [from him.
Char. Sure, Sir, I shall not need addition
Eust. Nor I from any; this shall decide my interest!
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suff'ring tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,
By yielding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that made a stranger
Unto my father's house and favour, o'erwhelm'd
With all disgraces; yet I will mount upward,
And force myself a fortune, though my birth
And breeding do deny it!
Char. Seek not, Eustace,
By violence, what will be offer'd to you
On easier composition. Though I was not
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit;
And one that, not compell'd to't by your sword, [you
(Which I must never fear) will share with
In all but Angellina.
Mir. Nobly said, Charles; [reason,
And learn from my experience, you may hear
And never maim your fighting. For your credit, [and swinge me,
Which you think you have lost, spare Charles;
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks, [serve it,
That wear not swords to guard 'em,[53] yet deThou art made up again.

'quarrel. The reader may see the doctrine humourously explained in the Devil is an Ass, 'act iii.' It is also mentioned in the New Inn, and Every Man in his Humour, by the same author; and is fully explained by Caranza, in his Treatise on Duelling. *R.*

[52] *I'd dance a* mattachin *with you.*] This was a dance, as Skinner tells us in his *Etymologicum*, of great rapidity, so called from the Italian word *matto*, a fool or madman: because the performers used many frantic gesticulations: And Ferrarius, in his *Origines Linguæ Italicæ*, gives us much the same description of it. *Theobald.*

[53] ——————— *spare Charles; and swinge me,*
And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,
That wear no *swords to guard 'em.*] How would Eustace give proof of his valour, by beating

Eust. All this is lip-salve. [I have done.
Mir. It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere
As for thy father's anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Ne'er fear't; for I've the dowcets of his gravity
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring him,
That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make
Thine own conditions with him.
Eust. I'll take leave
A little to consider.
Char. Here comes Andrew.

Enter Andrew.

Mir. But without his comical and learned
What sad disaster, Andrew? [face.
And. You may read, Sir,
A tragedy in my face.
Mir. Art thou in earnest? [help not,
And. Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you
And speedily, by force or by persuasion,
My good old master (for now I pity him)
Is ruin'd for ever.
Char. Ha! my father?
And. He, Sir.
Mir. By what means? speak.
And. At the suit of Monsieur Lewis,
His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person
Is under guard (I saw it with these eyes, Sir)
To be convey'd to Paris, and there sentenc'd.
Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting.
Char. Do I live,
And know my father injur'd?
And. And what's worse, Sir,
My lady Angellina——
Eust. What of her?
And. She's carried away too.
Mir. How?
And. While you were absent, [men
A crew of monsieur Lewis's friends and kins-
By force brake in at th' back part of the house,
And took her away by violence. Faithful Andrew
(As this can witness for him) did his best
In her defence; but 'twould not do.
Mir. Away,
And see our horses saddled! 'tis no time
To talk, but do. Eustace, you now are offer'd
A spacious field, and in a pious war,
To exercise your valour; here's a cause,
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name
Commanding it: But these unnatural jars,
Arising between brothers, should you prosper,
Would shame your victory.
Eust. I would do much, Sir;
But still, my reputation——
Mir. Charles shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay, join hands,
And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, monsieur Lewis,
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel
There's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you bravely.
Eust. And if I follow not, a coward's name
Be branded on my forehead!
Char. This spirit makes you
A sharer in my fortunes.
Mir. And in mine;
Of which (Brisac once freed, and Angellina
Again in our possession) you shall know
My heart speaks in my tongue.
Eust. I dare not doubt it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, and officers.

Lew. I'm deaf to all persuasion.
Bri. I use none; [suffers;
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence
But, when the king shall understand how falsely
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right again.
Ang. Sir, let not passion
So far transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course repairs, but rather ruins,
That honour you would build up: You destroy
What you would seem to nourish. If respect
Of my preferment, or my reputation,
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why do you, now good fortune has provided
A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?
In what is my love Charles defective, Sir?
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulcts in nature,
Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,
Of what can you accuse him?
Lew. Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made thee consent to.

beating three or four beaux who had no swords to defend themselves with? The meaning undoubtedly is, who wear swords for ornament, and not for use, as Cowsy above says, he does; and that the court allows it. Put *not* for *no*, and it will give this sense: Only it will still remain capable of the former. I would therefore read,

That wear swords not *to guard them*, &c. | *Seward.*

We believe Mr. *Seward* perfectly right in altering *no* to *not*; but why transpose? He seems desirous of establishing a *double entendre*; which his transposition entirely destroys. Our reading is nearer the old text; while, taken in either sense, the meaning may be said to be void of ambiguity:

That wear not *swords to guard them.*

Syl. Her lust! You are her father.
Lew. And you her bawd.
Syl. Were you ten lords, 'tis false;
The pureness of her chaste thoughts enter-
Such spotted instruments. [tains not
Ang. As I have a soul, Sir——
Lew. I am not to be alter'd: To sit down
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,
And not born noble: All rigour that the law,
And that encrease of pow'r by favour yields,
Shall be with all severity inflicted; [serve,
You have the king's hand for't; no bail will
And therefore at your perils, officers, away
Bri. This is madness. [with 'em.
Lew. Tell me so in open court,
And there I'll answer you.

Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, and Andrew.

Mir. Well overtaken.
Char. Kill, if they dare resist!
Eust. He that advances
But one step forward, dies.
Lew. Shew the king's writ. [you better.
Mir. Shew your discretion; 'twill become
Char. You're once more in my power, and if again
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee!
[*To Angel.*
Eust. Force will not do't, nor threats; accept this service
From your despair'd-of Eustace.
And. And beware,
Your reverend worship never more attempt
To search my lilly-pot; you see what follows.
Lew. Is the king's pow'r contemn'd?
Mir. No, but the torrent [good Sir,
Of your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish,
But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,
That is not tender'd to you; rather than
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judgment, [states,
And your old foolish neighbour! make your
And in a suit not worth a cardecue,[54]
A prey to advocates, and their buckram scribes;
And after they have plum'd ye, return home,
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a feather.
Char. This is a most strong truth, Sir.
Mir. No, no, monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen; violent to charge,
But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.
Observe my learn'd Charles; he'll get thee a nephew
On Angellina, shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the nurse by logick. And here's Eustace;
He was an ass, but now is grown an Amadis;
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land
For a jointure can effect it. You're a good
And of a gentle nature; in your looks [lord,
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.
And, do you hear, old fool?
Bri. Your brother, Sir.
Mir. But I'll not chide;
Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill save you.
And next, love valour; though you dare not fight [stace
Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eu-
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,
Let Andrew's farm b' increas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what; and see you rut no more,
You understand me. So, embrace on all sides.
I'll pay those billmen, and make large amends;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well-lik'd play,
We only hope; but that you freely would,
To th' Author's memory, so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance, that can give
The poet and the player means to live.

[54] —— *not worth a* cardecue.] We have made an English word of this from a corruption of the French, *un quart d' écu*, i. e. the fourth part of a French crown. *Theobald.*

THE SPANISH CURATE.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace attribute this Comedy wholly to Fletcher; but we see no more reason for assigning this Play to him exclusively, than any other published in the joint names of him and Beaumont. The folio of 1647 contains the first printed copy. The Spanish Curate was revived at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1749; but it has not been performed for many years past. Dryden (in his Spanish Fryar) and Congreve (in his Old Batchelor) are greatly indebted to the Comedy now before us; and it seems very evident, that it afforded some material hints towards framing a musical entertainment, of a modern date, called the Padlock.

THE PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,
For that is now held wit that tends that way,
Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,
And meant to make you pleasant, and not weary:
The streams that guide ye, easy to attend:
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,
To swear it, if you swear against, is war,
To assure you any thing, unless you see,
And so conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to itself; and pray,
Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a proof,
And we hope highly: If she lie aloof
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,
Why, let her work, only be you but still,
And sweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to say, [play.
You're worthy judges, and you crown the

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

DON HENRIQUE, { *an uxorious lord, cruel to his brother.*
DON JAMIE, { *younger brother to don Henrique.*
BARTOLUS, { *a covetous lawyer, husband to Amaranta.*
LEANDRO, { *a gentleman who wantonly loves the lawyer's wife.*
ANGELO,[1] MILANES, ARSENIO, { *three gentlemen, friends to Leandro.*
ASCANIO, *son to don Henrique.*
OCTAVIO, *supposed husband to Jacintha.*
LOPEZ, *the Spanish Curate.*
DIEGO, *his sexton.*
ASSISTANT, *which we call a judge.*
ALGAZIERS, *whom we call serjeants.*
Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Servants.

WOMEN.

VIOLANTE, *supposed wife to don Henrique.*
JACINTHA, { *formerly contracted to don Henrique.*
AMARANTA, *wife to Bartolus.*
A Woman Moor, servant to Amaranta.

SCENE, SPAIN.

[1] *Angelo.*] This character, Mr. Theobald, with a freedom unknown to any Editors but those of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750, expunges from the drama; and yet he suffers the name *Angelo* to remain to those speeches which are allotted to him in the play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.

Ars. LEANDRO paid all.
Mil. 'Tis his usual custom,
And requisite he should. He has now put off
The funeral black your rich heir wears with joy, [ther.[2]
When he pretends to weep for his dead fa-
Your gathering sires so long heap muck together,
That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,
Wish them in Heav'n; or, if they take a taste
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,
Provided they remove hence. What is befal'n
To his father in the other world, I ask not;
I am sure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could use one
For mine, in the same method.
Ars. Fy upon thee!
This is profane.
Mil. Good doctor, do not school me
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound
I'm sure Leandro does. [tenet:
Ars. He is the owner
Of a fair estate.
Mil. And fairly he deserves it;
He's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean
In all his courses, careful too on whom
He showers his bounties. He that's liberal
To all alike, may do a good by chance,
But never out of judgment. This invites
The prime men of the city to frequent
All places he resorts to, and are happy
In his sweet converse.
Ars. Don Jamie, the brother [taken
To the grandee don Henrique, appears much
With his behaviour.
Mil. There is something more in't:
He needs his purse, and knows how to make use on't.
'Tis now in fashion for your Don, that's poor,
To vow all leagues of friendship with a merchant
That can supply his wants; and, howsoe'er
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother
Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long since
Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy heir,
Call'd madam Violante, he yet holds
A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him
A bare annuity only.
Ars. Yet, 'tis said,
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,
If he die without issue, don Jamie
Inherits his estate.
Mil. Why, that's the reason [lord
Of their so many jars. Though the young
Be sick of th' elder brother, and in reason
Should flatter and observe him; he's of a nature
Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,
Presuming on his hopes.
Ars. What's the young lad
That all of 'em make so much of?
Mil. 'Tis a sweet one,
And the best-condition'd youth I ever saw yet;
So humble, and so affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him; and so modest,
That, in despite of poverty, he would starve
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son
Of a poor cast captain, one Octavio;
And she, that once was call'd the fair Jacintha,
Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,

[*Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascánio.*]

Though in their fortunes fal'n, they are esteem'd of [come.
And cherish'd by the best. Oh, here they
I now may spare his character; but observe
He'll justify my report. [him,
Jam. My good Ascanio,
Repair more often to me; above women
Thou ever shalt be welcome.
Asc. My lord, your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth
To be both rude and saucy.
Lean. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are so much desir'd.
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your rival
In part of his affection; I will buy it
At any rate.
Jam. Stood I but now possess'd

[2] ——— *He has now put off*
The funeral black (your rich heir wears with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.] This sentiment is shadowed out from one of the select sentences of Seneca, and Publ. Syrus.

Hæredis fletus *sub* personâ risus *est.*

Which Ben Jonson has thus very closely translated, in his Fox.

——— *Tut! forget, Sir.*
The weeping *of an* heir *should still be* laughter,
Under a visor. *Theobald.*

Of what my future hope presages to me,
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron,
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,
Be mine; I'll not receive thee as a servant,
But as my son; and, though I want myself,
No page attending in the court of Spain
Shall find a kinder master.

Asc. I beseech you,
That my refusal of so great an offer
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride
(That common vice is far from my condition)
That makes you a denial to receive
A favour I should sue for; nor the fashion
Which the country follows, in which to be a servant
In those that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of poverty, is held an argument
Of a base and abject mind. I wish my years
Were fit to do you service in a nature
That might become a gentleman (give me leave [king,
To think myself one.) My father serv'd the
As a captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd;
I rather feel a strong desire, that sways me
To follow his profession; and if Heav'n
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,
I' th' service of my country, should I be,
To trail a pike under your brave command!
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,
Though all the horrors of the war made up
To stop my passage.

Jam. Thou'rt a hopeful boy,
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,
I love thee more than ever.

Mil. Pity, such seeds [prosper!
Of promising courage should not grow and

Ang. Whatever his reputed parents be,
He hath a mind that speaks him right and noble. [sweet Ascanio;

Lean. You make him blush. It needs not,
We may hear praises when they are deserv'd,
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,
I would add something to the building up
So fair a mind; and if, till you are fit
To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some years
In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies
With all conveniencies.

Asc. Your goodness, Signiors,
And charitable favours, overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me: What then can I pay,
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart [ness
Bound to your service? With what willing-
I would receive, good Sir, your noble offer,
Heav'n can bear witness for me; but, alas,
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,
I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,
To whom I owe my being; they in me
Place all their comforts, and, as if I were
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,
They cannot brook one short day's absence from me; [young,
And, what will hardly win belief, though
I am their steward and their nurse: The bounties ['em;
Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain
And to forsake them in their age, in me
Were more than murder.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
Would make a broker charitable.

Mil. Here, sweetheart,
I wish that it were more.

Lean. When this is spent,
Seek for supply from me.

Jam. Thy piety
For ever be remember'd! Nay, take all,
Though 'twere my exhibition to a ryal
For one whole year.

Asc. High Heav'ns reward your goodness!

Hen. So, Sir, is this a slip of your own
You are so prodigal? [grafting,

Jam. A slip, Sir?

Hen. Yes,
A slip; or call it by the proper name,
Your bastard. [voke me:

Jam. You're foul-mouth'd. Do not pro-
I shall forget your birth if you proceed,
And use you, as your manners do deserve,
Uncivilly.

Hen. So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:
Who am I, Sir?

Jam. My elder brother: One, [puted,
That might have been born a fool, and so re-
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a year before me.

Lean. Be more temperate. [it

Jam. I neither can nor will, unless I learn
By his example. Let him use his harsh
Unsavory reprehensions upon those [land
That are his hinds, and not on me. The
Our father left to him alone, rewards him
For being twelve months elder: Let that be
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember
One quality of worth or virtue in him,
That may authorize him to be a censurer
Of me, or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then, never. [Sir?

Hen. From whom have you your means,

Jam. From the will
Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,
Nor give't, upon your purse.

Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?

Jam. I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore, [him,
Than a courtesy from you.

Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the list of your acquaintance.

Leon. Pray you, hold;
And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,
And in mine own defence; I am no gull
To be wrought on by persuasion, nor no coward [whom
To be beaten out of my means, but know to
And why I give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reason warrants. You may be
As sparing as you please; I must be bold
To make use of my own, without your licence.
Jam. 'Pray thee let him alone; he's not worth thy anger.
All that he does, Leandro, 's for my good:
I think, there's not a gentleman of Spain
That has a better steward, than I have of him.
Hen. Your steward, Sir?
Jam. Yes, and a provident one.
Why, he knows I'm giv'n to large expence,
And therefore lays up for me: Could you believe else, [yoke
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruitful,
Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,
As almost to deny himself the means
And necessaries of life? Alas, he knows
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;
That all must come to me, if I outlive him,
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,
And the assistance of good mirth and sack,
However you prove melancholy,
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly shalt repent this.
Jam. When thou'rt dead,
I am sure, I shall not,
Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd meteors.
Ars. Give them line and way;
My life for don Jamie.
Jam. Continue still
The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;
Take use upon use, and cut the throats of heirs
With coz'ning mortgages; rack your poor tenants,
Till they look like so many skeletons
For want of food; and when that widows' curses,
The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember
All was rak'd up for me, your thankful brother,
That will dance merrily upon your grave,
And, perhaps, give a double pistolet
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass
To keep your ghost from walking.
Hen. That the law
Should force me to endure this!
Jam. Verily,
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me
Ransack your iron chests; and, once again,
Pluto's flame-colour'd daughter shall be free
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,
As she was us'd, before she was your captive.
Methinks, the mere conceit of it should make you
Go home sick and distemper'd; if it does,
I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after
Take order for your funeral.
Hen. You have said, Sir: [you;
I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame
Rest confident, I will; and thou shalt wish,
This day thou hadst been dumb! [*Exit.*
Mil. You have giv'n him a heat,
But with your own distemper.
Jam. Not a whit;
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cause and him: All plagues go with him! [stirring?
Let's talk of something else. What news is
Nothing to pass the time?
Mil. 'Faith, it is said,
That the next summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the wars. [us discourse
Leon What have we to do with them? Let
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in fashion,
To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,
What the arch-duke's purpose is the next spring, and what [course
Defence my lords the States prepare, what
The emperor takes against the encroaching Turk,
And whether his moony standards are design'd
For Persia or Polonia: And all this
The wiser sort of state-worms see, to know
Better than their own affairs. This is discourse [young,
Fit for the council it concerns: We are
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere better
To talk of handsome women.
Mil. And that's one
Almost as general.
Ars. Yet none agree
Who are the fairest.
Lean. Some prefer the French,
For their conceited dressings; some the plump
Italian *bona-roba's*; some the state
That ours observe; and I have heard one swear, [don
A merry friend of mine, that once in Lon-
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,
A common gamester too, that in one night
Met him th' Italian, French, and Spanish ways, [self,
And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool her-
She kiss'd him drunk i' th' morning.
Jam. We may spare
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have seen her, gallants)
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form

Disdains comparison with any she
That puts in for a fair one; and though you [3] borrow
From every country of the earth the best
Of those perfections which the climate yields,
To help to make her up, if put in balance,
This will weigh down the scale.

Lean. You talk of wonders. [kept;

Jam. She is, indeed, a wonder, and so
And, as the world deserv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a pattern,
Whose copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,
Sequester'd from the world.

Lean. Who is the owner
Of such a gem? I am fir'd.

Jam. One Bartolus,
A wrangling advocate.

Ars. A knave on record. [part

Mil. I am sure, he cheated me of the best
Of my estate.

Jam. Some business calls me hence,
And of importance, which denies me leisure
To give you his full character: In few words,
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression;
And to encrease his heap will dare the devil,
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,
So jealous, as, if you would parallel
Old Argus to him, you must multiply
His eyes an hundred times: Of these none sleep: [hire
He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must
A better Mercury than Jove made use of.
Bless youselves from the thought of him and her,
For 'twill be labour lost! So, farewell, Signiors. [*Exit.*

Ars. Leandro! In a dream? Wake, man, for shame. [tale

Mil. Train'd into a fool's paradise, with a
Of an imagin'd form?

Lean. Jamie is noble, [friend;
And with a forg'd tale would not wrong his
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as envy,
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap
So sweet a harvest: Half my state to any,
To help me to a share!

Ars. Tush, do not hope for
Impossibilities.

Lean. I must enjoy her;
And my prophetic love tells me I shall,
Lend me but your assistance.

Ars. Give it o'er.

Mil. I would not have thee fool'd.

Lean. I have strange engines
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil;
Dissuade me not, but help me.

Mil. Take your fortune;
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,
Expect to be the subject of our laughter.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Octavio and Jacintha.

Jac. Yon met don Henrique?

Oct. Yes.

Jac. What comfort bring you?
Speak cheerfully: How did my letter work
On his hard temper? I am sure, I wrote it
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,
That it must force compunction.

Oct. You are cozen'd:
Can you with one hand prop a falling tower,
Or with the other stop the raging main,
When it breaks in on the usurped shore,
Or any thing that is impossible? [left
And then conclude, that there is some way
To move him to compassion.

Jac. Is there a justice,
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he
Not sink unto the centre?

Oct. Good Jacintha, [tions;
With your long-practis'd patience bear afflic-
And, by provoking, call not on Heav'n's anger.
He did not only scorn to read your letter,
But, most inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,
Curs'd you most bitterly.

Jac. The bad man's charity!
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie
In me upon him! or the relief I seek,
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a dear account!

Oct. Touch not that string, [silence,
'Twill but encrease your sorrow; and tame
The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto

[3] ——— *and though you borrow*, &c.] This description comes in very strongly in support of a parallel one of Shakespeare, in his Cymbeline, which has been unnecessarily tampered with.

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; *from each one*
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells *them all.*

I cannot see any impenetrable nonsense in this, unless o'er-weening critics will labour to expound it into such. The poet's text is a just climax; *scil.* 'She hath all courtly parts more 'exquisite than any single lady whoever; ay, than many ladies; nay, than the whole sex put 'together.' Ferdinand, speaking of his mistress Miranda, says almost the same thing in the Tempest:

——— *But you, O you,*
So perfect *and so* peerless, *are* created
Of ev'ry creature's best. *Theobald.*

Hath eas'd your griev'd soul, and preserv'd
Must be your surgeon still. [your fame,
Jac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself
Upon my son Ascanio, though my wants
Were centuplied upon myself, I could be pa-
But he is so good, I so miserable, [tient:
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,
And all that can be wish'd for from a son,
Discharg'd to me, and I barr'd of all means
To return any scruple of the debt
I owe him as a mother, is a torment
Too painful to be borne.
Oct. I suffer with you
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,
High Heav'n ordains, whose purposes cannot alter,
Children, that pay obedience to their parents,
Shall never beg their bread.

Enter Ascanio.

Jac. Here comes our joy.
Where has my dearest been?
Asc. I have made, mother, [prize,
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich
In a few hours: The owners too contented,
From whom I took it. See, here's gold; good store too;
Nay, pray you take it.
Jac. Mens' charities are so cold, [ness,
That, if I knew not thou wert made of good-
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what
Thou cam'st by such a sum. [means
Asc. Were it ill got,
I am sure, it could not be employ'd so well
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,
Rais'd by Heav'n's mercy to me, not my merits,
Bestow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a sacrilege
Ao rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it
To thy use only.
Jac. Buy thee brave clothes with it,
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?
Asc. Out of my fear I have offended you;
For, had I not, I'm sure you are too kind
Not to accept the offer of my service,
In which I am a gainer. I have heard
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl
The stork's the emblem of true piety;
Because, when age hath seiz'd upon his dam,
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,
Repaying so her tender care of him
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.
Shall I then, that have reason and discourse,
That tell me, all I can do is too little,
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?
Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,
And know, nay, see you want? Holy saints,
Jac. Can I be wretched, [keep me![4]
And know myself the mother to such good-
ness? [a feast],
Oct. Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have
Thanks to our little steward.
Jac. And, in him,
Believe that we are rich.
Asc. I'm sure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and serve you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Henrique and Violante.

Viol. Is it my fault, don Henrique, or my fate? [bed,
What's my offence? I came young to your
I had a fruitful mother, and you met me
With equal ardour in your May of blood;
And why then am I barren?
Hen. 'Tis not in man
To yield a reason for the will of Heav'n,
Which is inscrutable.
Viol. To what use serve [ings,
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of bless-
When that, which is the crown of all our
The period of human happiness, [wishes,
One only child, that may possess what's ours,
Is cruelly deny'd us?
Hen. 'Tis the curse
Of great estates, to want those pledges, which
The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,
With joy, behold the models of their youth;
And, as their root decays, those budding branches
Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.
But this is the beginning, not the end
Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,
Since Heav'n denies us issue of our own,
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel
To an unthankful brother, that insults
On my calamity.
Viol. I will rather choose
A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,
And nourish him as mine own.
Hen. Such an evasion,
My Violante, is forbid to us.

[4] *Holy saints keep me.*] Ascanio's speech ends with an imperfect sentence, and the natural sense which supplies it, exactly fills up the hemistich which follows. So that it is very probable it was an accidental omission, which one may venture to fill up without danger of adding what is not our Author's. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *Holy saints keep me*
From such impiety!

but the sense is so perfect as the passage stands, and the diction so nervous, that we think any addition totally unnecessary.

Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,
If our own sons were vicious, to choose one
Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor parents,
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,
Intending to preserve all ancient houses,
Prevent such free elections; with this my brother's
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold
To reign o'er me, as a master.
Viol. I will fire
The portion I brought with me, ere he spend
A ryal of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,
That may defeat him?
Hen. Were I but confirm'd [tience,
That you would take the means I use with pa-
As I must practise it with my dishonour,
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,
That soar above the clouds with expectation
To see me in my grave.
Viol. Effect but this,
And our revenge shall be to us a son,
That shall inherit for us.
Hen. Do not repent,
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I fear not what may fall,
He dispossess'd, that does usurp on all.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Leandro,[5] *Milanes, and Arsenio.*

Mil. CAN any thing but wonder——
Lean. Wonder on;
I am as ye see; and what will follow, gentlemen——
Ars. Why dost thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou look'st most sillily.
Mil. Like a young clerk, [ryal.
A half-pinn'd puppy, that would write for a
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?
To what use, what occasion?
Lean. Peace! ye are fools, [norant,
More silly than my out-side seems; ye are ig-
They that pretend to wonders, must weave cunningly. [or, if gotten,
Ars. What manner of access can this get?
What credit in her eyes?
Lean. Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Methinks, a young man, and a handsome gentleman, [man,
(But, sure, thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave
That would catch cunningly the beams of beauty,
And so distribute 'em unto his comfort,
Should like himself appear, young, high, and
And in the brightest form. [buxom,
Lean. Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:
Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.
When you love, launch it out in silks and velvets;
I'll love in serge, and will out-go your sattins.
To get upon my great horse, and appear
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,[6]
I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,
There trot, and fiddle, where I may have fair
Ars. But how get in? [play.
Lean. Leave that to me; your patience;
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:
I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.
You are ne'er the nearer now.
Mil. We do confess it. [lawyer
Lean. Weak simple men! this vicar to this
Is the most inward Damon.
Ars. What can this do? [there.
Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells
Lean. So. [the vicar!
Ars. A poor, thin thief. He help? he? hang
Can reading of an homily prefer thee?[7]
Thou art dead-sick in love, and he'll pray for thee. [this vicar,
Lean. Have patience, gentlemen. I say,
This thing, I say, is all one with the close Bartolus,
For so they call the lawyer! on his nature,[8]
(Which I have studied by relation,
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)

[5] *Enter Leandro,* with a letter writ out.] This is a stage direction, transcrib'd from the Prompter's book; and a memorandum to him only, that Leandro should go on furnish'd with such a letter, to deliver to Lopez the Curate. *Theobald.*

[6] ——— *whilst my teeth keep* tune.] Mr. Theobald, we think very unnecessarily, alters *tune* to *time.*

[7] ——— *hang the vicar*;
Can reading of an ——— *prefer thee?*] 'Tis strange, that none of all the editions should be able to furnish out the intermediate word to fill up the *hiatus* of this verse. As they are talking of the vicar, it is demonstrable it must have been, *homily*; which makes both the metre and sense complete. *Theobald.*

[8] ——— or *his nature,* &c.] Mr. Theobald's edition says, on *his nature,* which reading we have adopted. Probably, however, the original lection was, o'er *his nature.*

Will I work cunningly, and home: Understand me.

Enter Lopez and Diego.

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune; [men:
Difficilia pulchra, that's my motto, gentle-
I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear
Or —— [her,
Mil. Peace; the vicar. Send you a full sail, Sir.
Ars. There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance? [sake me.
Lean. A fool's head, if I fail; and so for-
You shall hear from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready. [*Exeunt Mil. Ars.*
Lop. Thin world, indeed.
Lean. I'll let him breath, and mark him.
No man would think, a stranger, as I am,
Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.
Lop. Poor stirring for poor vicars.
Die. And poor sextons. [pose;
Lop. We pray, and pray, but to no pur-
Those, that enjoy our lands, choke our devotions;
Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.
Die. If you live miscrably, how shall we do, master,
That are fed only with the sound of prayers?
We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,
And must be fain to eat the ropes with reverence.
Lop. When was there a christ'ning, Diego?
Die. Not this ten weeks:
Alas, they have forgot to get children, master.
The wars, the seas, and usury undo us;
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our ploughshares.
They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing but green sauce:
There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps,
Once in seven years, with helping one another,
Produce some few pin'd butter-prints, that scarce hold
The christ'ning neither.
Lop. Your gallants, they get honour, [vicar;
A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the
And the camp christens their issues, or the
'Tis a lewd time. [courtesans;
Die. They are so hard-hearted here too,
They will not die; there's nothing got by burials. [perish.
Lop. Diego, the air's too pure; they cannot
To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting pa-
Lord, what a torment 'tis! [rish,
Die. Good sensible master,
You are allow'd to pray against all weathers,
Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion;
Why not against all airs?
Lop. That's not i' th' canons:
I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.
Die. 'Tis strange; they are starv'd too, yet they will not die here,
They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em,
Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers,
That would turn up their heels by whole-sale, master, [sels,
And take the doctors too, in their grave counThat there might be no natural help for money,
How merrily would my bells go then?
Lop. Peace, Diego; [well;
The doctors are our friends; let's please them
For, though they kill but slow, they are certain, Diego.
We must remove into a muddy air,
A most contagious climate.
Die. We must, certain;
An air that is the nursery of agues; [out,
Such agues, master, that will shake mens' souls
Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives'
Lop. Gouts and dead palsies. [plaisters.
Die. The dead does well at all times,
Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.
The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em;
Those are rich marle, they make a churchyard fat; [Sir.
And make the sexton sing; they never miss,
Lop. Then wills and funeral sermons come
And feasts that make us frolick. [in season,
Die. Would I could see 'em. [brother,
Lop. And tho' I weep i' th' pulpit for my
Yet, Diego, here I laugh.
Die. The cause requires it. [Diego.
Lop. Since people left to die, I am a dunce,
Die. 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lean. A precious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em.
Lop. Who's that? Look out; it seems, he would speak to us. [Diego.
I hope a marriage, or some will to make,
Die. My friend, your business?
Lean. 'Tis to that grave gentleman.
Bless your good learning, Sir!
Lop. And bless you also! [toward.
He bears a promising face; there's some hope
Lean. I have a letter to your worship.
Lop. Well, Sir,
From whence, I pray you?
Lean. From Nova Hispania, Sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well, Sir;
'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there.
Die. Take heed of a snap, Sir; h' has a cozening countenance.
I do not like his way.
Lop. Let him go forward. [nothing.
Cantabit vacuus;[9] they that have nothing, fear
All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;

[9] *Cantabit vacuus* ——] This hemistich is the beginning of a verse in Juvenal's Satyres.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator. *Theobald.*

And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell.[10] [*Reads the letter.*]

Signor Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no answer of any—Good, and very good—*And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me*—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—*and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my son Leandro, the bearer, to you; with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so, Heaven keep you. Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.*

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;
For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.
Lean. You look, Sir, as if you had forgot my father. [ber him;
Lop. No, no, I look, as I would remem-
For that I never remember'd I cannot forget,
Alonzo Tiveria? [Sir,
Lean. The same, Sir.
Lop. And now i' th' Indies?
Lean. Yes.
Lop. He may be any where,
For aught that I consider.
Lean. Think again, Sir; [manca,
You were students both at one time in Sala-
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.
Lop. Ha?
Lean. Nay, sure, you must remember.
Lop. 'Would I could! [sips too.
Lean. I have heard him say, you were gos-
Lop. Very likely; [students
You did not hear him say to whom? for we
May oft-times over-reach our memories.
Dost thou remember, Diego, this same Signior?
Thou hast been mine these twenty years.
Die. Remember? [Hispania?
Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova
And Signior Tiveria? What are these?
He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.
Take heed, I beseech your worship. Do you hear, my friend,
You have no letters for me?
Lean. Not any letter;
But I was charg'd to do my father's love
To the old honest sexton Diego. Are you he, Sir?
Die. Ha! have I friends, and know 'em not? My name is Diego;
But if either I remember you or your father,
Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, Sir,)
Or any kindred that you have—For heav'n-sake, master,
Let's cast about a little, and consider;
We may dream out our time.
Leon. It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir:
Yet, that you are don Lopez all men tell me,
The curate here, and have been some time, Sir?
And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to,
The letter tells as much. May be, they are dead, [ye, gentlemen;
And you of the like names succeed. I thank
Ye have done honestly in telling truth;
I might have been forward else; for to that Lopez,
That was my father's friend, I had a charge,
A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;
Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity,
But since you are not he——
Lop. Good Sir, let me think;
I pray ye be patient; pray ye, stay a little:
Nay, let me remember: I beseech you stay, Sir. [so lovingly;
Die. An honest noble friend, that sends
An old friend too; I shall remember, sure,
Lop. Thou say'st true, Diego. [Sir,[11]
Die. 'Pray ye consider quickly;
Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,
A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lean. He's old indeed, Sir.
Die. With a goodly white beard,
(For now he must be so; I know he must be)
Signior Alonzo, master.
Lop. I begin to have him.
Die. H' has been from hence about some twenty years, Sir.
Lean. Some five and twenty, Sir.
Die. You say most true, Sir;
Just to an hour, 'tis now just five and twenty.
A fine straight-timber'd man, and a brave
He married—let me see—— [soldier,
Lean. De Castro's daughter.
Die. The very same.
Lean. Thou art a very rascal! [*Aside.*
De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.
The money rubs 'em into strange remem-brances; [ber Adam,
For as many ducats more they would remem-
Lop. Give me your hand; you are welcome to your country;
Now I remember plainly, manifestly,

[10] *And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell.*] Mr. Seward prescribes taking these words from *Lopez*, and giving them to *Diego*; because he thinks it 'out of character for Lopez to joke upon himself in this place.' But as Lopez is merry with himself through the whole scene, we have no doubt of the old copies being right.—If this line was not intended for him, it would come with more propriety from *Leandro* than Diego; he making several satirical remarks, *aside*, upon the conversation of the Curate and Sexton.

[11] I shall *remember, sure, Sir.*] Mr. Theobald's edition robs this passage of great part of its humour, by reading, you will *remember*; but without noticing the variation.

As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentleman? [soul, Sir.
This loving old companion? We had all one
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome——
Lean. Farm, Sir:
You say most true.
Lop. Alonzo Tiveria!
Lord, Lord, that time should play the treacherous knave thus! [Sir.
Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain,
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentlewoman;
She was married very young: I married 'em.
I do remember now the masques and sports then, [faith, Sir,
The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good
Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego?
Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture——
Lean. Lord, how I blush for these two impudents! [*Aside.*
Die. Well, gentleman, I think your name's
Lean. It is, indeed, Sir. [Leandro.
Gra'-mercy, letter; thou hadst never known else. [*Aside.*
Die. I have dandled you, and kiss'd you, and play'd with you, [you,
A hundred and a hundred times, and danc'd
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you lov'd
Lop. A sweet boy. [swinging.
Lean. Sweet lying knaves!
What would these do for thousands? [*Aside.*
Lop. A wondrous sweet boy then it was. See now, [sweeter.
Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?
When shall we see him? when will he bless his country? [turn,
Lean. Oh, very shortly, Sir. 'Till his re-
He has sent me over to your charge.
Lop. And welcome; [friend, Sir.
Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your
Lean. And to my study, Sir, which must be the law.
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of some man
That's expert in that knowledge: For his pains
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,
Enough, Sir, to defray me; which I am charged
To take still, as I use it, from your custody:
I have the money ready, and I am weary.
Lop. Sit down, sit down; and, once more, you're most welcome.
The law you have hit upon most happily;
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,
A neighbour by; to him I will prefer you;
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.
I'll do you faithful service, Sir.
Die. He's an ass,
And so we'll use him; he shall be a lawyer!
Lop. But, if ever he recover this money again——Before, Diego, [hungry.
And get some pretty pittance; my pupil's
Lean. Pray you, Sir, unlade me.
Lop. I'll refresh you, Sir:
When you want, you know your exchequer.
Lean. If all this get me but access, I am
Lop. Come; I am tender of you. [happy.
Lean. I'll go with ye.
To have this fort betray'd, these fools must fleece me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.

Bar. My Amaranta, a retir'd sweet life,
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,
Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman.
At home to be believ'd both young and handsome,
As lillies that are cas'd in crystal glasses,
Makes up the wonder; shew it abroad, 'tis stale, [slubber'd.
And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more
And what need windows open to inviting,
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions,[12]
When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows inward, [nions,
When good thoughts are the noblest compa-
And old chaste stories, wife, the best discourses?
But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?
Ama. You know your own disease, distrust and jealousy! [meaning.
And those two give these lessons, not good husband,
What trial is there of my honesty, [husband,
When I am mew'd at home? To what end,
Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste behaviours, [most excellent,
Without their uses? Then they are known
When by their contraries they are set off and burnish'd. [tuous,[13]
If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and vir-

[12] *And what need windows open to inviting,*
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions?] Mr. Sympson reads, *to take* in minions. *To take* opinions, is very good sense, and, rightly understood, not an inelegant expression. It does not signify, as in the present style of conversation, and as Mr. Sympson seems to construe it, *to take a person's opinion* on any thing, but to *captivate their fancies*, and (as he explains his unauthorized reading) *to attract admirers*. To *take in* (meaning *to deceive*) also is a mere modern barbarism; and the whole of this variation from the old copies is, we think, as weak as it is unprecedented.

[13] *If you both hold me fair*, &c.] Mr. Seward reads,
If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, *and virtuous,*
Let me go fearless out, and win that chasteness.

We

Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness:
These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd places:
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.
Bar. Peace; you are too loud.
Ama. You are too covetous; [one.
If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich
Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off handsomely,
Attended as I ought, and, as they have it,
My coach, my people, and my handsome
My will in honest things. [women,
Bar. Peace, Amaranta!
Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that secures 'em; [ance;
Binds to their careful husbands their observ-
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.
Bar. Thou shalt too. [gentlemen,
Ama. And freely may converse with proper
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Woman Moor.

Bar. You are now too far again: Thou shalt have any thing,
Let me but lay up for a handsome office,
And then, my Amaranta—
Ama. Here's a thing now,
You place as pleasure to me; all my retinue,
My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my friend;
And what she fails in I must do myself.
A foil to set my beauty off; I thank you.
You will place the devil next for a companion.
Bar. No more such words, good wife. What would you have, maid?
Moor. Master Curate, and the Sexton, and the stranger, Sir,
Attend to speak with your worship.
Bar. A stranger?
Ama. You had best to be jealous of the man you know not.
Bar. 'Pray thee, no more of that.
Ama. 'Pray you, go out to 'em;
That will be safest for you, I am well here;
I only love your peace, and serve like a slave for it. [nest client,
Bar. No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some ho-
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me. ['em,
Prithee, go in, my duck; I'll but speak to
And return instantly.
Ama I am commanded.
One day you will know my sufferance. [*Exit.*
Bar. And reward it. [bours;
So, so; fast bind, fast find. Come in, my neigh-
My loving neighbours, pray ye come in; ye are welcome.

Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.

Lop. Bless your good reverence!
Bar. Good day, good master Curate,
And neighbour, Diego, welcome. What's your business? [time is precious.
And, pray ye, be short, good friends; the
Welcome, good Sir.
Lop. To be short then with your mastership,
For, I know, your several hours are full of business, [honest parents,
We have brought you this young man, of
And of an honest face——
Bar. It seems so, neighbours:
But to what end?
Lop. To be your pupil, Sir;
Your servant, if you please.
Lean. I have travell'd far, Sir,
To seek a worthy man.
Bar. Alas, good gentleman,
I am a poor man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning;
My house a little cottage, and scarce able
To hold myself, and those poor few live under it.
Besides, you must not blame me, gentlemen,
If I were able to receive a servant,
To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;
For in these times——
Lop. Pray let me answer that, Sir:
Here are five hundred ducats, to secure him;
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coin.
Bar. And that's an honest pledge;
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his face and carriage
Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.
Lean. And (for I have a ripe mind to the law, Sir,
In which, I understand, you live a master)
The least poor corner in your house, poor bed, Sir,
(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)
With some books to instruct me, and your counsel, [quaintance
Shall I rest most content with: Other ac-
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of law,
I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, Sir;
For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.
Next, for your monthly pains, to shew my thanks,
I do proportion out some twenty ducats; [Sir,
As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now,
To shew my love to learning, and my master;
My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.
Lop. Note but his mind to learning.[14]

We shall not comment upon the impropriety, and consequent tautology, of this alteration; they are too glaring to escape the notice of the most inattentive.

[14] *Note but his mind to learning.*

Bar. *I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his money.*

Die. *Would, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.*] Both the measure and humour are greatly injur'd by this corrupt reading. I doubt not, but the original ran thus.

Lop. *Note but his mind to learning.*

Bar.

Bar. I do strangely;
Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money.
Die. 'Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.
Lop. A wondrous modest man, Sir.
Bar. So it seems.
His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,
Neighbour: He's like to prove——
Lop. With your good counsel,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him,
His parents, when they knew your care——
Bar. Come hither. [ne'er kept;
Die An honester young man your worship
But he is so bashful——
Bar. Oh, I like him better. [Sir,
Say, I should undertake you, which, indeed,
Will be no little straitness to my living, [Sir,
Considering my affairs, and my small house,
(For I see some promises, that pull me to you)
Could you content yourself, at first thus meanly,
To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, Sir?
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,
And study should be still remote from company;
A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you,
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights
According to your labour. [too,
Lean. Any thing, Sir,
That's dry, and wholesome. I am no bred wanton. [you
Bar. Then I receive you: But I must desire
To keep within your confines.
Lean. Ever, Sir;
(There's the gold) and ever be your servant.
(Take it, and give me books) May I but prove, Sir, [tiply!
According to my wish, and these shall mul-
Lop. Do, study hard. Pray you take him in, and settle him;
He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, Sir.
Die. Take a good heart; and, when you are a cunning lawyer,
I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.
Bar. Come, Sir, with me. Neighbours, I thank your diligence. [with you.
Lop. I'll come sometimes, and crack a case
Bar. Welcome.
[*Exeunt Bar. and Leandro.*
Lop. Here's money got with ease! here, spend that jovially,
And pray for the fool, the founder.
Die. Many more fools,
I heartily pray, may follow his example!
Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,
And many such sweet friends in Nova Hispania! [their monies,
Lop. It will do well: Let 'em but send
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not, ['em;
I'll know 'em instantly; nay, I'll be akin to
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.
Let him law there! 'Long as his ducats last,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I'll turn trade, master, [boy,
And now live by the living; let the dead stink,
'Tis a poor stinking trade.
Lop. If the young fool now [Diego?
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife,
Die. And handle her case, master; that's a law-point,
A point would make him start, and put on his spectacles;
A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.
Lop. Now, surely, surely, I should love him, Diego, [myself,
And love him heartily: Nay, I should love
Or any thing that had but that good fortune;
For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worm; and though I call him worshipful,
I wish him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego.
Now, if my youth do dub him——
Die. He is too demure, Sir.
Lop. If he do sting her home——
Die. There's no such matter, [sedness,
The woman was not born to so much bles-
He has no heat; study consumes his oil, master.
Lop. Let's leave it to the will of fate, and presently,
Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophesy.
I am like a man that dream'd he was an emperor.
Come, Diego, hope! and, while he lasts, we'll lay it on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jamie, Milanes, Arsenio, and Angelo.

Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?[15]

Bar. ——— *I do strangely;*
Yes, and I like it too.
Die. ———*Thanks to his money.*—
'Would, he would live with me, &c. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's regulation of the measure is obviously right; but his varying the interlocutors is, in our opinion, as erroneous as it is arbitrary.

[15] Jam. Angelo, *Milanes, did you see this wonder?*
Mil. *Yes, yes.* Jam. *And you, Arsenio?*
Ars. *Yes,* he's *gone, Sir,*
Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his voyage.
Love guide his thoughts! &c.] *Angelo* makes his appearance in the first scene of the first act, but he speaks but four lines there; and nothing but what Arsenio might full as well have said! And he has nothing to do here, but to spoil the verse. As he is quite an unnecessary person

Mil. Yes, yes.
Jam. And you, Arsenio?
Ars. Yes; he's gone, Sir,
Strangely disguis'd! he's set upon his voyage.
Jam. Love guide his thoughts! He's a brave honest fellow. [now,
Sit close, don lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave
How he will stink, will smoke again, will burst!
He's the most arrant beast——
Mil. He may be more beast.
Jam. Let him bear six, and six, that all may blaze him!
The villany he has sowed into my brother,
And, from his state, the revenue he has reach'd at!
Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!
Ars. And all our wishes! Plough with his fine white heifer!
Jam. Mark him, my dear friend, for a famous cuckold! [me,
Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear
The more he seeks to smother it with justice,

(Enter a Servant.)

Let it blaze out the more! What news, Andrea?
And. News I am loth to tell you; but I am charg'd, sir.
Your brother lays a strict command upon you,
No more to know his house, upon your dan- I am sorry, Sir. [ger.
Jam. Faith, never be: I am glad on't.
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:
I mean to shun it; so return my answer:
'Twill shortly spew him out. Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together carefully,
How we may help our friend; and let's lodge near him, [mony,
Be still at hand. I would not for my patri-
But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd monster! [him.
Come, let's away; I'm stark mad 'till I see
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.

Ama. Why will you bring men in, and yet be jealous? [able,
Why will you lodge a young man, a man
And yet repine?
Bar. He shall not trouble thee, sweet;
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell thee
He was only given to the book, and for that
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.
Ama. I will not have him here: I know your courses,
And what fits you will fall into of madness.
Bar. 'Faith, I will not, wife.
Ama. I will not try you.
Bar. He comes not near thee, shall not dare to tread
Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room,
Where logs and coals were laid——
Ama. Now you lay fire;
Fire to consume your quiet.
Bar. Didst thou know him, [thee!
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet
Thou may'st wear him next thy heart, and yet not warm him.
His mind, poor man, 's o' th' law; how to live after,
And not on, lewdness. On my conscience,
He knows not how to look upon a woman,
More than by reading, of what sex she is.
Ama. I do not like it, Sir.
Bar. Dost thou not see, fool, [fulness?
What presents he sends hourly in his grate-
What delicate meats?

person in the play, I fancy, he has intruded into it by some error of the players. However, it is necessary to strike him out from this passage. The latter part of *Arsenio's* speech ought, I believe, to be given to *Jamie*; it is perfectly in his character. I would read therefore;

Jam. Milanes, *did you see this wonder?* Mil. *Yes, yes.*
Jam. *And you, Arsenio?* Ars. *Yes,* he is *gone, Sir,*
Strangely disguis'd; He's set upon his voyage.
Jam. *Love guide his thoughts!* &c. *Seward.*

I will only add to Mr. Seward's observation, that as *Angelo* is no where else spoke of, or to, throughout the whole play; as he is no manner of a character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the plot; no ways assistant in making Diego's will, nor comprehended in Bartolus's resentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the drama. *Theobald.*

It is true, the character of *Angelo* is very inconsiderable; but that could not give these gentlemen authority to drive *him* out of this play, as they did the *old crone* out of Philaster. Mr. Seward says, the insertion of *Angelo's* name in this place, spoils the verse; but it is just the contrary; since, notwithstanding Mr. Seward alters *he's* to *he is*, in the second line, the verse halts shockingly;

And you, Ar-se-ni-O—*Yes,* he is *gone, Sir.*

That the players should add a character is a strange supposition; their companies, formerly, we believe, seldom were so numerous, that they should think it necessary to create employment. It is much more probable, that *Angelo's* part was at first more considerable, and that the players, for want of hands, intended striking it wholly out; but casually overlooked the speeches still remaining to his name.

Ama. You had best trust him at your table;
Do, and repent it, do!
Bar. If thou be'st willing,
By my troth, I think he might come; he's so modest, [gave me;
He never speaks. There's part of that he
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise immediately; [thee.
Ev'n as he eats, he studies; he'll not disquiet
Do as thou pleasest, wife.
Ama. What means this woodcock?
[*Knock within.*
Bar. Retire, sweet; there's one knocks! Come in. Your business?

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord don Henrique would entreat you, Sir,
To come immediately, and speak with him;
He has business of some moment.
Bar. I'll attend him.
I must be gone: I prithee, think the best, wife;
At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good morrow! [hence
Sir, keep you close, and study hard: An hour
I'll read a new case to you. [*Exit.*
Lean. (within) I'll be ready.
Ama. So many hundred ducats, to lie scurvily,
And learn the pelting law? This sounds but slenderly,
But very poorly. I would see this fellow,
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find
To what end, and what study——There's the place:
I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune.
I think there is a window. [*Exit.*

Enter Leandro.

Lean. He's gone out.
Now, if I could but see her! She is not this way.
How nastily he keeps his house? My chamber,
If I continue long, will choke me up,
It is so damp. I shall be mortified
For any woman, if I stay a month here.
I'll in, and strike my lute; that sound may call her. [*Exit.*

Enter Amaranta.

Ama. He keeps very close. Lord, how I long to see him!
A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I'll hear that. [*Lute and song.*[16]
These verses are no law, they sound too sweetly.
Now I am more desirous. [*Leandro peeping.*
Lean. 'Tis she, certain.
Ama. What's that, that peeps?
Lean. Oh, admirable face!
Ama. Sure, 'tis the man.
Lean. I will go out a little. [noble.
Ama. He looks not like a fool; his face is
How still he stands!
Lean. I am strucken dumb with wonder:
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!
Ama. How pale he looks! yet, how his eyes, like torches, [shews!
Fling their beams round! How manly his face
He comes on! Surely, he will speak. He is made most handsomely. [you,
This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have seen
I'll take my time! Husband, you have brought home tinder. [*Ex. She drops her glove.*
Lean. Sure she has transform'd me; I had forgot my tongue clean.
I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And speak my mind; my lips were lock'd up here;
This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence!
Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,
Thou blessed innocence, that guards that whiteness, [relick;
Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a
A relick, when I pray to it, may work wonders. [*A noise within.*
Hark, there's some noise! I must retire again.
This blessed apparition makes me happy:
I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,
But I'll enjoy. Now, softly to my kennel.
[*Exit.*

[16] *Song.*] The following song not appearing in the first copy of this Comedy, we do not look upon it as the productiou of our Poets, and have therefore removed it from the text.

I. Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,
But 'tis wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odours doth excel.

II. Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighbouring air,
Else dull silence sure will starve me:
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Henrique and Bartolus.

Hen. YOU know my cause sufficiently?
Bar. I do, Sir.
Hen. And though it will impair my honesty, [lus,
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Barto-
There being no other evasion left to free me
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,
That most insultingly reigns over me,
I must and will go forward.
Bar. Do, my lord,
And look not after credit; we shall cure that;
Your bended honesty we shall set right, Sir;
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures, Sir;
And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good cheer, Sir; [causes;
You give good fees, and those beget good
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the matter,
Carry it sheer. The assistant sits to-morrow,
And he's your friend. Your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.
Hen. He shall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he must not;
Line your cause warmly, Sir; (the times are aguish) [ous!
That holds a plea in heart. Hang the penuri-
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.
Hen. That way I was ever bountiful.
Bar. 'Tis true, Sir;
That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to kneel to you.[17]
Live full of money, and supply the lawyer,
And take your choice of what man's lands you please, Sir, [venges;
What pleasures, or what profits, what re-
They are all your own. I must have witnesses
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You shall not want, my Bartolus.
Bar. Substantial, fearless souls, that will swear suddenly,
That will swear any thing.
Hen. They shall swear truth too.
Bar. That's no great matter: For variety,
They may swear truth; else 'tis not much look'd after.
I will serve process, presently, and strongly,
Upon your brother, and Octavio, [Sir,
Jacintha, and the boy. Provide your proofs,
And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnesses;
Tho' they cost money, want no store of witnesses: [Sir,
I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost,
So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses——
Hen. There shall want nothing.
Bar. Then begone, be provident,
Send to the judge a secret way: You have me?
And let him understand the heart——
Hen. I shall, Sir.
Bar. And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll study, [happy;
And at my hour, but mark me! Go; be
Go, and believe i' th' law!
Hen. I hope 'twill help me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Diego, four Parishioners, and Singers.

Lop. Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay amongst ye; [ye,
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these twenty years, [swallow;
Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might
Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I say to ye? [ye:
Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to save
Am I a fit companion for such beggars?
1 *Par.* If the shepherd will suffer the sheep to be scabb'd, Sir——
Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.
Die. 'Would they were, for my sake!
Lop. I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with my doctrine, [mangy!
And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are
I will avoid ye.
2 *Par.* Pray you, Sir, be not angry,
In the pride of your new cassock; do not part with us.
We do acknowledge you a careful Curate,

[17] ——— *forces the* snakes *to kneel to you.*] *Snakes* seems evidently a corrupted reading. For if by *snakes* we might understand the pettyfoggers of the law, or don Henrique's enemies, or any other set of men, yet our Authors would hardly use so ill-jointed a metaphor as that of *snakes kneeling*. The words, that seem most like it, are *rakes*, *jacks*, and *knaves*; the latter bids fairest to have been the original. *Seward.*

I have not disturbed the text, because our Authors, perhaps, by a bold metaphor may mean poor servile wretches that creep like *snakes:* And when the snake erects its crest a little, and trails its hinder parts on the ground, it in some sort resembles the posture of kneeling. *Theobald.*

After all, we cannot help suspecting a corruption of the text, though we are entirely at a loss how to remedy it.

And one that seldom troubles us with sermons:
A short slice of a reading serves us, Sir.
We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep with 'em;
And that's a loving thing.
3 *Par.* We grant you, Sir,
The only benefactor to our bowling,
To all our merry sports the first provoker;
And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.
Lop. I will not stay, for all this; ye shall know me
A man born to a more beseeming fortune,
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.
4 *Par.* We will encrease your tithes; you shall have eggs too, [issues.
Tho' they may prove most dangerous to our
1 *Par.* I am a smith; yet thus far, out of my love,
You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to pray for:
I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, Sir.
2 *Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd conscience, [pottage.
Yet thus far I relent: You shall have tithe
3 *Par.* Your stipend shall be rais'd too, good neighbour Diego.
Die. Would ye have me speak for ye? I am more angry,
Ten times more vex'd; not to be pacified!
No, there be other places for poor sextons,
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,
And people that know how to use our offices,
Know what they were made for. I speak for such capons!
Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the door, neighbours;
Ye may go in, and drive away the daws.
Lop. My surplice, with one sleeve, ye shall find there,
For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me;
And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by geometry: [tender.
'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very
The remnant of the books lie where they did, neighbours, [pipings,
Half puff'd away with the church-wardens'
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.
The poor-man's box is there too: If ye find any thing
Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,
For fear it should awake too much charity,
Give it to pious uses; that is, spend it.
Die. The bell-ropes, they are strong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your destiny.
1 *Par.* 'Pray ye be not so hasty.
Die. I'll speak a proud word to ye:
Would ye have us stay?
2 *Par.* We do most heartily pray ye.
3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir——
Lop. A strong motive;
The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.
3 *Par.* And I'll send for my daughter.
Lop. This may stir too:
The maiden is of age, and must be edified.
4 *Par.* You shall have any thing. Lose our learned vicar? [Diego?
And our most constant friend, honest, dear
Die. Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye, neighbours,
And tell ye true: If ye will have us stay,
If ye will have the comforts of our companies,
Ye shall be bound to do us right in these points;
Ye shall be bound, and this the obligation:
Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,[18]
And do not seek to draw out our undoings.
Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruitful; [nings,
Get children in abundance, for your christ'-
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.
Lop. Let weddings, christ'nings, churchings, funerals, [still;
And merry gossipings, go round, go round
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old men fall sick handsomely, [up.
And die immediately; their sons may shoot
Let women die o' th' sullens too; 'tis natural:
But be sure their daughters be of age first,
That they may stock us still. Your queazy young wives,
That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;
There's a child's burial lost; look that be mended.
Lop. Let 'em be brought to-bed, then die when they please. [sworn to——
These things consider'd, countrymen, and
2 *Par.* All these, and all our sports again, and gambols.
3 *Par.* We must die, and we must live, and we'll be merry;
Every man shall be rich by one another.
2 *Par.* We are here to-morrow; and gone to-day. For my part, [bours,
If getting children can befriend my neigh-
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, Sir.
1 *Par.* I have a mother now, and an old father; [months——
They are as sure your own, within these two
4 *Par.* My sister must be pray'd for too; she is desperate,
Desperate in love.
Die. Keep desperate men far from her,
Then 'twill go hard. Do ye see how melancholy? [him,
Do ye mark the man? Do ye profess ye love
And would do any thing to stay his fury,
And are ye unprovided to refresh him?
To make him know your loves? Fy, neighbours!

[18] *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit* duties.] Mr. Sympson alters *duties* to *dues*, we think injudiciously; certainly, arbitrarily.

2 *Par.* We'll do any thing.
We have brought music to appease his spirit;
And the best song we'll give him.
Die. Pray you sit down, Sir; [ready
They know their duties now, and they stand
To tender their best mirth.
Lop. 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours!
I am glad I have brought ye to understand
good manners; [pastimes;
Ye had Puritan hearts awhile, spurn'd at all
But I see some hope now.
Die. We are set. Proceed, neighbours!
[*Song.*[19]

Enter Arsenio and Milanes.

Ars. What ails this priest? how highly the thing takes it?
Mil. Lord, how it looks? Has he not bought some prebend?
Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,
Merry at heart. He spies us.
Lop. Begone, neighbours; [neighbours,
Here are some gentlemen. Begone, good
Begone, and labour to redeem my favour.
No more words, but begone. These two are gentlemen;
No company for crusty-handed fellows.
Die. We will stay for a year or two, and try ye. [stay with ye.
Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will
Begone; no more! I take your pastimes graciously. [*Exeunt Parishioners.*
Would ye with me, my friends?
Ars. We would look upon you;
For, methinks, you look lovely.
Lop. You have no letters?
Nor any kind remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From Nova Hispania, or some part remote, Sir; [old friends,
You look like travel'd men. May be, some
That happily I have forgot; some signiors
In China or Cataya; some companions——
Die. In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.
Ars. They are mad, sure.
Lop. You came not from Peru? Do they look, Diego,
As if they had some mystery about 'em?
Another don Alonzo now!
Die. Ay, marry, [know not;
And so much money, Sir, from one you
Let it be who it will!
Lop. They have gracious favours.
Would ye be private?
Mil. There's no need on't, Sir;
We come to bring you a remembrance from a merchant.
Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.
Ars. No, Sir,
I do not think you do.
Lop. A new mistake, Diego;
Let's carry it decently.
Ars. We come to tell you [factor
You have receiv'd great sums from a young
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,
Robb'd him and run away.
Die. Let's keep close, master;
This news comes from a cold country.
Lop. By my faith, it freezes.
Mil. Is not this true? Do you shrink now, good-man Curate?
Do I not touch you?
Lop. We have a hundred ducats
Yet left; we do beseech you, Sir——
Mil. You'll hang, both!
Lop. One may suffice.

[19] *Song.*] For the same reason as is urged in p. 230, we have removed the following song from the text.

I. Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses skip and play;
Let the cups go round, 'till round goes the ground,
Our learned old vicar will stay.

II. Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,
And let the fat goose swim;
For verily, verily, verily, ah,
Our vicar this day shall be trim.

III. The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below.

IV. Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat
To thee our most noble adviser;
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,
And we ourselves will be wiser.

V. We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;
We'll fall to our plow, and get children enow,
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

Die. I will not hang alone, master;
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!
The devil sent it post, to pepper us,
From Nova Hispania! we shall hang at home now. [passion:
Ars. I see ye are penitent, and I have com-
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge ye; [it,
Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give
Yet ne'er endanger ye.
Lop. Command us, master, [bly——
Command us presently, and see how nim-
Die. And if we do not handsomely endeavour—— [ye private;
Ars. Go home, and, 'till ye hear more, keep
'Till we appear again, no words, good vicar!
There's something added.
Mil. For you too.
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Go, and expect us hourly: If ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives——
Die. We are fit to lose 'em. [hang both.
Lop. 'Tis most expedient, that we should
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your own friends.
Lop. We expect ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A bar: A table-book, two chairs, paper, and standish set out.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Oct. We cited to the court!
Jac. It is my wonder. [men,
Oct. But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy
That have estates to lose, whose conscious thoughts [ror
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with hor-
To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before the judge: But we, that know ourseslves
As innocent as poor, that have no fleece
On which the talons of the griping law [all
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on
That can be urg'd against us.
Jac. I am confident,
There is no man so covetous, that desires
To ravish our wants from us; and less hope,
There can be so much justice left on earth,
Though sued, and call'd upon, to ease us of
The burden of our wrongs.
Oct. What thinks Ascanio?
Should we be call'd in question, or accus'd
Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us
From tyrannous oppression?
Asc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open ear
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead
An advocate, and sweat as much as he
Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer
In an honest cause.

Enter Jamie and Bartolus.

Oct. Happy simplicity! [Jamie!
Jac. My dearest and my best one! Don
Oct. And the advocate, that caus'd us to be summon'd.
Asc. My lord is mov'd; I see it in his looks:
And that man, in the gown, in my opinion
Looks like a progging knave.[20]
Jac. Peace, give them leave.
Jam. Serve me with process?
Bar. My lord, you are not lawless.
Jam. Nor thou honest; [scribe,
One, that not long since was the buckram
That would run on mens' errands for an asper;[21]
And from such baseness, having rais'd a stock
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.
So poor in practice too, that you would plead
A needy client's cause, for a starv'd hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, tho' fly-blown;
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings: But, since you turn'd rascal——
Bar. Good words, my lord.
Jam. And grew my brother's bawd
In all his vicious courses, soothing him
In his dishonest practices, you are grown
The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You shall know anon;
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll miss of my ends.
Jam. Were't not in court, [food
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a jelly:
I would, my man of law, but I am patient,
And would obey the judge.
Bar. 'Tis your best course.
'Would every enemy I have would beat me:
I would wish no better action.
Oct. 'Save your lordship.
Asc. My humble service.
Jam. My good boy, how dost thou?
Why art thou call'd into the court?

[20] *Looks like a* proaguing *knave.*] I never knew, nor am acquainted with this word: It must certainly be, *progging*; i. e. an hungry, scraping, hoarding-up rascal. *Prog* is a cant word for *provisions*. *Theobald.*

In the song of Autolycus, Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. ii. the words *pugging tooth* occur; which both Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton alter to *progging tooth*; and Dr. Thirlby observed, that this was the cant of gypsies. *Theobald.*

[21] ——— *on mens' errands for an* asper.] An *asper* is a Turkish coin, in value about three farthings. *R.*

Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.

Asc. I know not,
But 'tis my lord the assistant's pleasure
I should attend here.
Jam. He will soon resolve us.
Offi. Make way there for the judge.
Jam. How? my kind brother? [wards.
Nay, then, 'tis rank, there is some villany to-
Assist. This sessions, purchas'd at your suit, don Henrique, [mine
Hath brought us hither, to hear and deter-
Of what you can prefer.
Hen. I do beseech
The honourable court, I may be heard
In my advocate.
Assist. 'Tis granted.
Bar. Hum! hum!
Jam. That preface,
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,
Tho' ne'er so good and honest.
Bar. If I stood here
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,
(To both which I profess myself a stranger)
It would be requisite I should deck my language
With tropes and figures, and all flourishes
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd,
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect
Contemns a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my client,
Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge justice, finding in his conscience
A tender scruple of a fault long since
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient
To be absolv'd of't by his confessor,
If that in open court he publish not
What was so long conceal'd.
Jam. To what tends this?
Bar. In his young years (it is no miracle
That youth and heat of blood should mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whose face
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.
Jac. Ye good angels,
What an impudence is this?
Bar. And us'd all means [win her
Of service, courtship, presents, that might
To be at his devotion: But in vain;
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out
Until he promis'd marriage; and before
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd,
To take her as his wife.
Assist. Give them their oath.
Jam. They are incompetent witnesses, his own creatures,
And will swear any thing for half a ryal.
Offi. Silence!
Assist. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this strong assurance,
He did enjoy his wishes to the full;
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judgment, [duly
Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering
The inequality of the match, he being
Nobly descended and allied, but she
Without a name, or family, secretly
He purchas'd a divorce, to disannul
His former contract, marrying openly
The lady Violante.
Jac. As you sit here
The deputy of the great king, who is
The substitute of that impartial judge,
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail nothing,
Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,
Your patience, with liberty to speak
In her own cause; and let me, face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude balanc'd,
Move not compassion, let me die unpitied!
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;
To think of them is a disease; but death,
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For innocence cannot justify what's false)
But all the advocate hath alledg'd concerning
His falshood, and my shame, in my consent,
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,
To thee, don Henrique! and, if impious acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,
I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong
Sufficient, to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,
To testify thy falshood, and my shame?
But, now so many years I had conceal'd
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and won
This gentleman to hide it from the world,
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heav'n,
Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife)——
Assist. 'Tis strange!
Give him an oath.
Oct. I gladly swear, and truly.
Jac. After all this, I say, when I had borne
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw another
Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to disturb [ous,
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbar-
To be so careless of me, and my fame,
(For all respect of thine, in the first step
To thy base lust, was lost) in open court
To publish my disgrace; and, on record,
To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,
I think, can find no precedent! In my extremes,
One comfort yet is left, that though the law
Divorce me from thy bed, and make free way
To the unjust embraces of another,
It cannot yet deny that this my son
(Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heir.

Jam. Confederacy!
A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give
Your sentence, grant me hearing.
Assist. New chimeras?
Jam. I am, my lord, since he is without issue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:
And this, forg'd by the advocate, to defeat me
Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,
A mere imposture, and conspiracy
Against my future fortunes.
Assist. You are too bold.
Speak to the cause, don Henrique.
Hen. I confess [honour)
(Tho' the acknowledgment must wound my
That all the court hath heard touching this cause,
Or with me, or against me, is most true;
The latter part, my brother urg'd, excepted.
For what I now do is not out of spleen,
As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,
And to repair the wrong that I have done
To this poor woman: And I beseech your lordship
To think, I have not so far lost my reason,
To bring into my family, to succeed me,
The stranger issue of another's bed.[22]
By proof, this is my son; I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,
By a definitive sentence of the court,
He may be so recorded; and full pow'r
To me, to take him home.
Jac. A second rape
To the poor remnant of content that's left me,
If this be granted; and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miseries,
But this the height of all! Rather than part
With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,
Profess myself a strumpet, and endure
What punishment soe'er the court decrees
Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,
Or play'd the impudent whore!
Assist. This tastes of passion,
And that must not divert the course of justice.
Don Henrique, take your son, with this condition, [birth;
You give him maintenance as becomes his
And it will stand with your honour to do something [thing,
For this wrong'd woman: I will compel no-
But leave it to your will. Break up the court!
It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,
And cannot be revok'd. [*Exit.*
Hen. There's your reward.
Bar. More causes, and such fees. Now to my wife;
I have too long been absent. Health to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Asc. You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe
This unexpected fortune makes me proud;
Indeed, it does not: I shall ever pay you
The duty of a son, and honour you
Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet
I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:
I never shall forget those noble favours
You did me, being a stranger; and if ever
I live to be the master of a fortune,
You shall command it.
Jam. Since it was determin'd
I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;
But something I will do.
Hen. 'Pray you, take leave [husband
O' your steward, gentle brother, the good
That takes up all for you.
Jam. Very well, mock on!
It is your turn; I may have mine. [*Exit.*
Oct. But do not
Forget us, dear Ascanio.
Asc. Do not fear it:
I every day will see you; every hour
Remember you in my pray'rs.
Jac. My grief's too great
To be express'd in words!
Hen. Take that, and leave us;
[*Gives money to Jac.*
Leave us without reply. Nay, come back, sirrah; [*Exit. Jac. Asc. offers to follow.*
And study to forget such things as these,
As are not worth the knowledge.
Asc. Oh, good Sir,
These are bad principles!
Hen. Such as you must learn
Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendship: And what is my will
You must observe and do, tho' good or ill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'Fore Heav'n, I have done wonders,
Done mighty things to-day. My Amaranta!
My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.
A rich litigious lord I love to follow,
A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.
Why, wife, I say! How fares my studious pupil?
Hard at it still? You are too violent;
All things must have their rests, they will not last else;
Come out and breathe. [me;
Lean. (within) I do beseech you, pardon
I am deeply in a sweet point, Sir.
Bar. I'll instruct you:

[22] *The* stranger——*issue of another's bed.*] It is very frequent both with Shakespeare and our Poets to use the substantive *stranger* adjectively, prefixed to another substantive: In the acceptation of, *foreign*. In confirmation of which it would be needless to amass instances.
Theobald.

(Enter Amaranta.)

I say, take breath; seek health first, then your study.
Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home, [wonders!
Birds in abundance: I have done strange
There's more a-hatching too.
Ama. Have you done good, husband?
Then 'tis a good day spent.
Bar. Good enough, chicken.
I have spread the nets of the law to catch rich booties, [pupil,
And they come fluttering in. How does my
My modest thing? Hast thou yet spoken to him? [see him;
Ama. As I pass'd by his chamber, I might
But he's so bookish——
Bar. And so bashful too; [there.
I' faith, he is, before he'll speak, he'll starve
Ama. I pity him a little.
Bar. So do I too.
Ama. And if he please to take the air o'th' gardens, [not——
Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest
Bar. He shall not trouble thee; he dare not speak to thee. [a game, wife;
Bring out the chess-board! Come, let's have

(Enter Moor, with a chess-board.)

I'll try your mastery; you say you're cunning.
Ama. As learned as you are, Sir, I shall beat you.

Enter Leandro.

Bar. Here he steals out; put him not out of countenance; [else.
Prithee, look another way, he will be gone
Walk and refresh yourself; I'll be with you presently. [*Play at chess.*
Lean. I'll take the air a little.
Bar. 'Twill be healthful.
Ama. Will you be there? Then, here, I'll spare you that man. [mate fitting.
Lean. 'Would I were so near too, and a
Ama. What think you, Sir, to this? Have at your knight now.
Bar. 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service.
Prithee, look off, he is ready to pop in again;
Look off, I say; dost thou not see how he
Ama. I do not blast him. [blushes?
Lean. But you do, and burn too!
What killing looks she steals?
Bar. I have you now close;
Now for a mate. [have her.
Lean. You are a blessed man, that may so
Oh! that I might play with her!
[*Knock within.*
Bar. Who's there? I come. You cannot scape me now, wife.
I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Lean. Most blessed hand, that calls him.
Bar. Play quickly, wife.
Ama. 'Pray ye, give leave to think, Sir.

Enter Moor.

Moor. An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir, [business.
Would fain speak with your worship about
Lean. The devil blow him off.
Bar. Play.
Ama. I will study:
For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me. [*Knock.*
Bar. He knocks again; I cannot stay. Le-'Pray thee come near. [andro,
Lean. I am well, Sir, here.
Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid, but come.
Ama. Here's none will bite, Sir.
Lean. God forbid, lady!
Ama. 'Pray, come nearer.
Lean. Yes, forsooth. [they stand here,
Bar. 'Prithee observe these men, just as
And see this lady do not alter 'em;
And be not partial, pupil.
Lean. No, indeed, Sir.
Bar. Let her not move a pawn; I'll come back presently.
Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.
Have an eye, pupil! [*Exit.*
Ama. Can you play at chess, Sir?
Lean. A little, lady.
Ama. But you cannot tell me [too?
How to avoid this mate, and win the game
(H' has noble eyes!) You dare not friend me so far? [pow'r, lady,
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in man's
To be a friend to such a noble beauty.
Ama. This is no lawyer's language! I pray you tell me [round)
Whither may I remove (you see I am set
T' avoid my husband?
Lean. I shall tell you happily;
But happily you will not be instructed.
Ama. Yes, and I'll thank you too; shall I move this man? [serve you,
Lean. Those are unseemly: Move one can
Can honour you, can love you.
Ama. 'Pray you tell quickly;
He will return, and then——
Lean. I'll tell you instantly: [you;
Move me, and I'll move any way to serve
Move your heart this way, lady.
Ama. How?
Lean. 'Pray you, hear me. [ous;
Behold the sport of love, when he's imperi-
Behold the slave of love!
Ama. Move my queen this way?
(Sure he's some worthy man) Then, if he hedge me,
Or here to open him——
Lean. Do but behold me;
If there be pity in you, do but view me!
But view the misery I have undertaken
For you, the poverty——
Ama. He will come presently. [rook here,
Now play your best, Sir: 'Tho' I lose this
Yet I get liberty

Lean. I'll seize your fair hand,
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses!
The god of love warm your desires but equal!
That shall play my game now.
Ama. What do you mean, Sir?
Why do you stop me?
Lean. That you may intend me. [use it.
The time has blest us both: Love bids us
I am a gentleman nobly descended,
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole heart to you; thus I give it,
And to those burning altars thus I offer,
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring grows—
Ama. Take that; you are too saucy!
[*Strikes him with the chess-board, and throws down the men.*
Lean. How, proud lady?
Strike my deserts?
Ama. I was to blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What, wife, there!
Heav'n keep my house from thieves!
Lean. I am wretched!
Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my wishes!
I shall be hooted at.
Bar. What noise was this, wife?
Why dost thou smile?
Lean. This proud thing will betray me.
Bar. Why these lie here? What anger,
Ama. Why, none Sir, [dear?
Only a chance; your pupil said he play'd well,
And so, indeed, he does; he undertook for you,
Because I would not sit so long time idle:
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endanger'd me;
Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When presently, [bush too,
Hearing you come, and having broke his am-
Having the second time brought off my queen fair,
I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to shew you;
My apron caught the chess-board and the men,
And there the noise was.
Bar. Thou art grown a master;
For all this I shall beat you.
Lean. Or I you, lawyer; [swer,
For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat lan-
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings yet,
But you shall have a sounder if I live, lawyer!
My heart akes yet: I would not be in that fear—— [sometimes,
Bar. I am glad you are a gamester, Sir;
For recreation, we two shall fight hard at it.
Ama. He will prove too hard for me.
Lean. I hope he shall do;
But your chess-board is too hard for my head; line that, good lady.
Bar. I have been atoning two most wrangling neighbours;
They had no money, therefore I made even.
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.
Lean. I have eaten already; I must entreat your pardon. [at supper.
Bar. Do as you please, we shall expect y'
He has got a little heart now; it seems handsomely. [look to you.
Ama. You'll get no little head, if I don't
Lean. If ever I catch thee again, thou vanity——
Ama. I was to blame to be so rash; I am sorry! [*Exe.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter don Henrique, Violante, and Ascanio.

Hen. HEAR but my reasons!
Vio. Oh, my patience! hear 'em!
Can cunning falshood colour an excuse
With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth,
T' extenuate this wilful wrong, not error?[24]
Hen. You gave consent, that, to defeat my brother,
I should take any course.
Vio. But not to make
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tir'd with loose dalliance, and with empty veins,
All those abilities spent before and wasted,
That could confer the name of mother on me,
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it
By shewing to my face, that you were fruitful,
Hugg'd in the base embraces of another?
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,
And want of children, was a torment to me,
What end of my vexation, to behold
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,
And hear the name of father paid to you,

[24] *Extenuate this* woful *wrong, not error?*] The poets are robb'd, I dare say, of the *antithesis* here required to support the vivacity of their meaning. Henrique has most plainly been excusing his conduct, and calling the steps he has taken erroneous: Upon which Violante would say, *Do you think to colour out an excuse with cunning falshood, and extenuate the guilt of your proceedings by calling that* error, *which is a* wilful wrong? And to this tenour I have ventured to amend the text. *Theobald.*

Yet know myself no mother? What can you say? [25] [pardon?
Hen. Shall I confess my fault, and ask your
Will that content you? [pardon?
Vio. If it could make void [Henrique,
What is confirm'd in court. No, no, don
You shall know, that I find myself abus'd;
And add to that, I have a woman's anger;
And, while I look upon this basilisk,
Whose envious [26] eyes have blasted all my comforts,
Rest confident, I'll study my dark ends,
And not your pleasures.
Asc. Noble lady, hear me;
Not as my father's son, but as your servant,
Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty
I ever will appear: And far be it from
My poor ambition ever to look on you,
But with that reverence which a slave stands bound
To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard
That dames of highest place, nay queens themselves,
Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are
Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy,
To be employ'd when you please to command me,
Even in the coarsest office? As your page
I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine,
Carry your pantofles, and be sometimes bless'd
In all humility to touch your feet:
Or if that you esteem that too much grace,
I can run by your coach, observe your looks,
And hope to gain a fortune by my service,
With your good favour; which now, as a son,
I dare not challenge.
Vio. As a son?
Asc. Forgive me?
I will forget the name; let it be death
For me to call you mother.
Vio. Still upbraided?
Hen. No way left t' appease you?
Vio. None. Now hear me;
Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n,
And, if I break it, all plagues in this life,
And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!
While that this bastard stays under my roof,
Look for no peace at home, for I renounce
All offices of a wife.
Hen. What am I fall'n to?
Vio. I will not eat, nor sleep with you; and those hours [health
Which I should spend in prayers for your
Shall be employ'd in curses!
Hen. Terrible! [you
Vio. All the day long, I'll be as tedious to
As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights,
To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;
Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear
I'th' shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madness: And, if all this fail
To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinsmen,
That will not sit down tame with the disgrace
That's offer'd to our noble family
In what I suffer.
Hen. How am I divided
Between the duties I owe as a husband,
And piety of a parent?
Asc. I am taught, Sir,
By the instinct of nature, that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind
Before those pleasures that are dearest to me:
Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts
That I may challenge. May you grow old together,
And no distaste e'er find you; and before
The characters of age are printed on you,
May you see many images of yourselves,
Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,
Am cast aside and broken! From this hour,
Unless invited, which I dare not hope for,
I never will set my forbidden feet
Over your threshold; only give me leave,
Though cast off to the world, to mention you
In my devotions, it is all I sue for;
And so I take my last leave!
Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold
A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I must
Shew something of a father; thou shalt not go
Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: Take that
To guard thee from necessities. May thy goodness
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deserve to be the heir [27] of greater fortunes

[25] *What can* I *say?*] The answer plainly shews that it should be *you.* *Seward.*

[26] *Whose* envious *eyes.*] For *envious*, Mr. Seward substitutes *venomous*; but we see no need of alteration, *envious* being both sense and poetry.

[27] ——— and *thine innocence*
Deserve *to be the heir*] Ascanio has shew'd so many instances of innocence, that the occasion here seems only to require a prayer that his innocence may be rewarded. It should seem therefore that either the word *deserve* should be chang'd to *arrive*, or the whole be turn'd into an affirmation, as I have ventured to make it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *may thy goodness*
Meet many favours, for *thine innocence*
Deserves *to be the heir,* &c.

which

Than thou wert born to! Scorn me not, Violante;
This banishment is a kind of civil death;
And now, as it were at his funeral,
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly;
And so, farewell for ever! One word more;
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,
Send to me for supply. Are you pleas'd now?
[*Exit Ascanio.*

Vio. Yes; I have cause, to see you howl and blubber
At th' parting of my torment, and your shame.
'Tis well! proceed; supply his wants; do, do!
Let the great dow'r I brought, serve to maintain
Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and jewels [his mother:
T' your old acquaintance, your dear dame,
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

Hen. Is all I do misconstru'd?

Vio. I will take
A course to right myself, a speeding one;
By the bless'd saints, I will! If I prove cruel,
The shame to see thy foolish pity, taught me
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from me!
Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee
As I would do a leper.

Hen. Let not fury [ture;
Transport you so; you know I am your crea-
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left
I'll join with you in any thing. [me.

Vio. In vain; [partners.
I'll take mine own ways, and will have no

Hen. I will not cross you.

Vio. Do not! They shall find,
That, to a woman of her hopes beguil'd,
A viper trod on, or an aspick, 's mild.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez, Milanes, and Arsenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you. By
I love Leandro for't. [mine order,

Mil. But you must shew it
In lending him your help, to gain him means
And opportunity.

Lop. He shall want nothing.
I know my advocate to a hair, and what
Will fetch him from his pray'rs, if he use any.
I am honey'd with the project! I would have
For a most precious beast. [him horn'd

Ars. But you lose time.

Lop. I am gone. Instruct you Diego; you will find him
A sharp and subtle knave; give him but hints,
And he will amplify. See all things ready.
I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [*Exit.*

Ars. If he fail now,
We'll give him over too.

Mil. Tush, he is flesh'd, [credit.
And knows what vein to strike for his own

Ars. All things are ready.

Mil. Then we shall have a merry scene, ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Amaranta, with a note, and Moor.

Amar. Is thy master gone out?

Moor. Even now; the Curate fetch'd him,
About a serious business, as it seem'd,
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his hat straight,
Set his band handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

Ama. 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went out, Egla,
As luckily as one would say, 'go, husband!'
He was call'd by providence. Fling this short paper
Into Leandro's cell, and waken him;
He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my chess-play;
But this shall supple him, when he has read it.
Take your own recreation for two hours,
And hinder nothing.

Moor. If I do, I'll hang for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Octavio and Jacintha.

Oct. If that you lov'd Ascanio for himself
And not your private ends, you rather should
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him
To his birth-right, and the honours he was born to,
Than grieve at his good fortune.

Jac. Grieve, Octavio?
I would resign my essence, that he were
As happy as my love could fashion him,
Though every blessing that should fall on him
Might prove a curse to me! My sorrow springs
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.
I am acquainted with don Henrique's nature
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of madam Violante: Can you think
That she, that almost is at war with Heav'n
For being barren, will with equal eyes
Behold a son of mine?

Oct. His father's care,
That, for the want of issue, took him home,
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,
Will look unto his own safety.

Jac. Stepmothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,
Though blind to goodness.

Enter Jamie and Ascanio.

Oct. Here comes don Jamie,
And with him our Ascanio.

Jam. Good youth, leave me;

which alterations surely are unnecessary; the meaning being obviously, 'May your goodne
'be rewarded, and *a continuance in your present innocent state* render you deserving of great
'fortunes than your birth entitles you to.'

I know thou art forbid my company,
And, only to be seen with me, will call on
Thy father's anger.
Asc. Sir, if that to serve you
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!
I was, for some particular end, took home,
But am cast off again.
Jam. Is't possible? [wife,
Asc. The lady, whom my father calls his
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and forc'd him
To turn me out of doors.
Jac. By my best hopes,
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near
A saving charity!
Asc. I am only happy
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you, share!
My father's wondrous kind, and promises
That I should be supplied: But sure the lady
Is a malicious woman, and I fear
Means me no good.

Enter Servant.

Jam. I am turn'd a stone with wonder,
And know not what to think.
Ser. From my lady,
Your private ear, and this——
Jam. New miracles? [fortune,
Ser. She says, if you dare make yourself a
She will propose the means. My lord Don Henrique
Is now from home, and she alone expects you:
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of
A second offer. [*Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an ambush
Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret.
Retire thee, my Ascanio, with thy mother;
But stir not forth; some great design's on foot.
Fall what can fall, if, ere the sun be set,
I see you not, give me for dead.
Asc. We will expect you,
And those bless'd angels that love goodness guard you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't possible he should be rich?
Lop. Most possible; [gettings,
He hath been long, though he'd but little
Drawing together, Sir.
Bar. Accounted a poor sexton;
Honest, poor Diego.
Lop. I assure you, a close fellow;
Both close and scraping, and that fills the bags, Sir.
Bar. A notable good-fellow too.[28]
Lop. Sometimes, Sir;
When he hop'd to drink a man into a surfeit,
That he might gain by his grave.
Bar. So many thousands?
Lop. Heav'n knows what.
Bar. 'Tis strange,
'Tis very strange. But, we see, by endeavour,
And honest labour——
Lop. Milo, by continuance, [reverence)
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progress.
Bar. You say true; but he lov'd to feed
And that, methinks—— [well also,
Lop. From another man's trencher, Sir,
And there he found it season'd with small charge; [devour you
There he would play the tyrant, and would
More than the graves he made: At home he liv'd
Like a cameleon, suck'd the air of misery,
[*Table set out, standish, paper, and stools.*
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;
Would smell a cook's-shop, and go home and surfeit,
And be a month in fasting out that fever.
Bar. These are good symptoms. Does he lie so sick, say you?
Lop. Oh, very sick.
Bar. And chosen me executor?
Lop. Only your worship.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None, that we find.
Bar. He hath no kinsmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His mind will be the quieter.
What doctors has he?
Lop. There's none, Sir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needless things, in such extremities.
Who draws the good man's will?
Lop. Marry that do I, Sir;
And to my grief.
Bar. Grief will do little now, Sir;
Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I counsel you. [ways.
An honest man; but such men live not al-
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is passing,
That would pretend t' his love, yes, and some gentlemen [kindred;
That would fain counsel him, and be of his
Rich men can want no heirs, Sir.
Bar. They do ill,
Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.
But we shall take a care.

Enter, with Diego in a bed, Milanes, Arsenio, and Parishioners.

Lop. Will you come near, Sir?
'Pray you bring him out. Now you may see in what state——
Give him fresh air.
Bar. I am sorry, neighbour Diego,
To find you in so weak a state.

[28] *A notable* Good-fellow *too.*] *Good-fellow*, in this place, means a *boon companion*, a *bottle-friend*, as the answer demonstrates.

Die. You're welcome;
But I am fleeting, Sir.
Bar. Methinks he looks well; [chearful.
His colour fresh, and strong; his eyes are
Lop. A glimmering before death; 'tis no-
thing else, Sir. [do you note that?
Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet?[29]
Die. My learned Sir, 'pray you sit. I am
bold to send for you,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Do you hear that?
Ars. Play the knave finely!
Die. So I will, I warrant you, } *Apart.*
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye do not trouble him;
You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.
Die. My honest neighbours, weep not; I
must leave ye,
I cannot always bear ye company.
We must drop still; there is no remedy.
'Pray ye, master Curate, will you write my
testament,
And write it largely, it may be remember'd?
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.
Your worship I do make my full executor;
[*To Bartolus.*
You are a man of wit and understanding.
Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,
For I speak low. I would, before these neigh-
bours, [cuted,
Have you to swear, Sir, that you'll see it exe-
And what I give let equally be render'd,
For my soul's health.
Bar. I vow it truly, neighbours;
Let not that trouble you; before all these,
Once more I give my oath.
Die. Then set me higher,
And pray ye come near me all.
Lop. We're ready for you.
Mil. Now spur the ass, and get our friend
time! [*Apart.*
Die. First then,
After I have given my body to the worms
(For they must be serv'd first, they're seldom
cozen'd)——
Lop. Remember your parish, neighbour.
Die. You speak truly;
I do remember it, a lewd vile parish, [of it,
And pray it may be mended: To the poor
Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;
For nothing unto nothing is most natural;
Yet leave as much space as will build an hos-
Their children may pray for me. [pital,
Bar. What do you give to it?
Die. Set down two thousand ducats.
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remember'd.
Die. To your worship,
Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,
I give two thousand more—it may be three,
A poor gratuity for your pains-taking. [Sir—
Bar. These are large sums.
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old master Vicar I give five
hundred; [Sir,
Five hundred and five hundred are too few,
But there be more to serve.
Bar. This fellow coins sure.
Die. Give me some more drink. Pray ye
buy books, buy books, [ries,
You have a learned head, stuff it with libra-
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis
justice.
Run not the parish mad with controversies,
Nor preach up abstinence to longing women,
'Twill purge the bottoms of their consciences.
I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy
The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em
out o' th' parish. [cel,
Two hundred ducats more to mend the chan-
And to paint true orthography, as many
They write *sunt*, with a *c*, which is abo-
minable: [marriages——
'Pray you set that down. To poor maidens'
Lop. Ay, that's well thought of; what's
your will in that point?
A meritorious thing.
Bar. No end of this will? [lockram,[30]
Die. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of
That there be no strait dealings in their linens,
But the sails cut according to their burdens.
To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,
And let them use 'em at their own discretions.
Ars. You may remember us.
Die. I do, good gentlemen; [geons,
And I bequeath ye both good careful sur-
A legacy ye have need of more than money;
I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,
And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.
Lop. He raves now;
But 'twill be quickly off.
Die. I do bequeath ye [threads,
Commodities of pins, brown papers, pack-
Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and
jews-trumps,
Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper, take 'em,
Take 'em even where you please, and be co-
zen'd with 'em;
I should bequeath ye executions also,
But those I'll leave to th' law.
Lop. Now he grows temperate.
Bar. You'll give no more?

[29] *Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet.*] This appears to be an impotent attack on the description of Falstaffe's death, in Shakespeare's Henry V.

[30] *Two hundred ells of* lockram.] *Lockram* was a kind of linen. It is mentioned by Shakespeare in Coriolanus, act ii. and, in confirmation of this explanation, the last Editor of that Author hath produced the following examples: Greene, in his Vision, describing the dress of a man, says, 'His ruffe was of fine *lockram*, stiched very fair with Coventry blue.' And in Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639, 'Thou thought'st, because I did wear *lockram* 'shirts, I had no wit.' *It.*

Die. I am loth to give more from you,
Because I know you'll have a care to execute.
Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little. [ever.
Bar. If he be worth all these, I'm made for
Die. I give to fatal dames that spin mens' threads out,
And poor distressed damsels, that are militant
As members of our own afflictions, [in.
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-yard, [knaves in:
A spacious church-yard, to lay thieves and
Rich men and honest men take all the room
Lop. Are you not weary? [up.
Die. Never of well-doing.
Bar. These are mad legacies.
Die. They were got as madly;
My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;
I have no heirs.
Bar. This cannot be; 'tis monstrous.
Die. Three ships at sea too.
Bar. You have made me full executor?
Die. Full, full, and total; would I had more to give you;
But these may serve an honest mind.
Bar. You say true,
A very honest mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich! But where shall I raise these monies? [mises.[31]
About your house, I see no such great pro-
Where shall I find these sums?
Die. Ev'n where you please, Sir;
You're wise and provident, and know business.
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good; I'm reasonable.
Bar. Think good? will that raise thousands?
What do you make me? [all my comfort.
Die. You have sworn to see it done; that's
Bar. Where I please? This is pack'd sure to disgrace me! [you'll do it;
Die. You're just, and honest, and I know
Ev'n where you please, for you know where the wealth is. [scorn'd,
Bar. I am abus'd, betray'd! I'm laugh'd at,
Baffled, and boor'd, it seems!
Ars. No, no; you are fool'd.
Lop. Most finely fool'd, and handsomely, and neatly; [times, Sir,
Such cunning masters must be fool'd some-
And have their worships' noses wip'd; 'tis healthful.
We are but quit: You fool us of our monies,
In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us.

Die. Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink, for my heart, gentlemen.
This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this scholar— [tor—
I think this fit will cure me! This execu-
I shall laugh out my lungs! [lany
Bar. This is derision above suff'rance; vil-
Plotted and set against me!
Die. Faith, 'tis knavery; [lawyer.
In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed,
Mil. Did you think, had this man been rich——
Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.
Mil. He would have chosen such a wolf, a canker,
A maggot, rat, to be his whole executor?[32]
Lop. A lawyer, that entangles all mens' honesties,
Lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls,
Puts powder to all states, to make 'em caper,
Would he trust you? Do you deserve——
Die. I find, gentlemen,
This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.
Bar. I am asham'd to feel how flat I'm cheated; [game!
How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-
A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some rascal——
My credit, and my wife! Some lustful villain,
Some bawd, some rogue——
Ars. Some craftsman, fool, has found you.[33]
This 'tis, Sir, to teach you to be too busy,
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,
To have a stirring oar in all mens' actions.
Lop. We did this but to vex your fine officiousness.
Bar. Good yield you, and good thank you! I am fool'd, gentlemen!
The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,
A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to your worships!
Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember,
Thou notable rich rascal!
Die. I do remember, Sir. [cies,
'Pray you stay a little; I have ev'n two lega-
To make your mouth up, Sir.
Bar. Remember, varlets,
Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine for your buttocks! [*Exit.*
Lop. Oh, how he frets, and fumes now, like a dunghill!

[31] —— *Such great promises*;] Mr. Sympson conjectures that the lawyer would naturally use the word *premises*, but seems unwilling to disturb the text.

[32] *A* maggot-pate, *to be his whole executor?*] Whimsical idle shatter brain'd people are frequently called *maggot-pated:* but this is by no means the lawyer's character, nor does it suit with the two former titles, which both imply villany and eating into other men's estates. My conjecture is near the trace of the letters, and will, I hope, be allow'd. *Seward.*

[33] *Some* crafty fool *has found you:*] It cannot be supposed that Arsenio would call Leandro a *fool*, and the reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the same objection: and though I do not remember the word *craftsman* in our Authors, yet it is used in the same sense by Fairfax, in his excellent translation of Tasso. *Seward.*

Die. His gall contains fine stuff now to make poisons,
Rare damned stuff!
Ars. Let's after him, and still vex him,
And take my friend off. By this time he has prosper'd;
He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.
Mil. Well, Diego, thou hast done.
Lop. Hast done it daintily.
Mil. And shalt be as well paid, boy.
Ars. Go; let's crucify him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Amaranta and Leandro.

Lean. I've told you all my story, and how precious,
desperately——
Ama. I do believe. Let's walk on; time is
Not to be spent in words; here no more wooing,
The open air's an enemy to lovers.
Do as I tell you.
Lean. I'll do any thing:
I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve you.
Ama. Take your joy moderately, as 'tis minister'd,
And as the cause invites: That man's a fool,
That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.
Lean. You cannot now deny me.
Ama. Nay, you know not;
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.
Lean. You shall not.
Ama. Hold you to that, and swear it confidently,
Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.
'Pray you let's step in, and see a friend of mine;
The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an hour,
We may be miss'd else: A private fine house 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lean. Do, lady;
Do, happy lady!
Ama. All your mind's of doing!
You must be modester.
Lean. I will be any thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the doors, and give me room to chafe in,
Mine own room, and my liberty! Why, maid, there!
Open, I say, and do not anger me! I'm subject to much fury. When, you dishclout,
When do you come? Asleep, you lazy hellhound?
Nothing intended but your ease, and eating?
Nobody here? Why, wife! why, wife! why, jewel!
No tongue to answer me? Prithee, good pupil,
Dispense a little with thy careful study,
And step to th' door, and let me in. Nor he neither?
Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?
I'll make ye hear! The house of ignorance!
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,
That commands all. I fear I'm metamorphos'd! [*Exit.*

Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanes, and Diego.

Lop. He keeps his fury still, and may do mischief.
Mil. He shall be hang'd first; we'll be stickers there, boys.
Die. The hundred thousand dreams now that possess him,
Of jealousy, and frailty; of revenge,
Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!
Lop. And casting what his credit shall recover.
Mil. Let him cast 'till his maw come up; we care not.
You shall be still secur'd.
[*A great noise within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then.
Hark, what a noise he keeps within.
Lop. Certain. [roars there.
H' has set his chimnies o' fire, or the devil
Die. The codixes o' th' law are broke loose, gentlemen.
Ars. He's fighting, sure.
Die. I'll tell you that immediately. [*Exit.*
Mil. Or doing some strange outrage on himself.
Ars. Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.

Enter Diego.

Die. There's nobody at home, and he chafes like a lion,
And stinks withal! [*Noise still.*
Lop. Nobody?
Die. Not a creature;
Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest!
The ladles, dishes, kettles, how they fly all!
And how the glasses through the rooms.

Enter Bartolus.

Ars. My friend sure [on't.
Has got her out, and now h' has made an end
Lop. See where the sea comes! how it foams and brustles?[34]

[34] —*brustles?*] Not knowing this word, I have ventured to strike out the *r*; *bristles* would make an inconsistent metaphor with the sea. *Seward.*

I suppose the line once to have run in this manner,

See where the seal *comes.*

The seal, i. e. *sea-calf*, an appellation severe enough in all conscience and reason; and how clearly does the remaining part of the line establish this reading,

See where the seal *comes, how he fomes and brustles.*

i. e. bristles. *Sympson.*

We

The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tumbles? [sides?
Bar. Made ev'ry way an ass? abus'd on all
And from all quarters people come to laugh at
Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at? [me?
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads?
I will run from my wits!

Enter Amaranta and Leandro.

Ars. Do, do, good lawyer, [quiet.
And from thy money too; then thou wilt be
Mil. Here she comes home! Now mark the salutations.
How like an ass my friend goes?
Ars. She has pull'd his ears down.
Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what garden, lady?
Or to what cousin's house?
Ama. Is this my welcome? [dal'd;
I cannot go to church, but thus I am scan-
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentle-
Bar. To church? [men——
Ama. Yes; and you keep sweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me!
There's you're delight again; pray take him to you;
He never comes near me more to debase me.
Bar. How's this? how's this? Good wife, how has he wrong'd you? [before me:
Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep
I blush to think how people fleer'd, and scorn'd me. [viour,
Others have handsome men, that know behaPlace, and observance; this silly thing knows nothing,
Cannot tell ten, let every rascal justle me;
And still I push'd him on, as he had been coming.[35]
Bar. Ha! did you push him on? is he so stupid?
Ama. When others were attentive to the priest,
Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,
Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the bagpipes, [sick,
The several stops on's nose made a rare mu-
A rare and loud, and those play'd many an anthem.
Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.
Ars. As cunning as she's sweet! I like this
Bar. What did he then? [carriage.
Ama. Why, then he talk'd in's sleep too.
Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheepsface! [him:
And talk'd aloud, that ev'ry ear was fix'd to
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?
Talk of your bawling law, of appellations,
Of declarations, and excommunications,
Warrants, and executions, and such devils,
That drove all th' gentlemen out o' th' church, by hurries, [again.
With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there
Thus am I serv'd and man'd!
Lean. I pray you forgive me;
I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you,
Alas, I was brought up——
Ama. To be an ass,
A lawyer's ass, to carry books, and buckrams!
Bar. But what did you at church?
Lop. At church, did you ask her?
Do you hear, gentlemen? do you mark that question?
Because you're half an heretic yourself, Sir,
Would you breed her too? This shall to th' Inquisition.
A pious gentlewoman reprov'd for praying!
I'll see this fil'd; and you shall hear further,
Ars. You have an ill heart. [Sir.
Lop. It shall be found out, gentlemen;
There be those youths will search it.
Die. You are warm, signior, [witnesses.
But a faggot will warm you better: We are
Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt.
Mil. Nay certain,
I do believe h'has rather no religion.
Lop. That must be known too. Because she goes to church, Sir!
O, monstrum informe ingens!
Die. Let him go on, Sir;
His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,
And this good lady, when he's hang'd and rotten,
May there be abbess.

We do not think the word *seal* so proper as *sea*, nor so likely to be the right reading as she old and received one. *Brustles* might, however, be *genuine*; it is expressive, though, perhaps, n no dictionary.

[35] *As he had been* coming.] As neither Mr. Sympson nor I can affix any idea to this reading, I have been forced to take an unusual liberty, rather than leave nonsense in the text. I have, however, known several corrupt readings that have departed more from what was demonstrably the original, than my correction supposes this to have done; and as the sense I give seems perfectly natural, it is probable it might have been the Authors'. It must be observed hat in most countries abroad, it is the custom for servants to walk before, not after their mistresses; it is, I know, in Italy, and I suppose our Authors knew it to be in Spain. She says herefore, instead of clearing the way for me, I was forc'd to push him forwards, or he would have lag'd behind me, as if he had been the woman. Since I wrote this note, a friend to whom I shew'd it, hit off another reading which I think full as probable as my own. He would read, *And still I push'd him on. Was that becoming?* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *And still I push'd him on as* he'd been the woman. We have followed he old reading, because we confess ourselves utterly at a loss what word to substitute in the place of *coming*, which is probably a corruption.

Bar. You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen!
I do not forbid the use, but the form, mark me.
Lop. Form! what do you make of form?
Bar. They will undo me;
Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me!
I must make fair way, and hereafter—Wife,
You're welcome home, and henceforth take you; [your pleasure;
Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder
My eyes are open now, and I see my error—
My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it: [*basta!*[36]
The whole conveyance now I smell; but,
Another time must serve—You see us friends now, [men;
Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentle-
I have been too foolish, I confess; no more words,
No more, sweet wife.
Ama. You know my easy nature. [angry:
Bar. Go, get you in: You see she has been
Forbear her sight a while, and time will pa-
And learn to be more bold. [cify;
Lean. I would I could;
I will do all I am able. [*Exit.*
Bar. Do, Leandro.
We will not part, but friends of all hands.
Lop. Well said;
Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.
Bar. Ye have jerkt me; but for all that I forgive ye,
Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye
To-morrow to a breakfast, I make but seldom;
But now we will be merry.
Ars. Now you are friendly, [you,
Your doggedness and niggardize flung from
And now we will come to you.
Bar. Give me your hands, all!
You shall be welcome heartily.
Lop. We will be,
For we'll eat hard.
Bar. The harder, the more welcome;
And, till the morning farewell! I have business. [*Exit.*
Mil. Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus!
'Tis a brave wench,
A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.
Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.
Die. I'll clap four tier of teeth into my mouth more,
But I will grind his substance.
Ars. Well, Leandro,
Thou hast had a strange voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.
Mil. Let's go drink, friends,
And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.
Lop. A match, a match! 'twill whet our stomachs better. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Violante and Servant.

Ser. MADAM, he's come. [*Chair and stools out.*
Viol. 'Tis well. How did he look
When he knew from whom you were sent?
Was he not startled?
Or confident or fearful?
Ser. As appear'd,
Like one that knew his fortune at the worst,
And car'd not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better. [careful
Reach me a chair. So; bring him in; be
That none disturb us. I will try his temper;
And, if I find him apt for my employments,
I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall
Find other engines.

Enter Jamie and Servant.

Ser. There's my lady.
Viol. Leave us.
Jam. You sent for me?
Viol. I did: and does the favour,
Your present state consider'd, and my power,
Deserve no greater ceremony?
Jam. Ceremony?
I use to pay that where I do owe duty,
Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn;
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd;
And so farewell.
Viol. He bears up still; I like it. [*Aside.*
Pray you a word.
Jam. Yes; I will give you hearing
On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend,
But not stand as a suitor? Now, your pleasure.
Viol. You're very bold.
Jam. 'Tis fit, since you are proud:
I was not made to feed that foolish humour,
With flatt'ry and observance.
Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little form, join'd with respect, to her
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,
Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes,
Might well become your wisdom.
Jam. It would rather
Write me a fool, should I but only think
That any good to me could flow from you,
Whom for so many years I've found and prov'd
My greatest enemy. I am still the same;
My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,

[36] Basta.] *It is enough.* Spanish. *R.*

To your new-cerus'd face, what I have spoken
Freely behind your back, what I think of you!
You are the proudest thing, and have the least
Reason to be be so, that I ever read of.
In stature you're a giantess; and your taylor
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,
Or he can never reach you: This by the way,
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,
To treat of your complexion were decorum:[37]
You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother
Was too familiar with the Moor that serv'd her.
Your limbs and features I pass briefly over,
As things not worth description; and come roundly [ful.
To your soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubt-
Viol. I laugh at this! Proceed.
Jam. This soul I speak of,
Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench, like a large inn
Stands open, for the entertainment of
All impious practices: But there's no corner
An honest thought can take up. And, as it were not
Sufficient in yourself to comprehend
All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my brother,
By your contagion, almost to put off
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,
Because he should be like you; and I hope
You'll march to Hell together. I have spoken;
And if the limning you in your true colours
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready
For my reward; or if my words distaste you,
I weigh it not, for though your grooms were ready
To cut my throat for't, be assur'd I cannot
Use other language.
Viol. You think you have said now
Like a brave fellow. In this woman's war
You ever have been train'd; spoke big, but suffer'd [gall'd,
Like a tame ass; and, when most spurr'd and
Were never master of the spleen or spirit
That could raise up the anger of a man,
And force it into action.
Jam. Yes, vile creature,
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home
My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead; dead, woman!
But, being as thou art, it is sufficient
I scorn thee, and contemn thee!
Viol. This shews nobly,
I must confess it: I am taken with it;
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd a base
And low dejected mind, I had despis'd you.
This bravery, in your adverse fortune, conquers [den,
And does command me; and, upon the sud-
I feel a kind of pity growing in me,
For your misfortunes: Pity, some say, 's the parent
Of future love; and I repent my part
So far in what you've suffer'd, that I could
(But you are cold) do something to repair
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think
Hath brought to ruin. [him)
Jam. Ha?
Viol. Be not amaz'd:
Our injuries are equal in his bastard!
You are familiar with what I groan for;
And though the name of husband holds a tie
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,
Am sensible and tender of a wrong; [lets,
And, to revenge it, would break through all
That durst oppose me.
Jam. Is it possible?
Viol. By this kiss! Start not. Thus much, as a stranger, [pleas'd,
You may take from me; but, if you were
I should select you as a bosom friend;
I would print 'em thus, and thus.
Jam. Keep off.
Viol. Come near.
Nearer,[38] into the cabinet of my counsels!
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,
And let them bear those burdens, which wise men
Boldly shake off! Be mine, and join with me;
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,
(Do not deny yourself the happy means)
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,
And swear I am most fair.
Jam. What would this woman?
The purpose of these words? Speak not in riddles; [counsel,
And when I understand what you would
My answer shall be sudden.
Viol. Thus then, Jamie:
The objects of our fury are the same;
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like hugg'd [bosom,
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Jam. Now 'tis plain;
I apprehend you: And, were he remov'd——
Viol. You, once again, were the undoubted heir. [fore,
Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd: I was ice be-
But now you've fir'd me.
Viol. I'll add fuel to it:
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer

[37] *To treat of your complexion* were *decorum*.] Mr. Sympson reads, *to treat of your complexion* with *decorum*. We think his variation exceedingly improper; the Author's meaning appearing to be, 'Having treated of your stature, I shall, *with propriety*, mention your complexion, which is *so far from fair*,' &c.

[38] *Near into*.] This is one of Mr. Theobald's marginal corrections, which both restores the verse and heightens the sentiment. *Seward*.

As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into
The port of happiness.
Jam. How?
Viol. By Henrique's death! [fortunes,
But, you'll say, he's your brother: In great
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,
The politic brook no rivals.
Jam. Excellent!
For sure I think, out of a scrupulous fear,
To feed in expectation, when I may,
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,
Come into full possession, would not argue
One that desir'd to thrive.
Viol. Now you speak like
A man that knows the world.
Jam. I needs must learn, [you,
That have so good a tut'ress. And what think
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)
That none may live that shall desire to trace us
In our black paths, if that Octavio,
His foster-father, and the said Jacintha,
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her sorrows)
Should fall companions with 'em? When we're red
With murder, let us often bathe in blood;
The colour will be scarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact.
Jam. Suppose this done:
If undiscover'd, we may get for money
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)
A dispensation.
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True. [jewels,
Or, if it be known, truss up our gold and
And fly to some free state, and there with scorn—— [admirable!
Viol. Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere
Jam. We shall beget rare children. I am rapt with
The mere imagination!
Viol. Shall it be done?
Jam. Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnish me with means
To hire the instruments, and to yourself
Say it is done already. I will shew you,
Ere the sun set, how much you've wrought upon me;
Your province is only to use some means
To send my brother to the grove, that's neighbour
To the west port o' th' city; leave the rest
To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,
But now will do! This kiss, with my confession,
To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,
If not instructed in a woman's school.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bartolus, Alguazils, and an Apparitor.

The table set out, and stools.

Bar. Ye are well enough disguis'd; furnish the table;
Make no show what ye are, till I discover:
Not a soul knows you here: Be quick and diligent.
These youths I have invited to a breakfast,
But what the sauce will be—— I am of opinion
I shall take off the edges of their appetites,
And grease their gums for eating heartily
This month or two. They have play'd their prizes with me,
And with their several flirts they've lighted dangerously;[39]
But sure I shall be quit! I hear 'em coming.
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,
And do it handsomely: You know where to have it.

Enter Milanes, Arsenio, Lopez, and Diego.

Welcome, i' faith.
Ars. That's well said, honest lawyer.
Lop. Said like a neighbour.
Bar. Welcome all! All's over,[40]
And let's be merry.
Mil. To that end we came, Sir;
An hour of freedom's worth an age of jugglings. [stomach
Die I am come too, Sir, to specify my
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.
Bar. And thou shalt have it fill'd, my merry Diego,
My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego;
Even fill'd till it groan again.
Die. Let it have fair play,
And if it founder, then——
Bar. I'll tell ye, neighbours;
Tho' I were angry yesterday with ye all,
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd me——

[39] *And with their several flurts they've lighted* dangerously.] I can scarce affix any idea to the old reading, nor am I satisfied with my own conjecture [substituting *dangers* for *dangerously*]; it only seems the best of four that occurred, *viz. they've slighted me*, or *they've slighted dangers*, or *lighted anger.* *Seward.*

Lighted we understand to mean *trifled*; and Bartolus to say, 'these several flirts, or affronts, they have put on me, they think *lightly* of, but they shall find that they have *trifled dangerously.*

[40] *Welcome all: all over,*
And let's be merry.] The pointing of the first line must be wrong, if he only reiterates their welcome; but by the insertion I have made, the sense is quite different, and I think much better *viz.* All affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. *Sympson.*

Lop. No, no, by no means.
Bar. No, when I consider'd
It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't;
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.
Lop. Good mirth does always work so, honest mirth.
Now, should we've meant in earnest——
Bar. You say true, neighbour.
Lop. It might have bred such a distaste and sourness,
Such fond imaginations in your brains, Sir,
For things thrust home in earnest——
Bar. Very certain; [long
But I know ye all for merry wags, and ere
Ye shall know me too in another fashion;
Tho' ye're pamper'd, ye shall bear part o' th' burden.

(Enter Amaranta and Leandro.)

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome; come, my jewel! [backward;
And, pupil, you shall come too. Ne'er hang
Come, come, the woman's pleas'd, her anger's over;
Come, be not bashful.
Ama. What does he prepare here?
Sure there's no meat i' th' house, at least not dress'd. [bred crotchet
Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new-
Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kindness; [play,
But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul
Sure they're enough to right themselves; and let 'em;
I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder.
Bar. Bring in the meat there, hoa! Sit down, dear neighbour;
A little meat needs little compliment;
Sit down, I say.
Ama. What do you mean by this, Sir?
Bar. Convey away their weapons handsomely. [to answer you,
Ama. You know there's none i' th' house
But the poor girl; you know there's no meat neither. [smoke else:
Bar. Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you
There's men and meat enough. Set it down formally.

Enter Alguazils, with dishes.

Ama. I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare not speak on't.

Bar. I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of 'em:
Only a dish to every man I've dedicated;
And, if I've pleas'd his appetite——
Lop. Oh, a capon, [it.
A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour
Die. For me some forty pound of lovely beef,
Plac'd in a mediterranean sea of brewis.
Bar. Fall to, fall to, that we may drink and laugh after.
Wait diligently, knaves!
Mil. What rare bit's this?
An execution! bless me!
Bar. Nay, take it to you, [Sir,
There's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough,
But a good stomach will endure it easily;
The sum is but a thousand ducats, Sir.
Asc. A capias from my surgeon, and my silk-man!
Bar. Your careful makers;[41] but they have marr'd your diet.
Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no avoiding me;
And these are alguazils. Do you hear that passing-bell?
Lop. A strong citation! bless me!
Bar. Out with your beads, Curate;
The devil's in your dish: Bell, book, and candle!
Lop. A warrant to appear before the judges!
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.
Bar. You need not; [breeches.
Your fear, I hope, will make you find your
All. We are betray'd!
Bar. Invited! do not wrong me.
Fall to, good guests; ye have diligent men about ye;
Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;
These will not see ye start. Have I now found ye?
Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,
And thought it meritorious to abuse him,
A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye spurr'd him, [him!
And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd
Within this hour ye shall have all your creditors,
A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,
And new invitements to the whip, don Diego,
And excommunications for the learned Curate;
A masque of all your furies shall dance to ye!
Ars. You dare not use us thus?

[41] *Your careful makers,*] As Mr. Sympson thinks this obscure, it may probably need explanation. The debauchees, who, in the next play, are said to be *daily mending like Dutch watches, and plaistering like old walls*, may properly call their surgeon their *maker*; their bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their present being. I have myself heard one boast, that his last salivation *new-made him*. It is likewise very common, both in Shakespeare and our Authors, to call taylors and silk-men the *makers* of fops. Thus Kent, in King Lear, tells the foppish steward, that a *taylor made him*. 'Tis a nervous expression, that seems to annihilate both the soul and body, and to allow no worth or even existence to the fop, but in his clothes. *Seward.*

Bar. Ye shall be bobb'd, gentlemen.
Stir, and, as I have a life, ye go to prison,
To prison, without pity instantly;
Before ye speak another word, to prison.
I have a better guard without, that waits!
Do you see this man, don Curate? 'tis a 'pa-
ritor,[42]
That comes to tell you a delightful story
Of an old whore you have, and then to teach
you
What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, Sir!
What legacy would you bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the nail) to fly my fury!
Lop. Oh, gentle Sir!
Bar. Dost thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?
Lop. Let me go, Sir.
Bar. I'll see the hang first.
Lop. And, as I am a true vicar——
Hark in your ear, hark softly!
Bar. No, no bribery; [cal!
I'll have my swinge upon thee. Sirrah! ras-
You lenten-chaps! you that lay sick, and
mock'd me;
Mock'd me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,
I'll make thee sick at heart, before I leave
thee, [nothing,
And groan, and die indeed, and be worth
Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for
thee,
A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st,
Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he
was buried with,
Steal'st from his grave! Do you smell me now?
Die. Have mercy on me!
Bar. No psalm of mercy shall hold me
from hanging thee!
How do ye like your breakfast? 'Tis but
short, gentlemen,
But sweet, and healthful. Your punishment,
and yours, Sir,
For some near reasons that concern my credit,
I will take to myself.
Ama. Do, Sir, and spare not:
I have been too good a wife, and too obe
dient; [ish——
But, since you dare provoke me to be fool-
Lean. She has, yes, and too worthy for
your usage:[43]
Before the world, I justify your goodness;
And turn that man, that dares but taint her
virtues, [man!)
To my sword's point (that lying man, that base
Turn him but face to face, that I may know
him!
Bar. What have I here?
Lean. A gentleman, a free man;
One that made trial of this lady's constancy,
And found it strong as fate! Leave off your
fooling; [nicked
For if you follow this course, you'll be chro-
For a devil, whilst a saint she's mention'd.
You know my name, indeed: I'm now no
lawyer.

Enter Jamie and Assistant.

Die. Some comfort now, I hope; or else,
would I were hang'd up!
And yet, the judge! He makes me sweat.
Bar. What news now?
Jam. I'll justify, upon my life and credit,
What you have heard for truth, and will
make proof of. [there;
Assist. I will be ready at th' appointed hour
And so I leave you.
Bar. Stay, I beseech your worship,
And do but hear me.
Jam. Good Sir, intend this business,[44]
And let this bawling fool![45] No more words,
lawyer, [sons:
And no more angers; for I guess your rea-
This gentleman I'll justify in all places,
And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross
it. [lous,
The plot was cast by me, to make thee jea-
But not to wrong your wife; she's fair and
virtuous. [honour;
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beseech your
We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.
Jam. No more talk, nor no more dissention,
lawyer;
I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;
For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,
A life that all the world shall——I'll bring
witness,
And rip before a judge the ulcerous vil-
lanies——
You know I know you, and I can bring
witness.
Bar. Nay, good Sir, noble Sir!
Jam. Be at peace then presently;
Immediately take honest and fair truce
With your good wife, and shake hands with
that gentleman:
H' has honour'd you too much; and do it
chearfully.
Lop. Take us along, for Heav'n sake, too!
Bar. I am friends,
(There is no remedy; I must put up all,

[42] *'Tis a* paratour,] An *apparitor* (which is obviously meant here) is an officer that summons offenders, and serves the process in the spiritual court.

[43] ——— *worthy* of *your usage.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[44] ——— intend *this business.*] *Intend* is here used to signify *regard*, or *pay attention to.* The reader will find it occur in the same sense in various parts of our Authors' works. In this play, p. 268, Ama. *Why do you stop me?* Lean. *That you may* intend *me.* Again, p. 244, *Nothing* intended *but your eating and drinking?*

[45] *And* let *this bawling fool.*] The modern copies say, *leave* this bawling fool; but as the word *let* is used to signify *hindrance*, or *obstruction*, we have followed the oldest books.

And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders) [you,
And perfect friends. Leandro, now I thank
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge to you; [pany.
But I'm too mean henceforward for your com-
Lean. I shall not trouble you.
Ars. We will be friends too. [further;
Mil. Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us
For all your devils, we will bolt.
Bar. I grant you; [coming:
The gentleman's your bail, and thank his
Did he not know me too well, you should smart for't. [gentlemen,
Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next,
Come not to me to breakfast.
Die. I'll be bak'd first.
Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye're bold and merry, [ye.
The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave
Jam. Come, go along; I have employment for you, [you;
Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool
For all, for every one.
All. We're all your servants.
Die. All, all, for any thing! From this day forward, [ners.
I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on din-
Jam. I'm glad you come off fair.
Lean. The fair has blest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Oct. This is the place; but why we are appointed
By don Jamie to stay here, is a depth
I cannot sound.
Asc. Believe't, he is too noble
To purpose any thing but for our good.
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,
And with them perpetuity of pleasure,
And should lose all, if he proved only false,
Yet I durst run the hazard.
Jac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched than we are;
And death concludes all misery.
Oct. Undiscover'd,
We must attend him.

Enter Henrique and Jamie.

Asc. Our stay is not long.
With him don Henrique?
Jac. Now I fear! be silent.
Hen. Why dost thou follow me?
Jam. To save your life;
A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,
I have a brother's love.
Hen. But thy false self,
I fear no enemy.
Jam. You have no friend,
But what breathes in me. If you move a step
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then. I am sent hither
To meet her that prefers my life and safety
Before her own.
Jam. That you should be abus'd thus,
With weak credulity! She, for whose sake
You have forgot we had one noble father,
Or that one mother bare us; for whose love
You brake a contract to which Heav'n was witness;
To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour
You have expos'd a sweet and hopeful son
To all the miseries that want can bring him,
(And such a son, though you are most obdurate,
To give whom entertainment savages
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep him from [man,
Bleak cold and hunger!) this dissembling wo-
This idol whom you worship, all your love
And service trod under her feet, designs you
To fill a grave, or dead to lie a prey
For wolves and vultures.
Hen. 'Tis false. I defy thee,
And stand upon my guard!

Enter Leandro, Milanes, Arsenio, Bartolus, Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, Ascanio, and Servants.

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak.
Come on! Since you will teach me to be cruel,
By having no faith in me, take your fortune.
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.
Oct. My lord!
Asc. In what have we offended?
Jam. I am deaf;
And following my will, I do not stand
Accountable to reason. See her ring, [her,
The first pledge of your love and service to
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!
These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,
The use of which you did deny yourself,
Bestow'd on me, (and with a prodigal hand)
Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect
Of her most bloody building; and to fee
These instruments, to bring materials
To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,
And, as a surplusage, offer'd herself
To be at my devotion.
Hen. Oh, accurs'd!
Jam. But, be incredulous still; think this my plot;
Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear
That she is innocent, that she dotes on you.
Believe this as a fearful dream, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will shew only: She herself shall give
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple
Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

(Enter Violante.)

Appears my Violante? Speak, my dearest,
Does not the object please you?

Viol. More than if
All treasure that's above the earth, with that
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,
Were laid down at my feet! Oh, bold Jamie,
Thou only canst deserve me!
Jam. I am forward;
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not
On your commands.

Enter Assistant and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Jam. That was deferr'd, that you
Might triumph in their misery, and have the power
To say 'they are not.'
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon.
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed
This night, shall thank thee.
Hen. Monster!
Viol. You, Sir, that
Would have me mother bastards, being unable
To honour me with one child of mine own,
That underneath my roof kept your cast strumpet,
And out of my revenues would maintain
Her riotous issue: now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman! With as little feeling
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit
To do me service; or a horse, or dog,
That have out-liv'd their use; I shake thee off,
To make thy peace with Heav'n!
Hen. I do deserve this;
And never truly felt before, what sorrow
Attends on wilful dotage.
Viol. For you, mistress,
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by him,
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,
I would cut off thy nose, put out thy eyes,
And set my foot on those bewitching lips,
That had the start of mine! But, as thou art,
Go to the grave unpitied.
Assist. Who would believe
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.
Jam. Let him live then,
Since you esteem him innocent.
Viol. No, Jamie,
He shall make up the mess. Now strike together,
And let them fall so!
Assist. Unheard-of cruelty!
I can endure no longer: Seize on her!
Viol. Am I betray'd?
Is this thy faith, Jamie?
Jam. Could your desires
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?
Or, though that you had sold yourself to Hell,
I should make up the bargain? Live, dear brother,
Live long, and happy! I forgive you freely;
To have done you this service, is to me
A fair inheritance; and howe'er harsh language,
Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,
In my heart I ever lov'd you. All my labours
Were but to shew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld itself in this false glass,
That did abuse you; and I am so far
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,
That, if your state were mine, I would adopt him.
These are the murderers; my noble friends!
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,
I won, to come disguis'd thus.
Hen. I am too full [do,
Of grief and shame to speak: But what I'll
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;
And, howsoever I have liv'd, I'll die
A much-chang'd man.
Jam. Were it but possible
You could make satisfaction to this woman,
Our joys were perfect.
Hen. That's my only comfort,
That it is in my pow'r: I ne'er was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did defer it, still expecting
When grief would kill Jacintha.
Assist. All's come out, [rique;
And finds a fair success. Take her, don Hen-
And once again embrace your son.
Hen. Most gladly.
Assist. Your brother hath deserv'd all.
Hen. And shall share
The moiety of my state.
Assist. I have heard, advocate,
What an ill instrument you have been to him:
From this time strengthen him with honest counsels,
And you'll deserve my pardon.
Bar. I'll change my copy:
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had
A smart blow, though unseen.
Assist. Curate, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too; let me hear no more,
And what's past is forgotten. For this woman,
Though her intent were bloody, yet our law
Calls it not death; yet, that her punishment
May deter others from such bad attempts,
The dowry she brought with her shall be employ'd
To build a nunnery, where she shall spend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have miss'd my ends,
I scorn what can fall on me.
Assist. The strict discipline
O' th' church will teach you better thought.
And, signiors,
You that are batchelors, if you ever marry,
In Bartolus you may behold the issue

Of covetousness and jealousy; and of dotage,
And falshood in don Henrique. Keep a mean then;
For be assur'd, that weak man meet all ill,
That gives himself up to a woman's will.
[*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

The play is done, yet our suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would still part our friends,
Our noblest friends! If aught have fall'n amiss,
Oh, let it be sufficient, that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,
All the whole body cannot be so neat,
But something may be mended.) Those are fair,[46]
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

[46] *But something may be mended: Those are fair,*] As the text stood before, it had great obscurity; *buildings* seeming the antecedent to *those*; it means those persons are fair or candid judges, who spare what they might destroy. *Seward.*

WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

A COMEDY.

This Comedy is universally allowed to be the joint production of our Authors. The first edition was printed in 1639. It was the first play that was acted after the burning of the King's House in Drury Lane; a new prologue being then wrote for the occasion, by Mr. Dryden. About the year 1708, it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with *alterations*, and, as the title-page modestly asserts, *amendments*, by some Persons of Quality. It hath been since frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

VALENTINE, *a gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his estate.*
FRANCISCO, *his younger brother.*
MASTER LOVEGOOD, *their uncle.*
A MERCHANT, *friend to Master Lovegood.*
FOUNTAIN, BELLAMORE, HAREBRAIN, *companions of Valentine, and suitors to the widow.*
LANCE, *a falconer, and an ancient servant to Valentine's father.*
SHORTHOSE, *the clown, and servant to the widow.*
ROGER, RALPH, and HUMPHRY, *three servants to the widow.*
Three Servants.
Musicians.

WOMEN.

LADY HARTWELL, *a widow.*
ISABELL, *her sister.*
LUCE, *a waiting-gentlewoman to the widow.*

ACT I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Merchant. WHEN saw you Valentine?

Unc. Not since the horse-race;
He's taken up with those that wooe the widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such people?
He bore a worthy mind.

Unc. Alas, he's sunk, is worse,
His means are gone, he wants, and, which
Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs lunatick, if you but talk of states:[1]
He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,
To think there is inheritance or means,
But all a common riches, all men bound
To be his bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Unc. No gentleman that has estate,[2] to use it
In keeping house, or followers, for those ways
He cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits,
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beggars,

[1] *States.*] *State* and *estate* are generally used in the same sense throughout this play. *Seward.*

[2] *No gent. that has estate to use it*, &c.] Mr. Seward reads, or rather writes, *No gentleman that has* estate 's *to use it*; and says, he could not make sense of the passage, till he added the verb, which 'consists here of a single letter.' Such an addition is certainly inelegant, and (as we think) unnecessary. The beginning of the Uncle's speech is a resumption of his last; both summing up the romantick ideas of Valentine, in regard to property: *All a common riches, all men bound to be his bailiffs——No gentleman that has estate to use it*, &c.

Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs,
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country proverbs, [vented
God bless the founders! These he would have
Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage,[3]
And never thinks of state, or means, the ground-works; [bodies,
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their
And starve their understandings.
Mer. That's most certain.
Unc. Yes, if he could stay there.
Mer. Why, let him marry,
And that way rise again.
Unc. It's most impossible;
He will not look with any handsomeness
Upon a woman.
Mer. Is he so strange to women?
Unc. I know not what it is; a foolish glory
He has got, I know not where, to balk those benefits;
And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or smooth,
As his impression serves; for he affirms,
They're only lumps, and undigested pieces,
Lick'd over to a form by our affections, [pass.
And then they show. The Lovers! let 'em

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.

Mer. He might be one; he carries as much
They are wondrous merry. [promise.
Unc. Oh, their hopes are high, Sir.
Fount. Is Valentine come to town?
Bel. Last night, I heard. [rections;
Fount. We miss him monstrously in our di-
For this widow is as stately, and as crafty,
And stands, I warrant you——
Hare. Let her stand sure;
She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek Valentine.
Mer. This widow seems a gallant.
Unc. A goodly woman;
And to her handsomeness she bears her state,
Reserv'd and great;[4] Fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.
Mer. I would Valentine had her.
Unc. There's no hope of that, Sir.
Mer. O' that condition, he had his mortgage in again.[5]
Unc. I would be had.
Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do;
(However, let the money be paid in;)
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations.
The mortgage shall be render'd back; take time for't.
You told me of another brother.
Unc. Yes, Sir,
More miserable than he, for he has eat him
And drank him up; a handsome gentleman,
And a fine scholar.

Enter three Tenants.

Mer. What are these?
Unc. The tenants;
They'll do what they can.
Mer. It is well prepar'd. [him;
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon
He's deaf to his own good.
Lance. We mean to tell him
Part of our minds, an't please you.
Mer. Do, and do it home,

[3] *Into more manly uses, wit, and* carriage.] Mr. Sympson would read *wit and courage*; taking, I believe, *manly* to signify *courageous*; but *manly*, both here and in the next scene, is the same as *humane*, or what is proper to the nature of man. *Seward.*

Wit and *carriage* is certainly right, and confirmed by the whole tenor of the play. When Valentine is reproaching the Lovers (towards the conclusion of the third act) he says to them, *who taught you manners, and apt* carriage? Many other passages in the play likewise support this reading.

[4] *And to her handsomness she bears her state reserv'd, and great fortune has made her mistress of a full means.*] The want of attention to the metre here caused the former Editors to spoil the sense by giving an unmeaning epithet to Fortune. It may perhaps be asked, how the removal of a stop from one word to another can affect the measure; let it be plac'd with its former stop in its station as a verse, and every reader that has an ear will perceive its harshness.

she bears her state
Reserv'd, and great fortune has made her mistress
Of a full means———

Remove the stop to its right place, and the verse recovers its harmony. They who would search the reason of this, must first know that the principal rule by which the English heroic verse is govern'd, is, *that the even syllables*, viz. *the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth must have the accents upon them*; and, secondly, that there is one only exception to this rule, *viz. That where a pause precedes an odd syllable, there the odd syllable may have the accent.* Thus in the case above, the first syllable of *fortune* is the fifth in the verse, and unless the pause immediately precedes, it spoils the metre. All the writers upon the English measure that I have seen, have not only been very deficient for want of knowing this exception to the general rule above, but have fall'n into great errors, and condemned verses that were remarkably harmonious. *Seward.*

[5] He had *his mortgage in again.*] *He had*, in this place, according to the old manner, signifies *he should have.*

And in what my care may help, or my per-
When we meet next—— [suasions,
Unc. Do but persuade him fairly;
And for your money, mine, and these men's thanks too,
And what we can be able——
Mer. You're most honest;
You shall find me no less, and so I leave you.
Prosper your business, friends! [*Exit Mer.*
Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.
Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him,
And tell him that—I'll not spare him——
His father kept good meat, good drink, good fellows, [bours welcome;
Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neigh-
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,
Yet kept his state still.
Must we turn tenants now (after we have liv'd
Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd
Good yeomanry) to some of the city,
To a greater shoulder of mutton and a custard,
And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gar-
Must it be so? [dens?
Unc. You must be milder to him.
Lance. That's as he makes his game.
Unc. Entreat him lovingly,
And make him feel.
Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.
Val. (within) And tell the gentleman, I'll be with him presently.
Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.
Lance. You will want clothes, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young courtier
Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.
Unc. He comes; be diligent, but not too
Start him, but not affright him. [rugged;
Val. Phew! are you there? [angry.
Unc. We come to see you, nephew; be not
Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these strange people? [more,
Why, all the world shall never make me rich
Nor master of these troubles.
Ten. We beseech you,
For our poor children's sake.
Val. Who bid you get 'em?
Have you not threshing work enough, but children
Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? Other men,
With all their delicates, and healthful diets,
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of garlick, [sour milk,
A piece of cheese would break a saw, and
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain
These tumblers!
Lance. You ought to maintain us; we
Have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided for you. [labours;
Who bought the silk you wear? I think our
Reckon, you'll find it so. Who found your horses, [verns,
Perpetual pots of ale,[6] maintain'd your ta-
And who extol'd you in the half-crown boxes,
Where you might sit and muster all the beauties? [pies!
We had no hand in these; no, we're all pup-
Your tenants base vexations!
Val. Very well, Sir.
Lance. Had you land, Sir,
And honest men to serve your purposes,
Honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em,
Betray yourself, and your poor tribe to misery;
Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will you hunt next?
You had a thousand acres, fair and open:
The King's Bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding; [heed, Sir)
The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take
And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth[7] they're made of.
Val. You're short and pithy.
Lance. They say you're a fine gentleman,
And excellent judgment they report you have; a wit; [cloak with you,
Keep yourself out o' th' rain,[8] and take your
Which by interpretation is your state, Sir,
Or I shall think your fame belied you. You
And may have means. [have money,
Val. I prithee leave prating!
Does my good lie within thy brain to further,
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go, [horses,
Go, get you home; there whistle to your
And let them edify! Away, sow hemp,
To hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?
Unc. This is uncivil.

[6] *Who found your horses perpetual pots of ale.*] This is evidently corrupt. Mr. Sympson conjectures, *Who found your horses perpetual* oats and hay? But as my correction seems more easy, and is confirm'd by Mr. Theobald's concurrence, I have ventured to insert it in the text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Who found* you *horses?*

The old reading, with only the insertion of a stop, conveys the same sense as Mr. Seward's amendment.

[7] *What* broth *they're made of.*] Mr. Sympson reads, with Mr. Seward's concurrence,

You'll quickly find what both *they're made of.*

We think *broth* the right word, meaning, 'You'll soon find what sort of *liquid* is in the bogs.' After all, *broth* is a strange expression, but Mr. Sympson's reading is hard, and scarcely English.

[8] *Keep yourself out o' th' rain,* &c.] You are *wise*, keep you *warm.*

Val. More unmerciful you, [dings;
To vex me with these bacon-broth and pud-
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows!
3 *Ten.* Your father's worship would have us'd us better.
Val. My father's worship was a fool!
Lance. Hey, hey, boys!
Old Valentine i'faith; the old boy still!
Unc. Fy, cousin! [never
Val. I mean besotted to his state; he had
Left me the misery of so much means else,
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.
If you will talk, turn out these tenants:
They are as killing to my nature, Uncle,
As water to a fever.
Lance. We will go;
But 'tis like rams, to come again the stronger:
And you shall keep your state!
Val. Thou liest; I will not.
Lance. Sweet Sir, thou liest; thou shalt; and so good morrow! [*Exeunt Tenants.*
Val. This was my man, and of a noble
Now to your business, Uncle. [breeding.
Unc. To your state then. [it no more;
Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name
'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard
I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, [me.
I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,
For being quell'd with carriers. Out upon't!
Caveat emptor! Let the fool out-sweat it,
That thinks he has got a catch on't.
Unc. This is madness,
To be a wilful beggar.
Val. I am mad then,
And so I mean to be; will that content you?
How bravely now I live, how jocund!
How near the first inheritance, without fears!
How free from title-troubles!
Unc. And from means too.
Val. Means? Why, all good men's my means;[9] my wit's my plough,
The town's my stock, tavern's my standing-house, [gentlemen
And all the world knows there's no want; all
That love society, love me; all purses
That wit and pleasure open, are my tenants;
Every man's clothes fit me, the next fair lodging
Is but my next remove, and when I please
To be more eminent, and take the air,
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,
And I go I care not whither. What need state here?
Unc. But, say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?
Val. Far longer than your jerkin, and wear fairer;
Should I take ought of you? 'Tis true, I beg'd now,
Or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,
And which is worst of all, I lost my way in't;
Your mind is enclosed, nothing lies open nobly,
Your very thoughts are hinds that work on nothing,
But daily sweat and trouble: Were my way
So full of dirt as this? 'Tis true, I shifted.
Are my acquaintance grasiers? But, Sir, know,
No man that I'm allied to, in my living,
But makes it equal, whether his own use,
Or my necessity, pull first; nor is this forc'd,
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness;
And do you think I venture nothing equal?
Unc. You pose me, cousin.
Val. What's my knowledge, Uncle? Is't not worth money? [ing, wit,
What's my understanding, my travel, read-
All these digested, my daily making men,
Some to speak, that too much phlegm had frozen up; [their peace,
Some other that spoke too much, to hold
And put their tongues to pensions; some to wear their clothes, [Uncle!
And some to keep 'em?[10] These are nothing,
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,
A manly love, community to all
That are deservers—not examining [wicked,
How much, or what's done for them—it is
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts double,
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* This cloak and hat, Sir, and my master's love. [that,
Val. Commend us to thy master, and take
And leave 'em at my lodging.
1 *Ser.* I shall do't, Sir.
Val. I do not think of these things. [you.
2 *Ser.* Please you, Sir, I have gold here for
Val. Give it me. Drink that, and commend me to thy master.
Look you, Uncle, do I beg these?
Unc. No sure, it is your worth, Sir.
Val. 'Tis like enough; but, pray satisfy me,
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting
The starv'd inheritance, with musty corn
The very rats were fain to run away from,
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces?
Do not I know your way of feeding beasts
With grains, and windy stuff, to blow up butchers?
Your racking pastures, that have eaten up
As many singing shepherds, and their issues,
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.
I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with
Unless it were to sell your state that hour, [you,
And, if 'twere possible, to spend it then too,

[9] *All good men's my means.*] This is the reading of the oldest copies; the modern (more grammatically, but less poetically) say, *All good* men are *my means.*

[10] It is plain to any one, who reads the two or three foregoing speeches of Valentine attentively, that he is defending his romantick humour, arguing by way of interrogation; according to which we have reformed the pointing, and, we hope, cleared the text from obscurity.

For all your beasts in Rumney.[11] Now you know me. [you're grown
Unc. I would you knew yourself; but, since
Such a strange enemy to all that fits you,
Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.
Val. How? [may recover;
Unc. From your mortgage, which yet you
I'll find the means.
Val. Pray save your labour, Sir;
My brother and myself will run one fortune,
And I think, what I hold a mere vexation
Cannot be safe for him; I love him better;
He has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live
Without this trick of state; we are heirs both,
And all the world before us.
Unc. My last offer,
And then I'm gone.
Val. What is't? and then I'll answer.
Unc. What think you of a wife yet to restore you?
And tell me seriously, without these trifles.
Val. An you can find one that can please
You shall not find me stubborn. [my fancy,
Unc. Speak your woman. [mendations
Val. One without eyes, that is, self-com-
(For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome);
One without ears, not giving time to flatterers
(For she that hears herself commended, wavers,
And points men out a way to make 'em wicked); [man
One without substance of herself;[12] that wo-
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton,
Though she be young; forgetting it, tho' fair;
Making her glass the eyes of honest men,
Not her own admiration; all her ends
Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if
There may be such a woman.
Unc. Yes, there may be.
Val. And without state too?
Unc. You're dispos'd to trifle. [me next,
Well, fare you well, Sir! When you want
You'll seek me out a better sense.
Val. Farewell, Uncle,
And as you love your state, let not me hear on't.
[*Exit.*
Unc. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still;
And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will. [*Exit.*

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now;
Your sister has engross'd all the brave Lovers.
Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her! [ears.
Prithee, speak softly; we are open to men's
Luce. Fear not, we're safe; we may see all that pass, [language,
Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their
And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melan-
You are as fair as she. [choly;
Isab. Who, I? I thank you;
I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd;
My sister is a goodly, portly lady,
A woman of a presence; she spreads sattin,
As the king's ships do canvas, every where.
She may spare me her mizen, and her bonnets,
Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me;
I am a carvel to her.[13]

[11] *For all your* beans *in* Rumnillo, *now you know me.*] I would not conclude that there is no such place in England as *Rumnillo*, merely because I never heard of it; but it does not sound like an English name, and what weighs more with me, it gives a redundant syllable to the verse. The Uncle is before described as a great grasier; his beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned, as the chief of his wealth, than his *beans*. *Rumney* Marsh, in Kent, is remarkably famous for fatting cattle; I think therefore my conjecture was probably the true reading. *Seward.*

[12] *One without substance of her self, that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass,* &c.] Mr. Seward reads,

One without substance of herself; that woman
Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton;
Though she be young, forgetting it, though fair,
Making her glass, &c.

This passage is certainly difficult, but Mr. Seward's reading has rendered it still more obscure than the licentious pointing of the old books. Our reading is with a strict adherence to the old text, and with but small variation from the old punctuation. The sense of the whole speech we conceive to be this: 'The woman I expect is, *one without eyes*, to discover her own 'charms; *one without ears*, to receive flattery; *one without* SUBSTANCE *of herself*, i. e. *one* '*without the very* ESSENCE *of woman*; a woman, without *wantonness* (the chief pleasure of 'woman's life) though *young*; unconscious of her *beauty*, though *fair*, &c. &c.' This sense is easily obtained by our regulation of the stops, and is (as we believe) the true one.

[13] *I am a* carvel *to her*] *Carvel*, from the Spanish word *caravila*, an old-fashioned vessel, formerly much used in Spain, sharp before, ill-shaped every way, and all the masts stooping forwards. Their sails are all mizen-sails, that is, triangular; they will lie nearer the wind than other sails, but are not so commodious to handle.—This is the explanation given by the Spanish Dictionaries. *Carvel* here seems to be used for a small ship, in the same sense as it is by Sir Walter Raleigh: 'I gave them order, if they found any Indians there, to send in the little 'fly boat, or the *carvel*, into the river; for with our great ships we durst not approach the 'coast.' *R.*

Luce. But a tight one.
Isab. She is excellent well built too.
Luce. And yet she's old.
Isab. She never saw above one voyage, Luce,
And, credit me, after another, her hull
Will serve again, and a right good merchant.
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,
Begins to piddle with philosophy,
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract
The spirit of mens' estates; she has the light
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune. [me,
Luce. You are so bashful!
Isab. 'Tis not at first word up and ride; thou'rt cozen'd; [lose
That would shew mad, i'faith! Besides, we
The main part of our politick government,
If we become provokers: Then we are fair,
And fit for mens' embraces, when, like towns,
They lie before us ages, yet not carried:
Hold out their strongest batteries, then compound too
Without the loss of honour, and march off
With our fair wedding-colours flying! Who are these?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.
Isab. Prithee peace then!
A well-built gentleman.
Luce. But poorly thatch'd!
Lance. Has he devour'd you too?
Fran. H' has gulp'd me down, Lance.
Lance. Left you no means to study?
Fran. Not a farthing;
Dispatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.
Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten shillings.
Lance. You're fit for great men's services.
Fran. I am fit, but who will take me thus?
Men's miseries are now accounted
Stains in their natures. I have travelled,
And I have studied long, observ'd all kingdoms,
Know all the promises of art and manners:
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,
I shall not thrive; all these are but vain studies! [Lance?
Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging,
Lance. I'll sell the tiles[14] of my house else, my horse, my hawk; [Francis,
Nay, 'sdeath, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, Mr.
That I should see your father's house fall thus!
Isab. An honest fellow!
Lance. Your father's house, that fed me,
That bred up all my name?
Isab. A grateful fellow!
Lance. And fall by——
Fran. Peace; I know you're angry, Lance,
But I must not hear with whom; he is my brother, [dear brother!
And, though you hold him slight, my most
A gentleman, excepting some few rubs,
(He were too excellent to live here else)
Fraughted as deep with noble and brave parts,
The issues of a noble and manly spirit,
As any he alive. I must not hear you:
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,
And to that tie of blood link my affections.
Isab. A noble nature! Dost thou know
Luce. No, mistress. [him, Luce?
Isab. Thou shouldst ever know such good men. [there together!
What a fair body and a mind are married
Did he not say he wanted?
Luce. What is that to you?
Isab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.
Luce. How she changes! [men too—
Ten thousand more than he, as handsome
Isab. 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this gentleman, [knowing him?
Among ten thousand thousand—Is there no
Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like shadows by,
Leaving no print of what they are, or poise,[15]
Let them complain!
Luce. Her colour changes strangely.
Isab. This man was made to mark his wants, to waken us; [him,
Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge
Keep him from cold? Believe me he's well-
And cannot be but of a noble lineage; [bred,
Mark him, and mark him well.
Luce. 'Is a handsome man. [him off;
Isab. The sweetness of his suff'rance sets
Oh, Luce—But whither go I?
Luce. You cannot hide it.

[14] *I'll sell the* titles *of my house else, my horse, my hawk.*] Mr. Theobald has made a query in his margin, whether this should be *title* or *tiles*. I make no doubt of determining for the last, not because it was my own and Mr. Sympson's conjecture long since, but that the very same expression, *I'll sell the tiles of my house*, occurs in another play of our Authors. *Seward.*

[15] *Or poise.*] The construction of this is a little difficult, leaving no print of what they are, or of what poise or weight they were. Mr. Sympson not admitting this, would put *voice* for *poise*, it being the property of shadows neither to leave print or *voice* behind them. And *voice*, he says, is used by our Authors for fame. If this be not admitted he would read, *for those, let them complain.* But I cannot see sufficient reason for any change. Little difficulties of construction and incorrectnesses of language too frequently occur to suppose our Authors not sometimes really guilty of them. *Seward.*

We think this passage possesses a graceful familiarity of phrase, and is without any difficulty of construction.

Isab. I would he had what I can spare.
Luce. 'Tis charitable.
Lance. Come, Sir, I'll see you lodg'd; you've tied my tongue fast.
I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!
[*Exeunt Lance and Francisco.*

Isab. That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow! [know—
Why, this would move a stone. I must needs
But that some other time.
Luce. Is the wind there?
That makes for me.
Isab. Come, I forget a business. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Widow and Luce.

Wid. MY sister, and a woman of so base a
What was the fellow? [pity!
Luce. Why, an ordinary man, madam.
Wid. Poor? [whence neither.
Luce. Poor enough; and no man knows from
Wid. What could she see?
Luce. Only his misery? [somer.
For else she might behold a hundred hand-
Wid. Did she change much?
Luce. Extremely, when he spoke;
And then her pity, like an orator,
(I fear her love) fram'd such a commendation,
And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.
Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers,
That she must dote upon afflictions?
Why does she not go rummage all the prisons,
And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness, [gary?
And fly her honour, common both to beg-
Did she speak to him?
Luce. No, he saw us not;
But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.
Wid. Was he young?
Luce. Yes, young enough.
Wid. And look'd he like a gentleman?
Luce. Like such a gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence. [not be.
Wid. My sister, and sink basely! This must
Does she use means to know him?
Luce. Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose. [all this private;
Wid. Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep
But still be near her lodging. [understand;
What you can gather by any means, let me
I'll stop her heat, and turn her charity another way, [counsels.
To bless herself first. Be still close to her
A beggar, and a stranger! There's a blessedness!
I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, sister,
Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.
And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.
This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, and Valentine.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!
This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest,
And stands so much upon her excellencies!
Bel. She has put us off this month now, for an answer. [upon her,
Hare. No man must visit her, nor look
No, not say 'good morrow,' nor 'good even,'
'Till that is past.
Val. She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you:
Are you good at nothing, but these after-games? [they are,
I have told you often enough what things
What precious things, these widows!
Hare. If we had 'em. [to woo 'em.
Val. Why, the devil has not craft enough
There be three kinds of fools, (mark this note,
Mark it, and understand it.) [gentlemen,
Fount. Well, go forward. [litick:
Val An innocent, a knave fool, a fool po-
The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.
Bel. Will you allow no fortune?
Val. No such blind one.
Fount. We gave you reasons, why 'twas needful for us. [reasons,
Val. As you're those fools, I did allow those
But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.
Do you know what it is to wooe a widow?
Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.
Hare. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.
Val. Why, there you're fools still; crafty to catch yourselves, [swer.
Pure politick fools; I look'd for such an an-
Once more hear me: It is,
To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly,
Whether the state you have be yours or no,
Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows
Are long extents in law upon men's livings,
Upon their bodies winding-sheets;[16] they that enjoy 'em,

[16] *Widows are long extents in law upon* news, *livings upon their bodies winding-sheet,*] *News* was an odd corruption: My first conjecture was, *upon men, living upon their bodies winding-sheets.* Mr. Theobald read, *upon men's livings, upon their bodies winding-sheet.*

This

Lie but with dead men's monuments, and beget
Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this plain now?
Bel. Plain spoken.
Val. And plain truth; but, if you'll needs
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves,
(Not any part concerns your understandings,
For then you are meacocks, fools, and miserable) [cug,[17]
March off amain! within an inch of a fir-
Turn me on the toe like a weather-cock!
Kill every day a serjeant for a twelvemonth,
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls!
And these will make a show.
Hare. And these are trifles? [things;
Val. Consider'd to a widow, empty no-
For here you venture but your persons, there
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,
Especially as now 'tis made: Methinks
A man, an understanding man, is more[18] wife [trinkets.
To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these
What do we get by women, but our senses,
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?
And, when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n cowards!
What benefit can children be, but charges,
And disobedience? What's the love they render
At one-and-twenty years? 'I pray die, father!'
When they are young, they are like bells rung backwards,
Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come to years once,
There drops a son by th' sword in his mistress's quarrel;
A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe too,
Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have
A heating, runs away with a supple-ham'd servingman:
His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,
And learns to spin men's hair off; there's another: [marry?
And most are of this nature. Will you
Foun. For my part, yes, for any doubt I feel yet.
Val. And this same widow?
Fount. If I may; and, methinks, [gers,
However you are pleas'd to dispute these dan-
Such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtful.
Val. Not half so killing as for you. For me,
She can't, with all the art she has, make me more miserable,
Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,
A benefit that none of you can brag of,
And there's the antidote against a widow;
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,
Which she can neither law nor claw away;
To that, but little flesh, it were too much else; [else.
And that unwholesome too, it were too rich
And, to all this, contempt of what she does:
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,
Hear her without a faith, so pity her
As if she were a traitor; moan her person,
But deadly hate her pride; if you could do these,
And had but this discretion, and like fortune,
'Twere but an equal venture.
Fount. This is malice.
Val. When she lies with your land, and not with you,
Grows great with jointures, and is brought to-bed,
With all the state you have, you'll find this certain.
But is it come to pass you must marry?
Is there no buff will hold you?
Bel. Grant it be so? [maid,
Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid worth nothing:
There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing*.

This seemed a better reading than mine. But still it had some obscurities. That widows are long extents in law upon men's livings or estates, is clear; but how are they extents in law upon their bodies winding-sheets? A proper attention to the metre gives good reason to conclude the second *upon* to be an interpolation; for the verse is perfect, and the sense clear without it. Widows are the winding-sheets and monuments of their dead husbands. *Seward.*

The second *upon* should be retained. *Widows*, says Valentine, *are long extents in law upon men's livings*; upon *their bodies winding-sheets*. 'Extents on their estates, winding-'sheets on their bodies.' Where is the difficulty? What follows proves this: *Bedding with a widow*, proceeds Valentine, *is celebrating your funeral.*

[17] *Within an inch of a* fircug.] I believe there is no such word as *fircug*. Mr. Theobald alters it to *firelock*, and was very fond of the conjecture, for he sent it me among the few that he favoured me with by letter, but I cannot see what danger there is in merely marching near a firelock, unless in the instant of discharging, or what relation *turning o' the toe like a weather-cock*, has to a *firelock*. I dare say the Authors originally used a word that signified a place to turn upon, where to slip was certain death; the best word I know is *precipice*, but that's too far from the trace of the letters. *Whirlpool*, *furnace*, and *spire-top*, would give the sense required, but I shall not venture either of them in the text. *Seward.*

[18] ——*more* wise *to me*,——] Good sense, which is the best manuscript, lets us see at once that *wise* is a corruption, and that our Poets undoubtedly wrote *wife*. *Sympson.*

A maid makes conscience [pets;[19]
Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and pup-
A maid's content with one coach and two horses,
Not falling out because they are not matches;
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,
With one faith, one content, one bed;[20]
Aged, she makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue;
A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.
Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.
Val. You're my friends, [money,
And all my loving friends; I spend your
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still.
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal,
For which I'll do you this commodity.
Be rul'd, and let me try her, I'll discover her;
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,
'Till I see through her; then, if I find her worthy——
Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.
Val. 'Tis done then.
I must want nothing.
Hare. Nothing but the woman.
Val. No jealousy; for, when I marry,
The devil must be wiser than I take him,
And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;
And when I'm whetted well with wine, have at her! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?
Luce. No surer than I heard. [ther?
Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's bro-
Luce. Yes, Shorthose told me so.
Isab. He did search out the truth?
Luce. It seems he did.
Isab. Prithee, Luce, call him hither.
If he be no worse, I ne'er repent my pity.
Now, Sirrah, what was he we sent you after,
The gentleman i' th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I' th' torn black?
Isab. Yes, the same, Sir.
Short. What would your worship with him?
Isab. Why, my worship
Would know his name, and what he is.
Short. 'Is nothing;
He is a man, and yet he is no man.
Isab. You must needs play the fool.
Short. 'Tis my profession.
Isab. How is he a man, and no man?
Short. He's a beggar;
Only the sign of a man, the bush pull'd down,
Which shews the house stands empty.
Isab. What's his calling?
Short. They call him beggar.
Isab. What's his kindred?
Short. Beggars.
Isab. His worth?
Short. A learned beggar, a poor scholar.
Isab. How does he live?
Short. Like worms, he eats old books.
Isab. Is Valentine his brother?
Short. His begging brother.
Isab. What may his name be?
Short. Orson.
Isab. Leave your fooling. [ing.
Short. You had as good say, leave your liv-
Isab. Once more,
Tell me his name directly.
Short. I'll be hang'd first.
Unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell
What foolish people call him.

[19] ——*pins and puppets,*] As there is a syllable wanting in the measure here, I have ventured to supply it. *Pins and puppet*-shows seem to me rather more expressive of a lady's pocket expences than pins and puppets. *Seward.*

Mr. Sympson proposes reading, *pins and* pin-*puppets*; and says, 'The fashionable pin-'cases in our Authors' days, were made in the shape of little puppets, or poppets; and though 'that custom is discontinued, we still retain the word *pin poppets* to this very day in the north of 'England.' But allowing this to have been the Authors' meaning, we cannot think any addition necessary; the old text conveying fully the sense required, that a maid will not be so exorbitant in what is called *pin-money* as a widow.

[20] —— *one bed,* aged *she makes the* wise, ——] Mr. Theobald reads, *the wife* from the old quarto, and Mr. Sympson *thee wise,* both retaining the word *aged,* which, though not nonsense, seems to add very little to the sense, especially to Mr. Theobald's reading, which to me seems as far as he alters, to be the true one. But what convinces me that *aged* is a spurious word, is, that it utterly spoils the measure; my reading is near the trace of the letters, restores the verse, and gives, I think, a much better sense, viz. that 'a maid when married has one good, or the same interest with her husband, in contradiction to a widow, who generally has a separate one. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

With one faith, one content, one bed, one good,
She makes the wife, preserves, &c.

Mr. Seward's alteration is licentious, and *one good* is not so strong a finish as *one bed,* besides that it is already implied in *one faith, one content. Aged* is, it is true, rather hard, but not unintelligible; signifying, that the maid, when grown older, makes a good wife, and preserves the reputation of the family, &c. which is not the case with a widow.

Isab. What?
Short. Francisco.
Isab. Where lies this learning, Sir?
Short. In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth.[21]
Isab. I mean that gentleman, fool!
Short. Oh, that fool; [where.
He lies in loose sheets every where, that's no
Luce. You have glean'd,
Since you came to London; in the country,
Shorthose, [comb;
You were an arrant fool, a dull cold cox-
Here every tavern teaches you; the pint pot
Has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave
acquaintance
That gives you ale, so fortified your mazard,
That now there is no talking to you.
Isab. 'Is much improv'd;
A fellow, a fine discourser!
Short. I hope so;
I have not waited at the tail of wit
So long, to be an ass.
Luce. But, say now, Shorthose,
My lady should remove into the country?
Short. I had as lieve she should remove to
Heav'n,
And as soon I'd undertake to follow her.
Luce. Where no old charnico[22] is, nor an-
chovies,
Nor master Such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,
And bring my lady Such-a-one's chief cham-
bermaid.
Isab. No bouncing healths to this brave
lad, dear Shorthose,
Nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady.
Luce. No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of
'Drawer,
'Carry this pottle to my father Shorthose.'
Isab. No plays nor gally-foists, no strange
ambassadors
To run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil,
And then come home again, and lie by th'
legend.
Luce. Say, she should go?
Short. If I say so, I'll be hang'd;
Or, if I thought she'd go ——
Luce. What?
Short. I'd go with her. [is——
Luce. But, Shorthose, where thy heart
Isab. Do not fright him.
Luce. By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise,
a loud one too, [gone too!
And from her own mouth; presently to be
But why? or to what end?
Short. Mayn't a man die first?
She'll give him so much time.
Isab. Gone o' th' sudden? [gentlemen.
Thou dost but jest; she must not mock the
Luce. She has put them off a month, they
dare not see her.
Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.
Isab. Is this true, wench? Gone on so
short a warning!
What trick is this? She never told me of it;
It must not be! Sirrah, attend me presently,
(You know I've been a careful friend unto
you)
Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.
Cry not; we shall not go.
Short. Her coach may crack! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How dar'st thou
come to town,
To ask such an idle question?
Fran. Methinks, 'tis necessary,
Unless you could restore that annuity
You have tippled up in taverns.
Val. Where hast thou been,

[21] *In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth.*] In our Authors' time, the booksellers dwelt for the most part round about St. Paul's cathedral, and sheltered their books in a subterranean church under it, called St. Faith's. At the fire of London, the loss to persons in that profession, and in that place only, was estimated at an immense sum. *R.*

[22] —— *charnico* ——] A cup of *charneco* is mentioned in the Second Part of Henry VI. but as the several Editors of Shakespeare have not agreed in the explanation of it, we shall set down what each hath said on the subject.

'On this,' says bishop Warburton, 'the Oxford Editor thus criticises in his Index: "This "seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken "fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish *charniegos* is a term used for the stocks." It was no 'cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet 'intitled, The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate, printed '1612: "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleance, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. "There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charneco*, maligo, nor amber-coloured candy, nor "liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor."—And as '*charneca* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it 'was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour 'resembling it.' Thus far the bishop. Mr. Hawkins says, 'the vulgar name for this liquor 'was *charingo*. I meet with it in an old catch set to music by Lawes.' And the last editor has added the following examples. 'In a pamphlet entitled, Wits Miserie; or, The World's 'Madness, printed in 1596, it is said, that 'the only medicine for the fleghm is three cups of '*charneco* fasting.' In a Collection of Epigrams and Satires, without date, but of the same 'age, this liquor is mentioned again:

"—— happy is the man doth rightly know
"The virtue of three cups of *charneco*," *R.*

And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st
Thus out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow, [spoil'd thee?
And of a handsome knowledge; who has
Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport, [him:
And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near
Buy but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,
And look there who.
Val. Well said, old Copyhold.
Lance. My heart's good freehold, Sir, and so you'll find it;
This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother, [after.
(For there's no hope of you) use him there-
Val. E'en as well as I use myself. What wouldst thou have, Frank?
Fran. Can you procure me a hundred pound?
Lance. Hark what he says to you.
Oh, try your wits; they say you're excellent at it; [sensible.
For your land has lain long bed-rid, and un-
Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state, [brought me;
And to what wretchedness your will has
But what it may be, by this benefit,
If timely done, and like a noble brother,
Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.
Val. A hundred pound! dost thou know what thou'st said, boy?
Fran. I said, a hundred pound.
Val. Thou hast said more
Than any man can justify, believe it.
Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee,
There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings
There may be now i' th' Mint, and that's a treasure.
I have seen five pound; but let me tell it,
And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.
Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,
And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first-fruits;
I will come down, and eat it out.
Fran. 'Tis patience
Must meet with you, Sir, not love.
Lance. Deal roundly,
And leave these fiddle-faddles.
Val. Leave thy prating!
Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow,
Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk; two of the reverend!
Lance. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be
With the next moon. What would you have him do?
Val. How?
Lance. To get money first, that is, to live;
You've shew'd him how to want.
Val. 'Slive, how do I live?
Why, what dull fool would ask that question?
Three hundred three-pilds more,[23] ay, and live bravely; [gloriously:
The better half o' th' town, and live most
Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,
Or when they pray for seasonable harvests!
Thou hast a handsome wit; stir it into the world, Frank,
Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar.
Ask how to live? Write, write, write any thing; [news.
The world's a fine believing world, write
Lance. Dragons in Sussex,[24] or fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aspurge?
Val. There's the way, Frank.
And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom [them
With a sharp prognostication, that shall scour
(Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties;[25]
Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want
Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.
Lance. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple,

[23] *Three hundred three pilds more,* ——] *i. e.* Three hundred who dress richly, or in three-pil'd velvets. *Seward.*

[24] *Dragons in Sussex,* ——] In 1614, there was a discourse published, of a strange monstrous serpent, in St. Leonard's Forest, and two miles from Horsham in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August, in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the place. But, from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as Ben Jonson (by whom it is mentioned in his Masque, called News from the New World Discovered in the Moon) styles it, was couched under the account: 'This serpent, or *dragon*, 'as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the 'form of an axle-tree of a cart; a quantity of thickness in the middle, and somewhat smaller 'at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell 'long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be 'blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak of no 'nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. There are likewise, on either side of 'him, discovered two great bunches, so big as a large football, and, as some think, will in time 'grow to be wings,' &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account itself, which is reprinted in the third volume of the Harleian Miscellany. *Whalley.*

[25] —— *like* leven *taffaties*;] *Levant* or *Turkey* taffaties is good sense, which the former reading seems not to be; the conjecture therefore, which is Mr. Sympson's, though advanced with doubt by him, I think a very happy one. *Seward.*

And clap it on St. Paul's; and, after these,
A *l'envoy* to the city for their sins?
Val. Probatum est; thou canst not want a pension.
Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,
There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals.
Are not these ready ways? Cosmography
Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from the Mermaid,[26]
I mean a midnight map, to 'scape the watches,
And such long senseless examinations;
And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good gentlemen.
I cannot stay long.
Lance. You've read learnedly!
And would you have him follow these chimeras?[27]
Did you begin with ballads?
Fran. Well, I'll leave you;
I see my wants are grown ridiculous:
Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither.
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to yourself, Sir;
A providence I wait on!
Val. Thou art passionate;[28]
Hast thou been brought up with girls?

Enter Shorthose, with a bag.

Short. Rest you merry, gentlemen.
Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.
Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a view of you; [pot else.
I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-
Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?
Short. No, you're not he;
You are a thought too handsome.
Lance. Who wouldst thou speak withal? why dost thou peep so?
Short. I'm looking birds' nests: I can find none [gentleman.
In your bush-beard! I'd speak with you, black
Fran. With me, my friend?
Short. Yes, sure; and the best friend, Sir,
It seems, you spake withal this twelve-month, gentleman.
There's money for you.
Val. How? [so brief!
Short. There's none for you, Sir. Be not
Not a penny. La! how he itches at it!
Stand off; you stir my choler.
Lance. Take it; 'tis money.
Short. You are too quick too; first, be sure you have it:
You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.
Lance. Take it, and say nothing.
Short. You are cozen'd too;
'Tis take it, and spend it.
Fran. From whom came it, Sir?
Short. Such another word, and you shall have none on't. [you!
Fran. I thank you, Sir; I doubly thank
Short. Well, Sir; [hat dress'd,
Then, buy you better clothes, and get your
And your laundress to wash your boots white.
Fran. Pray stay, Sir; may you not be mistaken?
Short. I think I am;
Give me the money again; come, quick, quick, quick!
Fran. I would be loth to render, till I am sure it be so. [Francisco?
Short. Hark in your ear; is not your name
Fran. Yes.

[26] —— *a map* from *the Mermaid*,] Both sense and measure confirm the trifling alteration which I have made, but I should have ventured it without a note, had it not been necessary to mention that the *Mermaid* was probably a famous tavern. Valentine, in the next scene, bids Francisco meet him at the *Mermaid*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

Draw me a map o' the Mermaid.

'The *Mermaid* was a house of entertainment, at which our Poets, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and all the wits of the age, used to assemble. It is frequently mentioned by the writers of our Authors' time, and celebrated by Beaumont, in the following passage of a letter from him to Ben Jonson:

' —— What things have we seen
' Done at the *Mermaid!* heard words that have been
' So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
' As if that every one from whence they came
' Had meant to put his whole *wit* in a *jest*,
' And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
' Of his dull life.'

From *the Mermaid* is clearly right; meaning 'instructions how to escape the watch, at *departing from the tavern*, and thereby avoid long senseless official examinations; for which '*map*, or *instructions*, Francisco should be fed by *right good gentlemen*.' If Mr. Seward only thought it *probable*, that *a tavern* was meant, it is amazing he should not have understood the passage; of which his '*trifling alteration*' makes downright nonsense.

[27] —— *megeras?*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[28] *Thou art* passionate;] *Passionate* signifies here, in the old sense, *tender-hearted*; not, in the modern sense, *disposed to anger.*

Short. Be quiet then: It may thunder a hundred times,
Before such stones fall. Don't you need it?
Fran. Yes.
Short. And it is thought you have it.
Fran. Yes; I think
I have. [blown.
Short. Then hold it fast; it is not fly-
You may pay for the poundage; you forget yourself·
I have not seen a gentleman so backward,
A wanting gentleman.
Fran. Your mercy, Sir!
Short. Friend, you have mercy, a whole bag full of mercy.
Be merry with it, and be wise.
Fran. I would fain,
If it please you, but know ——
Short. It does not please me:
Tell o'er your money, and be not mad, boy.
Val. You have no more such bags?
Short. More such there are, Sir,
But few I fear for you. I've cast your water;
You've Wit, you need no Money. [*Exit.*
Lance. Be not amaz'd, Sir; [tive,
'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restora-
And in good time, it comes to do you good.
Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it;
Yours be too quick, Sir.
Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me; but from whom? [amine it.
Lance. Let him send more, and then ex-
This can be but a preface.
Fran. Being a stranger,
Of whom can I deserve this?
Lance. Sir, of any man
That has but eyes, and manly understanding,
To find men's wants: Good men are bound to do so. [ways than certainties;
Val. Now you see, Frank, there are more
Now you believe. What plough brought you this harvest,
What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?
These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation
Of quarter-days; you see it show'rs in to you.
You are an ass! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,
About this blazing star, and that bopeep,
Whining, and fasting, to find the natural reason [down!
Why a dog turns twice about before he lie
What use of these, or what joy in annuities,
Where every man's thy study, and thy tenant?
I am asham'd on thee!
Lance. Yes, I have seen [by——
This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard

Val. Yes, marry is there.
Lance. I think he's her servant; [on't.[29]
I am cozen'd, if —— After her! I am sure
Fran. I am glad on't.
Lance. She's a good woman.
Fran. I am gladder.
Lance. And young enough, believe.
Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.
Val. Frank, you shall lie with me soon.
Fran. I thank my money.
Lance. His money shall lie with me; three in a bed, Sir,
Will be too much this weather.
Val. Meet me at the Mermaid,
And thou shalt see what things——
Lance. Trust to yourself, Sir.
[*Exe. Fran. and Lance.*

Enter Fountain, Harebrain,[30] *and Bellamore.*

Fount. Oh, Valentine!
Val. How now? why do you look so?
Bel. The widow's going, man.
Val. Why, let her go, man.
Hare. She's going out o' th' town.
Val. The town's the happier;
I would they were all gone.
Fount. We cannot come
To speak with her.
Val. Not to speak to her?
Bel. She will
Be gone within this hour; either now,[31] Val.
Fount. Hare. Now, now, now, good Val.
Val. I'd rather
March i' th' mouth o' th' cannon. But, adieu!
If she be above ground——Go, away to your prayers;
Away I say, away!—she shall be spoken withal! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthose, with one boot on, Roger and Humphry.

Rog. She will go, Shorthose.
Short. Who can help it, Roger?
Ralph. (within) Roger, help down with the hangings!
Rog. By and by, Ralph;
I am making up o' th' trunks here.
Ralph. Shorthose!
Short. Well. [Humphry!
Ralph. Who looks to my lady's wardrobe?
Hum. Here.
Ralph. Down with the boxes in the gallery,
And bring away the coach-cushions.
Short. Will it not rain?

[29] *I am cozen'd* if after her, *I am sure on't.*] We have here followed the words of the first edition, but varied the pointing in such a manner as for the speech to convey much humour. The more modern editions read, *I think he's her servant, or I am cozen'd* else, *I am sure on't.*

[30] *Enter* Fountain, *and* Bellamore.] Mr. Theobald has justly added *Harebrain* to the other two. *Seward.*

[31] Either *now Val!*] *Either* appears to us to be corrupt, and what follows confirms it. The sense would warrant *At her* now, Val!—at least, some words to that purport are necessary: *See her* now, Val! or *to her* now, Val! or any thing to that effect; perhaps, *thither* now, Val!

No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,
To stop this journey?
Rog. Why go now, why now,
Why o' th' sudden now? What preparation,
What horses have we ready? what provision
Laid in i' th' country?
Hum. Not an egg, I hope.
Rog. No, nor one drop of good drink, boys, there's the devil.
Short. I heartily pray the malt be musty; and then
We must come up again.
Hum. What says the steward?
Rog. He's at's wit's end; for, some four hours since,
Out of his haste and providence, he mistook
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.
Short. And she may break his neck, and save the journey.
Oh, London, how I love thee!
Hum. I've no boots,
Nor none I'll buy: Or, if I had, refuse me
If I would venture my ability
Before a cloak-bag; men are men.
Short. For my part,
If I be brought, as I know 'twill be aim'd at,
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,
Or any gentle lady of the laundry, [ing,
Chambring, or wantonness, behind my geld-
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
As if I were a running frippery,[32] [me.
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay
I'll not be troubled with their distillations,[33]
At every half-mile's end! I understand my-
And am resolv'd—— [self,
Hum. To-morrow night at Olivers!
Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet the wenches?
Rog. The well-brew'd stand of ale, we should have met at!
Short. These griefs, like to another tale of Troy,
Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,
And make Tom Butcher weep! Æneas enters,
And now the town is lost.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Why, whither run you?
My lady's mad.
Short. I would she were in Bedlam.
Ralph. The carts are come; no hands to help to load 'em!
The stuff lies in the hall, the plate——
Widow. (within) Why knaves there!
Where be these idle fellows?
Short. Shall I ride with one boot?
Wid. Why, where I say?
Ralph. Away, away, it must be so.
Short. Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but ten days. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Luce. BY my troth, mistress, I did it for the best. [tongue,
Isab. It may be so; but, Luce, you have a
A dish of meat in your mouth, which, if 'twere minc'd, Luce,
Would do a great deal better.
Luce. I protest, mistress——
Isab. 'Twill be your own one time or other. Walter!
Walter. (within) Anon forsooth.
Isab. Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—
You are so full of providence—and, Walter,
Tuck up my little box behind the coach;
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet service
To your good lady mistress—and my dog;
Good, let the coachman carry him.
Luce. But, hear me!
Isab. I am in love, sweet Luce, and you're so skilful, [me,
That I must needs undo myself—and, hear
Let Oliver pack up my glass discretely,
And see my curls well carried—Oh, sweet Luce,
You have a tongue, and open tongues have open—
You know what, Luce.
Luce. Pray you be satisfied.
Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you!
There is a Roger, which some call a butler[34]—
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce:

[32] —— *flippery.*] Corrected by the Editors of 1750.

Frippery is mentioned in Monsieur d'Olive, a Comedy, by Chapman, 1606. 'Passing 'yesterday by the *Frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder.' It is also mentioned in the Tempest, act iv. *R.*

Rue de FRIPPERIE, in Paris, is a place, like our Monmouth-street, destined for the sale of old clothes.

[33] —— *distibations,*] Corrected in 1750.

[34] —— *call a* butcher—] There was a Roger in the family, but he was the *butler* and not a *butcher*, and there can scarce be any doubt of his being the person spoke of here. *Sympson.*

Nay, do not stare; I have a tongue can talk too—
And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door
Opens to a long gallery; there was a night, Luce—
Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?
Oh, do you blush, Luce?—a Friday night—
I saw your saint, Luce: 'For t'other box of marmalade,
All's thine, sweet Roger!'—this I heard, and kept too.
Luce. E'en as you're a woman, mistress——
Isab. This I allow [ings,
As good and physical sometimes, these meet-
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,
To have your own turn serv'd, and to your
To be a dogbolt! [friend
Luce. I confess it, mistress. [of me,
Isab. As you have made my sister jealous
And foolishly, and childishly pursued it—
I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purposes, [ways
For which mine honour suffers—your best
Must be applied to bring her back again,
And seriously and suddenly, that so I
May have a means to clear myself, and she
A fair opinion of me: Else, you peevish——
Luce. My power and prayers, mistress——
Isab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose and Widow.

Short. I have been with the gentleman; he has it,
Much good may do him with it. [*To Isab.*
Wid. Come, are you ready?
You love so to delay time! the day grows on.
Isab. I've sent for a few trifles; when those are come.
And now I know your reason.
Wid. Know your own honour then—About your business;
See the coach ready presently—I'll tell you more then; [*Exe. Luce and Shorthose.*
And understand it well. You must not think your sister
So tender-eyed as not to see your follies:
Alas, I know your heart, and must imagine,
And truly too, 'tis not your charity [done;
Can coin such sums to give away as you have
In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor modesty,
Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,
I am asham'd to find this in your years,
Far more in your discretion. None to chuse
But things for pity, none to seal your thoughts on,
But one of no abiding, of no name?
Nothing to bring you but this, cold and hunger,
A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)
No money, no, not ten shillings?
Isab. You search nearly.
Wid. I know it, as I know your folly; one that knows not
Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,
Unless it be i' th' stocks. What kindred has he,
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?
Isab. You have had rare intelligence, I see,
Wid. Or, say the man had virtue, [sister.
Is virtue in this age a full inheritance?
What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's Morals?
Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?
This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.
Isab. And this you quit the town for?
Wid. Is't not time? [I am;
Isab. You are better read in my affairs than
That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,
And willingly; and what you think most dangerous,
I'll sit and laugh at. For, sister, 'tis not folly,
But good discretion, governs our main for-
Wid. I'm glad to hear you say so. [tunes.
Isab. I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shorthose and Humphry, with riding-rods.

Hum. The devil cannot stay her, she will on't.
Eat an egg now; and then we must away.
Short. I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:
May London ways henceforth be full of holes,
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous smiths
So housel all our hacknies,[35] that they may feel
Compunction in their feet, and tire at High-gate;
May't rain above all almanacks, until [monger
The carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger
Ride like Arion on a trout to London!
Hum. At St. Alban's, let all the inns be drunk, [come!
Not an host sober, to bid her worship wel-
Short. Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down
No meat, but legs of beef! [with Puritans;
Hum. No beds, but woolpacks!
Short. And those so cramm'd [bandogs!
With warrens of starv'd fleas that bite like
Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,[36]
And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,
Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,

[35] *So* housel *all our hacknies.*] *i. e.* Prepare our horses for the journey that they may feel *compunction* in their feet. It is indeed a little profane, but that I'm sorry for; our Authors are not so cautious of this as we might wish them, though they are much more so than most of the comic writers of their age, or of any since. *Seward.*

[36] *Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,*
And we pass in the heat on't!] Mims is in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and some local custom, tumultuously celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this speech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our Authors; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its memory, or discover its origin.

And all my lady's linnen sprinkled o'er
With suds and dish-water!
Hum. Not a wheel but out of joint![37]

Enter Roger laughing.

Why dost thou laugh? [gentleman,
Rog. There's a gentleman, and the rarest
And makes the rarest sport!
Short. Where, where?
Rog. Within here; [coachman,
H' has made the gayest sport with Tom the
So tew'd him up with sack, that he lies lashing
A but of malmsy for his mares!
Short. 'Tis very good.
Rog. And talks and laughs, and sings the rarest songs!
And, Shorthose, he has so maul'd the red deer pies,
Made such an alms i' the buttery——
Short. Better still.

Enter Valentine and Widow.

Hum. My lady, in a rage with the gentleman!
Short. May he anger her into a fever.
[*Exe. Servants.*
Wid. I pray tell me, who sent you hither?
For I imagine 'tis not your condition, [man)
(You look so temperately, and like a gentle-
To ask me these wild questions.
Val. Do you think
I use to walk of errands, gentle lady;
Or deal with women out of dreams from others?
Wid. You have not known me, sure?
Val. Not much.
Wid. What reason
Have you then to be so tender of my credit?
You are no kinsman?
Val. If you take it so,
The honest office that I came to do you,
Is not so heavy but I can return it:
Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my visit.
Wid. Pray stay a little; proud?
Val. Monstrous proud!
I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;
But now I see 'tis true: You look upon me
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow,
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dung-hill; [ship you,
Or such a one, as should now fall and wor-
In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady;
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,
To see a woman only great in goodness,
And mistress of a greater fame than fortune:
But—— [proud now,
Wid. You're a strange gentleman! If I were
I should be monstrous angry (which I am not)
And shew the effects of pride; I should de-
But, you are welcome, Sir. [spise you;
To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is
A lustre in us; and ev'ry good we have
Strives to shew gracious: What use is it else?
Old age, which,[38] like sear trees, is seldom seen affected,
Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts
His daring youth endeavour'd.
Val. This is well; [please me.
And, now you speak to the purpose; you
But, to be place-proud——
Wid. If it be our own;
Why are we set here with distinction else,
Degrees, and orders given us? In you men,
'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right;
Affronts are loss of honour.[39] Streets, and walls,
And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what feud, [you,
About your ranks: Are we so much below
That, till you have us, are the tops of nature,
To be accounted drones without a difference?
You'll make us beasts indeed.
Val. Nay, worse than this too, [lucifer,
Proud of your clothes, they swear; a mercer's
A tumour tack'd together by a taylor!
Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white; a varnish
That butter-milk can better.
Wid. Lord, how little [clothes
Will vex these[40] poor blind people! If my
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,
My mind must be my mercer's too? Or, say my beauty [to think,
Please some weak eyes, must it please them
That blows me up that every hour blows off?
This is an infant's anger.
Val. Thus they say too: [velvet,
What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the streets be troubled
Continually with you, till carmen curse you?
Can there be ought in this but pride of show, lady, [lawyers,
And pride of bum-beating? till the learned
With their fat bags, are thrust against the bulks, [lady,
Till all their causes crack? Why should this
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,

[37] Short. *Not a wheel but out of joint?*] All the editions concur in giving these words to *Shorthose*, notwithstanding the preceding speech belongs to him. We have ventured to place them to *Humphry*.

[38] *Old age like sear trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes.*] Here a monosyllable dropt had hurt the sense and measure. *Seward.*

[39] *Affronts* and *loss of honour.*] It seems absolutely necessary to alter *and* to *are*.

[40] Poor blind *people.*] Mr. Sympson would read *pur-blind*, but the text does not seem to want any amendment. *Seward.*

And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps[41] neglected, [paintings,
Fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and
And young men's bodies read on like ana-
Wid. You're very credulous, [tomies?
And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, Sir,
To her you know not; but you shall confess me,
And find I will not start. In us all meetings
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our thoughts at church,
Our very meditations, some will swear
(Which all should fear to judge, at least uncharitably) [sleep,
Are mingled with your memories; cannot
But this sweet gentleman swims in our fancies,
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth signior;
Not dress our heads without new ambushes,
How to surprise that greatness, or that glory;
Our very smiles are subject to constructions;
Nay, Sir, it's come to this, we cannot *pish*,
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.
Should we examine you thus, were't not possible
To take you without perspectives?
Val. It may be;
But these excuse not.
Wid. Nor yours force no truth, Sir.
What deadly tongues you have, and to those tongues [conscience,
What hearts, and what inventions! On my
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would venture [glory
To aim at your own mothers, and account it
To say you had done so. All you think are councils,
And cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double,
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build
Babels for men's confusions; we that scatter,
As day does his warm light, our killing curses
Over God's creatures, next to the devil's malice: Let us entreat your good words. [lice:
Val. Well, this woman
Has a brave soul. [*Aside.*
Wid. Are we not gaily blest then,
And much beholden to you for your sufferance?[42] [us,
You may do what you list, we what beseems
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,
And belch'd abroad in taverns.
Val. Oh, most brave wench,
And able to redeem an age of women! [*Aside.*
Wid. You are no whoremasters! Alas, no, gentlemen,
It were an impudence to think you vicious:
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;
You are the cool things of the time, the temperance,
Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,
And plaistering like old walls; they are not gentlemen, [geons,
That with their secret sins encrease our sur-
And lie in foreign countries, for new sores;
Women are all these vices; you're not envious,
False, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,
Drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,
Eaters of others honours——
Val. You are angry. [more too;
Wid. No, by my troth, and yet I could say
For when men make me angry, I am miserable.
Val. Sure 'tis a man; she could not bear't thus bravely else. [*Aside.*
It may be, I am tedious.
Wid. Not at all, Sir. [me.
I am content at this time you should trouble
Val. You are distrustful.
Wid. Where I find no truth, Sir.
Val. Come, come, you're full of passion.
Wid. Some I have;
I were too near the nature o' God else.
Val. You are monstrous peevish.
Wid. Because they're monstrous foolish,
And know not how to use that should try me.
Val. I was never answer'd thus. [*Aside.*]—Was you ne'er drunk, lady?
Wid. No sure, not drunk, Sir; yet I love good wine, [perately.
As I love health and joy of heart, but tem-
Why do you ask that question?
Val. For that sin [servant;
That they most charge you with, is this sin's
They say, you are monstrous——
Wid. What, Sir, what?
Val. Most strangely——
Wid. It has a name, sure?
Val. Infinitely lustful, [your husband.
Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd
Wid. Let's have it all, for Heav'n's sake; 'tis good mirth, Sir.
Val. They say you will have four now, and those four
Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to cool you.
Will she not cry, nor curse? [*Aside.*
Wid. On with your story! [pensations,
Val. And that you're forcing out of dis-
With sums of money, to that purpose.
Wid. Four husbands! Should not I be bless'd, Sir, for example?
Lord, what should I do with them? turn a malt-mill,

[41] *Napfes.*] So the two oldest quartos. Modern editions, *napses*. The alteration is Mr. Seward's.

[42] *For your* substance?] The widow is declaiming at the libertinism of men; and as a contrast, shews the restraint they on pain of censure inflict on the women. It is not the small share of maintenance or wealth that falls to the female sex which she complains of, as the old reading implies; and therefore it has no connection with the context. My reading seems to give the idea required. *Seward.*

Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?
You come to make me angry, but you cannot.
Val. I'll make you merry then; you're a brave woman,
And, in despite of envy, a right one.
Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman
As any lord of 'em all can lay his leg over.
I do not often commend your sex.
Wid. It seems so, your commendations
Are so studied for.
Val. I came to see you, [ness;
And sift you into flour, to know your pure-
And I have found you excellent; I thank you;
Continue so, and shew men how to tread,
And women how to follow. Get an husband,
An honest man (you are a good woman) [too
And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be
An understanding man, and to that stedfast;
'Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry;
And then you're fix'd. Farewell!
Wid. Pray stay a little;
I love your company, now you are so pleasant,
And to my disposition set so even.
Val. I can no longer. [*Exit.*
Wid. As I live, a fine fellow! [honest.
This manly handsome bluntness shews him
What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four husbands!
How prettily he fool'd me into vices,
To stir my jealousy, and find my nature.
A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th' sudden.
Such a companion I could live and die with!
His angers are mere mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Come, come, I'm ready.
Wid. Are you so?
Isab. What ails she? [goes on;
The coach stays, and the people; the day
I am as ready now as you desire, sister.
Fy, who stays now? Why do you sit and pout thus?
Wid. Prithee be quiet; I am not well.
Isab. For Heaven's sake,
Let's not ride stagg'ring in the night! Come, pray you take [mach——
Some sweetmeats in your pocket: If your sto-
Wid. I have a little business.
Isab. To abuse me, [picions.
You shall not find new dreams, and new sus-
To horse withal!
Wid. Lord, who made you a commander?
Hey ho, my heart!
Isab. Is the wind come thither, [to 'em?
And, coward-like, do you lose your colours
Are you sick o' th' Valentine, sweet sister?
[*Aside.*
Come, let's away; the country will so quicken you, [lady's cloak!
And we shall live so sweetly! Luce, my
Nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, [here,
I would not stay for all the world. If I live
You have so knock'd this love into my head,
That I shall love any body; and I find my body, [sister;
I know not how, so apt—Pray, let's be gone,
I stand on thorns.
Wid. I prithee, Isabella! [me]
(I'faith, I have some business that concerns
I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for me; [taylor.
And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph.

Isab. I had rather go; but——
Wid. Come, walk in with me;
We'll go to cards. Unsaddle the horses!
Short. A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Uncle and Lance; Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain following.

Unc. Are they behind us?
Lance. Close, close; speak aloud, Sir.
Unc. I'm glad my nephew has so much discretion, [tain him?
At length to find his wants. Did she enter-
Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!
Unc. For his own sake, do you think?
Lance. Most certain, Sir;
And in his own cause he bestir'd himself too.
And wan such liking from her, she dotes on him.
H' has the command of all the house already.
Unc. He deals not well with his friends.
Lance. Let him deal on, [her.
And be his own friend; he has most need of
Unc. I wonder they would put him——
Lance. You are in the right on't;
A man that must raise himself; I knew he'd cozen 'em,
And glad I am he has. He watch'd occasion,
And found it i' th' nick.
Unc. He has deceiv'd me. [about,
Lance. I told you, howsoe'er he wheel'd
He would charge home at length. How I could laugh now,
To think of these tame fools!
Unc. 'Twas not well done,
Because they trusted him; yet——
Bel. Hark you, gentlemen! [us.
Unc. We are upon a business; pray excuse
They have it home.
Lance. Come,[42] let it work. Good even, gentlemen! [*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*

[42] *Good* on *gentlemen.*] Former edit. Amended by Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson. *Seward.*

Pointed in the following manner by Mr. Seward,
Come, let it work good even gentlemen.

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.
Hare. And we are fools, tame fools!
Bel. Come, let's go seek him.
He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?
Luce. Am I sure I live?
And I have clapt on such a commendation
On your revenge——
Isab. Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.
Luce. Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out. [the maddest!
Isab. He talks the best, they say, and yet
Luce. H' has the right way.
Isab. How is she?
Luce. Bears it well,
As if she car'd not; but a man may see,
With half an eye, through all her forc'd be- [haviours,
And find who is her Valentine.
Isab. Come, let's go see her;
I long to persecute.[43]
Luce. By no means, mistress;
Let her take better hold first.
Isab. I could burst now! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you pilchers,[44] [not I
You shotten-soul'd,[45] slight fellows! Was't
That undertook you first from empty barrels,
And brought those barking mouths, that gap'd like bung-holes,
To utter sense? Where got you understanding?
Who taught you manners and apt carriage,
To rank yourselves? Who fil'd you in fit taverns?[46]
Were these born with your worships? When you came hither,
What brought you from the universities
Of moment matter to allow you,
Besides your small-beer sentences[47]——
Bel. 'Tis well, Sir.
Val. Long cloaks, with two-hand rapiers; Boot-hoses,
With penny-posies,[48] [you,
And twenty fools' opinions? who look'd on
But piping kites, that knew you would be prizes,[49] [scented
And 'prentices in Paul's Church-yard, that
Your want of Breton's books?[50]

[43] *To* prosecute.] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

[44] *You* pilchers.] '*Pilcher*, says Warburton, we should read *pilche*, which signifies a *cloke*, or *coat of skins*, meaning the *scabbard*.' This is confirmed by Junius, who renders *pilly* a *garment of skins, pylice* Sax. *pellice* Fr. *pellicia* Ital. *pellis* Lat. R.

[45] *You shotten, sold.*] Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

[46] *To* rank *yourselves? who* fil'd *you, &c.*] *Rank* and *file.*

[47] Small bare *sentences.*] Corrected by Theobald and Sympson.

[48] *With penny-poses.*] I think it very probable that some words are lost here, that would have had more relation to *penny-poses* than what now precedes them, and have completed the verse. *Seward.*

We see no occasion to suppose words lost; but think the words should be spoken ludicrously, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, &c.

'Boot-hoses,
'With penny-posies!'

[49] *But piping* rites *that knew you would be* prizing.] *Kites* is a term for sharpers, as in the first page of this play,

Maintaining hospitals for kites *and curs.*

That this therefore is the true reading here I cannot doubt, for the epithet *piping* expresses the noise which the *kite* makes in seeking his prey, and cannot, I believe, be joined to any other word with propriety. Both Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald conjectured, *wights*, but gave it up. The change of the last word is equally necessary to the sense. *Seward.*

[50] Britain's *books.*] This was a voluminous writer sneer'd by several wits of our Authors' age. The initial letters of his name were mentioned in the Scornful Lady, p. 117. And Mr. Theobald there calls him *Broughton*, quoting Ben Jonson's Alchymist. But Mr. Sympson has found him mentioned by Broome in his Merry Beggars, where he is call'd *Britain*; and by Sir John Suckling in his Goblins, by the name of *Briton:* And as they all agree in character, there can be no doubt of their meaning the same person. One may collect from them that his works wese full of formal high-flown compliments, and are therefore very properly apply'd here. *Seward.*

His name was *Nicholas Breton*, and he appears to have been a very voluminous writer, during a long period; we have seen publications by him from the year 1582 to 1621, and possibly there may be found some before and after those years. It is unnecessary to mention the particular works of an author, who seems to have been held in no estimation by his cotemporaries; but we cannot avoid taking notice of one piece, merely on account of some verses prefixed to it, signed with the initial letters W. S. It has the following punning title: 'The 'Wil of Wit, Wit's Will, or Wil's wit, Chuse you Whether; containing five Discourses, the

Enter Widow and Luce.

Fount. This cannot save you.
Val. Taunt my integrity, you whelps?
Bel. You may talk [ther!
The stock we gave you out; but, see no fur-
Hare. You tempt our patience! We have found you out, [feather'd,
And what your trust comes to; you are well
Thank us; and think now of an honest course,
'Tis time; men now begin to look; and narrowly,
Into your tumbling tricks; they're stale.
Wid. Is not that he?
Luce. 'Tis he.
Wid. Be still, and mark him.
Val. How miserable ['em!
Will these poor wretches be, when I forsake
But, things have their necessities. I'm sorry!
To what a vomit must they turn again now!
To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,
After I cast you off, you men of motley,
You most undone things, below pity, any
That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;
My name shall bar that blessing. There's your cloak, [you
Sir; keep it close to you; it may yet preserve
A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;
Pray be cover'd! [me,
And there's the sattin that your worship sent
Will serve you at a sizes yet.
Fount, Nay, faith, Sir,
You may e'en rub these out now.
Val. No such relick,
Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,
Shall keep me warm. These breeches are mine own, [passion,
Purchas'd, and paid for, without your com-
And Christian-breeches, founded in Black-
And so I will maintain 'em. [Friars,
Hare. So they seem, Sir. [breeches,
Val, Only the thirteen shillings in these
And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir;
A mark to know a knave by; pray preserve it:
Do not displease me more, but take it presently!
Now, help me off with my boots!
Hare. We're no grooms, Sir.
Val. For once you shall be; do it willingly,
Or by this hand I'll make you.
Bel. To our own, Sir,
We may apply our hands.
Val. There's your hangers;
You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle
Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm perfect; [me,
And now the proudest of your worships tell
I am beholden to you.
Fount. No such matter! [dangerous,
Val. And take heed how you pity me; 'tis
Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.
Which are the poorer, you or I, now, puppies?[51]
I without you, or you without my knowledge!
Be rogues, and so be gone! Be rogues, and
For, if you do—— [reply not;
Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you:
The air is far sharper than our anger, Sir,
And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.
Hare. Pray have a care, Sir, of your health!
[*Exeunt Lovers.*
Val. Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can have of your wits! [cold too;
'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely
Yet I'll not off, 'till I have sham'd these rascals.
I have endur'd as ill heats as another,
And every way,[52] if one could perish, my body——
You'll bear the blame on't! I am colder here;[53]
Not a poor penny left!

'Effects whereof follow; Reade and Judge. Newly corrected and amended, being the fift 'time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. 1606.' 4to. We know no writer of that time to whom the above initials will apply, except our great dramatic writer Shakespeare. To another pamphlet of Breton's, Ben Jonson hath prefixed commendatory verses, which are not inserted in the last, or any other edition of his Works. *R.*

[51] *Poorer, ye* are *now puppies?*] Here the sense and measure have equally suffered. How flat is it merely to call them puppies? He had called them whelps, and worse names before. I sent my emendation to Mr. Theobald, and find it in his margin. Mr. Sympson too says that he hit upon the same. *Seward.*

[52] *And every way* if *one* could *perish my body, you'll bear the blame on't.*] Here both sense and measure seem entirely lost, nor can I restore either without taking liberties, which I doubt will be thought unwarrantable. I have given the only tolerable sense which I could pick out of the wreck that is left; but am far from imposing my additions as the genuine text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

And almost *every way* that *one* can *perish*;
My body, you'll bear cold, but they *the blame on't.*

This passage is difficult, yet the additions of Mr. Seward are indeed unwarrantable. Our regulation of the points, we apprehend, makes sense of the old reading, according to which Valentine means, 'I have endured as violent heats as any man, and could endure any extremity— 'but you'll bear the blame, you hoghounds, &c.' meaning the Lovers.

[53] *I am colder* here.] Meaning his pockets.

Enter Uncle with a bag.

Unc. 'T has taken rarely;
And, now he's flead, he will be rul'd.
Lance. To him, tew him,
Abuse him, and nip him close.
Unc. Why, how how, cousin?
Sunning yourself this weather?
Val. As you see, Sir;
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.
Unc. But, cousin, [heritance;
Where are your clothes, man? those are no in-
Your scruple may compound with those I take
This is no fashion, cousin. [it;
Val. Not much follow'd,
I must confess; yet, Uncle, I determine
To try what may be done next term.
Lance. How came you thus, Sir? for you're strangely mew'd.[54] [fools
Val. Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for those
That first possess'd 'em, and to those knaves they're render'd. [cents,
Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like inno-
Old Adam,
A fair fig-leaf sufficient.[55]
Unc. Take me with you;
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?
Val. Hang friends,
And even reckonings, that make friends!
Unc. I thought till now, [chase,
There had been no such living, no such pur-
(For all the rest is labour) as a list [you, Sir,
Of honourable friends. Do not such men as
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,
And those great gifts of nature, aim at more
Than casting off your coats? I'm strangely cozen'd! [cold you feel now,
Lance. Should not the town shake at the
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and Vandal, [lets,
'Till you be summ'd again, velvets and scar-
Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance,
Wits blasted with your bulls, and taverns wi-ther'd,
As though the term lay at St. Albans?
Val. Gentlemen,
You've spoken long and level; I beseech you,
Take breath a while, and hear me.
You imagine now, by the twirling of your strings,
That I am at the last, as also that my friends
Are flown like swallows after summer?
Unc. Yes, Sir. [pannier,
Val. And that I have no more in this poor
To raise me up again above your rents, Uncle?
Unc. All this I do believe.
Val. You have no mind to better me?
Unc. Yes, cousin, [you
And to that end I come, and once more offer
All that my pow'r is master of.
Val. A match then;
Lay me down fifty pounds there,
Unc. There it is, Sir. [to give this,
Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd
As due unto my merit, without caution
Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift
Hereafter to be hop'd for.
Unc. How?
[*Luce lays a suit and letter at the door.*
Val. Without daring,
When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,
To which you're prone in sack, Uncle.
Unc. I thank you, Sir.
Lance. Come, come away, let the young wanton play awhile;
Away, I say, Sir! Let him go forward with
His naked fashion; he'll seek you to-morrow.
Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry! how I sweat!
Unc. Farewell, Sir.
[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*
Val. 'Would I sweat too! I'm monstrous vex'd, and cold too; [streets in.
And these are but thin pumps to walk the
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not fadge with me;
Besides, 'tis an ill winter wear. What art thou?
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some fool has left 'em:
And if I should utter—What's this paper here?
'Let these be only worn by the most noble
'And deserving gentleman Valentine.'
Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full of gold too! [again;
Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm
In the next house I'll shift.

[54] *Strangely* mew'd.] Mr. Theobald says in his margin that *mew'd* is a term in falconry for *shedding of feathers*; it is derived from *muer* to *change*, and is a very just emendation. The word *summ'd* below, is another term in falconry, and signifies *full plumed*, both proper to Lance, who is a falconer as well as tenant. *Seward.*

[55] *And to those knaves, they are rendred freemen Uncle, ought to appeare like innocents, old Adam, a faire figge-leafe sufficient.*] Here, I believe, something is lost that would probably have filled up both sense and measure. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

All *freemen, Uncle, ought t' appear,* &c.

We believe this gentleman right in his opinion, and that some words have been dropped; but cannot think his interpolation either necessary or warrantable.

ACT IV.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him? 'tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace, cousin, peace; you are too tender of him: [thus.
He must be dealt thus with, he must be cur'd
The violence of his disease, Francisco,
Must not be jested with; 'tis grown infectious,
And now strong corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H' has had a stinger, [comes.
Has eaten off his clothes; the next his skin

Unc. And let it search him to the bones; 'tis better,
'Twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble friends now?
Will his fantastical opinions clothe him?
Or the learned art of having nothing feed him?

Unc. It must needs, greedily; [naked,
For all his friends have flung him off, he's
And where to skin himself again, if I know,
Or can devise how he should get himself lodging—— [him,
His spirit must be bow'd, and now we have
Have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time, we meet him [him,
Cracking of nuts, with half a cloak about
(For all means are cut off) or borrowing six-pence,
To shew his bounty in the pottage ordinary.

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why should you ask after him?
You have been trimm'd already; let him take his fortune:
He spun it out himself, Sir; there's no pity.

Unc. Besides, some good to you now, from this misery.

Fran. I rise upon his ruins! Fy, fy, Uncle,
Fy, honest Lance! Those gentlemen were base people,
That could so soon take fire to his destruction.

Unc. You are a fool, you are a fool, a young man!

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow, Uncle! morrow Frank, sweet Frank!
And how, and how d'ye think now? how shew matters?
Morrow, Bandog!

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this man naked,
Forsaken of his friends?

Val. Thou'rt handsome, Frank, [well;
A pretty gentleman; i' faith, thou lookest
And yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lance. Sure he can conjure, and has the devil for his tailor.

Unc. New and rich!
'Tis most impossible he should recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he;
Imagination cannot work this miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, Uncle;
The very he; the he your wisdom play'd withal.
I thank you for't; neigh'd at his nakedness,
And made his cold and poverty your pastime.
You see I live, and the best can do no more, Uncle; [still,
And, tho' I have no state, I keep the streets
And take my pleasure in the town, like a poor gentleman;
Wear clothes to keep me warm, poor things, they serve me!
Can make a show too, if I list; yes, Uncle,
And ring a peal in my pockets, ding-dong, Uncle!
These are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?

Unc. I am amaz'd!

Lance. I'll sell my copyhold; [things,
For since there are such excellent new no-
Why should I labour? Is there no fairy haunts him?
No rat, nor no old woman?

Unc. You are Valentine?

Val. I think so, I can't tell, I have been call'd so, [der at me,
And some say christen'd. Why do you won-
And swell, as if you had met a serjeant fasting? [fools!
Did you ever know desert want? You are
A little stoop there may be to allay him,
(He'd grow too rank else) a small eclipse to shadow him;
But out he must break, glowingly again,
And with a great lustre, look you, Uncle,
Motion and majesty.

Unc. I am confounded!

Fran. I'm of his faith.

Val. Walk by his careless kinsman,
And turn again, and walk and look thus, Uncle,
Taking some one by the hand he loves best.
Leave them to the mercy of the hog-market! Come, Frank, [thee.
Fortune is now my friend; let me instruct

Fran. Good morrow, Uncle! I must needs go with him. [inhabits,

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none
Within two hours I shall be thus again.
Now wonder on, and laugh at your own ignorance! [*Exit. Val. and Fran.*

Unc. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily:
Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,

He'd rise again, within two hours, em-
broider'd. [so thick
Sow mustard-seeds, and they can't come up
As his new sattins do, and cloths of silver:
There is no striving.
Unc. Let him play a while then,
And let's search out what hand——
Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Fount. Come, let's speak for ourselves;
we've lodg'd him sure enough;
His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.
Bel. We can have no admittance.
Hare. Let's in boldly, [favour,
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to
We're all content.
Fount. Much good may do her with him!
No civil wars!
Bel. By no means. Now do I [ling;
Wonder in what old tod* ivy he lies whist-
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor
none will trust him;
We've made that side sure. We'll teach him
a new wooing.
Hare. Say, it is his Uncle's spite?
Fount. All one, gentlemen;
'T has rid us of a fair incumbrance,
And makes us look about to our own fortunes.
Who are these?

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall
be wiser: [so?
But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt
She's finely hurt to hunt.
Luce. Peace! the three suitors!
Isab. I could so titter now and laugh: 'I
'was lost, Luce,[56]
'And I must love, I know not what!' Oh,
Cupid, [cocks!
What pretty gins thou hast to halter wood-
'And we must into th' country in all haste,
'Luce.' [*Laughing.*
Luce. For Heaven's sake, mistress——
Isab. Nay, I've done;
I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall
teach you!
Fount. 'Tis her sister.
Bel. Save you, ladies!
Isab. Fair met, gentlemen!
Your're visiting my sister, I assure myself.
Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.
Isab. Behold and welcome.
You'd see her?
Fount. 'Tis our business.
Isab. You shall see her,
And you shall talk with her,
Luce. She will not see 'em,
Nor spend a word.
Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand;
Nay, now I've found the scab, I will so
scratch her!
Luce. She can't endure 'em.
Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly.
Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party;
Then make your own conditions, gentlemen.
Luce. She's sick, you know.
Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her.—
And take no idle answer, you are fools then;
Nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you
all then;
But urge her still, and, though she fret, still
follow her;
A widow must be won so.
Bel. She speaks bravely.
Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law;
I love men's company.
And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,
Be sure you stay, follow her into her chamber;
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,
Like honest lovers.
Luce. This will kill her.
Fount. You've shew'd us one way, do but
lead the other.
Isab. I know you stand o' thorns; come,
I'll dispatch you.
Luce. If you live after this[57]——
Isab. I've lost my aim. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentine and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?
Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em!
Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?
Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;
I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker.
Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps!
Val. I shall dog 'em,
And double dog 'em, ere I've done.
Fran. Will you go with me?
For I would fain find out this piece of bounty.
It was the Widow's man, that I am certain of.
Val. To what end would you go?
Fran. To give thanks, Sir.
Val. Hang giving thanks; hast not thou
parts deserve it?
It includes a further will to be beholden;
Beggars can do no more at doors. If you
Will go, there lies your way.
Fran. I hope you'll go.
Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,
With mine own father, were he living,
Frank; [be
I would to the court with bears first. If it
That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser)
I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,

* *Tod.*] *i. e.* Bushy, thick.

[56] *I was lost, Luce, &c.*] These words are meant at what the Widow had said of her.

[57] *If you live after this*——] We suppose Luce to be here addressing herself, in idea, to the Widow. She has before said, this project *would kill her*. And the succeeding short speech of Isabella warrants, if not confirms, this explanation.

(For 'tis the tartest tit in Christendom;
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled with her) [flouted,
So lick'd, and stroak'd, flear'd upon, and
And shewn to chambermaids, like a strange beast
She had purchas'd with her penny!
Fran. You're a strange man!
But do you think it was a woman?
Val. There's no doubt on't;
Who can be there to do it else? Besides,
The manner of the circumstances——
Fran. Then, such courtesies, [dom,
Whoever does 'em, Sir, saving your own wis-
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,
Than with deserving slights, or what we ought
To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve else:
Means are not gotten now with crying out,
'I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,
'A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd!'
Immediate blessings cease like miracles,
And we must grow by second means. I pray, go with me;
Even as you love me, Sir.
Val. I'll come to thee; [p'ries;
But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fop-
Dispatch those ere I come.
Fran. You will not fail me?
Val. Some two hours hence, expect me.
Fran. I thank you,
And will look for you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Shorthose, Roger, and several other Servants.

Wid. Who let me in these puppies? You blind rascals,[58]
You drunken knaves! [sently.
Short. Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in pre-
Gentlemen! [bawling rogue!
Wid. 'Sprecious, you blown pudding, you
Short. I bawl as loud as I can. Would you have me fetch 'em
Upon my back?
Wid. Get 'em out, rascal, out with 'em,
I sweat to have 'em near me. [out!
Short. I should sweat more
To carry 'em out.
Rog. They are gentlemen, madam.
Short. Shall we get 'em into the buttery, and make 'em drink?
Wid. Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

Enter Isabella, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Isab. Now to her, Sir; fear nothing.
Rog. Slip aside, boy;
I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told me so. [*vants.*
Short. Away to tables then. [*Exeunt Ser-*
Isab. I shall burst with the sport on't.
Fount. You are too curious, madam,
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.
Bel. Methinks the house is handsome, ev'ry place decent;
What need you be so vex'd?
Hare. We are no strangers. [us,
Fount. What tho' we come ere you expected
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,
Are free and full at all times?
Wid. You are merry, gentlemen.
Bel. We come to be merry, madam, and very merry, [lady,
Come to laugh heartily,[59] and, now and then,
A little of our old plea.
Wid. I am busy,
And very busy too. Will none deliver me?
Hare. There is a time for all; you may be busy,
But when your friends come, you've as much pow'r, madam——
Wid. This is a tedious torment.
Fount. How handsomely
This title-piece[60] of anger shews upon her!
Well, madam, well, you know not how to grace yourself.[61]
Bel. Nay, every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

[58] *Who let* me *in these puppies, you blind rascals,* you *drunken knaves* several.] So the first quarto. Mr. Seward,

Who let in these puppies?
You several *blind rascals, drunken knaves.*

We apprehend the word *several* to have been a marginal direction for the appearance of *several servants* in this place.

[59] *We come to be merry, madam,* and *very merry,* 'me *live to laugh heartily.*] First quarto. Second, MEN LOVE *to laugh heartily.*] Mr. Seward reads,

We come to t' *merry, madam, very merry,*
Love *to laugh heartily,* &c.

We have taken a greater liberty here than is usual with us, but no more than seems absolutely necessary.

[60] Title-*piece.*] (Quasi, *frontispiece.*) So the first edition; all the others read, LITTLE *piece of anger.*

[61] *You know* not *how to grace yourself.*] As the negative seems to hurt both sense and measure, I have expunged it. *Seward.*

The *negative* should be retained; it is ironical. So the Nurse of Juliet: 'You know *not* how to chuse a man!' meaning she *does* know, having chosen Romeo.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up; I have a business [men!
Waits upon me. Some wine for the gentle-
Hare. Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er saw your chambers yet.
Isab. Hold there, boys!
Wid. Say I go to my prayers?
Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your meditations. [sleep,
Wid. This is boisterous; or, say I go to
Will you go to sleep with me?
Bel. So suddenly before meat will be dangerous. [not sleep.
We know your dinner's ready, lady, you'll
Wid. Give me my coach, I'll take the air.
Hare. We'll wait on you,
And then your meat, after a quick'ned stomach. [me,
Wid. Let it alone; and call my steward to
And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.
These unmannerly rude puppies! [*Ex. Wid.*
Fount. We'll walk after you,
And view the pleasure of the place.
Isab. Let her not rest,
For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you: [her.
Seem how she will, this is the way to win
Be bold, and prosper!
Bel. Nay, If we do not tire her!
[*Exeunt Lovers.*
Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister,
And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;
I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily, [love most.
And, when I've done that, laugh at that you

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,
And still they persecute her.
Isab. Long may they do so!
I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.
Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives occasion
For men to run mad after her?
Luce. I shall be hang'd.
Isab. This in me had been high-treason;
Three at a time, and private in her orchard!
I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.
Isab. Ha, ha, ha!
Wid. Why do you laugh, sister? [you,
I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of
And well becomes your pleasure.
Isab. What have you done with 'em?
Wid. Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,
And caper too, before they get their liberty.
Unmannerly rude puppies!
Isab. They are somewhat saucy;
—But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—
Why where they not beaten out?
Wid. I was about it;
But, because they came as suitors——
Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?
Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none.
More yet! How came these in?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lance. At the door, madam.
Isab. It is that face! [*Aside.*
Luce. This is the gentleman.
Wid. She sent the money to?
Lance. The same.
Isab. I'll leave you;
They have some business.
Wid. Nay, you shall stay, sister; [alters!
They're strangers both to me. How her face
Isab. I'm sorry he comes now.
Wid. I am glad he is here now though.
Who would you speak with, gentlemen?
Lance. You, lady,
Or your fair sister there; here is a gentleman
That has receiv'd a benefit.
Wid. From whom, Sir? [madam;
Lance. From one of you, as he supposes,
Your man deliver'd it.
Wid. I pray go forward.
Lance. And of so great a goodness that he dares not,
Without the tender of his thanks and service,
Pass by the house.
Wid. Which is the gentleman?
Lance. This, madam.
Wid. What's your name, Sir?
Fran. They that know me
Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud
To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched
To hide a gratitude.
Wid. It is well bestow'd then. [seems,
Fran. Your fair self, or your sister, as it
For what desert I dare not know, unless
A handsome subject for your charities,
Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,
Have show'r'd upon my wants a timely bounty, [inheritance.
Which makes me rich in thanks, my best
Wid. I'm sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.
Fy, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;
The man's a pretty man.
Isab. You have three fine ones.
Fran. Then to you, dear lady——
Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may persuade you;
Your only aptness to do this is recompence,
And more than I expected.
Fran. But, good lady—— [with it,
Isab. And for me further to be acquainted
Besides the imputation of vainglory,
Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it
Not to be more affected to; I did it;
And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,

I have my end: More to enquire is curious
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.
Fran. But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary——
Isab. About the right way nothing; do not fright it,
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.
Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person——
Wid. A brave dissembling rogue! And how she carries it! [hear you,
Isab. Tho' I believe few handsomer; or Tho' I affect a good tongue well; or try you, Tho' my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you.
Wid. A plaguy cunning quean!
Isab. For, so I carried it, [ter'd
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bar-
The goodness I propounded with opinion.[62]
Wid. Fear her not, Sir.
Isab. You cannot catch me, sister.
Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?
Isab. Let it suffice you have it; it was never mine,
Whilst good men wanted it.
Lance. This is a saint, sure! [store it.
Isab. And if you be not such a one,[63] re-
Fran. To commend myself,
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;
To doubt I may be worth your gift a treason,
Both to mine own good and understanding.[64]
I know my mind clear, and though modesty
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes, [son,
Yet I must think something, and of some sea-
Met with your better taste; this had not been else.
Wid. What ward for that, wench?
Isab. Alas, it never touch'd me. [money
Fran. Well, gentle lady, yours is the first
I ever took upon a forc'd ill manners!
Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.
Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be
A grateful taker? [thought
Isab. Spend it, and say nothing;
Your modesty may deserve more.
Wid. Oh, sister,
Will you bar thankfulness?
Isab. Dogs dance for meat; [can speak,
Would you have men do worse? For they
Cry out like woodmongers, good deeds by th' hundreds! [it;
I did it, that my best friend should not know
Wine and vainglory do as much as I else.
If you will force my merit, against my meaning,
Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing
It came to be a benefit, and was so;
And not examining a woman did it,
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes
Yourself, when drink and stirring conversa-
May ripen strange persuasions. [tion
Fran. Gentle lady,
I were a base receiver of a courtesy,
And you a worse disposer, were my nature
Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' honours [mines;[65]
Were ever, in my thoughts, unspotted er-

[62] *And* better'd *the gooddess.*] This sentence has something dark in it, which I cannot clear up: She would seem to say, that she intended to enhance the goodness of her action by concealment. *Seward.*

The meaning of the whole speech (which is indeed obscure) seems to be this: 'So I carried my point, the end obtained was a sufficient reward, and which I was happy to receive in exchange for the mere reputation of having effected it.' *Bartered* is the old word, (which Mr. Seward does not seem to have known) and the right. So she says afterwards, 'I did it, that my best friend should not know it.'

[63] *Such a one.*] *i. e.* A good man.

[64] *To mine own good and understanding.*] Here again the measure and sense were equally hurt. It is by no means consonant to the modesty of Francisco to commend his own understanding, when it was not called in question; but to say that he would not doubt his own merit, since one of so good an understanding had distinguished it, this is in character. Mr. Sympson had made this addition before I sent it to him. *Seward.*

These gentlemen read,

Both to mine own good, and to your *understanding.*

But we cannot think their addition by any means necessary.

[65] *Unspotted* crimes.] My conjecture in this place was *shrines*, but Mr. Theobald has, I doubt not, hit upon the true word; for besides its propriety to the epithet, he has proved it by a parallel passage of our poets. Monsieur Thomas, act iv. scene i.

——— *O that honesty*
That ermine *honesty, unspotted ever.*

'Till I saw this, I was fully satisfied with my own emendation, which I now condemn, and mention it only to shew, how little dependence one ought to have upon the most plausible conjecture; and that to be positive and dogmatical, does not become a verbal critic. Mr. Sympson read with me *shrines*, but entirely agreed in the preference of *ermines*. *Seward.*

Their good deeds holy temples, where the incense [virtuous,
Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are
And so I shall preserve 'em.
Isab. Keep but this way, [me.
And from this place, to tell me so, you've paid
And so I wish you see all fortune! [*Exit.*
Wid. Fear not; [it.——
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?
This is to wake my fears, not to abuse me;[66]
I shall look narrowly [*Aside.*]—Despair not, gentlemen;
There is an hour to catch a woman in,
If you be wise. So, I must leave you too.
Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [*Exit.*
Lance. Sir, what courage? [statutes
Fran. This woman is a founder,[67] and cites
To all her benefits.
Lance. I ne'er knew yet [me,
So few years and so cunning: Yet, believe
She has an itch; but how to make her confess it——
For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she dares not.
Carry yourself but so discretely, Sir, [you.
That want or wantonness seem not to search
And you shall see her open.
Fran. I do love her, [pound
And, were I rich, would give two thousand
To wed her wit but one hour: Oh, 'tis a dragon,[68]
And such a sprightly way of pleasure! ha, Lance?
Lance. Your 'ha, Lance' broken once, you cry'd, 'ho, ho, Lance!'
Fran. Some leaden landed rogue will have this wench now, [her,
When all's done; some such youth will carry
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some dunce, [mires nothing
That knows no more but markets, and ad-
But a long charge at sizes. Oh, the fortunes!

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Lance. Comfort yourself.
Luce. They are here yet, and alone too;
Boldly upon't!——Nay, mistress, I still told you, [venture
How you would find your trust; this 'tis to
Your charity upon a boy.
Lance. Now, what's the matter?
Stand fast, and like yourself.
Isab. Prithee, no more, wench.
Luce. What was his want to you?
Isab. 'Tis true.
Luce. Or misery! [mercy
Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no
To look abroad but yours?
Isab. I am paid for fooling.
Luce. Must every slight companion that can purchase
A shew of poverty, and beggarly planet,[69]
Fall under your compassion?
Lance. Here's new matter.

[66] *Or to abuse me.*] This reading seems wrong; could Isabella carry it so precisely on purpose to make her sister more watchful of her? The slight change I have made gives this sense; your behaviour, which was intended to lull my fears asleep, shall not so abuse me, but make me more vigilant. Mr. Sympson does not admit this, but would read,

Is this *to wake my fears, or to abuse me?*

But how could she ask so absurd a question? *Seward.*

[67] *A founder and cites statutes.*] This is somewhat obscure, but I believe the meaning is, this woman is a *founder* or builder up of my fortunes, and like the *founder* of a college has no other motive than the *statutes* or commands of Heaven to be charitable. Or perhaps, she is a *founder* of my fortunes, and mentions *statutes* to me which she expects me to conform to. *Founder* is used in the same sense in the Captain, act i. scene iii.

——— *imagine me*
A founder *of old fellows!* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's second interpretation seems to be the true one.

[68] *'Tis a dragon.*] Mr. Seward alters *dragon* to *paragon*; but *dragon* is clearly right. Francisco is talking of his mistress's *vivacity*, her *wit*, and *sprightliness*. *Paragon* is stiff here.

[69] *A shew of poverty and* beggarly planet.] A shew of a *beggarly planet*, does not look like a genuine expression; the word *planet*, indeed, or *wanderer*, seems proper in the place, and if it be preserved, we should, I think, read,

A shew of poverty, each beggarly planet,
Fall under your compassion?

The verse runs better, as I have put it in the text, but the reader will please to take his choice. Mr. Sympson does not admit either of these conjectures, but would read,

A shew of poverty and beggarly plaint.

But a shew of a *beggarly plaint* seems as harsh to me as the old reading. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

A shew of poverty and beggary
Fall under your compassion?

Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well. Here he stays yet,
Yet, as I live!
Fran. How her face alters on me!
Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.
Isab. I'm glad on't.
Fran. How do you, gentle lady?
Isab. Much asham'd, Sir, [tious)
(But first stand further off me; you're infec-
To find such vanity, nay, almost impudence,
Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,
The gratitude you were so mad to make me,
Your trim council, gentlemen?
[*Producing a ring.*
Lance. What, lady?
Isab. Take your device again, it will not serve, Sir; [zen'd!
The woman will not bite, you're finely co-
Drop is no more, for shame!
Luce. Do you think you're here, Sir,
Amongst your wast-coateërs, your base wenches [luded:
That scratch at such occasions? You're de-
This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,
Born to a better fame than you can build her,
And eyes above your pitch.[70]
Fran. I do acknowledge——
Isab. Then I beseech you, Sir, what could you see, [devil!)
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the
In my behaviour, of such easiness,
That you durst venture to do this?
Fran. You amaze me;
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.
Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir.
Isab. I took it up too, [it:
Still looking when your modesty should miss
Why, what a childish part was this!
Fran. I vow—— [this,
Isab. Vow me no vows! He that dares do
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.
There, take your gewgaw! You are too much pamper'd,
And I repent my part. As you grow older,
Grow wiser, if you can; and so farewell, Sir!
[*Exeunt Isabella and Luce.*
Lance. 'Grow wiser, if you can!' She has put it to you.
'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?
Fran. Never;
Ne'er saw it afore, Lance.
Lance. Thereby hangs a tail then.
What flight she makes to catch herself! Look up, Sir;
You cannot lose her, if you would. How daintily
She flies upon the lure, and cunningly
She makes her stops![71] Whistle, and she'll come to you.
Fran. I would I were so happy.
Lance. Maids are clocks: [to us,
The greatest wheel, they shew, goes slowest
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, [wishes,
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood, and marrow,
Young as her purpose, and as soft as pity;
No monument to worship, but a mould,
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough, [night,
You are stark blind if you hit not soon. At
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel [rings,' forsooth!
A flea in your shape bite her! 'Drop no more
This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by!
Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.
Lance. Put yourself in
Good comfort! If she do not point you out the way——
'Drop no more rings!' she'll drop herself into you.
Fran. I wonder my brother comes not.
Lance Let him alone,
And feed yourself on your own fortunes. Come, be frolic, [sel.
And let's be monstrous wise, and full of coun-
'Drop no more rings!' [*Exeunt.*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, and Harebrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish, you must be us'd so.
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?
Who bid you welcome hither? You came crouding,
And, impudently bold, press on my patience,
As if I kept a house for all companions,
And of all sorts. Will you have your wills, will you vex me, [you.
And force my liking from you? I ne'er ow'd*
Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.
Bel. And, for all this,
We will have a better answer from you.
Wid. You shall never;
Neither have an answer nor a dinner, unless you use me [too.
With a more staid respect and stay your time

Inserting a comma after poverty makes the sense clear, the word *every* being understood as if repeated before planet: '*Every* slight companion, and *every* beggarly planet.'

[70] *And* eyes *above your pitch.*] In the edition of 1750, the word *eyes* appears as a substantive. It is certainly a verb, and Luce's meaning is, 'She *looks* higher, or for a better match, than you.'

[71] *Stops!*] Mr. Sympson thinks it should be *stoops.* *Seward.*

* *Ow'd.*] Quasi, *Own'd.*

Enter Isabella, followed by Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph, with dishes of meat.

Isab. Forward with the meat now!
Rog. Come, gentlemen,
March fairly.
Short. Roger, you are a weak serving-man;
Your white broth runs from you! Fy, how I sweat,
Under this pile of beef: An elephant
Can do more! Oh, for such a back now,
And in these times, what might a man arrive at!
Goose grase you up, and woodcock march behind thee;
I am almost founder'd!
Wid. Who bid you bring the meat yet?
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours. [back,
How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,
To send before I call'd!
Short. Faces about,[72] gentlemen;
Beat a mournful march then, and give some supporters,
Or else I perish! [*Exeunt Servants.*
Isab. It does me much good
To see her chafe thus.
Hare. We can stay, madam,
And will stay and dwell here; 'tis good air.
Fount. I know you have beds enough,
And meat you never want.
Wid. You want a little.
Bel. We dare to pretend on. Since you are churlish, [anger;
We'll give you physic; you must purge this
It burns you, and decays you.
Wid. If I had you out once,
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble lady.
Wid. Good morrow, Sir. [manly!
How sweetly now he looks, and how full
What slaves were those to use him so!
[*Aside.*
Val. I come
To look a young man I call brother.
Wid. Such a one. [ther;
Was here, Sir, as I remember, your own bro-
But gone almost an hour ago.
Val. Good e'en then!
Wid. You must not so soon, Sir; here be some gentlemen;
It may be you're acquainted with 'em.
Hare. Will nothing make him miserable?
Fount. How glorious! [tunes,
Bel. It is the very he! Does it rain for-
Or has he a familiar?
Hare. How doggedly he looks too?
Fount. I am beyond my faith! Pray, let's be going.
Val. Where are these gentlemen?
Wid. Here.
Val. Yes, I know 'em,
And will be more familiar.
Bel. Morrow, madam!
Wid. Nay, stay and dine.
Val. You shall stay till I talk with you,
And not dine neither, but fasting fly my fury.[73] [still,
You think you have undone me; think so
And swallow that belief: 'Till you be company
For court-hand clerks, and starv'd attornies;
'Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,
For three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars
In penny rooms again, and fight for apples;
'Till you return to what I found you, people
Betray'd into the hands of fencers, challengers, [tions
Tooth-drawers, bills, and tedious proclama-
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-purses——
(Stir not, but hear, and mark; I'll cut your throats else!) [vers,
'Till water-works, and rumours of New Ri-
Ride you again, and run you into questions
Who built the Thames;[74] 'till you run mad for lotteries,
And stand there with your tables to glean
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly
To serving-men for sound essays; 'till taverns

[72] *Faces about.*] This expression the reader will find explained in the 63d note on the Scornful Lady. The modern editors, not understanding it, and in their rage of correcting, read *face about*.—The same rage has induced those gentlemen to make several *slight alterations*, in the course of a few lines hereabouts, equally bold, and more injurious to the sense.—They make the Widow say, *And stay* MY *time too* (meaning, *as long as I please*) instead of YOUR *time (the month I have commanded you to be silent)*. One of the Lovers declares, according to them, *We dare to pretend* NO (which can only be understood, *We deny our wanting meat)* instead of saying, with the old copy, *We dare to pretend* ON *(we shall carry our demands* FURTHER.) And poor Lance is made most blunderingly to assert, when speaking of Isabella, *At night* HE *would venture forty pounds more, but to feel a flea in your shape bite* HER.

[73] *But* fastingly *my fury.*] Mr. Sympson reads, *but* fasting on *my fury:* My first conjecture was BIDE *my fury*; but as *fly* is nearest the trace of the letters, and seems to me good sense, I think it most probably the original. Mr. Theobald reads, *bide.* *Seward.*

[74] Who built *Thamea.*] So the first quarto: We have, with Mr. Seward, followed the second, only inserting the particle *the.*

Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,
Wine that the bell has gone for twice, and glasses
That look like broken promises, tied up
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,
With half-pipes, nor in half a year once burnt, and biscuit
That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon like corals, [rascals,[75]
To bring the mark again; 'till this hour,
(For this most fatal hour will come again)
Think I sit down the loser!
Wid. Will you stay, gentlemen?
A piece of beef, and a cold capon, that's all;
You know you're welcome.
Hare. That was cast to abuse us.[76]
Bel. Steal off; the devil is in his anger!
Wid. Nay, I am sure
You will not leave me so discourteously,
Now I have provided for you.
Val. What do ye here?
Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,
Her state, and worth? Can ye bring a fair certificate [ye puppies?
That ye deserve to be her footmen? Husbands,
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you wind-suckers!
Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble;
And, when ye're gone, seem to laugh at my fury, [this;
And slight this lady! I shall hear, and know
And, though I am not bound to fight for women,
As far as they are good, I dare preserve 'em!
Be not too bold; for if you be I'll swinge you,
I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.
Your honours, now go! avoid me mainly!
[*Exeunt Lovers.*
Wid. Well, Sir, you have deilver'd me, I thank you,
And with your nobleness prevented danger
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and eat, Sir. [women.
Val. No, no; I dare not trust myself with
Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,
And tie your body to a daily labour,
You may live honestly; and so I thank you!
[*Exit.*
Wid. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble fellow,
And some means I must work to have thee know it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Unc. MOST certain, 'tis her hand that holds him up,
And her sister relieves Frank.
Mer. I'm glad to hear it:
But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune
To some fair end?
Unc. The women are too crafty,
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,
They'd strike it out o' th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthose.

Mer. The Widow sure! Why does she stir so early?
Wid. 'Tis strange, I can't force him to understand me,
And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.
Tell my sister, I'll use my devotions
At home this morning; she may, if she please, go to church.
Short. Hey ho! [torch, Sir.
Wid. And do you wait upon her with a
Short. Hey ho!
Wid. You lazy knave!
Short. Here's such a tinkle-tanklings,
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our prayers out.
Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you made your chamber-pot,
And burn a little rosemary in't; I must wait upon my lady.

[75] *Tell this hour rascals* so, *this most fatal hour will come again.*] Though I have departed a good deal from the old reading, yet as I have restored what I think to be the sense, and the measure, I hope it will be allowed. *Seward.*
Mr. Seward's reading is,

'Till this hour, rascals, shall,
'Till *this most fatal hour* shall *come again,*
Think I sit down the loser.

We think this passage requires assistance; but a much less violent remedy than Mr. Seward's has, in our opinion, established a reading greatly superior to his; the change of *so*, into *for*.

[76] Humph. *That was cast*, &c.] All the editions most erroneously make *Humphry*, the servant, speak these words, when neither interested nor present.

This morning-prayer has brought me into a consumption; [me.
I have nothing left but flesh and bones about
Wid. You drousy slave, nothing but sleep and swilling!
Short. Had you been bitten with bandog-fleas, as I have been
And haunted with the night-mare——
Wid. With an ale-pot! [ing-prayers.
Short. You would have little list to morn-
Pray, take my fellow Ralph; he has a psalm-
I am an ingrum man [77] [book;
Wid. Get you ready quickly, [somely.
And, when she's ready, wait upon her hand-
No more, be gone!
Short. If I do snore my part out—— [*Exit.*
Unc. Now to our purposes.
Mer. Good morrow, madam!
Wid. Good morrow, gentlemen!
Unc. Good joy and fortune!
Wid. These are good things and worth my thanks; I thank you, Sir.
Mer. Much joy I hope you'll find: We came to gratulate
Your new-knit marriage-band.
Wid. How?
Unc. He's a gentleman,
Although he be my kinsman, my fair niece.
Wid. Niece, Sir?
Unc. Yes, lady, now I may say so;
'Tis no shame to you! I say, a gentleman,
And, winking at some light fancies, which you [carried,
Most happily may affect him for, as bravely
As nobly bred and manag'd——
Wid. What's all this?
I understand you not. What niece, what marriage-knot?
Unc. I'll tell plainly; [man
You are my niece, and Valentine the gentle-
Has made you so by marriage.
Wid. Marriage?
Unc. Yes, lady;
And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,
To take a falling man to your protection,
And buoy him up again to all his glories.
Wid. The men are mad!
Mer. What though he wanted [dows,
These outward things, that fly away like sha-
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave one? [outside,
You've wealth enough to give him gloss and
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.
Unc. I ever thought he would do well.
Mer. Nay, I knew, [bine,[78]
Howe'er he wheel'd about like a loose car-
He would charge home at length, like a brave gentleman.
Heav'n's blessings o'your heart, lady! We're so bound to honour you;
In all your service so devoted to you——
Unc. Don't look so strange, Widow; it must be known;
Better a general joy. No stirring here yet?
Come, come, you can't hide it.
Wid. Pray be not impudent; [then?
These are the finest toys! Belike I am married
Mer. You are in a miserable estate i' th' world's account else: [ing.
I would not for your wealth it come to doubt-
Wid. And I am great with child?
Unc. No, great they say not,
But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;
And there's great joy among the gentlemen,
Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.
Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of entrance, [the bed too,
How long, and when he stay'd, could name
Where he paid down his first-fruits.
Wid. I shall believe anon. [reasons,
Unc. And we consider, for some private
You'd have it private; yet take your own pleasure: [sweetest!
And so, good morrow, my best niece, my
Wid. No, no, pray stay.
Unc. I know you would be with him.
Love him, and love him well!
Mer. You'll find him noble.
This may beget——
Unc. It must needs work upon her.
[*Exeunt Uncle and Merchant.*
Wid. These are fine bobs, i' faith! married, and with child too!
How long has this been, I trow? They seem grave fellows; [bedded!
They should not come to flout. Married, and
The world take notice too! Where lies this may game?
I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,
Must I be scratch'd I know not how? Who waits there?

Enter Humphry and another Servant.

Hum. Madam!
Wid. Make ready my coach quickly, and wait you only;
And, hark you, Sir! be secret and speedy! [*Whisper.*
Inquire out where he lies.
Hum. I shall do it, madam. [*Exit Serv.*
Wid. Married, and got with child in a dream! 'tis fine, i' faith!

[77] *Ingrum.*] This is, as we conjecture, a vitiation of *ignorant*, similar to Dogberry's *vagrom* for *vagrant*.

[78] *Cabine.*] A *carbine* is a term for a horse soldier, and used by our Authors in another play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine reading, tho' Mr. Theobald did, for I sent to him, and find it in his margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in use in our Author's time. I have Mr. Sympson's concurrence, who says he had corrected it so at the first reading. *Seward.*

Sure, he that did this, would do better waking.
[*Exit.*

Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, drunk, and a boy with a torch.

Val. Hold thy torch handsomely! How dost thou, Frank?
Peter Bassel, bear up!
Fran. You've fried me soundly.
Sack do you call this drink?
Val. A shrewd dog, Frank;
Will bite abundantly.
Lance. Now could I fight,
And fight with thee——
Val. With me, thou man of Memphis?
Lance. But that thou'rt my own natural master. [a Pagan,
Yet, my sack says thou'rt no man, thou art
And pawn'st thy land, which is a noble cause.
Val. No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;
Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands, boy,
Livings, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy!
Hang fighting, hang it; 'tis out of fashion.
Lance. I would fain labour you into your lands again.
Go to; it is behoveful!
Fran. Fy, Lance, fy! [my master,
Lance. I must beat somebody, andwhy not
Before a stranger? Charity and beating
Begin at home.
Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.
Lance. I will not be compelled, an you were two masters;
I scorn the motion!
Val. Wilt thou sleep?
Lance. I scorn sleep!
Val. Wilt thou go eat?
Lance. I scorn meat, I come for rompering;
I come to wait upon my charge discretely;
For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again,
Here do I lie, St. George, and so forth!
Val. And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon!
Thus, with my lance——
Lance. I sting, I sting with my tail.
Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you presently!
Fran. By no means; do not hurt him!
Val. Take his Nellson;
And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malaga!
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,
And charge again.
Lance. I play no more; you abuse me!
Will you go?
Fran. I'll bid you good morrow, brother;
For sleep I can't; I have a thousand fancies.
Val. Now thou'rt arriv'd, go bravely to the matter,
And do something of worth, Frank.
Lance. You shall hear from us.
[*Exeunt Lance and Fran.*
Val. This rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me.
He's the most tettish knave!

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and boy,[79] *with a torch.*

Unc. 'Tis he.
Mer. Good morrow?
Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.
Unc. You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.
Val. I made him a fine gentleman,
He was a fool before, brought up amongst the[80] mist [have with me?
Of small-beer brewhouses. What would you
Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.
Val. Are you my sentence?
Mer. The sentence of your state.
Val. Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd high enough,
I may not see't.
Unc. A gracious resolution.

[79] *Enter Uncle and Merchant:* May *with a torch.*] Thus say the quartos; the folio of 1679 says, *boy*. Whether *May* was corrupted at press from *man*, or whether it was the real or dramatic name of the *torch-bearer*, is not now to be decided.

[80] *Amongst the* midst *of small-beer brewhouses.*] How much the slight change I have made improves the sense, the reader of taste will instantly see. He will probably wonder how any one could miss it, and think it scarce deserves a note. But for my own part, I several times read over the passage without seeing the corruption, and am at last the discoverer, tho' Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson (whose abilities no one will I believe doubt) had very accurately studied the play. The same thing has frequently happened to me with regard to their emendations; and I doubt not but every sensible reader will find out many more, which we have all three missed, as obvious and certain as this. What therefore I would often inculcate is, that the reader should not be too severe upon us for such oversights: because the same thing has happened to all editors of books, which abound with such numerous corruptions as do our Authors' plays. *Seward.*

A Reader who will not excuse the *oversights* of an Annotator must indeed be harsh and rigid; and did the Editors of Beaumont and Fletchers' Works in 1750 need exculpation on no other account, it is more than probable the Editors of 1776 would never have undertaken their laborious task; since their first inducement to it was, an observation of the unprecedented interpolations, omissions, and every other species of variation, UNNOTICED, made use of by their predecessors; and, in the process of their work, they have found each of those freedoms practised with much more latitude than they at first supposed or imagined had been taken.

Val. What would you else with me? Will you go drink, [boys!
And let the world slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, Drink sack like whey, boys!
Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?
Val. Come hither, Merchant! Make me a supper, [forty pounds!
Thou most reverend land-catcher, a supper of
Mer. What then, Sir? [fair sisters,
Val. Then, bring thy wife along, and thy
Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;
Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine!
We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage;
And then in state I'll render thee an answer.
Mer. What say you to this?
Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.
Mer. Will you redeem your state? Speak to the point, Sir. [Turk's gallies.
Val. No, not if it were mine heir in the
Mer. Then I must take an order.
Val. Take a thousand,
I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it;
Because thou cam'st i' th' nick, thou shalt not have it!
Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it,
Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,
Will ring you such a knell! Go down in glory,
And march upon my land, and cry, 'All's mine!'
Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:
Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpanes,
To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;
And pull the chapel down, and raise a chamber
For Mrs. Silver-pin, to lay her belly in:
Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, foolish Merchant,
My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing,
And they are people too were never christen'd;
They know no law nor conscience, they'll devour thee, [found thee
An thou art mortal, Staple;[81] they'll con-
Within three days; no bit nor memory
Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there, [sion,
Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take posses-
And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits; [suckers,
They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell
As they love mischief, and hate law; they're cannibals! [fruitful,
Bring down thy kindred too, that be not
There be those mandrakes that will mollify 'em!
Go, take possession! I'll go to my chamber.
Afore, boy, go! [*Exeunt Val. and boy.*
Mer. He's mad sure!
Unc. He's half drunk, sure!
And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it.
This looking back.
Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely;
But he's so harsh and strange!
Unc. Believe it, 'tis his drink, Sir;
And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.
Mer. Cannibals?
If e'er I come to view his regiments,
If fair terms may be had——
Unc. He tells you true, Sir; [cals
They are a bunch of the most boisterous ras-
Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,
The pow'r of the whole country cannot cool
Be patient but a while. [em.
Mer. As long as you will, Sir.
Before I buy a bargain of such runts,
I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Francisco, Lance, and boy with a torch.

Fran. How dost thou now?
Lance. Better than I was, and straighter;
But my head's a hogshead still; it rowls and
Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid. [tumbles.
Lance. I may live to requite it; [ride me!
Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then
Very well! [I mean now;
Fran. 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what
I mean to see this wench.
Lance. Where a devil is she?
An there were two, 'twere better.
Fran. Dost thou hear
The bell ring?
Lance. Yes, yes.
Fran. Then she comes to pray'rs,
Early each morning thither: Now, if I could but meet her,
For I am of another metal now——

Enter Isabel and Shorthose, with a torch.

Lance. What light's yon?
Fran. Ha? 'tis a light; take her by the hand, and court her?
Lance. Take her below the girdle, you'll ne'er speed else.
It comes on this way still. Oh, that I had
But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!
How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

[81] *They'll devour thee: and thou mortall the stople, they'll confound thee.*] Out of this abyss of darkness I hope that I have retrieved both sense and measure, and I have the less doubt of it, as they mutually confirm each other. My reading gives this sense, They'll devour thee, if thou art made of mortal stuff, or according to mortal standard; it might perhaps be wrote, *An thou art mortal, Staple*; calling the merchant by that name. Mr. Sympson had hit off the word *staple* before he received my note, and read, *Thou mortal of the staple*; *i. e.* Thou man of merchandise. When different readings are equally sense, conjecture cannot decide which was the original. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *An thou art mortal staple*; but we think the preference due to his other suggestion, of Valentine calling the merchant *Staple.*

Fran. 'Tis she: [lady!
Fortune, I kiss thy hand! Good morrow,
Isab. What voice is that? Sirrah, do you sleep [Shorthose!
As you go?—'Tis he; I'm glad on't!—Why,
Short. Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.
Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.
Isab. Hold thy torch up.
Short. Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't.
Where did you see the voice?
Fran. She looks still angry.
Lance. To her, and meet, Sir!
Isab. Here, here.
Fran. Yes, lady?
Ne'er bless yourself; I am but a man, [you!
And like an honest man, now I will thank
Isab. What do you mean? who sent for you? who desir'd you——
Short. Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?
Isab. Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!
But such companions as you must ruffle me?
You had best go with me, Sir!
Fran. It was my purpose. [had best,
Isab. Why, what an impudence is this! You
Being so near the church, provide a priest,
And persuade me to marry you.
Fran. 'Twas my meaning;
And such a husband, so loving and so careful!
My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at——Hark you! [mannerly!
Isab. 'Tis strange you should be thus un-
Turn home again, sirrah! You had best now
My man to lead your way! [force
Fran. Yes, marry shall he, lady.[82]
Forward, my friend!
Isab. This is a pretty riot;
It may grow to a rape.
Fran. Do you like that better? [hurt you.
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never
Short. I see nothing; I am asleep still.
When you have done, tell me, and then I'll wake, mistress.
Isab. Are you in earnest, Sir? do you long to be hang'd? [tresses.
Fran. Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair
Isab. Shall I call out for help?
Fran. No, by no means;
That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiss and stop your mouth. [*Kisses her.*
Isab. You'll answer all these?
Fran. A thousand kisses more!
Isab. I was ne'er abus'd thus! [willing,
You had best give out too, that you found me
And say I doted on you.
Fran. That's known already, [me.
And no man living shall now carry you from
Isab. This is fine, i'faith.
Fran. It shall be ten times finer.
Isab. Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep I will to church. [your way;
Fran. And I will wait upon you.
Isab. And it is [ture
Most likely there's a priest, if you dare ven-
As you profess: I'd wish you look about you,
To do these rude tricks, for you know their recompences;
And trust not to my mercy——
Fran. But I will, lady.
Isab. For I'll so handle you.
Fran. That's it I look for.
Lance. Afore, thou dream!
Short. Have you done?
Isab. Go on, Sir!
And follow, if you dare!
Fran. If I don't, hang me! [a million!
Lance. 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were
God a mercy, sack! when would small-beer have done this? [*Exeunt.*
[*Knocking within.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces? what a devil ails you? [mill?
Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron-

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis a gentlewoman, Sir, that must needs speak with you.
Val. A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman? what have I to do
With gentlewomen?
Serv. She will not be answer'd, Sir.
Val. Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll try [has fill'd my head
How gentle she is. [*Exit Serv.*] This sack
So full of Babels,[83] I am almost mad.
What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she
Has brought me no butter-print along with her,
To lay to my charge: If she have, 'tis all one,
I'll forswear it.

Re-enter Servant, with Widow.

Wid. Oh, you're a noble gallant!
Send off your servant, pray. [*Exit Servant.*
Val. She will not ravish me? [row-hawk!
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a spar-
What wouldst thou, woman?
Wid. Oh, you have us'd me kindly,
And like a gentleman! This 'tis to trust to
Val. Trust to me, for what? [you.
Wid. Because I said in jest once, [well,
You were a handsome man, one I could like
And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,
And might be brought to marry——
Val. The Widow's drunk too!
Wid. You, out of this (which is a fine discretion) [wed me,
Give out the matter's done, you've won and

[82] Lance. *Yes, marry, shall he, lady, &c.*] This speech has been hitherto given to *Lance*, though so evidently belonging to Francisco.
[83] *Bables.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

And that you have put fairly for an heir too:
These are fine rumours to advance my credit!
I' th' name of mischief, what did you mean?
Val. That you lov'd me,
And that you might be brought to marry me?
Why, what a devil do you mean, Widow?
Wid. It was a fine trick too, to tell the world, [wish'd,
Tho' you had enjoy'd your first wish, you
The wealth you aim'd not at,[84] that I was poor,
Which is most true I am; have sold my lands,
Because I love not those vexations:
Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be prating,
And for my credit's sake i' th' town—
Val. I tell thee, Widow, [lands;
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy hus-
If e'er thou marriest more. [band,
Wid. Have not you married me?
And for this main cause, now as you report it,
To be your nurse? [to?
Val. My nurse? Why, what am I grown
Give me the glass! My nurse?
Wid. You ne'er said truer.
I must confess, I did a little favour you,
And with some labour might have been persuaded;
But, when I found I must be hourly troubled
With making broths, and dawbing your decays, [ruins;
With swaddling, and with stitching up your
For the world so reports——
Val. Do not provoke me!
Wid. And half an eye may see——
Val. Do not provoke me!
The world's a lying world, and thou shalt find it!
Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to thee, [shall rock me:
And mark what follows. My nurse? Yes, you
Widow, I'll keep you waking!
Wid. You're disposed, Sir. [shall feel it!
Val. Yes, marry am I, Widow; and you
Nay, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger!
Wid. I think so.
Val. Come!
Wid. Whither?
Val. Any whither. [*Sings.*

The fit's upon me now,
The fit's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady,
The fit's upon me now!
The world shall know they're fools,
And so shalt thou do too;
Let the cobler meddle with his tools,
The fit's upon me now!

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein!
Away with me; for if I have but two hours to consider, [me.
All the widows in the world cannot recover
Wid. If you will go with me, Sir——
Val. Yes, marry, will I;
But 'tis in anger yet! and I will marry thee;
Do not cross me! Yes, and I will lie with thee,
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I'll kiss thee! [don't provoke me!
Stand still, and kiss me handsomely; but
Stir neither hand nor foot, for I am dangerous!
I drunk sack yesternight; do not allure me!
Thou art no widow of this world! come! in pity, [more!
And in spite I'll marry thee. Not a word
And I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Merchant and Uncle, at several doors.

Mer. Well met again! and what good news yet?
Unc. Faith, nothing.
Mer. No fruits of what we sow'd?
Unc. Nothing I hear of.
Mer. No turning in this tide yet?
Unc. 'Tis all flood;
And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lanee, and Shorthose, with a torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger brother?
Unc. With a gentlewoman;
The Widow's sister, as I live! He smiles;
He's got good hold. Why, well said, Frank,
Let's stay and mark. [i'faith!
Isab. Well, you're the prettiest youth!
And so you have handled me, think you have
Fran. As sure as wedlock. [me sure?
Isab. You'd best lie with me too.
Fran. Yes, indeed, will I; and get such black ey'd boys!
Unc. God a mercy, Frank!
Isab. This is a merry world; poor simple gentlewomen, [business,
That think no harm, can't walk about their
But they must be catch'd up, I know not how.
Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.
Have I caught you, mistress?
Isab. Well, an it were not for pure pity,
I would give you the slip yet; but, being as it
Fran. It shall be better. [is—

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a torch.

Isab. My sister, as I live! your brother with her?
Sure, I think you're the king's takers.
Unc. Now it works.
Val. Nay, you shall know I am a man.
Wid. I think so.
Val. And such proof you shall have!
Wid. I pray, speak softly.
Val. I'll speak it out, Widow; yes, and you shall confess too,
I am no nurse-child; I went for a man,
A good one; if you can beat me out o' th'
Wid. I did but jest with you. [pit——
Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle
Nay, when my credit calls—— [you!

[84] *The wealth you aimed at.*] We have added the word *not* here, the sense requiring it.

Wid. Are you mad?
Val. I am mad, I am mad! [paration.
Fran. Good morrow, Sir! I like your pre-
Val. Thou hast been at it, Frank?
Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.
Val. Along with me then! Never hang an arse, Widow!
Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, sister.
Val. Well said, Black-brows!
Advance your torches, gentlemen!
Unc. Yes, yes, Sir!
Val. And keep your ranks!
Mer. Lance, carry this before him.
[*Giving the mortgage.*
Unc. Carry it in state!

Enter Musicians, Fountain, Harebrain, and Bellamore.

Val. What are you? musicians?
I know your coming![85] And what are those behind you?
Musi. Gentlemen
That sent us, to give the lady a good morrow.
Val. Oh, I know them. Come, boy, sing the song I taught you,
And sing it lustily! Come forward, gentlemen!
You're welcome, welcome! now we are all friends. [long,
Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be
We have much business. [the start, boy,
Come, Frank, rejoice with me! Thou'st got
But I'll so tumble after! Come, my friends, lead, [boys!
Lead cheerfully; and let your fiddles ring,
My follies and my fancies have an end here.
Display the mortgage, Lance! Merchant, I'll pay you,
And every thing shall be in joint again.
Unc. Afore, afore!
Val. And now confess, and know,
Wit without money, sometimes gives the blow!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[85] *I know* you coming.] Beside the obscurity of this expression, which I take to have been a mere typographical error, *coming* for *come in*, a syllable is wanting to the measure, which I have taken the liberty to supply, believing either *you*, or some other monosyllable as indifferent to the sense, has been dropt. One may easily believe, that such mistakes may have frequently happened in a play, where there have been visibly such numerous corruptions, and where the measure was so shockingly disregarded, that not twenty lines in the whole were designedly printed as such, in any former edition. This I hope I have generally restored; and that by the assistance of Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald's margin, I have retrieved many passages which were corrupted. I am far from presuming that all our conjectures are right; or that several blunders are not still left untouched. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *What're you, musicians? I know* you, *come* you in, *and what, &c.* The old quartos say, *I know* your *comming*; meaning, as we apprehend, *I know* of *your coming*, it being customary at weddings.

In the preparation of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works for the press, in 1750, either Mr. Theobald or Mr. Seward discovered, that the comedy of Wit without Money had been originally written in verse, and undertook the arduous task of restoring the metre, instead of printing it prosaically, as in all the former editions had been done. We are not capable of declaring to which of these gentlemen the honour of this well-meant undertaking belongs, or how far Mr. Theobald had proceeded in it at the time of his decease. From whomsoever the intent originated, by whomsoever the plan was executed, we are sorry to find the commendations due to the undertaking, must meet with a very considerable alloy, on observing how lightly the martyrdom of language, and the faithfulness of editorship, were looked on, when (which was very frequently the case) the process of this poetic plan met with interruption. How small is the honour to an Editor, how material the disgrace to an Author, how great the impediment to a Reader, when we find

Val'ntine,	stand in place of	Valentine,
'S this man nak'd,		Is this man naked,
h' so,		he so,
t' y'rself,		to yourself,
m' friends,		my friends,
m' so,		me so,
'tis 'r sister,		'tis her sister,
b' there,		be there,
this 's boisterous,		this is boisterous,
this 's brother,		this his brother,
I w's going,		I was going,
nei'er,		neither,
s' loving,		so loving,
f'r all this,		for all this,
g'd morrow,		good morrow,
sharp set 's 'sparrow-hawk,		sharp set as a sparrow-hawk,

with multitudes similar; for we only mention such contractions as first occur to us, by way of specimen?—And if to these verbal assassinations we should (in aid of our equi-syllabic pursuit) add the introducing such arbitrary variations as to read

	instead of	
——To Think well of Ourselves, if we deserve it, *it* is, *Sir*, a lustre *in's*,		To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is a lustre *in us*,
'Twas rarely ta'en,		*'T has* taken rarely,
'T has rid us fair of an incum*ber*ance,		It has rid us of a fair incumbrance,
That he who doth intreat intrudes,		*He that* intreats intrudes,
'Tis beyond faith, let's be going,		*I am* beyond *my* faith, *pray* let's be going,
There are *here* some gentlemen,		Here be some gentlemen,
Now I'm another metal,		For I am of another metal now,

together with *interpolations*, *omissions*, and *transpositions*, *ad infinitum*; when convicted of all these, so far from expecting applause, can they hope for pardon, or think to avoid the severest censure?——We beg to have it understood, that the freedoms which we object to, are such as the Editors have not mentioned in their notes. Noticed variations (but those variations should ever be made with the greatest caution, and not without an apparent urgent necessity) are in some degree allowable; others, we think, highly reprehensible.——The whole of this play was printed under the inspection of Mr. Seward, whose only object of consideration seems to have been, the establishment of metre, no matter by what means; to him, therefore, we are to ascribe the abovementioned violences.

We have no doubt but the play of Wit without Money was written in verse; but it is at the same time certain, that either our Authors were more licentious in this Comedy than in all their other plays put together; or else that the players, 'by whom, as Mr. Seward supposes, 'this play was divested of its measure, in order to render the dialogue more low and farcical,' and who did not publish it till fourteen years after Fletcher's demise, were so successful in their anti-heroic endeavour, that it appears totally impossible ever to effect a thorough restoration of the metre.

All we can assure the reader is, that we have carefully adhered to the old copies, where the sense did not demand variation; that we have submitted such variations as we thought ourselves obliged to make, to the judgment of the Reader; and that (induced as well by the licentiousness of the old poetick writers, as a desire to be faithful Editors) we have preferred *leaving faulty verses*, to *castration of language for regularity of measure*.

BEGGARS' BUSH.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. Until within a few years past, the Comedy now before us used to be frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre. In the year 1768, Mr. Hull made some alterations in it, and, with the addition of several songs, brought it on the stage as an opera, under the title of The Royal-Merchant.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

WOLFORT, *an usurper of the earldom of Flanders.*
GERRARD, *falsely called* CLAUSE, *king of the beggars, father-in-law to Florez.*
HUBERT, *an honest lord, a friend to Gerrard.*
FLOREZ, *falsely called* GOSWIN, *a rich merchant of Bruges.*
HEMPSKIRKE, *a captain under Wolfort.*
HERMAN, A MERCHANT, *inhabitants of Flanders.*
VANDUNKE, *a drunken merchant, friend to Gerrard, falsely called father to Bertha.*
VANLOCK, FOUR MERCHANTS, *of Bruges.*
HIGGEN, PRIGG, SNAPP, *three knavish beggars.*
FERRET, GINKES, *two gentlemen, disguised under those names, of Gerrard's party.*
CLOWN.
BOORS.
A SAILOR
Servants.
Guard.

WOMEN.

JACULIN, *daughter to Gerrard, beloved of Hubert.*
BERTHA, *called* GERTRUDE, *daughter to the duke of Brabant, mistress to Florez.*
MARGARET, *wife to Vandunke.*
MRS. FRANCES, *a frow, daughter to Vanlock.*

SCENE, FLANDERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant and Herman.

Merchant. IS he then taken?
Her. And brought back even now, Sir.
Mer. He was not in disgrace?
Her. No man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this court.
Mer. Indeed [suffer'd
We've heard abroad, Sir, that the state hath
A great change, since the countess' death.
Her. It hath, Sir. [a stranger
Mer. My five years' absence hath kept me
So much to all th' occurrents of my country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation,
To make me understand the present times.
Her. I must begin then with a war was made,
And seven years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.
The cause grew thus: During our earl's minority, [ther,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thi-
To treat about a match between our earl

And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During which treaty,
The Brabander pretends, this daughter was
Stol'n from his court, by practice of our state;
Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel,
To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom;
It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant
Had no such loss. This war upon't proclaim'd, [ther
Our earl, being then a child, although his fa-
Good Gerrard liv'd, yet (in respect he was
Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,
And but a gentleman, and Florez holding
His right unto this country from his mother)
The state thought fit, in this defensive war,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him general.

Mer. Which place we've heard
He did discharge with honour.

Her. Ay, so long,
And with so bless'd successes, that the Brabander
Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of arms tir'd or cut off)
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his country: But so broken, both
In mind and means, e'er to make head again,
That hitherto he sits down by his loss;
Not daring, or for honour, or revenge,
Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory
More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt
In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow
She e'er receiv'd: For Wolfort, now beholding
Himself, and actions, in the flattering glass
Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
The strong assurance of his pow'r (for then
All captains of the army were his creatures,
The common soldier too at his devotion,
Made so by full indulgence to their rapines,
And secret bounties;) this strength too well known,
And what it could effect, soon put in practice,
As further'd by the childhood of the earl,
And their improvidence that might have pierc'd
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole: And in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
Bruges hold out.

Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going;
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good journey.[1] [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wolfort, Hubert, and attendants.

Wol. What? Hubert stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?
'Twas more than I commanded. Take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand;
I've seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn
Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
Or rather[2] did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?
And what is more, I made myself your servant,
In making you the master of those secrets
Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me, [with;
Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers
Yet, after these assurances of love, [me!
These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake
Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will;
If I may do't in private, and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the room. You have your will; sit down,
[*Exeunt all but Wol. and Hub.*
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

Hub. Friendship? When you prov'd traitor first, that vanish'd;
Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And, so I may make you first understand
What a strange monster you have made yourself, [self,
I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you? why, what are you?

Wol. Your prince and master,
The earl of Flanders.

Hub. By a proper title?
Rais'd to't by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions!

Wol. And in all this wisdom,
Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots,
I should have first been call'd to a strict account, [mass
How, and which way I had consum'd that
Of money, as they term it, in the war;
Who underhand had by his ministers
Detracted my great actions, made my faith
And loyalty suspected; in which failing
He sought my life by practice?

Hub. With what forehead

[1] This scene is cold and superfluous: The very next much more happily opens the plot, by dramatic action.

[2] *Or* either *did not court you, &c.*] The sense requires us to read *rather* instead of *either*.

Do you speak this to me, who as (I know't)
Must and will say 'tis false?
Wol. My guard there!
Hub. Sir,
You bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall! Not a sound more!
For I, that am contemner of mine own,
Am master of your life! then, here's a sword
Between you and all aids, Sir. Though you blind [not
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass
These gross untruths on me.
Wol. How? gross untruths?
Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language;
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul ones.
Wol. You take strange licence.
Hub. Yes; were not those rumours,
Of being call'd unto your answer, spread
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard wrought,
But by your cunning practice, to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any former course of law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes [taking,
Laid open after? which your quaint train
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had 'scap'd the fury of the war,
You might not fall by treason: And for proof
You did not for your own ends make this danger,
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their oaths they had been hir'd [heard,
By Gerrard to your murder. This once
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier,
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were servants, or thought friends to Gerrard,
Vowing the like to him.
Wol. Will you yet end?
Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his son, the earl,
Forsook the city; and by secret ways, [it)
(As you give out, and we would gladly have
Escap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you there,
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it; but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As, if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;
More are behind yet!
Wol. Oh, repeat them not:
'Tis hell to hear them nam'd!
Hub. You should have thought,
That hell would be your punishment when you did them!
A prince in nothing but your princely lusts,
And boundless rapines!
Wol. No more, I beseech you!
Hub. Who was the lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?
Wol. You are in this to me a greater tyrant,
Than e'er I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin:
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That e'en my stay here, with your grace and favour, [it![3]
Makes my life irksome? Here, securely take
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship, [man.
That I may die by you, and not your hang-
Wol. Oh, Hubert, these your words and reasons have [heart,
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd
As these tears from mine eyes: Despise them not!
By all that's sacred, I am serious, Hubert.
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man
Does ever bear about him![4] Let the good
That you this day have done, be ever number'd [think
The first of your best actions. Can you
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,
Or any else, or all, that are proscrib'd?
I will resign what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd. The days I have to live
Are too, too few, to make them satisfaction
With any penitence: Yet I vow to practise
All of a man.
Hub. Oh, that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!
Wol. By my griefs, they do not!
Take the good pains to search them out; 'tis worth it. [have,
You have made clean a leper; trust me, you

[3] *Here* surely *take it.*] Mr. Seward reads, *Here*, Sir, freely *take it.* The alteration admitted into the text is proposed by Mr. Sympson; which we prefer, because there is a civility in *Sir* but ill adapted to the present temper of Hubert, and because it is nearer the old books.

[4] *What furies, &c.*] Rowe seems to have intended copying this passage in his Fair Penitent:

'Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
'Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
'With whips and stings.'——

And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope, of good men.
Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.
Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow:
Make your own safeties; ask thee all the ties
Humanity can give! Hempskirke too shall
Along with you, to this so-wish'd discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise:
And I will give you this help to't; I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That some of them are in or about Bruges
To be found out; which I did then interpret
The cause of that town's standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.
Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it.[5] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this Goswin.
2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have the country
Confirm it true, and by a general oath,[6]
And not a man hazard his credit in it.
He bears himself with such a confidence,
As if he were the master of the sea,
And not a wind, upon the sailors' compass,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.
2 *Mer.* And yet
This does in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: He's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd
In Bruges, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a bottom, but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.
3 *Mer.* Yet he still
Continues a good man.
2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury,
Or rather malice, with the best that traffick.
But this is nothing; a great stock, and fortune,
Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the pow'r to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper. For his outward habit,
'Tis suitable to his present course of life;
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear price; nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I mean a good one;[7] and so loves his state,
He will not hazard it at play, nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,
Although a challenge second the denial,
From such as make th' opinion of their valour
Their means of feeding.
1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And yet the means not curs'd.
2 *Mer.* What follows this
Makes[8] many venturers with him, in their wishes
For his prosperity: For when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed, to make them so.
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower?
He is a father to her; or a soldier,

[5] You *have it.*] Mr. Seward reads, YOU'LL *have it.* We think *you* easiest and best.

[6] ——— *yet have the country*
Confirm'd *it true, and by a general oath,*
And not a man hazard his credit in it.] This is not grammar, nor if it were, could it be supposed that the whole country had really taken an oath to the truth of this account. The mistake arose from the Editors taking *have* for the sign of the perfect tense; whereas it is here not the auxiliary but an active verb. *I could have the whole country to confirm what I say.* *Seward.*

[7] *A good man.*] i. e. *In credit.* The word is used by traders, in the same sense, to this day. So Shylock uses it, and explains it.

[8] 2 Mer. *What follows, this*
Makes] Last edition.——*What follows this.*] Old folio. The attempt to amend the first reading by the addition of a comma does not seem sufficient. I hope I have more effectually corrected it. *Seward.*
Mr. Seward's reading is,
——— *What follows?*
2 Mer. *This*
Makes many venturers with him, &c.
We have followed the first folio. The meaning of the passage is, 'The consequence of this 'economy, which enables him to be generous, when proper objects present themselves to his 'notice, makes many wish for his welfare, in which they are themselves so nearly interested.' The rest of the speech confirms this.

That in his country's service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars, and want? his house [care
Receives him, and relieves him, with that
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it:
But I should lose myself to speak him further;
And stale, in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From Bruges be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report,
I do assure you, will not hasten it;
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours; only I wish
His too-much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

Enter Goswin and the fourth Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your wine of Cyprus;
But, for your Candy sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high,
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another chapman. Make me offer
Of something near my price, that may assure
You can deal for them. [me

Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss: Your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand guilders; I will have them
At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap——

Gos. Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's in prison,
And at your suit, a pirate, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: Set him free,
And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water-thieves, should be a means to save 'em!
It more importing you, for your own safety
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man.
I was lately with him (having first, from others'
True testimony, been assur'd a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of mart from this state granted
For the recov'ry of such losses, as [at,
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'er-board, then he deserv'd
The law's extremest rigour. But, since want
Of what he could not live without, compell'd him [death)
To that he did (which, yet, our state calls
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: Save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, Sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.

Gos. For your profit rather. [discharge;

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his 'Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a strong judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, master Goswin!

Gos. Good day to all!

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more commodities.

Gos. Are you the owners [bour?
Of the ship that last night put into the har-

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship, and lading.

Gos. What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indico, cochineal, choice China stuffs—— [Cambal.

3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from

Gos. Rich lading;
For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day
For the moiety of all.

Gos. How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

Gos. 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest.
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner
Shall speak you welcome.

Gos. I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow! [*Exeunt Mer.*

Gos. Heav'n grant my ships a safe return, before
The day of this great payment; as they are
Expected three months sooner; and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter Clause.

Clause. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gos. God o' mercy, Clause!

There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.
Clause. May he that gave it you, [ter!
Reward you for it, with encrease, good mas-
Gos. I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.
Clause. I hope so. [ties,
These three years have I fed upon your boun-
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd me,
And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, presume
To make one suit more to you.
Gos. What is't, Clause?
Clause. Yet, do not think me impudent, I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word for me.
Gos. That thou shalt have, Clause; for I think thee honest.
Clause. To-morrow, then, dear master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.
Gos. But what will that advantage thee?
Clause. Oh, much, Sir.
'Twill give me the preheminence of the rest,
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse such as are stronger might
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.
Gos. 'Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!
Have you a king and commonwealth among you? [govern'd worse.
Clause. We have, and there are states are
Gos. Ambition among beggars?
Clause. Many great ones [place,
Would part with half their states, to have the
And credit, to beg in the first file, master.
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my petition?
Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:
I will be early there.
Clause. Heav'n bless my master. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Jaculin, Snap, Ginks, and other beggars.

Higgen. COME, princes of the ragged regiment; [lord,
You of the blood, Prigg, my most upright
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman,[8] or *patrico, cranke,* or *clapperdudgeon,*
Frater, or *abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining;
Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,
That whilom was your *dommerer,* doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,
That the first comer may, at his first view,
Make a free choice, to say up the question.[9]

Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, lord Higgen.
Hig. Thanks to prince Prigg, prince Ferret.
Fer. Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be chosen; [me.
Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of
Prigg. A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)
Except you do provide me *hum* enough,
And *lour* to *boyze* with! I must have my capons [geese,
And turkies brought me in, with my green
And ducklings in the season; fine fat chickens; [sants
Or, if you chance where an eye of tame phea-
Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:
Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit, [bellies,
Call in your crutches, wooden-legs, false
Forc'd eyes and tongues,[10] with your dead arms; not leave you

[8] *Jarkman, &c.*] As the frequent occurrence of the references from the cant terms must occasion a confusion in the text, we have thought it most adviseable to insert the explanations of those terms at the end of the play, where the reader will find them arranged alphabetically.

[9] *To* say up *the question.*] Mr. Seward reads, *To* save us further *question.* His alteration, though sense, is unwarranted and licentious; yet *to say up* is uncouth and obscure; though it may signify, deciding the *question,* by *saying* which he (the first comer) thinks the honestest of them.

[10] *Forc'd eyes and* teeth.] By forc'd *eyes* I suppose are meant, *eyes* so distorted as to shew only the white, so that the person appears blind; but what *forc'd teeth* can mean, I cannot conceive; it is said to be common with beggars to force their *tongues* into their throats, so that they shall appear to be cut off. I think therefore my conjecture highly probable. *Seward.*

Although

A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,
Brimstone and resin, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore; not so much sope
As you may foam with i' th' falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest *dells* too
I will deflower, and take your dearest *doxies*
From your warm sides; and then some one cold night [in,
I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost
And there I'll smother you all i' th' musty hay.
Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would Ginks, [reign?
Or Clause be here, if either of them should
Clause. Best ask an ass, if he were made a camel, [lion!
What he would be; or a dog, an he were a
Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A beggar still, I'm sure; I find myself there.[11]

Enter Goswin.

Snap. Oh, here a judge comes.
Hig. Cry, a judge, a judge! [outcry?
Gos. What ail you, Sirs? what means this
Hig. Master, [master;
A sort of poor souls met; God's fools, good
Have had some little variance 'mongst ourselves [lives
Who should be honestest of us, and which
Uprightest in his calling: Now, 'cause we thought [indeed
We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because
'Tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd[13] to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your mastership,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which,
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master, [us,
Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of
Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.
Gos. I should judge this the man, with the grave beard;
And if he be not ——
Clause. Bless you, good master, bless you!
Gos. I would he were. There's something too amongst you,
To keep you all honest. [*Exit.*
Snap. King of Heav'n go with you!
Omn. Now good reward him;
May he never want it, to comfort still the poor,
In a good hour!
Fer. What is't? see: Snap has got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry.
Prigg. A crown of gold.
Fer. For our new king: Good luck.
Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't be gold,
Thither it must.
Prigg. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks![14]
King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,
After this golden token of a crown.
Where's orator Higgen with his gratulating speech now,
In all our names?
Fer. Here he is, pumping for it.
Ginks. H' has cough'd the second time; 'tis but once more,
And then it comes.
Fer. So, out with all! Expect now ——
Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable Clause,
Our king and sovereign, monarch o' th' *maunders*,

Although there may be a means of deception by *false teeth* as well as *forc'd tongues*, yet we have admitted Mr. Seward's variation, because the trick with the *tongue* is said to be so frequent, that there is a name given to the practisers of this imposture; *i. e. dommerers*.

[11] *I find myself there.*] Ginks was a nobleman in disguise; he seems therefore to regret his long continuance in beggary, and to fear it will be for life. *I find myself there*, or in that state. *Seward.*

[13] *We all* dissolv'd.] I rather think this a mistake of the press, than a designed blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant clown; but not to so arch a beggar as Higgen, whose congratulatory speech, in the two next pages, has as much burlesque humour in it as almost any thing even in Hudibras; who evidently imitated it in his description of his hero's beard. In the latter part of it, there's a banter on Shakespeare's prophecy of queen Elizabeth and king James at the end of Harry the Eighth, but so elegant and pretty that it could give no offence. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward alters *dissolv'd* to *resolv'd*; but Higgen speaks barbarously here, because, on the appearance of a stranger, he assumes the stile of a beggar, *e. g.* *'termine it*, in the next line or two. So afterwards (and it is acknowledged to be part of their table of laws) to

——— *keep afoot*
The humble and the common stile of begging,
Lest men discover us. See p. 300.

[14] *Spoke like a patriot*, Ferret——] As this has neither passion nor accident to interrupt it, I can see no reason to suppose it a broken one. I believe it a meer accidental mistake in the name *Ferret* for *Ginks*. The first Editors not suspecting this, intended to solve the difficulty by putting a break or dash to it. *Seward.*

Thus we throw up our *nab-cheats*, first for joy, [*bles*,
And then our *filches*; last, we clap our *fam*-
Three subject signs, we do it without envy;
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so, [pass.
Nay swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that
When last in conference at the *bouzing ken*,
This other day we sat about our dead prince
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!)
And that I saw thee at the table's end
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift t'other like a sceptre at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king,
And now thou art so. But what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty. [beard
Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose
Was so remark'd, as mark'd out our prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.
Omn. Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!
Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken Higgen! [beard,
Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-
Under whose gold and silver reign 'twas said,
So many ages since, we all should smile.
No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd[15] out:
If now the beard be such, what is the prince
That owes the beard?[16] A father? no, a grand-father,
Nay, the great-grand-father, of you his people!
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fattest of your puddings: Under him,
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs, and butter,
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear *dell*, *doxy*, or *mort*, at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet,
That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and possess
What he can purchase, *back*, or *belly-cheats*,
To his own *prop*: He will have no purveyors
For pigs, and poultry—— [orator,
Clause. That we must have, my learned
It is our will; and every man to keep
In his own path and circuit.
Hig. Do you hear? [he says.
You must hereafter *maund* on your own *pads*,
Clause. And what they get there, is their own: Besides,
To give good words.
Hig. Do you mark? To cut *been whids*;
That is the second law.
Clause. And keep afoot
The humble and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.
Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and enjoins 'em [sters,
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plaiAnd their torn passports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame.
There, all the halting paces are set down,
I' th' learned language.
Clause. Thither I refer 'em;
Those you at leisure shall interpret to 'em:
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.
Omn. Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the good king Clause!
Hig. A song to crown him!
Fer. Set a centinel out first.
Snap. The word?
Hig. A *cove* comes, and *fumbumbis* to it.
[*Exit Snap.*
[*Strike.*

THE SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away:
This is beggars' holyday!
At the crowning of our king,
Thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see,
Where's so happy a prince as he?
Where the nation lives so free,
And so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest:
To the field we are not press'd;
Nor are call'd into the town,
To be troubled with the gown.
Hang all offices, we cry,
And the magistrate too, by;
When the subsidy's encreas'd,
We are not a penny sess'd.
Nor will any go to law
With the beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, and then Hubert and Hempskirke.

Snap. A *cove! fumbumbis!*
Prigg. To your postures! arm!
Hub. Yonder's the town: I see it.

[15] *Kemb'd.*] *i. e. Combed.* It is generally so written in our ancient authors. *R.*
[16] *That owe's the beard.*] *Owe* in the sense of *own*, or possess, is very common in all the old writers. *Seward.*

Hemp. There's our danger,
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows[17] save not.
Hig. Bless your good worships!
Fer. One small piece of money——
Prigg. Among us all poor wretches.
Clause. Blind, and lame.
Ginks. For his sake that gives all.
Higg. Pitiful worships!
Snap. One little doit.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave! where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread.
Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prigg. Here be seven of us. [seven!
Hig. Seven, good master! oh, remember
Seven blessings——
Fer. Remember, gentle worship.
Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.
Prigg. And seven sleepers. [nothing—
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give
Alas, we had not a charity these three days.
Hub. There's amongst you all.
Fer. Heav'n reward you!
Prigg. Lord reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!
Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.
Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a butterfly, [tell?
And I'll love you again. When? can you
Peace, we go a-birding. I shall have a fine thing! [*Exit.*
Hub. Her voice too says the same; but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
Hear me, thou honest fellow! what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao,
Hub. How? nothing but signs?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. This is strange!
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude—dumb, Sir.
Hub. 'Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n now, methought.
Dost thou know this same maid?
Snap. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, gu-gu-gu-gu-God's fool?
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder, by be-be-be-be-Beggars' Bush, bo-bo-Bush,
Her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche.[18] So was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too-too.
Hub. I understand no word he says; how
Has she been here? [long
Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, an she ha' go-go-go-good-luck.
Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another face too, that I mark'd
Of the old man's: But they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again.
Oh, that I were so happy as to find it
What I yet hope, it is put on!
Hemp. What mean you, Sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?
Hub. Farewell, friend!
It will be worth return, to search. Come,
Protect us our disguise now! Prithee, Hempskirke,
If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against Wolfort? [meat.
Hemp. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crows'
If I were not assur'd o' th' burgomaster,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.
Hub. Come, 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and enter! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? And, from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of winds, and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break! [sands
What should I think? Unless the seas and
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.
Gos. 'Save you.
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?
Gos. Not any yet, Sir.
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*
Gos. 'Tis true, Sir. What a voice was here now?
This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.
2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day! These winds are very constant.
Gos. They are so, Sir, to hurt——
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?
Gos. Neither.
2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no news over land,

[17] *Shadows.*] *i. e.* Disguises.
[18] *Her name is* my-my——match.] We at first thought *match* to be a corruption of *Madge*; but as Jaculin is in other parts of the play called *Minche*, we suppose it merely a typographical error.

Through Spain, from the Straits?
Gos. Not any.
2 *Mer.* I am sorry, Sir. [*Exit.*
Gos. They talk me down; and, as 'tis said of vultures, [carcasses
They scent a field fought, and do smell the
By many hundred miles: So do these my wrecks,
At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heav'n,[19]
Come on, and be! Yet, if thou please preserve me
But in my own adventure here at home,
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,
Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Vandunke, Hubert, Hempskirke, Margaret, and Boors.

Vand. Captain, you're welcome; so is this your friend, [out
Most safely welcome; though our town stand
Against your master, you shall find good quarter: [wine!
The troth is, we not love him. Meg,[19] some
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason, 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, gentlemen,
We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,
And therefore I'm bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldness
Happily becomes your mouth, but not our ears, [here,
While we're his servants; and as we come
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls, [nition,
Visit your courts of guard, view your mu-
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties,
And that shall seal our welcome. [hear;
Vand. Good: Let's drink then. [captain.
Madge, fill out! I keep mine old pearl still,
Marg. I
Hang fast, man. [Sir.
Hemp. Old jewels commend their keeper,
Vand. Here's to you with a heart, my captain's friend,
With a good heart! and if this make us speak
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we drink!
Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble Burgomaster; I'll do you right.
Hemp. Nay, Sir, minheer Vandunke
Is a true statesman.
Vand. Fill my captain's cup there!
Oh, that your master Wolfort had been an
Hub. Sir! [honest man!
Vand. Under the rose.
Hemp. Here's to you, Marget.
Marg. Welcome, welcome, captain.
Vand. Well said, my pearl, still.
Hemp. And how does my niece?
Almost a woman, I think? This friend of mine [zard,
I drew along with me, through so much ha-
Only to see her: She was my errand.
Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are (fill him him glass)
That in seven years could not find leisure——
Hemp. No,
It's not so much.
Vand. I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:
It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,
For moon-shine in the water there, his daughter [time
That ne'er was lost: Yet you could not find
To see a kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, Sir, [woman?
Now you are come. You ask if she were a
She is a woman, Sir, (fetch her forth, Margee!)
And a fine woman, and has suitors.
[*Ex. Marg.*
Hemp. How?
What suitors are they?
Vand. Bachelors; young burghers:
And one, a gallant; the young prince of mer-
We call him here in Bruges. [chants
Hemp. How? a merchant? [better,
I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors.
Vand. Such? He is such a such, as, were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.
Hemp. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [*Exit.*
Vand. Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit us all. [out!
Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all
And still, 'would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant
Is a brave boy: He lives so, in the town here,
We know not what to think on him: At some times
We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch,

[19] *Why, thy will, Heaven,* &c.] This speech, as pointed in the old books, is rather obscure; but the meaning we take to be simply this: 'Thy will, Heaven, be done! yet, if thou please 'to preserve me in my venture at home, that will counter-balance all my wrecks at sea. With 'less than that failure, I cannot be undone; but *that* would ruin me indeed.'

[19] *Meg.*] We have followed the first copy in the several names Vandunke's wife is called by. The latter editions, in all places, call her *Margaret,* at length; never making use of the familiar abbreviations.

Tenter his credit so; embraces all;
And to't, the winds have been contrary long.
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a king, and are half sure on't.
Your master is a traitor, for all this,
Under the rose (here's to you!) and usurps
The earldom from a better man.
Hub. Ay, marry, Sir,
Where is that man?
Vand. Nay, soft! An I could tell you,
'Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand!
I love not Wolfort: Sit you still, with that.
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece, [wine here!
And there's my merchant; view him well. Fill

Enter Hempskirke, Gertrude and Goswin.

Hemp. You must not only know me for your uncle
Now, but obey me: You, go cast yourself
Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries!
Gos. What is that you say, Sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, Sir.
Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize;
Will that suffice you?
Gos. Merchandize, good Sir? [thence
Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave
To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your niece above all price.
Hemp. And do so still, Sir. [worth.
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are
Gos. You don't know what a gentleman's
Nor can you value him. [worth, Sir,
Hub. Well said, merchant!
Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.
Hemp. A gentleman?
What, of the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?
Or lists of velvet? Which is't, pound, or yard,
You vent your gentry by?
Hub. Oh, Hempskirke, fy!
Vand. Come, do not mind 'em; drink!
He is no Wolfort,[20]
Captain, I advise you.
Hemp. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by it's look: Come hither,
Turn this way a little: If it were the blood
Of Charlemaine, as't may, for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges—
Gos How? [this I am,
Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of
If it once buy and sell, it's gentry's gone.
Gos. Ha, ha!
Hemp. You're angry, though you laugh.
Gos. No, now 'tis pity
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords
Of land, (if you be any) sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese——
Vand. And butter:
Remember butter; do not leave out butter.
Gos. The beefs and muttons, that your grounds are stor'd with?
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?
Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have
Or else our bailiffs. [tenants,
Cos. Have not we, Sir, chapmen,
And factors, then, to answer these? Your honour, [over
Fetch'd from the Heralds' A B C, and said
With your court faces, once an hour, shall never [yers
Make me mistake myself. Do not your law-
Sell all their practice, as your priests their prayers?
What is not bought and sold? The company
That you had last, what had you for't; i'faith?
Hemp. You now grow saucy.
Gos. Sure,[21] I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.
Hemp. Upon your equals then.
Gos. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal.
Hemp. Do you hear? No more!
Gos. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside; then, after, as you please!
You appear the uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your scorns [shame,
With so much scoffing, and with so much
As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.
Do not presume, because you see me young;
Or cast despites on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it.
A good man bears a contumely worse
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: Wrong is not still successful;

[20] ——— *He is no Wolfort*;
Captain, I advise you.] *Vandunke* blames Hubert for interfering, and immediately does it himself, but I take it to be an accidental omission of the speaker. It is not probable that *Goswin* should make no return to the scoffs above, and a broken speech seems quite proper to him. *Seward.*

We think this variation unnecessary and improper. No person calls Hempskirke *Captain* but Vandunke, and he calls him so all through the last scene. From Hempskirke's next speech it should seem, that Goswin's *looks* had chiefly testified his anger.

[21] Sure *I have been bred.*] This reading, if admitted, would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honest liberty or no. But I believe it a mere typographical error. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, SIR, *I have been bred*, &c. *Sure* does not imply *doubt*, but *affirmation*. We have, therefore, followed the old copies.

Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman
With all respect done to yourself and her.
Hemp. Away, companion! handling her? take that. [*Strikes him.*
Gos. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir: There's exchange! [*He gets Hempskirke's sword, and cuts him on the head.*
Hub. Hold, Sir!
Marg. Oh, murder!
Gert. Help my Goswin.
Marg. Man!
Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!
Gos. Nay, come,
If you have will.
Hub. None to offend you I, Sir.
Gos. He that had, thank himself! Not hand her? Yes, Sir, [she
And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would
Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, tho' they stood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of cannon! Kiss me, Ger- Quake not, but kiss me! [trude!
Vand. Kiss him, girl; I bid you. ['em,
My merchant-royal! Fear no uncles! Hang
Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges!
Under the rose here?
Gos. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass.
Let such as do wrong, fear.
Vand. Ay, that's good;
Let Wolfort look to that.
Gos. Sir, here she stands, [titles
Your niece, and my belov'd. One of these
She must apply to: If unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her,
In frown, or voice, or other act,[22] shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in't! Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.
Vand. Do; and I drink to it.
Gos. Prithee say so, love.
Gert. 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes; [speak it.
(Do not you play the tyrant, sweet!) they
Hemp. I thank you, niece.
Gos. Sir, thank her for your life;
And fetch your sword within.

Hemp. You insult too much
With your good fortune, Sir.
[*Exeunt Gos. and Gert.*
Hub. A brave clear spirit! [habit
Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil
Oft covers a good man; and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?
Hemp. 'Tis done now;
Ask no more of it; I must suffer. [*Exit.*
Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness, sorrow.
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.
Vand. Ha!
A looking-glass![23]
Hub. How now, brave Burgomaster?
Vand. I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunke. [sleep within.
Hub. Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go
Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this same Wolfort,
Under the rose I speak it——
Hub. Very hardly.
Vand. Usurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me go;
No man shall hold me up,[24] that upholds him.
Do you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Vand. Then hold me up. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Goswin and Hempskirke.

Hemps. Sir, I presume you have a sword of your own,
That can so handle another's.
Gos. Faith, you may, Sir.
Hemp. And you've made me have so much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth.
Gos. For what, Sir? [and hurt here.
Hemp. To the repairing of mine honour,
Gos. Express your way.
Hemp. By fight, and speedily. [more?
Gos. You have your will. Require you any
Hemp. That you be secret, and come single.

[22] *Other* art.] Mr. Theobald corrected this. I have known several instances of this mistake between *art* and *act*, and though the former might be sense here, the latter is much better. *Seward.*

[23] *A* looking-glass.] Does not Vandunke here, now grown quite fuddled, call for an utensil at this day known among drinkers by the name of a *looking-glass?*

[24] *No man shall hold* he.] That *he* should be *me* is certain, but the want of a syllable in the verse, makes it probable that one was lost, which I hope I have retrieved, for the particle added greatly improves honest Vandunke's drunken humour. Mr. Sympson has since sent me the same correction. *Seward.*

The first copy reads, *me*; we are not, therefore, indebted to Mr. Seward for that amendment. But the propriety of the inserted syllable, *up*, is confirmed by what immediately follows:

Vand. *Do you* UPHOLD *him?*
Hub. *No.*
Vand. *Then* HOLD me UP.

Gos. I will. [be thought!
Hemp. As you're the gentleman you would
Gos. Without the conjuration: And I'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours.
I'll take its length within.
Hemp. Your place now, Sir?
Gos. By the sand-hills.
Hemp. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.
Gos. There, then.
Hemp. Good.
Your time?
Gos. 'Twixt seven and eight.
Hemp. You'll give me, Sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my niece,
If you come, like your promise.
Gos. If I do not,
Let no man think to call me unworthy first!
I'll do't myself, and justly wish to want her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 *Boor.* COME, English beer, hostess, English beer by th' barrel![25]
2 *Boor.* Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer! So, sit down, lads, [fear not.
And drink me upsey-Dutch! Frolick, and

Enter Higgen, like a sow-gelder, singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, hoa?
My horn goes to high to low, to high to low!
Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,
Have ye any lambs in your holts,
To cut for the stone?
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to spade,
Or e'er a fair maid
That would be a nun?
Come, kiss me, 'tis done.
Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,
To high to low, to high to low!

1 *Boor.* Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece, boys, two-pence a-piece!

[25] *English beer by th'* belly.] As I can make no sense of this, I suppose it a mistake and read *barrel*. But what is *upsey-Dutch? Sympson.*

This odd expression occurs in the Alchemist of Ben Jonson, act iv. scene vi. upon which passage Mr. Whalley gives us the following note:

'Mr. Sympson asks, 'What is *upsee-Dutch?*' to which Mr. Seward replies, 'I wish I 'could answer Mr. Sympson's question; but I can find no such word in any dictionary or 'glossary of mine.' The expression, with a little difference, occurs again in the fourth scene 'of the fourth act of the same play; and is applied to a wassel:

'Prig.——*I for the structure,*
'*Which is the bowl.*
'Hig. *Which must be* upsey-English,
'*Strong, lusty London beer.*

'Indeed, no dictionary or glossary will help us to the phrase; but I will endeavour to assign a 'meaning, which, as it gives a consistent sense to these different places, may probably be the 'true one. It is a proverbial expression, and is used as proverbs frequently are, in some little 'latitude of sense. In Jonson, *'tis upsey-Dutch*, signifies it is like a drunken Dutchman's eye, '*your eye is dull and hath a heavy cast*, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we say pro-'verbially, "Who is seas over." That is the original of the phrase: *Upsee* is a corruption 'from the Dutch *op-zee*, which is literally *over-sea*; and 'tis probable we borrowed that pro-'verb from Holland. In Fletcher, the phrase to drink *upsee-Dutch*, means to drink as Dutch-'men, or the same liquor which they do, 'till we are drunk like them: The other term must 'in like manner be explained by the epithet English; so that *upsey-English*, is drinking the 'liquor which Englishmen usually get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following 'line to be strong beer.'

To this explanation of Mr. Whalley's we shall only add, that the word *upsee* appears to have been well understood in our Authors' time, as applicable to drunkenness. In a pamphlet by Thomas Dekker, entitled, The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London, 1606, 4to. we find the following passage, p. 8. 'The day was proclaymed holiday in all the wardes; every prisoner 'swore if he would stay amongst them, they would take no order about their debts, because 'they would lye by it too; and for that purpose swarmed about him like bees about comfit-'makers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules of drunkennes, as *upsy-freeze*, 'crambo, parmizant, &c. the pimples of this ranck and full-humor'd joy rising thus in their 'faces,' &c. *R.*

Give the boy some drink there! Piper, wher your whistle! [wife's concupiscence?
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my
Hig. I'll sing you a song for't.

SONG.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again, boy, again;
Then if she mumble,
Or if her tail tumble,
Kiss her amain, boy, amain!

Do thy endeavour
To take off her fever,
Then her disease no longer will reign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day swinge her again.
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

1 *Boor.* More excellent, more excellent, sweet sow-gelder! [a-piece!
2 *Boor.* Three-pence a-piece, three-pence
Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil was gelded? [sow-gelder!
3 *Boor.* Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar,

SONG.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,
And over and over the sow-gelder came;
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the horn,
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a corn.
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf;
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;
He was here at his best but a young sucking devil.
Maa! yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in form of a pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big;
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a hog.
Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,
That a jew was converted, and eat of the perk.

1 *Boor.* Groats a-piece, groats a-piece, There, sweet sow-gelder! [groats a-piece!

Enter Prigg and Ferret.

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some slight of hand, legerdemain? Hey, pass,
Presto, be gone there!
2 *Boor.* Sit down, juggler! [near, Piper!
Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw
Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands; [money;
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some
Twelve-pence a-piece will serve.
1, 2 *Boor.* There, there!
Prigg. I thank ye,
Thank ye heartily! When shall I pay ye?
All Boor. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this was a fine trick. [shew your worships
Prigg. A merry slight toy! But now I'll
A trick indeed.
Hig. Mark him well now, my masters!
Prigg. Here are three balls; these balls shall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus.*
Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. Fair play, gentlemen!
Now, these three, like three bullets, from your three noses
Will I pluck presently. Fear not, no harm,
Titere, tu patulæ. [boys!
1 *Boor.* Oh, oh, oh!
Prigg. Recubans sub jermine fagi. [hard!
2 *Boor.* You pull too hard; you pull too
Prigg. Stand fair then.
Silver-tram trim-tram.
3 *Boor.* Hold, hold, hold!
Prigg. Come aloft, bullets three, with a whim-wham!
Have ye their monies?
[*Apart to Higgen and Ferret.*
Hig. Yes, yes.
1 *Boor.* Oh, rare juggler!
2 *Boor.* Oh, admirable juggler!
Prigg. One trick more yet,
Hey, come aloft! *Sa, sa, flim, flum, tara-dumbis!*
East, West, North, South, now fly like Jack with a bumbis! [pockets.
Now all your money's gone: Pray, search your
1 *Boor.* Humh!
2 *Boor.* He!
3 *Boor.* The devil a penny's here!
Prigg. This was a rare trick. [store it.
1 *Boor.* But 'twould be a far rarer to re-
Prigg. I'll do ye that too. Look upon me earnestly, [place,
And move not any ways your eyes from this
This button here. Pow, whir, whiss! Shake your pockets.
1 *Boor.* By th' mass, 'tis here again, boys.
Prigg. Rest ye merry!
My first trick has paid me.
All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some drink too.
Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you.
Away, we are discover'd else!
[*Exeunt. Hig. Pr. Fr.*

Enter Clause, like a blind aquavitæ-man, and a boy, singing the song.

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;
Grey, black, and blue: For your smaller skins,
I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:
And for your whole cony, here's ready, ready money.
Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black cony-skin.
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,
With their silver-hair'd skins, and their yellow.
The white cony-skin I will not lay by,
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay:
Come, and take money, maids; put your ware away.
Cony-skins! cony-skins! Have ye any cony-skins?
I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Clause. Buy any brand wine, buy any brand wine?[26]
Boy. Have ye any cony-skins?
2 *Boor.* My fine canary bird, there's a cake for thy worship. [Let's see, Sir,
1 *Boor.* Come, fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly! What's this?
Clause. A penny, Sir.
1 *Boor.* Fill till't be six-pence, And there's my *pig*.
Boy. This is a counter, Sir. [then?
1 *Boor.* A counter! Stay ye; what are these Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler! Look in your hose, hoa! this comes of looking forward. [this juggler!
3 *Boor.* Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's This hey pass, repass! h' has repass'd us sweetly.
2 *Boor.* Do ye call these tricks?

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or silver?
2 *Boor.* This fellow comes to mock us! Gold or silver? cry copper.
1 *Boor.* Yes, my good friend, We have e'en an end of all we have.
Hig. 'Tis well, Sir; You have the less to care for. Gold and silver! [*Exit.*

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have ye any old cloaks to sell? [*Exit.*
1 *Boor.* Cloaks! Look about ye, boys; mine's gone!
2 *Boor.* A pox juggle 'em![27] Pox on their prestoes! Mine's gone too!
3 *Boor.* Here's mine yet. [brand wine!
1 *Boor.* Come, come, let's drink then. More *Boy*. Here, Sir.
1 *Boor.* If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by this hand I'll strip him. [cloaks yet, Were ever fools so ferkt?[28] We have two And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.
All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Good den,[29] my honest fellows! You're merry here, I see.
3 *Boor.* 'Tis all we have left, Sir.
Hemp. What hast thou? Aquavitæ?
Boy. Yes.
Hemp. Fill out then; And give these honest fellows round.
All Boor. We thank ye. [ye?
Hemp. May I speak a word in private to
All Boor. Yes, Sir. [friends, honest
Hemp. I have a business for you, If you dare lend your help, shall get you
Clause. Ha! [crowns.
Lead me a little nearer, boy.
1 *Boor.* What is't, Sir? If it be any thing to purchase money, (Which is our want) command us.
All Boor. All, all, all, Sir.
Hemp. You know the young spruce merchant in Bruges?
2 *Boor.* Who? master Goswin?
Hemp. That; he owes me money, And here in town there is no stirring of him.
Clause. Say you so? [*Aside.*
Hemp. This day, upon a sure appointment, He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side, Under the row of oaks; do you know it?
All Boor. Yes, Sir.

[26] *Brand wine.*] Quasi *brandevin*, French.
Brandy, and, I believe, other spirits, are called *brand wine*, in the Low Countries, to this day. *R.*

[27] *A —— juggle em.*
—— *o' their prestoes.*] This *hiatus* very frequently occurs in our Authors' plays. We suppose they wrote, *A* pox, *&c.* and that a false delicacy in the Editors induced them to leave the *hiatus*. As we have shewn (p. 165, of this volume) that, in the days of our Authors, this word conveyed no gross or vulgar meaning, we shall not scruple to insert it wherever such *hiatus* occurs.

[28] *Ferkt.*] *i. e.* Cheated, fobbed.

[29] *Good* d'en.] This reading prevailed till 1750, when Mr. Seward, without mention, substituted *Good* EV'N. The word now inserted in the text, which is used, and explained to mean *day*, by Mercutio, in Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, is near that in our old copies.

Hemp. Give 'em more drink! There, if you dare but venture,
When I shall give the word, to seize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.
3 Boor. Beware the juggler! [no mercy.
Hemp. If he resist, down with him, have
1 Boor. I warrant you, we'll hamper him.
Hemp. To discharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.
3 Boor. Here's our warrant;
This carries fire i'th' tail [draws on—
Hemp. Away with me then; the time
I must remove so insolent a suitor,
And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom
Ere he see Bruges tow'rs again. Thus wise men
Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,
And piece the lion's skin with th' fox's case.
Clause. I'm glad I've heard this sport yet.
[*Aside.*
Hemp. There's for thy drink. Come, pay the house within, boys,
And lose no time.
Clause. Away, with all our haste too!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. No wind blow fair yet? No return of monies,
Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?
Why, then, 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,
My credit I was built on, sinking with me!
Thou boist'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes, [ness,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of cold-
Yet stay thy fury! Give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety! [Heav'n,
And you, auspicious fires, bright twins in
Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,
And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;
To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.
Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
I'th' midst of all our strength, thou strikest us!
My virtuous love is lost too: All, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen than shadow!
To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope left me;
I may sink fairly under this day's venture,
And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all those curses.
Yet manly I'll invite my fate: Base Fortune
Shall never say, she 'as cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to;
And was a happy one at this time for me;
For let me fall before my foe i'th' field,
And not at bar, before my creditors!
H' has kept his word. Now, Sir, your sword's tongue only,
Loud as you dare; all other language——

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Well, Sir,
You shall not be long troubled. Draw!
Gos. 'Tis done, Sir;
And now, have at you!
Hemp. Now!

Enter Boors.

Gos. Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely!
And thou, base coward——

Enter Clause and Beggars.

Clause. Now upon 'em bravely!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys!
Boors. Hold, hold!
Clause. Lay on, still! [to syrup!
Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him
Retire, Sir, and take breath. Follow, and
Take all; 'tis lawful prize. [take him;
Boors. We yield.
Clause. Down with 'em ['em!
Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge
Knock me their brains into their breeches!
Boors. Hold, hold! [*Exeunt.*

Manet Goswin.

Gos. What these men are I know not; nor for what cause [danger,
They should thus thrust themselves into my
Can I imagine. But, sure, Heav'n's hand was in't! [basely,
Nor why this coward knave should deal so
To eat me up with slaves. But, Heav'n, I thank thee!
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour. [fer'd!
'Would all my other dangers here had suf-
With what a joyful heart should I go home then?
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence, [still.[29]
Or hears his passing-bell; but there's my hope

[29] *Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence;*
Or hears his passing bell; but there's *my hope still.*] This is obscure; but we apprehend the meaning to be, that Goswin still hopes for assistance from Heaven. This sense seems to be confirmed by the following words, in the ensuing scene:

Clause. *I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you,*
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.
Gos. THERE'S ALL MY HOPE.

Enter Clause.

Clause. Blessing upon you, master!
Gos. Thank you. Leave me; [thee.
For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give
Clause. Indeed, I don't ask, Sir; only it grieves me [you
To see you look so sad. Now, goodness keep
From troubles in your mind!
Gos. If I were troubled, [leave me.
What could thy comfort do? Prithee, Clause,
Clause. Good master, be not angry; for
Is out of true love to you. [what I say
Gos. I know thou lov'st me.
Clause. Good master, blame that love then, if I prove so saucy
To ask you why you're sad.
Gos. Most true, I am so;
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.
Clause. Heav'n shield it, Sir!
Gos. Faith, thou must lose thy master.
Clause. I had rather lose my neck, Sir. 'Would I knew——
Gos. What would the knowledge do thee good (so miserable, [ways,
Thou canst not help thyself) when all my
Nor all the friends I have——
Clause. You do not know, Sir, [cares,
What I can do: Cures, sometimes, for mens'
Flow where they least expect 'em.
Gos. I know thou wouldst do; [master.
But, farewell, Clause, and pray for thy poor
Clause. I will not leave you.
Gos. How? [not leave you,
Clause. I dare not leave you, Sir, I must
And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave you. [goodness,
By what you hold most precious, by Heav'n's
As your fair youth may prosper, good Sir, tell me! [pow'r
My mind believes yet something's in my
May ease you of this trouble.
Gos. I will tell thee. [credit,
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my
Ta'en up of merchants to supply my trafficks,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off yet shewing,
To-morrow, Clause, to-morrow, which must come,
In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.
Clause. I cannot blame your grief, Sir.
Gos. Now, what sayst thou?
Clause. I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you,
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir; [you.
When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees
Gos. There's all my hope.
Clause. Hope still, Sir. Are you tied
Within the compass of a day, good master,
To pay this mass of money?
Gos. Ev'n to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget
Clause. Will no less serve? [me?
Gos. What if it would?
Clause. Your patience!
I do not ask to mock you. 'Tis a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have you no friends left you, [duty?
None that have felt your bounty, worth this
Gos. Duty? Thou know'st it not.
Clause. It is a duty,
And as a duty, from those men have felt you,
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by you; [on me:
A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd
Will half supply your want?
Gos. Why dost thou fool me?
Canst thou work miracles?
Clause. To save my master,
I can work this.
Gos. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Clause. For doing good?
Gos. What pow'r hast thou?
Clause. Enquire not,
So I can do it, to preserve my master,
Nay, if it be three parts——
Gos. Oh, that I had it! [charity,
But, good Clause, talk no more; I feel thy
As thou hast felt mine: But, alas——
Clause. Distrust not; [spirit,
'Tis that that quenches you: Pull up your
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people
Can save you, rest assur'd! You have forgot, Sir, [gave me:
The good you did, which was the pow'r you
You shall now know the king of Beggars' treasure; [roar,
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your harbour.
Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.
Gos. How fain I would believe thee!
Clause. If I lie, master,
Believe no man hereafter.
Gos. I will try thee;
But, he knows, that knows all——
Clause. Know me to-morrow,
And, if I know not how to cure you, kill me.
So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Hubert, like a huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from Hempskirke,
To try these people; for my heart yet tells me
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
Appearing like myself, they have no reason,
(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honest)
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,
That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it
But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I'll bless thee! [me,
Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect

If to my habit I but change my nature,
As I must do. This is the wood they live in;
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune ['em.
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst
[*Exit.*

Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks, and the rest, with the Boors.

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice.
Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:
And now attend your sentence!—That ye are rogues, [point now)
And mischievous base rascals, (there's the I take it, is confess'd.
Prigg. Deny it if ye dare, knaves!
Boors. We are rogues, Sir. [ye are,
Hig. To amplify the matter, then; rogues
And *lamb'd* ye shall be ere we leave ye.
Boors. Yes, Sir. [tice,
Hig. And, to the open handling of our jus-
Why did ye this upon the proper person
Of our good master? Were ye drunk when ye did it?
Boors. Yes, indeed, were we.
Prigg. Ye shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want ye undertook it?
Boors. Yes, Sir.
Hig. Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.
Prigg. And yet, for all that,
Ye shall be poor rogues still.
Hig. Has not the gentleman,
(Pray mark this point, brother Prigg) that noble gentleman,
Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
By employing some at sea, some here, some
According to your callings? [there,
Boors. 'Tis most true, Sir.
Hig. Is not the man an honest man?
Boors. Yes, truly.
Hig. A liberal gentleman? And, as ye are true rascals, [and often,
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk,
At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There's the point, then!
They've cast themselves, brother Prigg.
Prigg. A shrewd point, brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause is open;
I'm somewhat weary.
Prigg. Can ye do these things,
Ye most abominable stinking rascals,
Ye turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We're truly sorry.
Prigg. Knock at your hard hearts, rogues, and presently
Give us a sign you feel compunction:
Every man up with's cudgel, and on his neighbour
Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,
(For there your sentence lies) without partiality [ing,
Either of head, or hide, rogues, without spar-
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead else.
You know your doom.[30]
Hig. One, two, and three, about it!
[*Boors beat one another.*
Prigg. That fellow in the blue has true compunction; [boys!
He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well struck,

Enter Clause.

Hig. Up with that blue breech! Now plays he the devil! [honest.
So, get ye home, drink small beer, and be
Call in the gentleman.
Clause. Do, bring him presently;
His cause I'll hear myself.

Enter Hempskirke.

Hig. Prigg. With all due reverence,
We do resign, Sir.
Clause. Now, huffing Sir, what's your name?
Hemp. What's that to you, Sir?
Clause. It shall be, ere we part.
Hemp. My name is Hempskirke.
I follow the earl, which you shall feel.
Clause. No threat'ning, [basely
For we shall cool you, Sir. Why didst thou
Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?
Hemp. What pow'r hast thou to ask me?
Clause. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy pain discover it.
Hemp. He did me wrong, base wrong.
Clause. That cannot save you. [lanies
Who sent you hither? and what further vil-
Have you in hand? [profit,
Hemp. Why wouldst thou know? What
If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou'st done, and make amends, fool!
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals.
Clause. Tie him to that tree.
Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.
Clause. The devil you should do, by your villanies. [him.
Now he that has the best way, wring it from
Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the sun, boys; [yet?
Give me a fine sharp rush. Will you confess
Hemp. You have robb'd me already; now you'll murder me.
Hig. Murder your nose a little. Does your head purge, Sir?
To it again; 'twill do you good.
Hemp. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Clause. Proceed then! [*To Higgen, &c.*
Hig. There's maggots in your nose; I'll fetch 'em out, Sir.

[30] *You* shall *know your doom.*] The word *shall* injuring the sense of this passage, we have expunged it; and suppose it to have been copied, by mistake, from the preceding line.

Hemp. Oh, my head breaks!
Hig. The best thing for the rheum, Sir,
That falls into your worship's eyes.
Hemp. Hold, hold!
Clause. Speak then.
Hemp. I know not what.
Hig. It lies in's brain yet;
In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the finest!
What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!
Hemp. Hold, [blet,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my dou-
And there, within the lining, in a paper,
You shall find all.
Clause. Go, fetch that paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends!
Clause. Good ev'n, good fellow!
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel, boys! [hours,
That knows all chases, and can watch all
And with my quarter-staff, tho' the devil bid stand,
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again;
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, sheep-walks, [sets;
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-
Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
'Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The polecat, martern,[31] and the rich-skin'd lucern,[32] [ping;
I know to chase; the roe, the wind out-strip-
Isgrim himself, in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder Single,[33] and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,
Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
'Till he fall down my feast.
Clause. A goodly fellow.
Hub. What mak'st thou here, ha? [*Aside.*
Clause. We accept thy fellowship.
Hub. Hempskirke, thou art not right, I fear; I fear thee. [*Aside.*

Enter Ferret, with a letter.

Fer. Here is the paper; and as he said we found it.
Clause. Give me it; I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
To find your knavery. You are sent here, sirrah,
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.[34]
Hub. By poison? ha?
Clause. Here is another, Hubert;
What is that Hubert, Sir?
Hemp. You may perceive there.

[31] *Martern.*] A large species of the weesel; the fur of which is held in high estimation.

[32] *Lucern.*] This animal is nearly the size of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich fur, the colour between red and brown, and somethi ng mailed like a cat, intermixed with black spots.

[33] ——— *and the wild* Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar.] *Sounder* is a name given to the *wild boar*, as Isgrim to the wolf.

Mr. Seward objects to this passage, for being tautologous; and therefore reads,

——— *and the wild Sounder*
Single, and with my boar-staff arm'd, THUS turn,
Spite of his foamy tushes, and THUS *strike him.*

But if he thinks this language exceptionable, in what light must he look upon that of Shakespeare, speaking of the same animal:

'To fly the *boar*, before the *boar* pursues,
'Were to incense the *boar* to follow us'?

As we cannot conceive this tautology is by any means so inelegant, or objectionable, as Mr. Seward's *thus* and *thus*, we have adhered to the old reading, believing it to be the genuine text.

[34] ——— *You are sent here, sirrah,*
To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion
To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.] This passage is incorrect, if not corrupt. The two first lines we would read thus:

——— *You are sent here, sirrah,*
To discover certain gentlemen—a spy, knave!

The import of his instructions may indeed be gathered from the three last lines; but there is a confusion as well as deficiency in the expression, and perhaps some words transposed and others dropt at press, which, however, we will not venture to regulate or supply. The inaccuracy might proceed from haste in the writers, who often dismiss a passage without fully expressing their ideas.

Clause. I may perceive a villany, and a rank one.
Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?
Hemp. No;
He had an honest end, (would I had had so!)
Which makes him 'scape such cut-throats.
Clause. So it seems; [bert
For here thou art commanded, when that Hu-
Has done his best and worthiest service this way, [dangerous.
To cut his throat; for here he's set down
Hub. This is most impious.
Clause. I am glad we've found you.
Is not this true?
Hemp. Yes; what are you the better?
Clause. You shall perceive, Sir, ere you get your freedom. [us,
Take him aside; and, friend, we take thee to
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto
Hig. Ay, and obedient too? [us?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Clause. Then, take our hand; thou'rt now a servant to us.
Welcome him all!
Hig. Stand off, stand off! I'll do it.
We bid you welcome three ways; first, for your person, [quality,
Which is a promising person; next, for your
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality;
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed us:
You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?
Hub. Yes, venison,
Or, if I want——
Hig. 'Tis well; you understand right,
And shall practise daily. You can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And you dare know a woman from a weather-cock?
Hub. Yes, if I handle her.
Clause. Now swear him. [*bowse*,
Hig. I crown thy *nab* with a *gage* of *bene*-
And *stall* thee by the *salamon* into the *clowes*:
To *maund* on the *pad*, and *strike all the cheats*;
To *mill* from the *ruffmans commission* and *slates*;
Twang dells in the *strommel*; and let the *queere-cuffin*, [*ruffin!*
And *harmanbecks trine*, and *trine* to the

Clause. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the rogues' oath[35] a rogue thee instal:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the sheets; [twang;
And lie with thy wench in the straw till she
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!
You're welcome, brother!
All. Welcome,[36] welcome, welcome!
Hub. Thank ye, friends!
Clause. But who shall have the keeping of this fellow? [me,
Hub. I do beseech ye, if ye dare but trust
(For I have kept[37] wild dogs and beasts for wonder,
And made 'em tame too) give into my custody
This roaring rascal: I shall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I fear me,
Discover yet a further villany in him.
Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal!
Clause. Take him to thee;
But, if he 'scape ——
Hub. Let me be even hang'd for him.
Come, Sir, I'll tie you to my leash.
Hemp. Away, rascal!
Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge you soundly,
An you play tricks with me.
Clause. So, now come in;
But ever have an eye, Sir, to your prisoner.
Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he get from me.
Clause. Go, get some victuals, and some drink, some good drink;
For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.
Come, and be frolick with us! [lead;
Hig. You are a stranger, brother, I pray
You must, you must, brother. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Goswin and Gertrude.

Gert. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your 'scape, [you,
And therefore give her leave, that only loves
Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy
leave

[35] *O'th'*] Former editions. Mr. Theobald and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*
The old book says, *oth*, without apostrophes; the word intended therefore was obvious, even if the cant term *salamon* had not pointed it out.

[36] All. *Welcome, welcome, welcome. But who shall have the keeping*
Of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye, friends;
And I beseech ye, *if*, &c.] Old folio.—Modern editions.

ALL. *Welcome, welcome, welcome;*
But who shall have the keeping
Of this fellow?
HUB. SIR, *if you dare*, &c.

We have here retrieved some words from the first copy; and have made a transposition which seems absolutely necessary.

[37] *For* if *I have kept.*] The *if* hurts the sense here, and seems evidently to have crept into this line from that above. *Seward.*

To bid you welcome. What is't makes you sad, man?
Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.
Gos. No, Gertrude. [look'd for,
Gert. Is't the delay of that you long have
A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;
Now when you please to finish it.
Gos. No news yet?
Gert. D'you hear, Sir?
Gos. Yes.
Gert. D'you love me?
Gos. Have I liv'd
In all the happiness fortune could seat me,
In all men's fair opinions ——
Gert. I have provided
A priest, that's ready for us.
Gos. And can the devil, [me?
In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour
Gert. We'll fly to what place you please.
Gos. No star prosperous?
All at a swoop?
Gert. You do not love me, Goswin;
You will not look upon me!
Gos. Can men's prayers, [are,
Shot up to Heav'n with such a zeal as mine
Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves[38] I must wear, and cold must be my comfort; [too,
Darkness, and want of meat! Alas, she weeps
Which is the top of all my sorrows. Gertrude!
Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes ——
Gos. The time grows on still;
And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin
Come rowling over me.
Gert. Yet will you know me?
Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns!
Ger. Yet will you love me? [ing?
Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slight-
Gos. For a hundred thousand crowns ——
Gert. Farewell, dissembler!
Gos. Of which I have scarce ten! Oh, how it starts me!
Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my ruin —— [Gertrude,
Gos. I had forgot myself. Oh, my best
Crown of my joys and comforts!
Gert. Sweet, what ails you?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.
Gos. My mind, wench, [memory.
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my
Gert. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your sorrows
As your delights? You love no other woman?
Gos. No, I protest.
Gert. You have no ships lost lately?
Gos None, that I know of.
Gert. I hope you have spilt no blood, whose innocence
May lay this on your conscience.
Gos. Clear, by Heav'n.
Gert. Why should you be thus, then?
Gos. Good Gertrude, ask not;
Ev'n by the love you bear me!
Gert. I am obedient.
Gos. Go in, my fair; I will not be long from you —— [turn,
Nor long, I fear me, with thee! At my re-
Dispose me as you please.
Gert. The good Gods guide you! [*Exit.*
Gos. Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,
And, when that fails, for man's worst fortune,[39] pity! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Goswin and four Merchants.

Gos. WHY, gentlemen, 'tis but a week more; I entreat you [ye;
But seven short days; I am not running from
Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You have ships abroad,
Endure the beating both of wind and weather: [tested;
I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be pro-
Ye're all fair merchants.
1 Mer. Yes, and must have fair play;
There is no living here else: One hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell
I must wrong others in't. [me,

[38] *Geyves.*] This word is usually wrote *gyves*, and means *chains*. It occurs very frequently in the writers of queen Elizabeth and James the First's times. *R.*

[39] *Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,*
And when that fails, for man's worst fortune, pity.] Goswin here expresses himself very obscurely. By the sequel of the story, it should seem that he means to refer to his application for indulgence to the merchants, which being refused, he shall be reduced to the most miserable situation, and become an object of pity.

Gos. No mercy in ye? [mercy!
2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others'
Keep yourself right, and e'en cut your cloth,
Sir, [here
According to your calling. You have liv'd
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,
And now you find what 'tis: The lib'ral spending
The summer of your youth, which you should glean in,
And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter stormy winter on you,
And now you cry.
3 Mer. Alas, before your poverty,
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour;
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at sea [pedlars,
But loaden with your goods: We, poor weak
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,
We could have stowage for a little cloth,
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your worship.
Lord, how the world's chang'd with you! Now I hope, Sir,
We shall have sea-room.
Gos. Is my misery
Become my scorn too? Have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? Are all the bounties in me
To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?
4 Mer. Well, get your monies ready: 'Tis but two hours;
We shall protest you else, and suddenly.
Gos. But two days!
1 Mer. Not an hour! You know the hazard. [*Exeunt.*
Gos. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor wench too!

Enter Clause.

Clause. Good fortune, master!
Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.
Clause. Still a sad man?

(Enter Higgen and Prigg, like porters.)

No belief, gentle master? Come, bring it in then;
And now, believe your beadsman.
Gos. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?
Clause. 'Tis gold, Sir;
Take it, and try it.
Gos. Certainly, 'tis treasure.
Can there yet be this blessing?
Clause. Cease your wonder!
You shall not sink for ne'er a sous'd flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher[40] of 'em all, Sir.
'Tis there; your full sum, a hundred thousand crowns:
And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting knaves, that know no goodness;
And chear your heart up handsomely.
Gos. Good Clause,
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? If naughtily,
I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.
Clause. Fear not; you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a mass the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven years. We beg it for Heav'n's charity, [it.
And to the same good we are bound to render
Gos. What great security?
Clause. Away with that, Sir!
Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money in my thoughts——
Gos. But, good Clause,
I may die presently.
Clause. Then, this dies with you!
Pay when you can, good master; I'll no parchments:
Only this charity I shall entreat you,
Leave me this ring.
Gos. Alas, it is too poor, Clause.
Clause. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.
Gos. There; I confirm it; [*Gives the ring.*
And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!
Clause. Away; your time draws on. Take up the money,
And follow this young gentleman.
Gos. Farewell, Clause;
And may thy honest memory live ever!
Clause. Heav'n bless you, and still keep you! Farewell, master! [*Exeunt.*

[40] *For ne'er a* sous'd flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickled pilcher, &c.] *Pilcher*, in old plays, commonly signifies *scabbard*; but in this place means *pilchard*, a fish like a herring, often pickled and soused. *Flap-dragon* is here used for any thing eaten at *flap-dragon*, a game at which they catch raisins, &c. out of burning brandy. So in Shakespeare's Henry IV. 'Eats candles' ends for *flap-dragons*.' And again in his Winter's Tale, where, as in this passage of our Authors, it is applied to the swallowing a ship: 'To see how the sea *flap-dragon'd* it!' The metaphors are, however, more correctly used by Shakespeare, and the various senses of this cant term more clearly separated, than by our Authors. The word occurs again in the last scene of this play; 'My fire-works, 'and *flap-dragons*.'

SCENE II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up close enough for gadding,
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

(Enter Jaculin.)

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;
She follows me. 'Come hither, pretty Minche!
Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.
Hub. So I will.
Jac. Y'deed law?
How will you kiss me, pray you?
Hub. Thus—Soft as my love's lips!
Jac. Oh!
Hub. What's your father's name?
Jac. He's gone to Heav'n.
Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?
Jac. I'll stay no longer;
My mother's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea with catching cockles.—Oh, love!
Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou fir'st me!
Hub. 'Tis certain she. Pray let me see your hand, sweet.
Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.
Hub. Sure I should know that gymmal![41]
Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring too.
Oh, Hubert, Hubert!
Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me.
Do you know me, chick?
Jac. No, indeed; I never saw you:
But, methinks, you kiss finely.
Hub. Kiss again then!
By Heav'n, 'tis she.
Jac. Oh, what a joy he brings me!
Hub. You are not Minche.
Jac. Yes, pretty gentleman; [per.[42]
And I must be married to-morrow to a cap-
Hub. Must you, my sweet? and does the capper love you?
Jac. Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes thus.——
'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, blest fortune!
Hub. How fain she would conceal herself, yet shews it!
Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll serve you.
Jac. Oh, I shall lose myself! [*Aside.*
Hub. I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty nosegays.
Jac. And where will you stick 'em?
Hub. Here in thy bosom, sweet; and make a crown of lillies
For your fair head.
Jac. And will you love me, deed-law?
Hub. With all my heart.
Jac. Call me to-morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church together.
Give you good ev'n, Sir!
Hub. But one word, fair Minche!
Jac. I must be gone a-milking.
Hub. You shall presently. [culin?
Did you ne'er hear of a young maid call'd Ja-
Jac. I am discover'd! Hark in your ear; I'll tell you,
You must not know me; kiss, and be constant ever.
Hub. Heav'n curse me else! 'Tis she; and now I'm certain
They are all here. Now for my other project! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Goswin, four Merchants, Higgen, and Prigg.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy.
Gos. None at all, Sir: [for you;
Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand
Give in my bills. Your sixteen.
3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further use.
Gos. No.
3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir, [servant.
You may command. Pray let me be your
Gos. Put your hats on: I care not for your courtesies; ['em.
They're most untimely done, and no truth in
2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper——
Gos. Rot your pepper!
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand. [sending.
4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but
Gos. No, I can send to Barbary; those people, [doms.
That never yet knew faith, have nobler free-
These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;
To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.
Why are these pieces?[43] [*Guns fir'd.*

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble merchant!
The Susan is return'd.
Gos. Well?
Sail. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in.
Gos. Heav'n, thou hast heard my pray'rs!

[41] *Sure I should know that* gymmal.] *Gymmal* was a common word in our Authors' time, signifying, as it is afterwards explained, a *ring*. It is still used on board ship, where the *rings*, that fasten the box which contains the compass, are at this day known among sailors by the name of *gymmals*.

[42] *A capper.*] One who makes or sells caps. *Johnson.*

[43] *Why are these pieces?*] The sense which is now so clear, was obscure to me till Mr. Sympson added the marginal note. *Seward.*

Sail. The brave Rebecca too, bound from the Straits,
With the next tide, is ready to put after.
Gos. What news o' th' fly-boat?
Sail. If this wind hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy; she 'scap'd fairly.
Gos. How, prithee, Sailor?
Sail. Thus, Sir: She had fight,
Seven hours together, with six Turkish gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded,
And overlaid with strength; when presently
Comes boring up the wind captain Vannóke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from prison: bravely;
He knew the boat, set in, and fought it
Beat all the gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a service to you sent her home, Sir.
Gos. An honest noble captain, and a thankful!
There's for thy news: Go, drink the merchant's health, Sailor.
Sail. I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to a doit, Sir. [*Exit Sailor.*
1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this fellow! shall 'scape prison,
Gos. This year,[44] I hope, my friends, I
For all your cares to catch me.
2 *Mer.* You may please, Sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, monies, are at
Gos. I thank you; your service.
When I have need of you I shall forget you!
You're paid, I hope?
All. We joy in your good fortunes.

Enter Vandunk.

Vand. Come, Sir, come, take your ease; you must go home with me;
Yonder's one weeps and howls.
Gos. Alas, how does she?
Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.
Gos. Why soon, Sir?
Vand. Why, when you have her in your arms: This night, my boy,
She is thy wife.
Gos. With all my heart I take her.
Vand. We have prepar'd; all thy friends will be there,
And all my rooms shall smoak to see the revel.
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my service all,
Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard
All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have
Hast thou dispatch'd thy business? her.
Gos. Most.
Vand. By th' mass, boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;
Thou'rt the best boy that Bruges ever nourish'd. sack,
Thou hast been sad; I'll cheer thee up with
And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to
She'll hug thee, sirrah. thy mistress.
Gos. I long to see it.
I had forgot you: There's for you, my friends;
You had but heavy burthens. Commend my[45] love I have,
To my best friend, my best love, all the love
To honest Clause; shortly I'll thank him better. [*Exit.*
Hig. By th' mass, a royal merchant! Gold by th' handful!
Here will be sport soon, Prigg.
Prigg. It partly seems so;
And here will I be in a trice.
Hig. And I, boy.
Away apace; we are look'd for.
Prigg. Oh, these bak'd meats!
Methinks I smell them hither.
Hig. Thy mouth waters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hubert and Hempskirke.

Hub. I must not.
Hemp. Why? 'Tis in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

[44] *This* here *I hope.*] Any one that attends to the sense would at once see the corruption, and discover the true word. Mr. Theobald, Mr. Sympson and I agreed in the correction, and 'tis confirmed by the old folio, which reads *Ye are.* 'Tis strange, that the following editors should see that this was wrong, and not see what was right. *Seward.*

[45] ——*Commend my love*
To *my best love.*] However great a friend Clause had been, Goswin would scarcely call him his love, a term appropriated to lovers of different sexes. Besides this, the measure is spoiled; which, with the former proof, almost demonstrates the passage to be corrupt. A repetition of the verb *commend* effectually cures it; and I have often found, that where the sense and measure both require a repetition of a word, the printer omits it; taking it for granted, that all repetitions of the same words must be mistakes, because they generally are so. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——*Commend my love,*
Commend *my best love, all the love,* &c.

As it is very common with transcribers and printers, when the same word occurs twice in a line, to pass from the first to the second, we apprehend, that, by such an error, some words have been omitted. This chasm we have ventured to supply; and, while our reading is nearer the old books, it is, perhaps, more natural and spirited, than the alteration of Mr. Seward.

Hemp. Gentle huntsman,
Tho' thou hast kept me hard; tho' in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast us'd me
I can forgive thee freely. [stubbornly;
Hub. You the earl's servant?
Hemp. I swear, I'm near as his own thoughts to him;
Able to do thee——
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hemp. If thou dar'st but try——
Hub. I thank you heartily; you will be
The first man that will hang me; a sweet recompence;
I could do't (but I do not say I will)
To any honest fellow that would think on't,
And be a benefactor. [own desires;
Hemp. If't be not recompens'd, and to thy
If, within these ten days, I do not make
Hub. What? a false knave? [thee——
Hemp. Prithee, conceive me rightly; any thing [thee——
Of profit or of place that may advance
Hub. Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou make me? Don't I know
That men in misery will promise any thing,
More than their lives can reach at?
Hemp. Believe me, huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable that comes from me pass
Without its full performance.
Hub. Say you so, Sir?
Have you e'er a good place for my quality?
Hemp. A thousand; chases, forests, parks; I'll make thee
Chief ranger over all the games.
Hub. When?
Hemp. Presently,
Hub. This may provoke me: And yet, to prove a knave too—— [service,
Hemp. 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good
Service for him thou'rt sworn to, for thy prince:
Then, for thyself that good——What fool would live here,
Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers
Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,
And to himself, he may be law and credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hemp. As that thou hold'st most holy.
Hub. You may play tricks.
Hemp. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a
That shall deserve indeed. [service,
Hemp. 'Tis well said, huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.
Hub. I will do it: [thing,
'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere no-
But such a service, if the earl be noble,
He shall for ever love me.
Hemp. What is't, huntsman? [here?
Hub. Do you know any of these people live
Hemp. No.
Hub. You're a fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,
(I know the earl so well) would make him caper.
Hemp. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?
Hub. Peace; all:
I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.
Hemp. But wilt thou do this service?
Hub. If you'll keep
Your faith, and free word to me.
Hemp. Wilt thou swear me? [that too,
Hub. No, no, I will believe you. More than
Here's the right hefr.
Hemp. Oh, honest, honest huntsman!
Hub. Now, how to get these gallants, there's the matter.
You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.
Hemp. Will the sun shine again?
Hub. The way to get 'em!
Hemp. Propound it, and it shall be done.
Hub. No sleight,
(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)
Nor reconcilement,[46] (for they dare not trust
Must do this trick. [neither)
Hemp. By force?
Hub. Ay, that must do it;
And with the person of the earl himself:
Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em,
Or else in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will bear 'em,
(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,
And with his terror will strike dead their forces) [guide,
The hour be twelve o'clock. Now for a
To draw ye without danger on those persons,
The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself,
With some few with me, made unto our purpose, [ye
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait
By the great oak. [man,
Hemp. I know it. Keep thy faith, hunts-
And such a shower of wealth——
Hub. I warrant ye:
Miss nothing that I tell you.
Hemp. No.
Hub. Farewell.
You have your liberty; now use it wisely,
And keep your hour. Go close about the
For fear they spy you. [wood there,
Hemp. Well.
Hub. And bring no noise with you.
Hemp. All shall be done to th' purpose.
Farewell, huntsman. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clause, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.

Clause. Now, what's the news in town?
Ginks. No news, but joy, Sir;
Every man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who has[47] his hearty commendations to you.

[46] Reconcilement.] *i. e. Pretended* reconcilement.

[47] *Who* has *his hearty*, &c.] As an imperfect sentence seems unnecessary here, I suppose *has* to be wrong, and that either *does* or *sends* was the original. *Seward.*

In a familar phrase, perhaps, *has* is not unwarrantable.

Fer. Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married. [Vandunke's daughter,
Ginks. By th' mass, that's true; he marries
The dainty black-ey'd belle.[48]
Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick![49] ah, what a peal
Clause. Married? [could I ring?
Ginks. 'Tis very true, Sir. Oh, the pies,
The piping-hot mince-pies!
Prigg. Oh, the plum-pottage!
Hig. For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb, boys:
I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance; [it,
And, pox upon the boors, too well they know
And therefore starve their poultry.
Clause. To be married
To Vandunke's daughter?
Hig. Oh, this precious merchant!
What sport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,
Shall we do nothing in the aforesaid wedding?
There's money to be got, and meat, I take it;
What think you of a morris?
Prigg. No, by no means, [leaves us:
That goes no further than the street, there
Now we must think of something that may draw us
Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something
That that old drunken burgomaster loves:
What think you of a wassel?[50]
Hig. I think worthily. [and Ferret,
Prigg. And very fit it should be: thou,
And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the structure,
Which is the bowl. [ture,
Hig. Which must be upsey-English, [of it.
Strong lusty London beer. Let's think more
Clause. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private, [start me:[51]
One word, Sir, with you. Gerrard! do not
I know you, and he knows you, that best loves you: [rard;
Hubert speaks to you, and you must be Ger-
The time invites you to it.
Ger. Make no shew then.
I am glad to see you, Sir; and I am Gerrard.
How stand affairs?
Hub. Fair, if you dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes
I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him:
And then, to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions; you have seen his.
Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,
In praise of merchants. Where's the ape?
Prigg. Pox take him,
A gouty bear-ward stole him t'other day!
Hig. May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it. [bear-ward!)
What dainty tricks, (Pox o' that whorson
In his French doublet, with his blister'd bullions,[52]
In a long stock ty'd up! Oh, how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,
Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward! [joy in't,
Ger. 'Tis passing well; I both believe and
And will be ready. Keep you here the mean while, [you.——
And keep this in; I must awhile forsake
Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.
Hig. Not to the wedding, Sir?

[48] *Black-ey'd* bell.] This is sense, but as *dell* is the cant term made use of before in the play for a young lass, Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson both think the same word was here used. *Seward.*

Had either of the confirmed beggars been the speaker, perhaps this alteration would have been allowable; but *Ginks* was not of that class; the old copies may therefore be adhered to.

[49] Baldrick.] *Baldrick*, or *bawderick*, i. e. *belt*, from the old French word *baudrier*, a *piece of dressed leather, girdle*, or *belt*, made of such leather; and that comes from the word *baudroyer*, to *dress leather, curry*, or *make belts*. Monsieur Menage says, this comes from the Italian *baldringus*, and that from the Latin *balteus*, from whence the *Baltick* Sea has its name, because it goes round as a *belt*. This word *baudrier*, among the French, sometimes signified *a girdle*, in which people used to put their money. See Rablais, iii. 37. Menag. Orig. Franc. Som. Dict. Sax. Nicot. Dict. Fortescue Aland's Notes on Fortescue, on the Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, 1724, p. 52. *R.*

Perhaps the word *baudry* (now *baudy*) which relates to matters *below the girdle*, was originally derived from this expression.

[50] Wassel.] *Wassel*, or *wassail*, is a word still in use in the midland counties, and it signifies what is sometimes called *lamb's wool*; *i. e.* roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. It is sometimes also used for *general riot, intemperance*, or *festivity*. Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus: 'Enter *Wassel*, like a neat sempster and songster, her page bearing a 'brown bowl, dressed with ribbands and rosemary, before her.' *Stevens.*

Such an interlude is plainly proposed in this place.

[51] Do not *start me.*] Mr. Seward, concurring with Mr. Theobald in opinion, reads, *Do not start*, MAN. The old lection seems to us perfect sense; meaning, 'do not be *alarmed* AT 'me;' as we familiarly say, 'do not *fly me*,' for 'do not *fly* FROM *me*.' Goswin says above, speaking of his distressful situation, *Oh, how it* starts me.

[52] *Blister'd bullions.*] Perhaps a cant word for *large buttons*, to the ape's French doublet.

Ger. Not any whither. [want meat too;
Hig. The wedding must be seen, Sir: we
We're horrible out of meat.
Prigg. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at's in defiance?
And turkey tombs,[58] such honourable monuments, [envy,
Shall pigs, Sir, that the parson's self would
And dainty ducks——
Ger. Not a word more; obey me!
[*Exit Ger.*
Hig. Why then, come, doleful death! This
And, by this hand—— [is flat tyranny;
Hub. What?
Hig. I'll go sleep upon't. [*Exit Hig.*
Prigg. Nay, an there be a wedding, and we wanting,
Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met, Sir; you are for this lusty wedding?
2 *Mer.* I am so; so are you, I take it.
1 *Mer.* Yes; [vice,
And it much glads me, that to do him ser-
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,
We meet thus happily.
2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.
1 *Mer.* She's passing fair indeed. Long may their loves [ness!
Continue like their youths, in spring of sweet-
All the young merchants will be here, no doubt on't;
For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud wife, and a lazy! Here's Vanlock.

Enter Vanlock and Frances.

Vanl. Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save you!
1 *Mer.* The same to you, Sir. Save you, fair mistress Frances! [blush too.
I would this happy night might make you
Vanl. She dreams apace.
Fran. That's but a drowsy fortune.
2 *Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come to that end:
I'm sure ye are for the wedding.
Vanl. Hand and heart, man; [tript it
And what their feet can do; I could have
Before this whorson gout.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless ye, masters!
Vanl. Clause! how now, Clause? thou art come to see thy master
(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.
Ger. Long may he live, Sir! but my business now is
If you would please to do it, and to him too.

Enter Goswin.

Vanl. He's here himself.
Gos. Stand at the door, my friends?
I pray walk in. Welcome, fair mistress Frances! [lady
See what the house affords; there's a young
Will bid you welcome.
Vanl. We joy your happiness! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Gerrard and Goswin.

Gos. I hope it will be so. Clause, nobly welcome! [ful
My honest, my best friend, I have been care-
To see thy monies——
Ger. Sir, that brought not me;
Do you know this ring again?
Gos. Thou hadst it of me.
Ger. And do you well remember yet the boon you gave me,
Upon return of this?
Gos. Yes, and I grant it, [do it,
Be it what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll
Within my pow'r.
Ger. You are not married yet?
Gos. No. [disturb you;
Ger. Faith, I shall ask you that that will
But I must put you to your promise.
Gos. Do.
And if I faint and flinch in't——
Ger. Well said, master! [be.
And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must
Gos. Prithee, distrust me not.
Ger. You must not marry!
That's part o' th' pow'r you gave me; which, to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.
Gos. Not marry, Clause?
Ger. Not, if you keep your promise,
And give me pow'r to ask.
Gos. Prithee, think better:
I will obey, by Heav'n.
Ger. I've thought the best, Sir. [honesty?
Gos. Give me thy reason; dost thou fear her
Ger. Chaste as the ice, for any thing I know, Sir. [then? to what purpose?
Gos. Why shouldst thou light on that
Ger. I must not now discover.
Gos. Must not marry? [pawn'd?
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is
When all the preparation——
Ger. Now, or never.
Gos. Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst; thou dost but fright me. [you.
Ger. Upon my soul it is, Sir; and I bind
Gos. Clause, canst thou be so cruel?
Ger. You may break, Sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.
Gos. Didst ever see her?
Ger. No.

[58] *Turkey tombs.*] *i. e.* Turkey pies.

Gos. She's such a thing; [ror,
Oh, Clause, she's such a wonder! such a mir-
For beauty, and fair virtue, Europe has not!
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently. Who waits there?
Ser. [*within.*] Sir! [company.
Gos. Bid my fair love come hither, and the
Prithee, be good unto me; take a man's heart,
And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this!
Ger. Take you a noble heart, and keep your promise:
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunke, and the Merchants.

Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your goodness? [thou wilt now;
Gos. Look, there she is; deal with me as
Didst ever see a fairer?
Ger. She's most goodly.
Gos. Pray you stand still.
Gert. What ails my love?
Gos. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a sweeter?
Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt him!
Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.
1 *Mer.* Sure h' has some strange design in hand, he starts so. [his pleasure.
2 *Mer.* This beggar has a strong pow'r o'er
Gos. View all her body.
Ger. 'Tis exact and excellent [lightly?
Gos. Is she a thing then to be lost thus
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler;
And but to hear her speak a Paradise;
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now too
I'm ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Clause,
To say the holy words shall make us happy.
This is a cruelty beyond man's study!
All these are ready, all our joys are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends:
'Twill be her death to do it.
Ger. Let her die then!
Gos. Thou canst not; 'tis impossible!
Ger. It must be. [by Heav'n, Clause,
Gos. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me!
I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou shalt save me! [no longer)
Ger. Then you must go with me (I can stay
If you be true and noble. [*Exit.*
Gos. Hard heart, I'll follow!
Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:
I have a weighty business (give my cloak there!)

(Enter servant, with a cloak.)

Concerns my life and state (make no enquiry)
This present hour befall'n me: With the soonest
I shall be here again. Nay, pray go in, Sir,
And take them with you; 'tis but a night lost, gentlemen. [meat yet,
Vand. Come, come in; we'll not lose our
Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,
I'm sure of that. [*Exit with Merchants, &c.*
Gos. I will not stay, believe, Sir.
Gertrude, a word with you.
Ger. Why is this stop, Sir? [kiss thee,
Gos. I have no more time left me, but to
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell,
wench! [*Exit.*
Gert. And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding? [thing?
Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to no-
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow;
'Till to thy face I prove thee false. Ah me!
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.

Gert. LEAD, if thou think'st we're right. Why dost thou make
These often stands? Thou saidst thou knew'st the way. ['twere homeward!
Boor. Fear nothing; I do know it. 'Would
Gert. Wrought from me by a beggar? at the time [love,
That most should tie him? 'Tis some other
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,
Not what he personated; for his fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful,
Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out
One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my shroud,
And cover love's too-curious search in me;
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee!
Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty
Gert. What then? [and dark.
Boor. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Gert. I am not: Forward!
Boor. Sure, but you are. Give me your hand; fear nothing. [ward!
There's one leg in the wood; do not pull back-
What a sweat one on's are in; you or I!
Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure

It has infected me; for I sweat too; [you.
It runs out at my knees: Feel, feel, I pray
Gert. What ails the fellow?
Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you:
Do you hear nothing?
Gert. No.
Boor. List! a wild hog; [of 'em!
He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full
And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf!
It is the howling of a wolf.
Gert. The braying of an ass, is it not?
Boor. Oh, now one has me!
Oh, my left ham! Farewell!
Gert. Look to your shanks,
Your breech is safe enough; the wolf's a fern-brake. [in it!
Boor. But see, see, see! there is a serpent
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire!
Now it creeps tow'rds us; help me to say my prayers! [stopt;
'T hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? tell me.
Gert. Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst thou perceive
Any thing i' th' bush but a poor glow-worm?
Boor. It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now; but 'twill
Grow to a fire-drake presently.
Gert. Come thou from it! [teous,
I have a precious guide of you, and a cour-
That gives me leave to lead myself the way thus. [*Holla.*
Boor. It thunders; you hear that now?
Gert. I hear one holla.
Boor. 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash of lightning! [off;
Are you not blasted, mistress? Pull your mask
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I have lost [shaven;
My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not
'Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.
Gert. What strange wonders
Fear fancies in a coward!
Boor. Now the earth opens!
Gert. Prithee hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on then?
Gert. Both love and jealousy have made me bold:
Where my fate leads me, I must go. [*Exit.*
Boor. God be with you then!

Enter Wolfort, Hempskirke, and attendants.

Hemp. It was the fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The huntsman, that did holla us.
Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next. Ha!
Hemp. Who goes there?
Boor. Mistress, I am taken.
Hemp. Mistress? Look forth, soldiers!
Wol. What are you, sirrah?
Boor. Truly, all is left [l ody.
Of a poor boor, by day-light; by night, no-
You might have spar'd your drum, and guns, and pikes too,
For I am none that will stand out, Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking-stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a pack-thread.
Hemp. What woman was't you call'd to?
Boor. Woman! None, Sir.
Wol. None! Did you not name mistress?
Boor. Yes, but she's
No woman yet: She should have been this night,
But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry after.
I tell you true, Sir; she should ha' been married to-day,
And was the bride and all; but in came Clause, [win
The old lame beggar, and whips up Mr. Gos-
Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,
Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.
Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she! Niece!

Re-enter Gertrude.

Gert. Ha!
Hemp. She, Sir:
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That, being on the point thus to be married,
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her. [fate
Wol. I begin, Hempskirke, to believe my
Works to my ends.
Hemp. Yes, Sir; and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me
Florez [did
Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard
In the old beggar's, and that he would use
Him for the train to call the other forth;
All which we find is done. [*Holla again.*]
That's he again.
Wol. Good we sent out to meet him.
Hemp. Here's the oak.
Gert. Oh, I am miserably lost, thus fall'n
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!
Can I not think away myself and die?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap, and Ginks, like boors.

Hub. I like your habits well; they're safe; stand close. [ha?
Hig. But what's the action we are for now,
Robbing a ripier[54] of his fish?
Prigg. Or taking
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?
Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

[54] *Robbing a* ripper *of his fish.*] *Ripper*, properly *ripier*, from the Latin *ripa*, is a word still used in the northern counties, and signifies a kind of travelling fishmonger, who carries fish from the coast, to sell in the inland parts.

Fer. Or surprising a boor's *ken*, for *grunting-cheats?*[54]
Prigg. Or *cackling-cheats?*
Hig. Or *Margery-praters, rogers,*
And *tibs o' th' buttery?*
Prigg. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disorder'd.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be *milling* of a *lag of duds*,
The fetching-off a buck of clothes, or so?
We are horribly out of linen.[55]
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but thus——
And he's a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.
Hub. 'Would it would please you to be
Hig. Mum. [silent.

Enter Wolfort, Hempskirke, Gertrude, Boor, &c.

Wol. Who's there?
Hub. A friend; the huntsman.
Hemp. Oh, 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch, Sir. Which is th' earl of these?
Will he know a man now?
Hemp. This, my lord, 's the friend
Hath undertook the service.
Hub. If't be worth
His lordship's thanks, anon, when 'tis done,
Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!
I know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game;
And I have don't; both Florez and his father
Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuisen,
Costin, and Jaculin, young Florez' sister:
I have 'em all.
Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.
Wol. We will double [thee.
Whatever Hempskirke then hath promis'd
Hub. And I'll deserve it treble. What horse ha' you?
Wol. A hundred.
Hub. That's well: Ready to take
Upon surprize of 'em?
Hemp. Yes.
Hub. Divide then
Your force into five squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the wood,
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways; of all which passages
We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting-hole they'll all escape else.
I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:
The squadron where you are myself will lead;
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were
A-hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To th' other guides how we approach 'em still.
Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.
Make the division, Hempskirke. You are my charge,
Fair one; I'll look to you.
Boor. Shall nobody need
To look to me. I'll look unto myself.
Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.
Hig. Say, 'tis done, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no reasons
Why I broke off your marriage; for though I
Should as a subject study you my prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you to acknowledge me your father,
By heark'ning to my necessary counsels.
Flo. Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do;
And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty
In my obedience, and that[56] help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness——
Ger. I pray you rise; [in you,
And may those pow'rs that see and love this
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,
Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;
Which as my prince accept of.
Flo. Kneel to me?[57] [vallies,
May mountains first fall down beneath their
And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous!

[54] *Granting-cheats.*] Former editions. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Seward.*

[55] Buck *of clothes*, &c.] A parcel of clothes washed or to be washed. See Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.

[56] *And that* help'd forth.] To *help forth* obedience with cheerfulness, seems a stiff expression; I have substituted the natural word, and added a monosyllable that is necessary to the measure, and believe that in both I have restored the original. *Seward.*

The old reading is sense, and the measure not unusually defective; reading *obedience*, at length, not at all so. *Help'd forth* is more poetical than *held forth*.

[57] *Kneel to me, &c.*] In King and No King is a passage similar to this. The reader will find it paralleled to one in Shakespeare's Coriolanus, vol. i. of this work.

I must o'ercome in this, in all things else
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours:
I am your son, your son, Sir! And am prouder
To be so, to the father to such goodness,
(Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you!)
Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.

Ger. I do believe it: But——

Flo. Oh, my lov'd father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a stranger's: And, I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment [for:
Of some religious debt Nature stood bound
And last of all, when your magnificent bounty,
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, though my threat'ning wants,
And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,
I soon found out it was no common pity
That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance; [now,
There will be a time, more opportune than
To end your story with all circumstances.
I add this only: When we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, and there plac'd you
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich Goswin,
A man supplied by me unto that purpose,
As bound by oath never to discover you;
Who dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so.
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,
The country's and the subject's general good,
Must challenge the first part in your affection;
The fair maid; whom you chose to be your wife,
Being so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors:
But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues
Ever remember'd in the best of women,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,
Tho' she were his crown's purchase: In this only
Be an indulgent father; in all else
Use your authority.

Enter Hubert, Hempskirke, Wolfort; Gertrude, and Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em, [have
The father and the son; the rest you shall
As fast as I can rouze them.

Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?

Wol. Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long conceal'd you; [rard,
It's now no halting: I must here find Ger-
And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,
Who would be an earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.

Flo. Is this that traitor Wolfort?

Wol. Yes; but you
Are they that are betray'd. Hempskirke!

Gert. My Goswin [ness,
Turn'd prince? Oh, I am poorer by this greatThan all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

Flo. Gertrude! [her:

Wol. Stay, Sir; you were to-day too near
You must no more aim at those easy accesses,
'Less you can do't in air, without a head;
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

Gert. Oh, take my heart first;
And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom.

Wol. You know not your own value that entreat——

Ger. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!

Wol. For so lost
A thing as Florez.

Flo. And that would be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it. Oh, my Gertrude,
It is not that, nor princedom, that I go from;
It is from thee! that loss includeth all.

Wol. Ay, if my young prince knew his loss, he'd say so; [him.
Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempskirke's niece, [Bertha!
Nor Vandunke's daughter: This is Bertha,
The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war,
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raise myself:
I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel;—
That, a necessity of my employment;—
The same employment, make me master of strength;—
That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of Brabant, [Sir,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do,
She come of years, but that the expectation,
First, of her father's death, retarded it;
And since, the standing out of Bruges; where [lost.
Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near
But, Sir, we have recover'd her: Your merchantship [toms,
May break; for this was one of your best bot-
I think.

Ger. Insolent devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jaculin, Ginks, and Costin.

Wol. Who are these, Hempskirke?

Hemp. More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!
Hemp. Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this lord Costin,
This Jaculin, the sister unto Florez.
Wol. All found? Why, here's brave game; this was sport-royal,
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for 'em. [rez' fall;
Huntsman, your horn! First, wind me Flo-
Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.
Those rascals, they shall die without their rites:[58] [take
Hang 'em, Hempskirke, on these trees. I'll
Th' assay[59] of these myself.
Hub. Not here, my lord;
Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;
'Twill shew the better when their arbour's made.
Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
But mock'st us too?
Ginks. False Hubert, this is monstrous!
Wol. Hubert?
Hemp. Who? this?
Ger. Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;
I hope h' has help'd himself to a tree.
Wol. The first, [Sir:
The first of any, and most glad I have you,
I let you go before, but for a train.
Is't you have done this service?
Hub. As your huntsman;[60]
But now as Hubert (save yourselves) I will——
The Wolf's afoot! Let slip! kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter, with a drum, Vandunke, Merchants, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, and Snap.

Wol. Betray'd? [man.
Hub. No, but well catch'd; and I the hunts-
Vand. How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good knave Wolfort!
I speak it now without the rose! and Hemps-kirke, [this lady
Rogue Hempskirke! you that have no niece:
Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now
Resign'd by me to the right owner here.
Take her, my prince!
Flo. Can this be possible? [love!
Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy
Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice; now keep her better: And thank
Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's name, [march
And got me out, with my brave boys, to
Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries;
So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth
Cæsar Vandunke, *& veni, vidi, vici!*
Give me my bottle, and set down the drum.
You had your tricks, Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too!
You stole the lady!
Hig. And we led your squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.
Prigg. Yes, and run their heads
Against trees.
Hig. 'Tis captain Prigg, Sir!
Prigg. And colonel Higgen!
Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people, some with legs,
Some with arms broken, and a neck or two
I think be loose.
Prigg. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o' th' briars.
Hig And your horses, Sir,
Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.
You look as you were not well, Sir, and would be
Shortly let blood: Do you want a scarf?
Vand. A halter! [Hubert!
Ger. 'Twas like yourself, honest, and noble
Canst thou behold these mirrors all together,
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,
Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;
And not so see thyself, as to fall down,
And sinking force a grave, with thine own guilt,
As deed as hell, to cover thee and it?
Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the toils that took me;
And laughing in them die: They were brave snares! [pent
Flo. 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst re-
The wrongs th' hast done, and live.
Wol. Who? I repent, [guage,
And say I'm sorry? Yes, 'tis the fool's lan-
And not for Wolfort.
Vand. Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,
And speak'st his language. Oh, that I had my longing! [him.
Under this row of trees now would I hang
Flo. No, let him live until he can repent;
But banish'd from our state; that is thy doom.
Vand. Then hang his worthy captain here, this Hempskirke,
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No; let him

[58] *Their* rights] The false spelling of this word would not have deserved a note, had not it given a sense totally different from the true one; viz. That the two lords were to die without being first put in possession of their *rights* or lordships. It only means here, that they should be hanged without the honour of any *rite* or ceremony. *Seward.*

[59] *Th' assay.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, among other explanations of this word, gives *attack, trouble*; in the latter of which senses it seems to be used here.

[60] *As your huntsman?*
But now as Hubert; save yourselves, I will,
The Wolf's afoot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.] This pointing, which is Mr. Seward's, makes these lines inexplicable; which now appear perfect sense.

Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life;
To shew how much our innocence contemns
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.
Vand. A noble prince!
Ger. Sir, you must help to join [here,
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts
And to their loves wish joy.[61]
Flo. As to mine own.
My gracious sister! worthiest brother!
Vand. I'll go afore, and have the bonfire made, [backrack;[62]
My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day! [*Exit.*
Hig. 'Slight, here be changes;
The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, Prigg.
Prigg. Our company's grown horrible thin
What think you, Ferret? [by it.
Fer. Marry, I do think,
That we might all be lords now, if we could stand for't. [lodge first,
Hig. Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dis-
Remove the Bush into another climate.
Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy burgomaster.
Here be friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and course of life
Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;
A place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat
Your grace: command them to follow me to Bruges;
Where I will take the care on me to find
Some manly, and more profitable course,
To fit them as a part of the republick.
Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? Do so.
Hig. Thanks to your good grace!
Prigg. To your good lordship!
Fer. May you both live long!
Ger. Attend me at Vandunke's, the burgomaster's. [*Exeunt all but beggars.*
Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd twice a-week,
Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;
Or learn to go along with him his course
(That's a fine course now) i' th' common-
What say you to it? [wealth: Prigg,
Prigg. It is the backward'st course
I know i' th' world.
Hig. Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prigg. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.
Hig. Troth, I am partly of your mind, prince Prigg. [will seek
And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen
Some safer shelter, in some other climate,
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;
Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left
Of the true blood: What, shall we into England?
Prigg. Agreed.
Hig. Then bear up bravely with your Brute,[63] my lads!
Higgen hath *prigg'd the prancers* in his days,
And sold good penny-worths: We will have a course;
The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.
Prigg. I'll *maund* no more, nor cant.
Hig. Yes, your sixpenny-worth
In private, brother: Sixpence is a sum
I'll steal you any man's dog for.
Prigg. For sixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is.
Hig. 'Tis right:
Higgen must practise, so must Prigg to eat;
And write the letter, and gi' the word—But
No more, as either of these[64]—— [now
Prigg. But as true beggars
As e'er we were——
Hig. We stand here for an Epilogue.
Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;
For women's favours are a leading alms:
If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your
Out at your masks. [eyes
Prigg. And let your beauties sparkle!
Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, jewels, gowns,
Still in the fashion!
Prigg. Nor the men you love,
Wealth nor discourse to please you!
Hig. May you, gentlemen,
Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!
Prigg. May every merchant here see safe his ventures!
Hig. And every honest citizen his debts in!
Prigg. The lawyers gain good clients!
Hig. And the clients
Good counsel!
Prigg. All the gamesters here good fortune!
Hig. The drunkards, too, good wine!
Prigg. The eaters meat
Fit for their tastes and palates!
Hig. The good wives
Kind husbands!
Prigg. The young maids choice of suitors!
Hig. The midwives merry hearts!
Prigg. And all good cheer!
Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush!
We are the Beggars, and your daily beadsmen,
And have your money; but the alms we ask,
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and then
We'll boldly say our word is, *come again!*

[61] With *joy*.] Former editions. *Seward.*
[62] *Backrack*.] Salt-fish. See Treaty of peace.
[63] *Brute*.] Alluding to *Brute*, or *Brutus*, a Trojan, and descendant of Æneas, said to have landed, settled, and reigned in England. See Milton's History of England.
[64] *No more, as either of these*.] *i. e.* No more as Higgen or Prigg, but as *Actors*; for from hence they become speakers of epilogue.

TO the second Volume of Bailey's Dictionary is annexed, 'A Collection of the Canting 'Words and Terms, both ancient and modern, used by Beggars, Gypsies, Cheats, House-'breakers, Shop-lifters, Foot-pads, High-waymen,' &c. by an examination whereof the *Cant* appears to be not only an *established*, but a *systematical language*. We thought it necessary to recur to it, not only to see whether there was an agreement between that collection and Theobald's explanations, but also to derive (as there appeared frequent opportunity) a clearer and stronger explication than that critick has given us. It should have been premised, that the explanation of the *cant terms* given in the edition of 1750, were collected by Mr. Seward from the marginal remarks of Mr. Theobald.

With respect to the propriety, or authority, with which either Theobald or Bailey explain the *cant terms*, or whence they derived their knowledge of them, we can give no information; but as none of those terms, printed by Mr. Seward, seem warranted by any derivation, and as similar terms, according to Bailey, have an apparent advantage in this respect, we have been induced to vary the spelling from the other editions, agreeable to that exhibited by Bailey. The *Canters'* oath has hitherto been printed in the following manner:

> *I crown thy nab with a* gag *of* benbouse,
> *And stall thee by the* salmon *into the clows,*
> *To mand on the pad, and strike all the cheats;*
> *To mill from the ruffmans,* and *commission and slates;*
> *Twang* dell's, *i' the* stiromel, *and let the quire-cuffin,*
> *And* herman-becktrine, *and trine to the ruffin.*

In the first line, *gag* seems devoid of meaning, while *gage* (which Bailey tells us signifies a *pot)* conveys an idea of a *vessel* or *measure*; and *bene* (which seems derived from the Latin *bene* or the French *bien)* is more likely to have been used for *good* than *ben*. In the second, *salamon* (which Bailey renders, *the beggars' sacrament, or oath)* leaves the verse much smoother than *salmon*. In the fourth, the conjunction *and* (which is a modern interpolation) murders the poetry, and with it the sense; as *ruffmans*, and *commission*, and *slates*, seem to be three different classes of people, or three different articles of some kind, which were to be pillaged; instead of *ruffmans* meaning the *hedges* or *bushes*, from which the *commission* and *slates* (i. e. *shirt* and *sheets)* were to be purloined. In the fifth, *dell's* appearing as a genitive case, and having a comma after it, the passage is totally inexplicable; and *stiromel* is not near so agreeable to the verse as *strommel*, which, says Bailey, means *straw*. In the sixth line, edit. 1750, we read, *Herman-Becktrine*, which is totally unintelligible; prior to that edition, *Herman Beck strine:* We have no doubt but our Authors wrote, *harmanbecks* (constables, *or* beadles) *trine* (hang). The printer had mistakenly made *s* the initial letter of *trine*, instead of the final of *harmanbeck*.

Having thus mentioned such variations as we have made (in which we conceived ourselves warranted by derivation, or metre, and sometimes by both) we shall proceed to the explanation of the *Cant Terms* made use of in this excellent Comedy, Beggars' Bush; not assuming to ourselves any very great merit from the depth of our researches in the *gully-hole of literature*, and our proficiency in this *most vulgar part* of the *vulgar tongue*.

ABRAM-MAN, a beggar pretending to be mad. *T.*
BACK or BELLY-CHEATS, raiment, or food stolen. *T.*
BEEN-WHIDS, good words. *T.*
BOUZE, drink. *T.*
BOUZING-KEN, ale-house. *T.*
CACKLING-CHEATS, chickens. *T.*
CLAPPERDUDGEON, a beggar born and bred. *T.*
CLOWES, rogues. *T.*
COMMISSION, a shirt. *B.*
COVE, a man, one not of the gang. *T.*
CRANKE, a genteel impostor, appearing in divers shapes. *T.*
DELLS, young wenches undebauched. *T.*——DELLS, young ripe wenches, who have not lost their virginity, which the Upright-Man *(i. e.* the vilest stoutest rogue in the pack) has a right to the enjoyment of; after which they are used in common by the whole fraternity. *B.*
DOMMERER, pretending to have his tongue cut out. *T.*—— DOMERARS, or DROMMERARS, rogues, pretending to have had their tongues cut out, or to be born dumb and deaf, who artificially turn the tips of their tongues into their throats, and with a stick make them bleed. *B.*
DOXIES, strumpets. *T.*
FAMBLES, hands. *T.*
FILCHED, stole. *T.*

FILCHES, staves. *T.*———A FILCH, a staff, with hole through and a spike at the bottom, to pluck clothes from a hedge, or any thing out of a casement. *B.*

FRATER, such as beg with sham patents, or briefs, for spitals, prisons, fires, inundations, &c. *B.*

FUMBUMBIS, to your guard and postures. *T.*———Although Mr. Theobald has explained this word with those used by Prigg in the next line, we rather think *fumbumbis* a *fancied watch-word*, than a *cant term.*

GAGE OF BENE-BOWSE, a pot of strong liquor. *B.*

GRUNTING-CHEATS, pigs. *T.*

HARMANBECKS, beedles. *B.*

HUM, strong liquor. *T.*

JARKMAN, one who makes counterfeit licences, or passes. *T.*

KEN, a house. *B.*

LAG OF DUDDS, a buck of clothes; as, 'We'll cloy that *lag of dudds*.'—'Come, let us steal that buck of clothes.' *B.*

LAMB'D, soundly beaten. *T.*

LOUR, money. *T.*

MARGERY-PRATERS, hens. *T.*

MAUND, beg. *T.*

MAUNDERS, beggars. *T.*

MILL, rob. *T.*

MORTS, women or wenches. *T.*

NAB, head. *T.*

NAB-CHEATS, hats. *T.*

NIGGLED, lain with, debauched. *T.*

PAD, the road, or way. *T.*

PATRICO, strolling priests that marry under a hedge. *T.*——PATRICOVES, or PATER-COVES, strolling priests, that marry under a hedge, without Gospel or Common-Prayer-Book: The couple standing on each side a dead beast, are bid to live together till death them does part; so shaking hands, the wedding is ended. *B.*

PIG, sixpence. *T.*

PRIGG'D THE PRANCERS, stole horses. *T.*———PRIGGERS OF PRANCERS, horse-stealers, who carry a bridle in their pockets, and a small pad-saddle in their breeches. *B.*

PROP, either to his own support, or else by abbreviation to his own property. *T.*

QUEERE-CUFFIN, justice of peace. *B.*

ROGERS, geese. *T.*

RUFFMANS, hedges. *T.*

RUFFIN, devil. *T.*

SALMON, oath. *T.*———SALAMON, the beggars' sacrament or oath. *B.*

SLATES, sheets. *T.*

STALL, instal. *T.*———STALLING, making or ordaining. *B.*

STRIKE ALL THE CHEATS, rob all you meet. *T.*

STROMMEL, hay. *B.*

TIBS OF THE BUTTERY, goslings. *T.*——Geese. *B.*——It has been suggested by one gentleman, that EGGS are meant by this term; and by another, that it means RABBITS.

TRINE, hang. *T.*

TWANG DELLS, lie with maids. *T.*

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner, Hills, and Lovelace, ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; but as these panegyrists generally attribute to him only the pieces they mention, as if unassisted in any of them by Beaumont, we must not much rely on their testimony. The Humorous Lieutenant was first printed in the folio collection of 1647; and used, until a few years past, to be sometimes acted at the Theatre in Covent-Garden.

THE PROLOGUE.

'Would some man would instruct me what to say:
For this same Prologue, usual to a play,
Is tied to such an old form of petition,
Men must say nothing now beyond commission:
The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place
We stand in, must be one; and one the face.
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general hiss hangs on our levity.
We have a play, a new play, to play now,
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow:
We bow to beg your suffrage, and kind ear.
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.
Let them speak then have power to stop a storm;
I never lov'd to feel a house so warm.
But for the play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new things you shall see,
And those dispos'd to all the mirth that may;
And short enough we hope: And such a play
You were wont to like. Sit nobly then, and see:
If it miscarry, pray look not for me!

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

KING ANTIGONUS, { *an old man with young desires.*
DEMETRIUS, { *son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.*
SELEUCUS, LYSIMACHUS, PTOLOMEY, { *Three kings, equal sharers with Antigonus of what Alexander the Great had, with united powers opposing Antigonus.*
LEONTIUS, { *a brave old merry soldier, assistant to Demetrius.*
TIMON, CHARINTHUS, MENIPPUS, { *servants to Antigonus, and his vices.*
THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.
GENTLEMEN, { *friends and followers of Demetrius.*
THREE AMBASSADORS *from the three kings.*
GENTLEMEN-USHERS.
CITIZENS.
PHYSICIANS.
HERALD.
MAGICIAN.
HOST.
Grooms.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

CELIA, *(alias* ENANTHE) { *daughter to Seleucus, mistress to Demetrius.*
LEUCIPPE, *a bawd, agent for the king's vices.*
LADIES.
CITIZENS' WIVES.
GOVERNESS *to Celia.*
A COUNTRY-WOMAN.
PHEBE, *her daughter.*
TWO SERVANTS *of the game.*

SCENE, GREECE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter two Ushers, and Grooms with perfumes.

1 *Usher.* ROUND, round, perfume it round! quick! Look ye diligently
The state[1] be right! Are these the richest cushions?
Fy, fy! who waits i' th' wardrobe?
2 *Usher.* But, pray, tell me,
Do you think for certain these Ambassadors
Shall have this morning audience?
1 *Usher.* They shall have it? [not!
Lord, that you live at court, and understand
I tell you they must have it.
2 *Usher.* Upon what necessity?
1 *Usher.* Still you are off the trick of court: Sell your place, [tillage.
And sow your grounds; you are not for this

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;
There you may see at ease.
Ladies. We thank you, Sir.
[*Exe. Ladies and Gent.*
1 *Usher.* Would you have all these slighted? Who should report then, [beard
The Ambassadors were handsome men? His
A neat one; the fire of his eyes quicker than lightning, [tho' little ones,
And, when it breaks, as blasting; his legs,
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?
Who shall commend their cloaths? who shall take notice
Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?
You live a raw man here.
2 *Usher.* I think I do so.

Enter two Citizens, and Wives.

1 *Usher.* Why, whither would ye all press?
1 *Cit.* Good master Usher!
2 *Cit.* My wife, and some few of my honest neighbours here——
1 *Usher.* Prithee begone, [like an ass.
Thou and thy honest neighbours; thou look'st
Why, whither would you, Fish-face?
2 *Cit.* If I might have [Sir,
But th' honour to see you at my poor house,
A capon bridled and saddled I'll assure your worship, [Sir.
A shoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine,
I knew your brother; he was as like you,
And shot the best at butts——
1 *Usher.* A pox upon thee! [toy, Sir,
2 *Cit.* Some music I'll assure you too; my
Can play o' the virginals.
1 *Usher.* Prithee, good Toy, [blown;
Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-
And, Shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no place for ye.
Nay, then, you had best be knock'd!
[*Exeunt Cit.*

Enter Celia.

Celia. I would fain see him! [ber——
The glory of this place makes me remem-
But, die those thoughts, die all but my desires! [here,
Even those to death are sick too. He's not
Nor how my eyes may guide me——
2 *Usher.* What's your business?
Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine shuffling!
You wastcoateër! you must go back.
Celia. There is not,
There cannot be, (six days, and never see me!)
There must not be desire.—Sir, do you think,
That if you had a mistress——
1 *Usher.* 'Sfeath! she's mad!
Celia. And were yourself an honest man—— It cannot——
1 *Usher.* What a devil hast thou to do with me or my honesty?
Will you be jogging, good Nimble-tongue? My fellow door-keeper!
2 *Usher.* Prithee, let her alone.
1 *Usher.* The king is coming,
And shall we have an agent from the suburbs
Come to crave audience too? [breeding,
Celia. Before, I thought you to have a little
Some tang of gentry; but now I take you
Without the help of any perspective, [plainly,
For that you cannot alter.
1 *Usher.* What is that?
Celia. An ass, Sir! [thinks,
You bray as like one, and, by my troth, me-
As you stand now, considering who to kick
You appear to me [next,
Just with that kind of gravity, and wisdom.
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,
But if ever any of that batter stick to your
2 *Usher.* You must be modester. [bread—
Celia. Let him use me nobler,
And wear good cloaths to do good offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his virtue,
As though they hung on gibbets.
2 *Usher.* A perilous wench!
1 *Usher.* Thrust her into a corner; I'll no more on her. [maid, stand close,
2 *Usher.* You have enough. Go, pretty
And use that little tongue with a little more
Celia. I thank you, Sir. [temper.
2 *Usher.* When the shows are past,
I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,
(A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!) [merry?
And there we'll be as merry—Can you be

[1] *The state.*] *i. e.* The state-chair, or throne.

Celia. Oh, very merry. [shall not know.
2 Usher. Only ourselves, this churlish fellow
Celia. By no means.
2 Usher. And can you love a little?
Celia. Love exceedingly:
I have cause to love you, dear Sir.
2 Usher. Then i'll carry you,
And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings, [then, sweet,
The lodgings, gardens, and the walks; and
You shall tell me where you lie.
Celia. Yes, marry, will I.
2 Usher. And't shall go hard but I'll send you a venison pasty,
And bring a bottle of wine along.
1 Usher. Make room there!
2 Usher. Room there afore! Stand close; the train is coming.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, and Menippus.

Celia. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—
Yet, yet, I see him not. Oh, what a misery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!
Ant. Conduct in the Ambassadors.
1 Usher. Make room there!
Ant. They shall not long wait answer.
[*Flourish.*
Celia. Yet he comes not!

(Enter three Ambassadors.)

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes
Follow, to make these wonders? Oh, good gods! [here?
What would these look like, if my love were
But I am fond, forgetful!
Ant. Now your grievance,
Speak, short, and have as short dispatch.
1 Amb Then thus, Sir:
In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,
You have done injustice, broke the bonds of concord;
And, from their equal shares, from Alexander
Parted,[1] and so possess'd, not like a brother,
But as an open enemy, you have hedg'd in
Whole provinces; man'd and maintain'd these injuries; [nour you,
And daily with your sword, tho' they still ho-
Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin castles;
And still their sufferance feels the weight.
2 Amb. Think of that love, great Sir, that honour'd friendship, [strength,
Yourself held with our masters; think of that
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your swords struck one way; when your angers,
Like so many brother billows, rose together,
And, curling up your foaming crests, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em. [conquerors,
Oh, think of these! and you that have been
That ever led your fortunes open-ey'd,
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to shame ye!

Enter Demetrius, with a javelin, and Gentlemen.

3 Amb. Chuse which you will, or peace or
Prepar'd for either. [war; we come
1 Usher. Room for the prince there!
Celia. Was it the prince they said? How my heart trembled!
'Tis he, indeed! What a sweet noble fierceness
Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,
When he return'd from slaughter of the boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people, [looks now.
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he
Who could deny him love?
Dem. Hail, royal father!
Ant. You're welcome from your sport, Sir. D'ye see this gentleman,
You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earthquakes, [gine,
To shake and totter my designs? Can you ima-
You men of poor and common apprehensions,
While I admit this man my son, this nature,
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceness, [admit him,
Than all your masters in their lives; dare I
Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him, [ing
His weapon hatch'd in blood; all these attend-
When he shall make their fortunes, all as sudden
In any expedition he shall point 'em [ing;
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speed-
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great master? yours? or yours?
Dem. Oh, Hercules!
Who says you do, Sir? Is there any thing
In these mens' faces, or their masters' actions,
Able to work such wonders?
Celia. Now he speaks!
Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!
Dem. You call 'em kings: They never wore those royalties;
Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of king: Imperial dignities,
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em sit right, [Heaven.
Than I can with this mortal hand hold
Poor petty men! Nor have I yet forgot
The chiefest honours time and merit gave 'em:
Lysimachus, your master, at his best,
His highest, and his hopefull'st dignities,
Was but grand-master of the elephants;

[1] *Parted.*] *Parted* here means *divided into parts.*

Seleucus of the treasure; and for Ptolomey,
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of yet, [men—
Some master of ammunition:[3] And must these
Celia. What a brave confidence flows from Oh, sweet young man! [his spirit!
Dem. Must these hold pace[4] with us,
And on the same file hang their memories?
Must these examine what the wills of kings are? [actions
Prescribe to their designs, and chain their
To their restraints? be friends and foes when they please?
Send out their thunders, and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?
Go home, good men, and tell your masters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries, ruin their waste cities; ['em,
And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on, [nage;
Than they have able wits and pow'rs to ma-
And so we shall befriend 'em.—Ha! what does she there?
Amb. This is your answer, king?
Ant. 'Tis like to prove so.
Dem. Fy, sweet! what make you here?
Celia. Pray you, do not chide me. [me.
Dem. You do yourself much wrong, and
Celia. Pray you, pardon me!
I feel my fault, which only was committed
Thro' my dear love to you. I have not seen you, [to you—
(And how can I live then?) I have not spoke
Dem. I know, this week you have not. I will redeem all. [are, sweet!
You are so tender now! Think where you
Celia. What other light have I left?
Dem. Prithee, Celia!
Indeed, I'll see you presently.
Celia. I have done, Sir.
You will not miss?
Dem. By this, and this, I will not.
Celia. 'Tis in your will, and I must be obedient.
Dem. No more of these assemblies.
Celia. I am commanded. [my service—
1 *Usher.* Room for the lady there! Madam,
1 *Gent.* My coach, an't please you, lady!
2 *Usher.* Room before there! [upon you—
2 *Gent.* The honour, madam, but to wait
My servants, and my state——
Celia. Lord, how they flock now!
Before, I was afraid they would have beat me.
How these flies play i' th' sun-shine? Pray ye, no services;
Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses,
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em! Farewell. [enough
Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen; I am old
To go alone at these years, without crutches.
[*Exit.*
2 *Usher.* Well, I could curse now: But that will not help me.
I made as sure account of this wench now, immediately. [me!
Do but consider how the devil has cross'd
'Meat for my master,' she cries. Well——
3 *Amb.* Once more, Sir,
We ask your resolutions: Peace, or war, yet?
Dem. War, war, my noble father!
Ant. Thus I fling it:[5]
And, fair-ey'd Peace, farewell! You have your answer! [convoys.
Conduct out the Ambassadors, and give 'em
Dem. Tell your high-hearted masters, they shall not seek us,
Nor cool i' th' field in expectation of us;
We'll ease your men those marches: In their strengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim buckle with 'em. [come, Sir,
3 *Amb.* You will find so hot a soldier's welYour favour shall not freeze.
2 *Amb.* A forward gentleman:
Pity the war should bruise such hopes.
Ant. Conduct 'em! [*Exeunt Amb.*
Now, for this preparation: Where's Leontius?
Call him in presently: For I mean in person,
Gentlemen, myself, with my old fortune——
Dem. Royal Sir,
Thus low I beg this honour: Fame already
Hath ev'ry where rais'd trophies to your glory,
And Conquest now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody shocks
You daily set her in. 'Tis now scarce honour
For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,

[3] *Some master of* ammunition.] Here the verse labours under a superfluous syllable. *Munition* was undoubtedly the original word, and which bears the sense of *ammunition*. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald therefore reads, *master of* MUNITION; but we do not think a *superfluous syllable* warrants the alteration. The original text is good sense, and not inharmonious.

[4] *Must these hold* pace *with us.*] To preserve an uniformity in the metaphor, as *file* is in the subsequent line, I have ventured to alter *pace* into *place*. *Theobald.*

We see no need of alteration. Why not go from one metaphor to another?

[5] 1 Amb. *Thus I fling it:*
And fair-ey'd peace, farewell.] These words are, we think, a continuation of the speech of Demetrius, or the beginning of that of Antigonus (which, in the former editions, commences at, *You have your answer)*; most probably the last. They cannot belong to the *Ambassador*, who does not mean to declare war, till he knows the resolution of Antigonus.

To sparkle[6] such poor people. The royal eagle, [the sun,
When she hath try'd[7] her young ones 'gainst
And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey; [her
How to command on wing, and check below
Ev'n birds of noble plume: I am your own, Sir; [teach it
You have found my spirit; try it now, and
To stoop whole kingdoms: Leave a little for
Let not your glory be so greedy, Sir, [me;
To eat up all my hopes. You gave me life;
If to that life you add not what's more lasting,
A noble name, for man you have made a shadow.
Bless me this day! Bid me go on, and lead;
Bid me go on, no less fear'd than Antigonus;
And to my maiden sword tie fast your fortune:
I know, 'twill fight itself then. Dear Sir, honour me!
Never fair virgin long'd so.

Ant. Rise, and command then;
And be as fortunate as I expect you:
I love that noble will. Your young companions, [metrius,
Bred up and foster'd with you, I hope, De-
You will make soldiers too; they must not leave you.

Enter Leontius.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, Sir.

Ant. Oh, Leontius,
Here's work for you in hand.

Leon. I am ev'n right-glad, Sir;
For, by my troth, I am now grown old with
I hear we shall abroad, Sir. [idleness.

Ant. Yes, and presently.
But who, think you, commands now?

Leon. Who commands, Sir? [there be,
Methinks, mine eye should guide me. Can
If you yourself will spare him so much honour,
Any found out to lead before your armies,
So full of faith, and fire, as brave Demetrius?
King Philip's son, at his years, was an old soldier. [time, Sir.
'Tis time his fortune be o' th' wing; high
So many idle hours as here he loiters,
So many ever-living names he loses:
I hope 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he, indeed; and nobly
He shall set forward. Draw you all those garrisons
Upon the frontiers as you pass; to those
Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers;
And, as you go, press all the provinces.

Leon. We shall not need: Believe, this hopeful gentleman [follow him.
Can want no swords, nor honest hearts, to
We shall be full, no fear, Sir.

Ant. You, Leontius,
Because you are an old and faithful servant,
And know the wars, with all his vantages,
Be near to his instructions; lest his youth
Lose Valour's best companion, staid Discretion. [safety;
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with
In execution not to break, nor scatter,
But, with a provident anger, follow nobly;
Not covetous of blood and death, but honour.
Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,
And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his valour. [metrius,
Love him, and think it no dishonour, my De-
To wear this jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,
And one, that ev'n in spite of time, that sunk him, [thee;
And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by
And with the proudest of thine enemies
Exchange for blood, and bravely: Take his counsel.

Leon. Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

Ant. She must be known, and suddenly.
Do you know her? [*To Menippus.*

Gent. Char. No, believe, Sir.

Ant. Did you observe her, Timon?

Tim. I look'd on her; but what she is——

Ant. I must [leave.
Have that found. Come in, and take your

Leon. And some few prayers along.[9]

Dem. I know my duty: [*Exit Ant.*
You shall be half my father.

Leon. All your servant.
Come, gentlemen, your are resolv'd, I'm sure,
To see these wars.

1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,
Tho' most assured death hung round about us.

Leon. That bargain's yet to make.
Be not too hasty, when ye face the enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly;
But charge within your bounds, and keep close bodies, [these mad-caps.
And you shall see what sport we'll make
Ye shall have game enough, I warrant ye;
Every man's cock shall fight.

Dem. I must go see her.[10]

[6] *To* sparkle *such poor people.*] This word is several times used by our Authors, to signify *scatter, disperse*; from the allusion to a red-hot coal, that disperses its sulphureous quality in *sparkles.* *Theobald.*

[7] *When she hath* try'd.] *Try'd* is very good sense, and we would not disturb the text, yet suspect the right word to be *tyr'd.* The whole passage is an allusion to falconry—to *tyre*, to *check*, to *stoop*, are all terms, we believe, of that art.

[9] Tim. *And some few prayers along.*] We have no doubt that this short speech belongs to the honest soldier *Leontius*, rather than the pander *Timon*; which the next speech of Demetrius seems to confirm.

[10] *I must go see*, Sir.] What must he go see? or, to whom is he here addressing himself? In short, Demetrius is speaking to himself, that he must go see, and take leave of Celia, before he sets out on his expedition. *Theobald.*

This

Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the park: Draw the men
Wait you upon Leontius. [thither.
Gent. We'll attend, Sir. [the sooner
Leon. But, I beseech your grace, with speed;
We are i' th' field——
Dem. You could not please me better.
[*Exit.*
Leon. You never saw the wars yet?
Gent. Not yet, colonel. [about ye,
Leon. These foolish mistresses do so hang
So whimper, and so hug, (I know it, gentlemen)
And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud!
And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and kisses, [faddles,
Th' alarms of soft vows, sighs, and fiddle-
Spoils all our trade! You must forget these knick-knacks:
A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye,
She is necessary; but make no business of her.
How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Oh, Sir, as ill as ever.
We shall have wars, they say; they're must'-
ring yonder: [plagues me!
'Would we were at it once! Fy, how it
Leon. Here's one has serv'd now under captain Cupid, [come on't.
And crack'd a pike in's youth: You see what's
Lieut. No, my disease will never prove so honourable.
Leon. Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.
Lieut. If I have 'em,
I am sure I got 'em in the best company:
They are pox of thirty coats.
Leon. Thou hast mew'd 'em finely. [low,
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fel-
If we may say so of a pocky fellow,
Which I believe we may: This poor Lieutenant,
Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,
Or what a devil it be, I'll say this for him,
There fights no braver soldier under sun, gentlemen.
Shew him an enemy, his pain's forgot straight;
And where other men by beds and baths have ease,
And easy rules of physic; set him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye!
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart; and then he works it bravely, [ber'd.
And throughly bravely. Not a pang remem-
I have seen him do such things belief would shrink at. [and diseas'd so.
Gent. 'Tis strange he should do all this,
Leon. I am sure, 'tis true. Lieutenant, canst thou drink well?
Lieut. 'Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel this.
Gent. I would take physic.
Lieut. But I would know my disease first.
Leon. Why, it may be the cholick: Canst thou blow backward?
Lieut. There's never a bag-pipe in the kingdom better.
Gent. Is't not a pleurisy?
Lieut. 'Tis any thing,
That has the devil, and death in't. Will ye march, gentlemen?
The prince has taken leave,
Leon. How know you that?
Lieut. I saw him leave the court, dispatch his followers,
And met him after in a by-street: I think,
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick over
Before he go. 'Would I had such another,
To draw this foolish pain down!
Leon. Let's away, gentlemen;
For, sure, the prince will stay on us.
Gent. We'll attend, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Celia. Must you needs go?
Dem. Or stay with all dishonour.
Celia. Are there not men enough to fight?
Dem. Fy, Celia!
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:
Would you have your love a coward?
Celia. No, believe, Sir; [from me.
I would have him fight, but not so far off
Dem. Wouldst have it thus, or thus?
Celia. If that be fighting——
Dem. You wanton fool! when I come home again, [Celia,
I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon,
And conquer thee too.
Celia. That you've done already;
You need no other arms to me, but these, Sir.
But will you fight yourself, Sir?
Dem. Thus deep in blood, wench,
And thro' the thickest ranks of pikes.
Celia. Spur bravely
Your fiery courser, beat the troops before you,
And cram the mouth of death with executions!
Dem. I would do more than these. But, prithee, tell me, [spirit?
Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this malo
I wonder at thy mind.
Celia. Were I a man, then
You would wonder more.
Dem. Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier,
And some great leader.
Celia. Sure, I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,

This conjecture of Mr. Theobald is very much corroborated by the sequel of the play, as well as by what is said by the Lieutenant in the next scene: *I think he has some wench to lick over, before he go.*

Extremely envious; of your youth and ho-
Dem. And fight against me? [nour.
Celia. Ten to one, I should do it.
Dem. Thou wouldst not hurt me?
Celia. In this mind I am in,
I think, I should be hardly brought to strike
you; [mind——
Unless 'twere thus: but in my man's
Dem. What?
Celia. I should be friends with you too,
now I think better.
Dem. You're a tall soldier.[11] Here, take
these, and these;
This gold to furnish you; and keep this
bracelet. [spirit!
Why do you weep now? You a masculine
Celia. No, I confess I am a fool, a woman;
And ever when I part with you——
Dem. You shall not.
These tears are like prodigious signs, my
sweet one! [nour thee.
I shall come back, loaden with fame, to ho-
Celia. I hope you shall. But then, my
dear Demetrius,
When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your sen-
tence; [quest,
Say then, your eye, surveying all your con-
Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,
A constant face, that in the midst of ruin,
With a forc'd smile, both scorns at fate and
fortune:
Say, you find such a none, so nobly fortified,
And in her figure all the sweets of nature——
Dem. Prithee, no more of this; I cannot
find her. [beauty,
Celia. That shews as far beyond my wither'd
And will run mad to love you too——
Dem. Do you fear me? [beauty,
And do you think, besides this face, this
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——
Celia. I dare not: [nest.
No, sure, I think you honest; wondrous ho-
Pray, do not frown; I'll swear you are.
Dem. You may chuse.
Celia. But how long will you be away?
Dem. I know not.
Celia. I know you are angry now: Pray,
look upon me:
I'll ask no more such questions.
Dem. The drums beat;
I can no longer stay.
Celia. They do but[12] call yet:
How fain you would leave my company!
Dem. I would not,
Unless a greater pow'r than Love commanded;
Commands my life, mine honour.
Celia. But a little! [ful of me.
Dem. Prithee, farewell, and be not doubt-
Celia. I would not have you hurt: And
you are so vent'rous——
But, good sweet prince, preserve yourself;
fight nobly, [now,
But do not thrust this body—('tis not yours
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek
wounds, Sir;
For every drop of blood you bleed——
Dem. I will, Celia,
I will be careful.
Celia. My heart, that loves you dearly——
Dem. Prithee, no more! we must part:
Hark, they march now!
[*Drums beat a march.*
Celia. Pox on these bawling drums! I am
sure, you'll kiss me;
But one kiss! What a parting's this?
Dem. Here, take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, smother me;
But still remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forget the trust——
Celia. I have done: Farewell, Sir!
Never look back; you shall not stay, not a
minute.
Dem. I must have one farewell more!
Celia. No, the drums beat; [more!
I dare not slack your honour; not a hand
Only this look—The gods preserve, and save
you! [*Exeunt severally.*[13]

[11] *You're a* tall *soldier.*] Our ancestors used *tall* in the sense of *stout, bold,* or *courageous*: and this, I apprehend, is the meaning we must assign it here. Thus the lord Bacon tells us, 'That bishop Fox caused his castle of Norham to be fortified; and mann'd it likewise with a 'very great number of *tall* soldiers.' History of Henry VII p. 173. And in a Discourse on Usury, wrote by Dr. Wilson, we may see how it was then used: 'Here in England, he 'that can rob a man by the highway is called a *tall* fellow.' Lond. 1584. The word occurs likewise in Shakespeare; who seems in more places than one to ridicule the frequent use of it by bravoes and bullies. Thus he makes Pistol say, 'Thy spirits are most *tall*.' And Mercutio reckons the phrase, 'a *tall* man,' amongst the affected fancies of the time. *Whalley.*

[12] *They do* but *call yet.*] We have not disturbed the text, but suspect that *but* in this hemistich should be, according to the true reading, *not.*

——— *They do* not *call yet:*
How fain you would leave my company!

[13] We cannot help taking notice of the beauty and elegance of this scene; though it is needless to point it out to any reader of the least taste or sensibility.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, and Timon.

Ant. WHAT, have you found her out?
Char. We have hearken'd after her.
Ant. What's that to my desire?
Char. Your grace must give us
Time, and a little means.
Tim. She is, sure, a stranger:
If she were bred or known here——
Ant. Your dull endeavours
Should never be employ'd. Welcome, Menippus!

(Enter Menippus.)

Men. I have found her, Sir;
I mean, the place she is lodg'd in. Her name is Celia;
And much ado I had to purchase that too.
Ant. Dost think Demetrius loves her?
Men. Much I fear it;
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your grace within this hour.
Ant. A stranger?
Men. Without all doubt.
Ant. But how should he come to her?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.
Ant. Hast thou been with thy wife?
Men. No, Sir; I'm going to her.
Ant. Go, and dispatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out you can. [*Exit.*
Men. I'll do my best, Sir. [*Exit.*
Tim. Blest be thy wife; thou wert an arrant ass else!
Char. Ay, she's a stirring woman indeed: There's a brain, brother! [mettle
Tim. There's not a handsome wench of any
Within a hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to court, as to a sanctuary.
What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not she beaten it out o' th' flint to fasten him? [ments:[14]
They say she keeps an office of conceal-
There is no young wench, let her be a saint,
(Unless she live i' th' centre) but she finds her,
And every way prepares addresses to her.
If my wife would have followed her course, Charinthus,
Her lucky course, (I had the day before him)
Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother? [her,
But she, forsooth, when I put these things to
These things of honest thrift, groans, 'Oh, my conscience!
'The load upon my conscience!' when, to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burden than a brood-goose, brother. [fail us,
But let's do what we can; tho' this wench
Another of a new way[15] will be look'd at.
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains; time may,
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Drum within, alarm. Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. I will not see 'em fall thus! Give me way, Sir!
I shall forget you love me else.
Leon. Will you lose all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing;
So you, and those we have preserv'd from
Come safely off. [slaughter,
Dem. I have lost myself——
Leon. You are cozen'd.
Dem. And am most miserable!

[14] *An office of* concealments.] Alluding to the practice in queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. Commissions for discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 209. There was a second proclamation to the same purpose in the year 1579 (ibid. p. 602.) Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of them in the diocese of Lincoln, in 1582, with queries from the commission to the clergy and churchwardens. Annals, vol. iii. p. 112, &c. *Grey.*

This note by Dr. Grey is upon the following passage in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour: 'Come and cherish this lame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be *begged* else 'shortly for a *concealment*.' And Mr. Whalley adds, 'There is an allusion to this practice in 'Fletcher's Humourous Lieutenant; where Timon, describing the bawd Leucippe, says, "She "keeps an office of *concealments*." *R.*

[15] *Another of a new* way *will be look'd at.*] We much suspect the poets wrote, of a new *day*. So, immediately after,

——— *Time may,*
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day.

Leon. There's no man so,
But he that makes himself so.
Dem. I'll go on.
Leon. You must not! I shall tell you, then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern,
That cannot guide himself. You lead an army,
That have not so much manly suff'rance left
To bear a loss?
Dem. Charge but once more, Leontius!
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.
Leon. Nay, give 'em lost; I saw 'em off their horses,
And the enemy master of their arms; nor
The policy, nor strength, of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And shall I know this and stand fooling?
Leon. By my dead father's soul, you stir not, Sir!
Or, if you do, you make your way thro' me first.
Dem. Thou art a coward!
Leon. To prevent a madman?
None but your father's son durst call me so!
'Sdeath, if he did——Must I be scandal'd by you,
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save you?
That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,
Both search'd it out, and singled it, and unedg'd it,
For fear it should bite you? Am I a coward?
Go, get you up, and tell 'em you're the king's son;
Hang all your lady's favours on your crest,
And let them fight their shares; spur to destruction;
You cannot miss the way! Be bravely desperate!
And your young friends before you, that lost this battle,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order!
Cry out, Antigonus, the old Antigonus,
The wise and fortunate Antigonus,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,
Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,
To bury in an hour his age of honour!
Dem. I am asham'd.
Leon. 'Tis ten to one, I die with you:
The coward will not long be after you!
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,
Of what a prince we had, how bravely spirited,
How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you;
And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!
Will this faith satisfy your folly? Can this shew you,
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten, in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt fortune, now she has held you,
Held you from sinking up——
Dem. Pray, do not kill me! I suffer,
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I
The smarting wounds of loss!
Leon. You are too tender:
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,
And the most valiant feel them both. Take comfort;
The next is ours, I have a soul descries it.
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day set, but not the memory,
And we shall find a time! How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. I know not; I am maul'd; we are bravely beaten;
All our young gallants lost.
Leon. Thou'rt hurt.
Lieut. I'm pepper'd; I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;
Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I have fam'd it; I've got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty times;
And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still. I am hurt plaguily: colonel;
But now I have nothing near so much pain,
They have slic'd me for that malady.
Dem. All the young men lost?
Lieut. I'm glad you're here; but they are all i' th' pound, Sir;
They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again, I take it. feathers,
Such frisking, and such flaunting with their
And such careering with their mistress' favours! nour,
And here must he be pricking[16] out for ho-
And there got he a knock, and down goes Pilgarlick,
Commends his soul to his she-saint, and *exit.*
Another spurs in there, cries, 'Make room, villains! verence,
'I am a lord!' scarce spoken, but, with re-
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and fells him:
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!
Leon. Now, Sir,
Do you find this truth?
Dem. I would not.
Lieut. Pox upon it!

[16] Pricking *out for honour.*] *Pricking*, in old English, signifies *riding*. Thus, the first line of Spenser,

'A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain.'

So after, *Another* spurs *in there.*

They have such tender bodies too, such cullisses, [in pieces.
That one good handsome blow breaks them
Leon. How stands the enemy?
Lieut. Ev'n cool enough too:
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated;
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.
Leon. He marches not i' th' tail on's.
Lieut. No; plague take him!
He'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,
As if he would say, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs. [against us,
Now shall we have damnable ballads out
Most wicked madigrals: And ten to one, colonel,
Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes——
Leon. Thou art merry, [troubled;
Howe'er the game goes. Good Sir, be not
A better day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off;
They are hot, and weary.
Dem. I'll do any thing.
Leon. Lieutenant, send one presently away
To th' king, and let him know our state.—— And, hark ye!
Be sure the messenger advise his majesty
To comfort up the prince: He's full of sadness.
Lieut. When shall I get a surgeon? This hot weather, [lonel.
Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, co-
Leon. Go; I'll prepare thee one.
Lieut. If you catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Leucippe, reading; and two maids at a table, writing.

Leu. Have you written to Merione?
1 *Maid.* Yes, madam. [has,
Leu. And let her understand the hopes she
If she come speedily?
1 *Maid* All these are specified.
Leu. And of the chain is sent her,
And the rich stuff, to make her shew more handsome here?
1 *Maid.* All this is done, madam.
Leu. What have you dispatch'd there?
2 *Maid.* A letter to the country-maid, an't please you. [peevish!
Leu. A pretty girl, but peevish, plaguy
Have you bought th' embroider'd gloves, and that purse for her,
And the new curl?
2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.
Leu. Her maidenhead will yield me—let me see now——
She is not fifteen, they say: For her complexion——
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—'Cloe,
'The daughter of a country gentleman;
'Her age upon fifteen'—Now her complexion— [rolling;
'A lovely brown'—here 'tis—'eyes black and
'The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,
'Sings most inticingly'—These helps consider'd, hundred,
Her maidenhead will amount to some three
'Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handsomely.
Her father's poor; some little share deducted,
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.
Who takes care of the merchant's wife?
1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom she is?
1 *Maid.* Very well, madam;
Tho' very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happiness.
Leu. These kind are subtle. [her?
Did she not cry, and blubber, when you urg'd
1 *Maid.* Oh, most extremely, and swore she would rather perish.
Leu. Good signs, very good signs, symptoms of easy nature!
Had she the plate?
1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it;
And turn'd again, and view'd it.
Leu. Very well still. [lie there,
1 *Maid.* At length she was content to let it
'Till I call'd for't, or so.
Leu. She'll come?
1 *Maid.* D'ye take me [promise?
For such a fool, I would part without that
Leu. The chamber's next the park.
2 *Maid.* The widow, madam,
You bad me look upon——
Leu. Hang her, she's musty: [sluttish.
She's no man's meat; besides, she's poor and
Where lies old Thisbe now?—You are so long now!
2 *Maid.* Thisbe, Thisbe, This—agent Thisbe!—Oh, I have her;
She lies now in Nicopolis.
Leu. Dispatch a packet,
And tell her, her superior here commands her
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd
Here to our use, some twenty young and handsome,
As also able maids, for the court-service,
As she will answer it: We are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With such blown stuff, I am asham'd to send it. [*Knock within.*
Who's that? look out! to your business, maid! [lady,
There's nothing got by idleness.—There is a
Which if I can but buckle with—Altea—
A, A, A, A, 'Altea, young and married,
'And a great lover of her husband'—well—
'Not to be brought to court.' Say ye so? I'm sorry;
The court shall be brought to you then.—How now? who is't?

1 *Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending, [money,
A pretty girl, but out of clothes; for a little
It seems, she would put her to your bringing-up, madam.

Enter Woman and Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Would you aught with us, good woman?
I pray be short; we are full of business.
Wom. I have a tender girl here, an't please your honour——
Leu. Very well.
Wom. That hath a great desire to serve your worship.
Leu. It may be so; I'm full of maids.
Wom. She's young, forsooth; [ing——
And, for her truth, and, as they say, her bear-
Leu. You say well. Come ye hither, maid; let me feel your pulse:
'Tis somewhat weak; but nature will grow stronger. [pasterns.
Let me see your leg; she treads but low i' th'
Wom. A cork heel, madam——
Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman. What d'ye pitch her at?
She's but a slight toy;[17] cannot hold out long.
Wom Ev'n what you think is meet.
Leu. Give her ten crowns; we are full of business. [home.
She is a poor woman; let her take a cheese
Enter the wench i' th' office.
[*Exeunt Woman and* 1 *Maid.*
2 *Maid.* What is your name, sister?
Phebe. Phebe, forsooth.
Leu. A pretty name; 'twill do well.
Go in, and let the other maid instruct you, Phebe. [*Exit Phebe.*
Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into action for a wastcoat:[18]
And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this small pinnace
Shall sail for gold, and good store too. Who's there? [*Knock within.*
Lord, shall we ne'er have any ease in this world? [you have?
Still troubled! still molested! What would

(Enter Menippus.)

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able;
An you were my husband a thousand times, I cannot do it.
At least a dozen posts are gone this morning,
For several parts o' th' kingdom; I can do no more
But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.
Men. Prithee, good sweet-heart,
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee;
I know, thou labour'st truly. Hark in thine ear.
Leu. Ha!
What, do you make so dainty on't? Look there;
I am an ass, I can do nothing!
Men. 'Celia?' [*Reading.*
Ay, this is she—'a stranger born.'
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Prithee, my best Leucippe! there's much hangs on't.
'Lodg'd at the end of Mars's Street'—that's true, too——
'At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier,
'Preserv'd a prisoner; and by prince Demetrius
'Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd.'
How came you by this knowledge?
Leu. Poor, weak man! [ing)
I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleep-
Abroad, and full of business.
Men. You ne'er try'd her? [in
Leu. No, she is beyond my level; so hedg'd
By the prince's infinite love and favour to her——
Men. She is a handsome wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof-arms herself.
Men. Come in then;
I have a great design from the king to you,
And you must work like wax now.
Leu. On this lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of some note: Old as I am,
I think my brains will work without barm.
Take up the books!
Men. As we go in, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

[17] *She's but a slight toy, &c.*] 'This examination,' says Sir Richard Steele, 'of a young girl 'for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every 'other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy; 'though it were to be wished the Author had added a circumstance which should make Leu-'cippe's baseness more odious.' Spectator, Vol. iv. No. 266. *R.*

[18] *I'll put her into action for a* wastcoat.] The term *wastcoateër* frequently occurs in our Authors' works. It seems to imply, a *meaner kind of strumpet:* In Wit Without Money, Luce says,

> ——— *Do you think you're here, Sir,*
> *Amongst your* wastcoateërs, *your base wenches*
> *That scratch at such occasions?*

And in the beginning of this play, one of the Gentlemen Ushers calls Celia a *wastcoateër*, when in a disposition to apply to her the severest term of reproach. It is probable, the epithet was derived from some particular *vest* worn by the courtezans.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords, and a Soldier.

Ant. No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him)
Nor no man miss a friend. I know his nature
So deep impress'd with grief, for what he has suffer'd,
That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.
His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier?
Sol. Faith, neither great, nor out of indis-
The young men, out of heat—— [cretion.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.

Ant. I guess the manner.
Lord. The prince, an't like your grace.
Ant. You're welcome home, Sir!
Come, no more sorrow! I have heard your fortune, [man;
And I myself have try'd the like. Clear up,
I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted,
Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Basely besought their mercies——
Leon. No, no, by this hand, Sir,
We fought like honest and tall men.
Ant. I know't, Leontius. Or, if I thought
Neglect of rule, having his counsel with you,
Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot and scatter'd——
Leon. None of these, Sir;
He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
Ant. These being granted,
Why should you think you have done an act so heinous, [about you?
That nought but discontent dwells round
I have lost a battle.
Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.
Ant. With as much means as man——
Leon. Or devil could urge it.
Ant. Twenty to one on our side now.
Leon. Turn tables;
Beaten like dogs again, like owls; you take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And, to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir; [tumbled
'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk. I've
With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,
And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver,
Blooded and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad shaver; [comes to't;
He fights his share, I'm sure, whene'er he
Yet I have seen him trip it tightly too,
And cry, 'The devil take the hindmost ever!'
Lieut. I learnt it of my betters.
Leon. Boudge[19] at this?
Ant. Has fortune but one face?
Lieut. In her best vizard,
Methinks, she looks but lousily.
Ant. Chance, tho' she faint now,
And sink below our expectations, [her?
Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy
Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy, [der'd,
And lost my people, left mine honour mur-
My maiden honour, never to be ransom'd;
Which to a noble soul is too, too sensible,
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these,
Time may turn straight again, experience perfect, [fortunes.
And new swords cut new ways to nobler
Oh, I have lost——
Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it loss.
Dem. Oh, Sir, forgive me!
I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred with me;
I have lost myself, they were the pieces of me;
I have lost all arts, my schools are taken from me,
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!
I liv'd to see these men lost, look'd upon it;
These men that twin'd their loves to mine, their virtues! [save 'em!
Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not
This carries sulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory!
Ant. This was hard fortune; but if alive, and taken,
They shall be ransom'd, let it be at millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead!
Lieut. When would he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.
Leon. Good prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: The enemy, [quarter.
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good
What noise is this;

Great shout within. Enter Gentleman.

Lieut. He does not follow us?
Give me a steeple-top!
Leon. They live, they live, Sir!
Ant. Hold up your manly face. They live; they're here, son.
Dem. These are the men!
1 *Gent.* They are; and live to honour you.
Dem. How 'scap'd ye, noble friends? me-thought, I saw ye
Even in the jaws of death.
2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That spurr'd us on. We were indeed hedg'd round in't;

[19] *Boudge.*] Perhaps *budge*, from the French *bouger*, to *stir*, or *move off the place*. It is now held a low word; though, from the manner in which it is used by Shakespeare in the Tempest, it was not so reputed in his time. *Boudge*, however, is not used in this place quite in the literal sense of *budge*; but is rather metaphorically applied to the grief of Demetrius; as we still see the modern word *moved*, to paint the emotions of the mind.

And, ev'n beyond the hand of succour beaten,
Unhors'd, disarm'd: And what we look'd for then, Sir, [knoll,
Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell
And see the grave a-digging, tell.
Dem. For Heav'ns sake, [off?
Delude mine eyes no longer! How came ye
1 *Gent.* Against all expectation; the brave Seleucus,
I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,
When thro' the troops he saw you shoot like lightning,
And at your manly courage all took fire;
And after that, the misery we fell to,
The never-certain fate of war, consid'ring,
As we stood all before him, fortune's ruins,
Nothing but death expecting, a short time
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes.
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd, [to us,
Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cry'd out
'Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,
'To the most high and hopeful prince Demetrius; [me
'Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against
'This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,
'Deserves ev'n from an enemy this courtesy,
'Your lives, and arms; freely I'll give 'em:
Thank him.'
And thus we are return'd, Sir.
Leon. Faith, 'twas well done; [Sir?
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part,
Lieut. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am sure on't. [yet.
These noble tricks, I never durst trust 'em
Leon. Let me not live, an 'twere not a fam'd honesty; [I wish, Heaven,
It takes me such a tickling way! Now would
But ev'n the happiness, ev'n that poor blessing,
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,
But ev'n i'th' head o' th' field to take Seleucus: [still?
I should do something memorable. Fy! sad
1 *Gent.* Do you grieve we are come off?
Dem. Unransom'd, was it?
2 *Gent.* It was, Sir.
Dem. And with such a fame to me?
Said you not so?
Leon. You have heard it.
Dem. Oh, Leontius!
Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,
And all my father's hopes!
Leon. Mercy upon you! [on's!
What ail you, Sir? Death, do not make fools
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home? [20]
That's a fine hornpipe.
Ant. What's now your grief, Demetrius?
Dem. Did he not beat us twice?
Leon. He beat a pudding! beat us but once.
Dem. H' has beat me twice, and beat me
Beat me to nothing! [to a coward,
Lieut. Is not the devil in him?
Leon. I pray it be no worse.
Dem. Twice conquer'd me! [dunce here.
Leon. Bear witness, all the world, I am a
Dem. With valour first he struck me, then with honour. [not feel it?
That stroke, Leontius, that stroke! dost thou
Leon. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet. [prisoners—
Dem. All these gentlemen that were his
Leon. Yes; he set 'em free, Sir, with arms and honour.
Dem. There, there; now thou hast it!
At mine own weapon, courtesy, h' has beaten me. [me;
At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd
Hotter than all the dint o' th' fight he has charg'd me!
Am I not now a wretched fellow? Think on't;
And when thou hast examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'st no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten!
Ant. I have observ'd your way, and under-
And equal love it as Demetrius. [stand it,
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue;
I and my pow'r will sink first! You, Leontius,
Wait for a new commission. You shall out again, [here;
And instantly; you shall not lodge this night
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with you,
Before you be i' th' field. The enemy is up still, [son,
And still in full design: Charge him again,
And either bring home that again thou hast
Or leave thy body by him. [lost there,
Dem. You raise me!
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.
Leon. Ay, ay, Sir; I am thinking, who we shall take of 'em,
To make all straight; and who we shall give to the devil.
What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I say nothing. [now?
Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,
Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;
It goes against my stomach.
Dem. Good Sir, presently;
You cannot do your son so fair a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'll see you march away too. [tius,
Come, get your men together presently, Leon-
And press where please you, as you march.
Leon. We go, Sir.

[20] *Neither go to church, nor tarry at home.*] We suppose this to have been a familiar old saying, and to be applied by Leontius to Demetrius's being pleased neither way; being distressed at their loss, and grieved at their recovery.

Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.
Dem. You love me! [*Exeunt Ant. and Dem.*
Leon. Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieutenant!
Lieut. Hark you, Sir; [riage——
I have a foolish business, they call mar-
Leon. After the wars are done.
Lieut. The party stays, Sir;
I have giv'n the priest his money too: All my friends, Sir,
My father, and my mother——
Leon. Will you go forward?
Lieut. She brings a pretty matter with her.
Leon. Half a dozen bastards?
Lieut. Some forty, Sir——
Leon. A goodly competency!
Lieut. I mean, Sir, pounds a-year. I'll dispatch the matter; [Sir.
'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you,
Leon. The two old legions? yes. Where lies the horse-quarter?
Lieut. And if it be a boy, I'll ev'n make bold, Sir——
Leon. Away wi' your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue,
Now you are cur'd and well, must you be clicketing?
Lieut. I have broke my mind to my ancient; in my absence—
He's a sufficient gentleman.
Leon. Get forward!
Lieut. Only receive her portion!
Leon. Get you forward;
Else I'll bang you forward.
Lieut. Strange, Sir, a gentleman,
And an officer, cannot have the liberty
To do the office of a man.
Leon. Shame light on thee!
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieut. This whore, Sir?
'Tis strange, a poor whore——
Leon. Do not answer me! [again,
Troop, troop away! Do not name this whore
Or think there is a whore——
Lieut. That's very hard, Sir.
Leon. For, if thou dost, look to't; I'll have thee gelded!
I'll walk you out before me! Not a word more!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Leucippe and Governess.

Leu. You are the mistress of the house,
Where this young lady lies? [you say,
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for such a purpose. [directly.
When was the prince with her? Answer me
Gov. Not since he went a-warring.
Leu. Very well then
What carnal copulation are you privy to
Between these two?—Be not afraid; we are women, [harm in't.
And may talk thus amongst ourselves; no
Gov. No, sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwise given, than a hopeful gentlewoman——
Leu. You'll grant me, the prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with you;
And, the gods bless her, promises her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extremely;
And truly makes a very saint of her.
Leu. I should think now, [with me;
(Good woman, let me have your judgment
I see 'tis none o' th' worst—Come, sit down by me)
That these two cannot love so tenderly——
Gov. Being so young as they are too——
Leu. You say well!
But that, methinks, some further promises——
Gov. Yes, yes; [her.
I have heard the prince swear he would marry
Leu. Very well still. They do not use to fall out?
Gov. The tenderest chickens to one another!
They cannot live an hour asunder.
Leu. I have done then; [and do it.
And be you gone. You know your charge,
You know whose will it is: If you transgress
That is, if any have access, or see her, [it,
Before the king's will be fulfill'd——
Gov. Not the prince, madam?
Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure you. [obey you.
Gov. But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to
Leu. Away, and to your business then!
Gov. 'Tis done, madam! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus.

Ant. THOU hast taken wondrous pains; but yet, Menippus, [try?
You understand not of what blood and coun-
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it. [language.
A Greek, I am sure, she is; she speaks this
Ant. Is she so excellent handsome?
Men. Most enticing.
Ant. Sold for a prisoner?

Men. Yes, Sir; some poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They say, extremely.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then. Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,
Desir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute;
Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business; [ney, man,
I knew 'twas she he hunted on. This jour-
I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended,
And would not give him time to breathe. When comes she?
Men. This morning, Sir.
Ant. Lodge her to all delight then;
For I would have her try'd to th' test: I know,
She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffick;[21]
Which, when we have found, the shame will make him leave her;
Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,
Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.
You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there, [Menippus,
To view her as she passes. And, do you hear,
Observe her with all sweetness; humour her;
'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.
Away, and take what helps you please.
Men. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Celia and Governess.

Celia. Governess, from whom was this gown sent me? [it else.
Prithee, be serious, true:[22] I will not wear
It is a handsome one.
Gov. As though you know not?
Celia. No, faith:
But I believe for certain too—yet I wonder,
Because it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preserve me from the curious searchings
Of greedy eyes.
Gov. You have it: Does it please you?
Celia. 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. Prithee, tell me?
Gov. From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady; [ings.
These are no gifts to be put off with pout-
Celia. Poutings, and gifts? Is it from any stranger? [talk to you.
Gov. You are so curious, that there is no
What if it be, I pray you?
Celia. Unpin, good governess;
Quick, quick!
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Celia. Quick, good governess!
Fy on't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly!
A trick put in upon me? Well said, governess!
I vow, I would not wear it—Out! it smells musty.
Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it;
Abominable musty! Will you help me?
The prince will come again——
Gov. You are not mad, sure? [upon it!
Celia. As I live, I'll cut it off! A pox
For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you bring me liveries? [thou base woman?
Stales[23] to catch kites? Dost thou laugh too,
Gov. I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd.
Celia. Abuse me,
And then laugh at me too?
Gov. I do not abuse you:
Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?
You want cloaths; is it such a heinous sin, I
To see you stor'd? [beseech ye,
Celia. There is no greater wickedness than
Gov. What way? [this way.
Celia. I shall curse thee fearfully,
If thou provok'st me further: And take heed,
My curses never miss. [woman;
Gov. Curse him that sent it.
Celia. Tell but his name——
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Dare not? by this fair light——
Gov. You are so full of passion——
Celia. Dare not be good? be honest? dare not curse him?
Gov. I think you dare not; I believe so.
Celia. Speak him! [it bravely,
Gov. Up with your valour then, up with
And take your full charge.
Celia. If I do not, hang me!
Tell but his name.
Gov. 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him i' th' eye[24] now, lady.

[21] *Not fit his traffick.*] The sense intended is plain enough; yet there appears to be a slight corruption in the passage. To reconcile it to the rest of the context, we might, if the present words remain unchanged, insert *for*, and read, '*not fit* FOR *his traffick*;' or else, with no great violence to the text, as it now stands, read, '*nor fit his traffick*:' Both which readings, as well as the present, imply that she is too base and low to have any commerce with Demetrius.

[22] Celia. *Governess, from whom was this gown sent me, &c.*] The honesty of Celia's conduct, her inviolable affection to the prince, her jealousy of being decoy'd by the base court-agents, and her absolute defiance to all addresses whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole character. *Theobald.*

[23] *Stales.*] Something exhibited or offered as an allurement to draw others to any place or purpose. *Johnson.*

[24] *Kill him i' th' eye.*] It has been remarked in the notes on Philaster, that, as all good shooters

Celia. Is he come home?
Gov. It seems so. But, your curse now!
Celia. You do not lie, I hope.
Gov. You dare not curse him.
Celia. Prithee, do not abuse me! Is he come home, indeed? [thee.
For I would now with all my heart believe
Gov. Nay, you may chuse. Alas, I deal for strangers, [liveries!
That send you scurvy, musty gowns; stale
I have my tricks!
Celia. 'Tis a good gown; a handsome one;
I did but jest. Where is he?
Gov. He that sent it—— [that again?
Celia. How? he that sent it? Is't come to
Thou can'st not be so foolish. Prithee, speak
I may mistake thee. [out;
Gov. I said, he that sent it——
Celia. Curse o' my life! why dost thou vex me thus? [not?
I know thou mean'st Demetrius; dost thou
I charge thee speak truth! If it be any other—— [the justice
Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and
His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman, [too late too,
Thou beastly woman! and thou shalt know
And feel too sensible, I am no ward,
No sale-stuff for your money-merchants that sent it! [thou——
Who dare send me, or how dost thou,
Gov. What you please:
For this is ever the reward of service.
The prince shall bring the next himself.
Celia. 'Tis strange, [you,
That you should deal so peevishly! Beshrew
You have put me in a heat.
Gov. I am sure you have kill'd me;
I ne'er receiv'd such language: I can but wait upon you, [you.
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve
Celia. You know my nature is too easy, governess; [does he?
And you know now, I am sorry too. How
Gov. Oh, God, my head!
Celia. Prithee, be well, and tell me,
Did he speak of me since he came? Nay, see now! [governess,
If thou wilt leave this tyranny—Good, sweet
Did he but name his Celia? Look upon me!
Upon my faith, I meant no harm! Here, take this. [wench?
And buy thyself some trifles. Did he, good
Gov. He loves you but too dearly.
Celia. That's my good governess!
Gov. There's more cloaths making for you.
Celia. More cloaths?
Gov. More;
Richer and braver; I can tell you that news;
And twenty glorious things.
Celia. To what use, sirrah?
Gov. You are too good for our house now: We, poor wretches,
Shall lose the comfort of you.
Celia. No, I hope not.
Gov. For ever lose you, lady.
Celia. Lose me? wherefore?
I hear of no such thing.
Gov. 'Tis sure, it must be so: [tion;
You must shine now at court! Such prepara-
Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——
Celia. To th' court, wench?
Was it to th' court, thou saidst?
Gov. You'll find it so.
Celia. Stay, stay; this cannot be.
Gov. I say, it must be.
I hope to find you still the same good lady.
Celia. To th' court? This stumbles me. Art sure, for me, wench,
This preparation is?
Gov. She is perilous crafty; [*Aside.*
I fear, too honest for us all too.—Am I sure I live?
Celia. To th' court? this cannot down: What should I do there? [thus,
Why should he on a sudden change his mind
And not make me acquainted? (Sure, he loves me!) [him;
His vow was made against it, and mine with
At least, while this king liv'd. He will come
And see me, ere I go? [hither,
Gov. 'Would some wise woman [*Aside.*
Had her in working!—That I think he will not, [you.
Because he means with all joy there to meet
You shall hear more within this hour.
Celia. A courtier?
What may that meaning be? Sure, he will see me [governess;
If he be come; he must. Hark you, good
What age is the king of?
Gov. He's an old man, and full of business.
Celia. I fear too full, indeed. What ladies are there?
I would be loth to want good company.
Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would desire; [pany!
And, when you are acquainted, the best com-
Celia. 'Tis very well. Prithee, go in; let's talk more.
For, tho' I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.
Gov. I see he must be cunning, knocks this doe down. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lieutenant and Leontius. Drums within.

Leon. You shall not have your will, sirrah! Are you running? [a season,
Have you gotten a toy in your heels? Is this

shooters aim at the heart, it is a term of reproach to say, *he kills in the eye.* So here, the Governess means, 'If you shoot at Demetrius, you will take so bad aim as to hit him in *the eye,* 'instead of the part you should aim at.'

When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up
After your whore, your hobby-horse?
Lieut. Why, look ye now! [a man fight
What a strange man are you? Would you have
At all hours all alike?[25]
Leon. Do but fight something,
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't:
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em. [thank you heartily!
Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out; I
You are my dear friend!
Leon. What a devil ails thee?
Dost long to be hang'd?
Lieut. Faith, Sir, I make no suit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of cha-
Continually in brawling—— [rity,
Leon. Art thou not he
(I may be cozen'd)——
Lieut. I shall be discover'd. [lish pains,
Leon. That, in the midst of thy most hel-
When thou wert crawling-sick, didst aim at wonders?
When thou wert mad with pain?
Lieut. You have found the cause out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight else. I confess, Sir,
The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,
Made me as daily careless what became of me,
'Till a kind sword there wounded me, and eas'd me; [well now,
'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am
And take some pleasure in my life: Methinks, now,
It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,
And kill one another foolishly for honour,
As 'twas to you to see me play the coxcomb.
Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?
Lieut. I' th' mind I am in.
Leon. Nor ne'er be sick again?
Lieut. I hope I shall not. [seech thee,
Leon. Prithee be sick again; prithee, I be-
Be just so sick again.
Lieut. I'll just be hang'd first.
Leon. If all the arts that are can make a cholick, [(mark me!)
(Therefore look to't!) or if imposthumes
As big as footballs——
Lieut. Deliver me! [kidnies,
Leon. Or stones of ten pound weight i' th'
Thro' ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,
I'll feed you up myself, Sir; I'll prepare you!
You cannot fight, unless the devil tear you?
You shall not want provocations; I'll scratch you; [head-ach—
I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the
Lieut. Good colonel, I'll do any thing!
Leon. No, no, nothing!
Then will I have thee blown with a pair of smiths' bellows, [with you)
(Because you shall be sure to have a round gale
Fill'd full of oil of devil, and aqua-fortis;
And let these work; these may provoke.
Lieut. Good colonel! [plain with me;
Leon. A coward in full blood? Prithee, be
Will roasting do thee any good?
Lieut. Nor basting neither, Sir,
Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter first Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you, colonel?
The prince expects you, Sir; h' has hedg'd the enemy [valours
Within a straight, where all the hopes and
Of all men living cannot force a passage:
He has 'em now.
Leon. I knew all this before, Sir;
I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you see that thing there? [a little.
Lieut. Nay, good sweet colonel! I'll fight
Leon. That thing! [tenant.
1 *Gent.* What thing? I see the brave Lieu-
Leon. Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?
Lieut. You may help it;
Yet you may help't: I'll do you any courtesy!
I know you love a wench well.

Enter second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him.
Do you look too.
2 *Gent.* What should I look on? [reetion;
I come to tell you, the prince stays your di-
We have 'em now i' th' coop, Sir.
Leon. Let 'em rest there, [first——
And chew upon their miseries. But, look
Lieut. I cannot fight, for all this.
Leon. Look on this fellow!
2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant, brave Lieutenant.
Leon. Canst thou hear this, and play the rogue? Steal off!
Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it!
And rush into the thickest of the enemy,
And if thou kill'st but two——

[25] —— *Would you have a man fight*
At all hours all alike?] The character of the *Lieutenant* refusing to fight after he was cured of his bodily malady, (as Mr. Langbaine tells us in his account of the English Dramatic Poets) resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. But the very story is related in A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, represented in a Collection of Apothegmes Pleasant and Profitable, by Thomas Forde, 8vo. 1660, p. 30, in these words: 'Antigonus observing a sickly souldier to be very valiant, procured his 'physician to heal him; who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing 'as formerly; which Antigonus noting, demanded the reason: The souldier answered, O Antigonus, thou art the reason; before I ventured nothing but a diseased corpse, and then I chose 'rather to die quickly, than to live sickly: I invited Death to do me a courtesie; now it is 'otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose.' *R.*

Lieut. You may excuse me;
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.
Leon. Be rul'd yet;
I'll beat thee on; go, wink and fight! A plague upon your sheep's heart!
2 *Gent.* What's all this matter?
1 *Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew you. [to 'em.
Leon. Here's twenty pound, go but smell
Lieut. Alas, Sir,
I have taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.
Leon. I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal!
Fy, how he stinks, stinks like a tired jade!
2 *Gent.* What, Sir? [him?
Leon. Why, that Sir; do not you smell
2 *Gent.* Smell him?
Lieut. I must endure.
Leon. Stinks like a dead dog, carrion!
There's no such damnable smell under Heav'n,
As the faint sweat of a coward. Will you fight yet? [spoke the worst
Lieut. Nay, now I defy you; you have
You can of me; and if every man should take
What you say to the heart, God ha' mercy![26]
Leon. God ha' mercy, with all my heart!
here I forgive thee; [us,
And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with
And keep my dog.
Lieut. I love a good dog naturally.
1 *Gent.* What's all this stir, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Nothing, Sir,
But a slight matter of argument.
Leon. Pox take thee! [coward.
Sure, I shall love this rogue, he's so pretty a
Come, gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune [her.
Dare play the slut again, I'll never more saint
Come, play-fellow, come! prithee, come up! come, chicken!
I have a way shall fit yet. A tame knave!
Come, look upon us.
Lieut. I'll tell you who does best, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus, above.

Men. I saw her coming out.
Ant. Who waits upon her?
Men. Timon, Charinthus, and some other
By me appointed.[27] [gentlemen,
Ant. Where's your wife?
Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, Sir; and some ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How shews she in her trim now?
Men. Oh, most divinely sweet.
Ant. Prithee, speak softly.
How does she take her coming?
Men. She bears it bravely; [preserve me!
But what she thinks—For Heav'n sake, Sir,
If the prince chance to find this——
Ant. Peace, you old fool;
She thinks to meet him here.
Men. That's all the project.
Ant. Was she hard to bring?
Men. No, she believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made herself fit. The gown a little, [quainted with,
And those new things she has not been ac-
At least in this place, where she liv'd a prisoner,
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But, believe me, Sir, [her;[28]
She has worn as good, they sit so apted to
And she is so great a mistress of disposure.
Here they come now: But take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully she looks? How she salutes all? [young, sure.
And how she views the place? She is very
That was an admirable smile, a catching one;
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it![29]
She has two-edg'd eyes; they kill o' both sides.
Men. She makes a stand, as though she
Ant. Be still then. [would speak.
Celia. Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves no further; [here.
I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend
Tim. You may meet many, lady.
Celia. Such as you are,
I covet few, or none, Sir.
Char. Will you walk this way,
And take[30] the sweets o' th' garden? cool and close, lady.

[26] —— *To the heart*——
Leon. God ha' mercy,
God ha' mercy, &c.] As these words are here repeated twice, we have no doubt but they should, the first time, be assigned to the Lieutenant.

[27] *Timon, Charinthus, and some other gentlemen.*] How the character of courtiers being made male-bawds, (so frequently introduced in the plays of our Authors) might go down with the audiences of those times, I cannot answer: But, I am sure, they would be exploded by that nicety of taste to which we are now arrived. *Theobald.*

[28] *They sit so* apted *to her.*] We do not remember to have ever met with this participle, or the VERB *apt*, in any other place. The Author might perhaps have written *aptly*. The present text, however, is not inelegant.

[29] *The very twang of Cupid's bow sung* to *it.*] There is something so uncommon, as well as poetical, in the turn of this line, we could not pass over the speech without remarking the beauty of it. Some editions (among which number is that of 1750), contrary to the authority of the old folio, read, *sung* IN *it.*

[30] *And* take *the sweets o' th' garden.*] We have not disturbed the text, but suspect the right reading to be, *And* TASTE *the sweets o' th' garden.*

Celia. Methinks, this open air's far better.
Tend ye that way?
Pray, where's the woman came along?
Char. What woman?
Celia. The woman of the house I lay at.
Tim. Woman?
Here was none came along, sure.
Celia. Sure, I am catch'd then.
Pray, where's the prince?
Char. He will not be long from you.
We are his humble servants.
Celia. I could laugh now, [not;
To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear
For, sure, I know a way to 'scape all dangers.
Tim. Madam, your lodgings lie this way.
Celia. My lodgings? [here?
For Heav'n sake, Sir, what office do I bear
Tim. The great commander of all hearts.

Enter Leucippe and Ladies.

Celia. You have hit it: [these now?
I thank your sweet heart for it! Who are
Char. Ladies, that come to serve you.
Celia. Well consider'd.
Are you my servants?
Lady. Servants to your pleasures.
Celia. I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye! [patiently.
Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it
Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the
Of so refin'd a size—— [people
Tim. This is no poor rogue.
Leu. Were it a paradise, to please your fancy, [you——
And entertain the sweetness you bring with
Celia. Take breath; you're fat, and many words may melt you. [Heav'n,
This is three bawds beaten into one. Bless me,
What shall become of me? I am i' th' pitfall.
On my conscience, this is the old viper,
And all these little ones creep every night
Into her belly. Do you hear, plump servant,
And you, my little sucking ladies? you
Must teach me (for I know your're excellent at carriage)
How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.
But, you say, the prince will come?
Lady. Will fly to see you. [king now,
Celia. For, look you, if a great man, say the
Should come and visit me——
Men. She names you.
Ant. Peace, fool! [kindness——
Celia. And offer me a kindness, such a
Leu. Ay, such a kindness!
Celia. True, lady, such a kindness:
What shall that kindness be now?
Leu. A witty lady!
Learn, little ones, learn.
Celia. Say it be all his favour——
Leu. And a sweet saying 'tis.
Celia. And I grow peevish?
Leu. You must not be neglectful.
Celia. There's the matter, [miss it.
There's the main doctrine now, and I may
Or a kind handsome gentleman?
Leu. You say well.
Celia. They'll count us basely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.
Celia. I'll take thy counsel.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman!
Celia. I find a notable volume here, a learn'd one. [ber;
Which way? For I would fain be in my cham-
In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary. Fy!
How hot the air beats on me?
Lady. This way, madam.
Celia. Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too. [fans!
Leu. Your fans, sweet gentlewomen, your
Celia. Since I am fool'd,
I'll make myself some sport, tho' I pay dear for't. [*Exit.*
Men. You see now what a manner of woman she is, Sir.
Ant. Thou art an ass!
Men. Is this a fit love for the prince?
Ant. A coxcomb! [wench,
Now, by my crown,[30] a dainty wench, a sharp
And a matchless spirit! How she jeer'd 'em?
How carelesly she scoff'd 'em? Use her nobly.
I would I had not seen her! Wait anon,
And then you shall have more to trade upon.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

Leon. We must keep a round, and a strong watch to-night; [morning:
The prince will not charge the enemy 'till the
But for the trick I told you for this rascal,
This rogue, that health and strong heart makes a coward——
1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.
Leon. Ne'er fear it; the prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it;
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the plough.

[30] *Now, by my crown, a dainty wench.*] The king is described, in the *dramatis personæ*, an old man with young desires: And so, indeed, he appears to be, as our poets have thought fit to represent him. But it is greatly derogatory to the gravity, wisdom, and illustrious character of that prince to make him lewdly hunting after a young girl, at a time when he was engaged in war against three kings, and his son and heir at the head of this dangerous expedition. I would not be thought to make this remark in derogation to our excellent poets; but, barely, to point out a misconduct, that might very easily have been avoided. *Theobald.*

It must be remembered, that what is said in the *dramatis personæ* was not said by our Authors, but by the editors of the second folio: and the king's first design was to prevent the ill consequences of his son's dotage on an unworthy object.

2 *Gent.* That he is sick again?[31]
Leon. Extremely sick; his disease grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it;
And here he comes.
Leon. The prince has been upon him:
What a flatten face he has now? It takes, believe it.
How like an ass he looks?
Lieut. I feel no great pain;
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly,
I grow extremely faint. How cold I sweat now?
Leon. So, so, so! [a pricking,
Lieut. And now 'tis even too true; I feel
A pricking, a strange pricking. How it tingles? [me,
And as it were a stitch too. The prince told
And every one cried out, I was a dead man:
I had thought, I had been as well——
Leon. Upon him now, boys;
And do it most demurely.
1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I thank ye, gentlemen.
1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man?
How dost thou, good Lieutenant?
2 *Gent.* I ever told you [now.
This man was never cur'd; I see it too plain
How do you feel yourself? you look not per-
How dull his eye hangs? [fect.
1 *Gent.* That may be discontent.
2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not suffer now
The tithe of those pains this man feels—
Mark his forehead!
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't?
Lieut. I have it,
Again I have it; how it grows upon me?
A miserable man I am! [shalt be.
Leon. Ha, ha, ha! A miserable man thou
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled.
[*Aside.*

Enter two Physicians.

1 *Phy.* This way he went.
2 *Phy.* Pray Heav'n, we find him living!
He's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he should perish thus.
1 *Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a notable sufferance.
Lieut. Oh, oh!
1 *Gent.* How now? how is it, man?
Lieut. Oh, gentlemen,
Never so full of pain——
2 *Gent.* Did I not tell you?
Lieut. Never so full of pain, gentlemen.
1 *Phy.* He is here;
How do you, Sir?
2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier;
The prince has sent us to you.
Lieut. Do you think I may live?
2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.
1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But——
Leon. Finely *butted*, doctor!
1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.
1 *Phy.* He must be told truth;
'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius and Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Here the prince comes.
Dem. How now, gentlemen?
2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a soldier;
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part with.
But every living thing——
Dem. 'Tis true, must perish;
Our lives are but our marches to our graves.
How dost thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Faith, 'tis true, Sir;
We are but spans, and candles' ends.
Leon. He's finely mortified.
Dem. Thou art heart-whole yet, I see. He alters strangely, [him,
And that apace too; I saw it this morning in
When he, poor man, I dare swear——
Lieut. No, believ't, Sir,
I never felt it. [is swell'd?
Dem. Here lies the pain now: How he
1 *Phy.* The imposthume,
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible;
The compass of a bushel will not hold it.
And with such a hell of torture it will rise too——
Dem. Can you endure me touch it?
Lieut. Oh, I beseech you, Sir!
I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.
Dem. He's finely wrought.—He must be cut, no cure else,
And suddenly; you see how fast he blows out.
Lieut. Good master doctor, let me be beholden to you:
I feel I cannot last——

[31] *That he is sick again.*] We do not doubt but this should be printed with an interrogation, as they are informing themselves of the scheme to be practised on the Lieutenant. The preceding speech is also at first sight a little obscure:

——— *Ne'er fear it, the prince has it,*
And if he let it fall, *I must not know it;*
He will suspect me presently: But you two
May help the plough.

That is, 'the prince has undertaken the business, and if the Lieutenant drops any mention of 'his imaginary illness, I must appear to be a stranger to it, to avoid suspicion: But you may 'assist openly in carrying on the plot upon him.'

2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?
Lieut. But ev'n for half a dozen cans of good wine, [ously.
That I may drink my will out: I faint hide-
Dem. Fetch him some wine; and, since he must go, gentlemen,
Why, let him take his journey merrily.

Enter Servant with wine.

Lieut. That's ev'n the nearest way.
Leon. I could laugh dead now!
Dem. Here, off with that.
Lieut. These two I give your grace;
A poor remembrance of a dying man, Sir;
And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.
Dem. I will, soldier.
These are fine legacies.
Lieut. Among the gentlemen,
Ev'n all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance; four a-piece,[32] gentlemen:
And so my body where you please.[33]
Leon. It will work.
Lieut. I make your grace my executor, and, I beseech you,
See my poor will fulfill'd: Sure, I shall walk else.
Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.
1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him.
Lieut. I would hear a drum beat,
But to see how I could endure it.
Dem. Beat a drum there! [*Drum within.*
Lieut. Oh, heav'nly music! I would hear one sing to't.
I am very full of pain.
Dem. Sing? 'tis impossible.
Lieut. Why, then I would drink a drum-
Where lies the enemy? [full.
2 *Gent.* Why, here, close by.
Leon. Now he begins to muster.
Lieut. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight, gentlemen?
1 *Phy.* You must not cut him; [left is,
He's gone then in a moment: All the hope
To work his weakness into sudden anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain,
And so dispose him on the enemy:
His body then, being stirr'd with violence,
Will purge itself, and break the sore.
Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.
1 *Phy.* And then, my life for his——
Lieut. I will not die thus.
Dem. But he is too weak to do——
Lieut. Die like a dog! [whole.
2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak; but yet he's heart-
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. An excellent sign.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. Stronger still, and better.
Lieut. Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan!
[*Exit.*
1 *Phy.* Now he's i' th' way on't.
Dem. Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do something, certain.
Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.
He's finely wrought. Let's after him,[34] I pray, Sir. [in him,
But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted
And all discover'd——
Dem. That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away! [*Exeunt.*

[32] ——— *four a piece, gentlemen.*] What it is here, that the Lieutenant gives to these gentlemen, is not ascertained by any marginal direction; and consequently we are in the dark as to that point. He had little money, to boast of, as we find by his own confession: And he makes the Prince his executor; but that he had ever made a will, we have as little notice of. *Theobald.*

What he gives are the empty cans, to be filled by his executor. He calls for HALF A DOZEN, *to* DRINK *his will out.* The two first he bequeaths to the Prince; but how he can devise *four* A-PIECE to the *two* Gentlemen, out of the remainder, we cannot account. The passage is perhaps corrupt and imperfect; but that this is the meaning of the legacies is plain:

Lieut. *See my poor will fulfill'd.*
Dem. *As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.*

Perhaps the Lieutenant's speech should run thus;

——— *Among the gentlemen*
Ev'n all I have left. I am a poor man, naked,
Yet something for remembrance! Four—two *a-piece, gentlemen!*
And so, &c.

A blank was probably left in the prompter's book after the word *four*, that the actor might suit the legacy to the number of gentlemen that accompanied the Prince.

[33] *And* so *my body where you please.*] We have not disturbed the text, but conjecture that our Authors wrote, '*stow* my body where you please.'

[34] *He's finely wrought.*
Dem. *Let's after him.*
Leon. *I pray, Sir;*
But how this rogue, &c.] This is the lection of all the former editions. That the whole belongs to Leontius, we believe, will not be doubted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Selecucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomey, and Soldiers.

Sel. Let no man fear to die: We love to sleep all, [ages,
And death is but the sounder sleep. All
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And, as the sun that sets, in blood let's fall.
Lysim. 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em, [us.
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for
Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,[35]
And, worse than those, captivities: We can die;
And dying nobly, tho' we leave behind us
These clods of flesh, that are too-massy burthens, [quests!
Our living souls fly crown'd with living con-
Ptol. They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely; [now,
And may that man that seeks to save his life
By price, or promise, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be blest with name of Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? Who charged first? I seek a brave hand
To set me off in death.
Sold. We are not charg'd, Sir;
The prince lies still.
Sel. How comes this larum up then?
Sold. There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him,
(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him, [panies.
There five or six; ventures upon whole com-
Ptol. And is not seconded?
Sold. Not a man follows.
Sel. Nor cut i' pieces?
Sold. Their wonder yet has stay'd 'em.
Sel. Let's in and see this miracle.
Ptol. I admire it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am sure, he's clouted.
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable!

Enter Lieutenant, with colours in his hand, pursuing three or four Soldiers.

Lieut. Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your coxcombs!
I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.
Leon. How the knave curries 'em!
Lieut. You cannot, rogues,
'Till you have my diseases, fly my fury.
Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me? [hunt ye,
An my side would give me leave, I would so
Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

Enter Demetrius, Physicians, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast done bravely.
Dem. Mirror of man!
Lieut. There's a flag for you, Sir:
I took it out o' th' shop, and never paid for't.
I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.
Dem. No more, my soldier. Beshrew my heart, he is hurt sore.
Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.
1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.
Dem. Be careful of him.
Lieut. Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me:
I never had but two hours yet of happiness.
Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;
For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting——
2 *Phy.* You shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent, [you;
And there the surgeons presently shall search
Then to your rest.
Lieut. A little handsome litter
To lay me in, and I shall sleep.
Leon. Look to him.
Dem. I do believe a horse begot this fellow;
He never knew his strength yet.—They are our own.
Leon. I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now
A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.
Dem. Only their lives.
Leon. Pray you, take no way of peace now,
Unless it be with infinite advantage.
Dem. I shall be rul'd. Let the battles now move forward;
Ourself will give the signal.

[35] *Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,*
And, worse than those captivities, we can die,
And dying nobly, &c.] By an ill regulation of the stops, these words convey a sense directly opposite to that intended by the writer; asserting that *death* is worse than *captivity:* Whereas Lysimachus is meant to declare, that 'they can escape dishonourable ends, and what 'is still worse than those dishonourable ends, the living in captivity.—We can die; and, by a 'noble death, though our bodies are left behind, our souls are crowned with conquest.'

(Enter Trumpet and Herald.)

Now, Herald, what's your message?
Her. From my masters
This honourable courtesy, a parley
For half an hour; no more, Sir.
Dem. Let 'em come on;
They have my princely word.

Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemey, attendants and Soldiers.

Her. They are here to attend you.
Dem. Now, princes, your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too-much tainture of our honour.
Peace; and we'll buy it too.
Dem. At what price?
Lysim. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this war.
Leon. That will not do. [gether,
Sel. Leontius, you and I have serv'd to-
And run thro' many a fortune with our swords,
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us; [cover'd us;
One tent a thousand times from cold night
Our loves have been but one; and had we died then, [tions:
One monument had held our names and ac-
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes?
You are deceiv'd, old soldier.
Leon. I know your worths, [tues.
And thus low bow in reverence to your vir-
Were these my wars, or led my pow'r in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories:[36]
They are my king's employments; this man fights now,
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service;
This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,
That bloody day again, call that disgrace home, [up.
And then an easy peace may sheath our swords
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow you.
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.
Will you unarm, and yield yourselves his prisoners?
Sel. We never knew what that sound meant: No gyves
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces; [me.
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on
Leon. Expect our charge then.
Lysim. 'Tis the nobler courtesy! [us!
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless
Dem. Stay! Have you any hope?
Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together:
Give us but room to fight.
Leon. Win it, and wear it.
Ptol. Call from the hills those companies hang o'er us
Like bursting clouds; and then break in, and take us.
Dem. Find such a soldier will forsake advantage, [ble,
And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be no-
And hang a light out to you in this darkness,
(The light of peace!) give up those cities, forts,
And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.
Sel. Is this the peace? traitors to those that feed us, [us?
Our gods and people, give our countries from
Lysim. Begin the knell; it sounds a great deal sweeter.
Ptol. Let loose your servant Death!
Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
Our memories shall never stink behind us!
Dem. Seleucus! great Seleucus!
Sold. The prince calls, Sir. [tesy,
Dem. Thou stock of nobleness and cour-
Thou father of the war!
Leon. What means the prince now?
Dem. Give me my standard here.
Lysim. His anger's melted.

[36] *I knew then how to meet your* memories.] I have observed, that our Poets frequently employ the word *memory* in an uncommon and abstracted sense. I think, Leontius means here, that then he could meet the *remembrance* of those occurrences which are summed up by Seleucus in his preceding speech. *Theobald.*

Shakespeare often uses *memory* for *memorial* in the same manner; as, in As You Like It, act ii. scene iii.

'Oh, my sweet master! oh, you *memory*
'Of old Sir Rowland!'

So, in the Atheists Tragedy, by Cyril Tourner, 1611,

'And with his body place that *memory*
'Of noble Charlemont.'

And in Byron's Tragedy, by Chapman,

'That statue will I prize past all the jewels
'Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
'The *memory* of my grandame. *Steevens.*

The use of the word *memories* in this passage is neither so clear nor so elegant as the application of it by Shakespeare.

Dem. You, gentlemen, that were his prisoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him, [dier!
The standard of the kingdom. Take it, Sol-
Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou hast won it; bear it off;
And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee.
Sel. You shall have all our countries.
Lysim. Ptol. All, by Heav'n, Sir.
Dem. I will not have a stone, a bush, a bramble:
No! in the way of courtesy, I'll start you.
Draw off, and make a lane thro' all the army,
That these, that have subdu'd us, may march thro' us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness;
I'll bear your standard for you, follow you.
Dem. I swear it shall be so; march thro' me fairly, [leucus!
And thine be this day's honour, great Se-
Ptol. Mirror of noble minds!
Dem. Nay, then you hate me.
[*Exeunt with drums and shouts.*
Leon. I cannot speak now! Well, go thy ways!
At a sure piece o' bravery thou art the best!
These men are won by th' necks now. I'll send a post away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus.

Ant. NO aptness in her?
Men. Not an immodest motion;
And yet, when she is courted, makes as wild witty answers—— [her thus.
Ant. This more fires me! I must not have
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have you put the youths upon her?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been studied how to catch a beauty;
But, like so many whelps about an elephant——
The prince is coming home, Sir.
Ant. I hear that too;
But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well?
Men. Not to be known, I think, Sir.
Ant. I must see her.

Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of, [I think.
I try'd her thro' all the points o' th' compass,
2 *Gent.* She studies to undo the court, to plant here
The enemy to our age, Chastity.
She is the first that e'er balk'd a close arbour,
And the sweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too; [try.
And setting up of beards, she swears, is idola-
1 *Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze;
Yet she would make one think——
2 *Gent.* True, by her carriage;
For she's as wanton as a kid, to th' outside,
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,
Walk'd with her half an hour.
1 *Gent.* She heard me sing,
And sung herself too; she sings admirably;
But still when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To minister enough of those, then presently,
With some new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And such a frown as would sink all before her,
She takes her chamber. Come, we shall not be the last fools.
2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange wench.
Ant. This screws me up still higher.

Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.

Men. Here she comes, Sir.
Ant. Then, be you gone; and take the women with you:
And lay those jewels in her way.
Celia. If I stay longer,
I shall number as many lovers as Laïs did.[37]
How they flock after me! Upon my conscience, [morning:
I have had a dozen horses given me this
I'll ev'n set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.
A good discrete wench now, that were not hide-bound,
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly:

[37] *I shall number as many lovers as* Laïs *did.*] *Laïs* was a most exceeding handsome courtezan residing at Corinth, in the times of Nicias and Demosthenes; but she held up her favours at so exorbitant a rate, that it became a proverbial saying:

Non cuivis hominum contingit adire Corinthum.

i. e. It is not every man, who can afford to go to Corinth; at least to have an amour there.
Theobald.

For these warm things will give their souls—
I can go no where,
Without a world of offerings to my excellence:
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what;
And no constellation in all Heav'n, but I out-shine it.
And they have found out now, I have no eyes
Of mortal lights; but certain influences,
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature starts at;
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much ease now——Ha! what are these? new projects?
Where are my honourable ladies? Are you out too?
Nay, then I must buy the stock;[38] send me good carding!
I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport:
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from him, [recreations,
And that, that troubles me: All these were
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with me.
What fellow's that? Another apparition?
This is the loving'st age!. I should know that face; [ther.
Sure, I have seen't before; not long since nei-
Ant. She sees me now. Oh, Heav'n, a most rare creature!
Celia. Yes, 'tis the same: I'll take no notice of you;
But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for't.
Is all this cackling for your egg?—They are fair ones, [stumble
Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may
A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.
My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?
Ant. Set 'em off, lady?
Celia. I mean, sell 'em here, Sir.
Ant. She's very quick. [*Aside.*]—For sale they are not meant, sure.
Celia. For sanetity, I think, much less. Good even, Sir.
Ant. Nay, noble lady, stay: 'Tis you must wear 'em:
Never look strange, they are worthy your best beauty.
Celia. Did you speak to me?
Ant. To you, or to none living:
To you they're sent, to you they're sacrific'd.
Celia. I'll never look a horse i' th' mouth that's giv'n:
I thank you, Sir: I'll send one to reward you.
Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?
Celia. Never, I;
Nor never care. If it be an honest end,
That end's the full reward, and thanks but slubber it:
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.
Ant. This has a soul indeed.—Pray, let me tell you! [handsomely,
Celia. I care not if you do, so you do it
And not stand picking of your words.
Ant. The king sent 'em. [fellow!
Celia. Away, away! thou art some foolish
And, now I think, thou hast stole 'em too.
The king sent 'em? [lieve
Alas, good man! Wouldst thou make me be-
He has nothing to do with things of these worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,
A good old man, they say, too. I dare swear,
Full many a year ago he left these gambols.
Here, take your trinkets.
Ant. Sure, I do not lie, lady. [ably:
Celia. I know thou liest extremely, damn-
Thou hast a lying face!
Ant. I was never thus rattled. [*Aside.*
Celia. But, say, I should believe: Why are these sent me?
And why art thou the messenger? Who art thou? [consider
Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then
Who can send such as these, but a king only?
And, to what beauty can they be oblations,
But only yours? For me, that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit, you know; I am his servant,
And have fulfill'd his will.
Celia. You are short and pithy.
What must my beauty do for these?
Ant. Sweet lady,
You cannot be so hard of understanding,
When a king's favour shines upon you glo-
And speaks his love in these—— [riously,
Celia. Oh, then, love's the matter;
Sir-reverence Love! Now I begin to feel you:
And I should be the king's whore; a brave title!
And go as glorious as the sun; oh, brave still!
The chief commandress of his concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleasures!
Ant. A devilish subtle wench; but a rare spirit. [*Aside.*
Celia. And when the good old sponge had suck'd my youth dry,
And left some of his royal aches in my bones;
When time shall tell me, I have plough'd my life up, [me——
And cast long furrows in my face to sink
Ant. You must not think so, lady.
Celia. Then can these, Sir, [beauty,
These precious things, the price of youth and
This shop here of sin-offering, set me off again?
Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honest and a noble fame? The king's vice![39]

[38] *Nay, then, I must* buy *the* stock; *send me good* carding.] *i. e.* I must play out the *game*; I must take in the *cards*: *Buying the stock* is a term used at an old-fashioned game called *gleek*. *Theobald.*

[39] ——— *The king's* device, &c.] Nothing is so dangerous to the genuine reading, as when the corrupted one carries something like sense with it. That it was the king's *device* to

The sin's as universal as the sun is,
And lights an universal torch to shame me.
Ant. Do you hold so slight account of a great king's favour,
That all knees bow to purchase?
Celia. Prithee, peace!
If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy tale becomes thee,
And what ill root it takes——
Ant. You will be wiser.
Celia. Could the king find no shape to shift his pandar into, [too?
But reverend age? and one so like himself
Ant. She has found me out. [*Aside.*
Celia. Cozen the world with gravity?
Prithee, resolve me one thing; does the king love thee?
Ant. I think he does.
Celia. It seems so, by thy office:
He loves thy use, and, when that's ended, hates thee.
Thou seem'st to me a soldier.
Ant. Yes, I am one.
Celia. And hast fought for thy country?
Ant. Many a time.
Celia. May-be, commanded too?
Ant. I have done, lady.
Celia. Oh, wretched man, below the state of pity! [nour?
Canst thou forget, thou wert begot in ho-
A free companion for a king? A soldier?
Whose nobleness dare feel no want, but enemies? [edly,
Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretch-
To eat the bread of bawdry? of base bawdry?
Feed on the scum of sin? Fling thy sword from thee, [thee!
Dishonour to the noble name that nurs'd
Go, beg diseases! Let them be thy armours;
Thy fights the flames of lust, and their foul issues.
Ant. Why then, I am a king, and mine own speaker. [poser.
Celia. And I as free as you, mine own dis-
There, take your jewels; let 'em give them lustres [yourself, Sir;
That have dark lives and souls: Wear 'em
You'll seem a devil else.
Ant. I command you, stay.
Celia. Be just, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong you.
Celia. Then thus low falls my duty.
Ant. Can you love me?
Say 'ay,' and all I have——
Celia. I cannot love you; [you.
Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear
You hang upon my love like frosts on lillies.
I can die, but I cannot love! You're answer'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. I must find apter means; I love her truly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Host.

Dem. Hither, do you say, she is come?
Host. Yes, Sir, I'm sure on't:
For, whilst I waited on you, putting my wife in trust, [found her,
I know not by what means, but the king
And hither she was brought. How, or to what end——
Dem. My father found her?
Host. So my wife informs me.
Dem. Leontius, pray draw off the soldiers:
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off, gentlemen!
The prince would be alone.
[*Exeunt Leon. and Sold.*
Dem. Is he so cunning?
There is some trick in this, and you must know it, [so——
And be an agent too; which, if it prove
Host. Pull me to pieces, Sir.
Dem. My father found her? [willingly?
My father brought her hither? Went she
Host. My wife says, full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her. [mankind!
No more. There is no trust, no faith, in

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, and Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up close; he must not come to see her.
You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen! [my,
You have done a courteous service on the ene-

debauch her, is certain; but this is scarcely an aggravation of her guilt. The redundancy of two syllables in the verse made me hesitate upon it; when the following reading immediately occurred, which I doubt not to be the true one, as the expression is extremely poetical; and the sentiment becomes every way worthy of our Authors.

——— *The king's* vice!

viz. That if she becomes the vice, or the occasion of it in the king; her example will have a universal bad influence, and her memory be branded to all ages. *Seward.*

Vice is certainly most agreeable to the context:

——— *The king's* vice!
The sin's *as universal as the sun is,*
And lights an everlasting torch to shame me.

That is, 'When *vice* resides in a king, the eminence of his rank makes the *sin*, as well as infamy, as conspicuous as the sun.'

Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it.
You are not now in's debt, son. Still your sad looks?
Leontius, what's the matter?
Leon. Truth, Sir, I know not:
We have been merry since we went.
Lieut. I feel it.
Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want money?
Sure, he has heard o' th' wench. [*Aside.*
Dem. Is that a want, Sir?
I would fain speak to your grace.
Ant. You may do freely.
Dem. And not deserve your anger?
Ant. That you may too.
Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and some time my prisoner,
Which I thought well of, Sir. Your grace conceives me?
Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief conceive you; [you.
With full as much grief as your mother bare
There was such a woman: 'Would I might as well say,
There was no such, Demetrius.
Dem. She was virtuous,
And therefore not unfit my youth to love her.
She was as fair——
Ant. Her beauty I'll proclaim too,
To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;
But how she made that good, the devil knows.
Dem. She was—Oh, Heav'n!
Ant. The hell to all thy glories,
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of thine honour:
She was a devil!
Dem. You are my father, Sir.
Ant. And since you take a pride to shew your follies, ['em.
I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view
Leon. What heat is this? The king's eyes speak his anger.
Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy fellowship,
Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,
The subtilties and soft heats of a harlot.
Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not.
Ant. A witch, a sorceress! [trius!)
(I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Deme-
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with charms, [tues;
Dev'lish and dark; so lock'd up all thy vir-
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung'st from, glorious——
Dem. Oh, Heav'n, that any tongue but his durst say this! [ther,
That any heart durst harbour it! Dread fa-
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees——
Ant. Away; thou art bewitch'd still!
Though she be dead, her pow'r still lives upon thee.
Dem. Dead! dead! Oh, sacred Sir![40] Dead, did you say?
Ant. She is dead, fool.
Dem. It is not possible! Be not so angry.
Say, she is fall'n under your sad displeasure,
Or any thing, but dead. Say she is banish'd;
Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.
Ant. Dead by the law: We found her hell, and her; [perish'd.
I mean her charms and spells, for which she
And she confess'd, she drew thee to thy ruin;
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my empire's overthrow. [Sir?
Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity,
If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shewn her? [demn'd her?
Did you look on her face, when you con-
Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she was hideous. [untimely?
Dem. Can she be dead? Can virtue fall
Ant. She's dead; deservingly she died.
Dem. I've done then. [vanish'd!
Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what paradise [son, Sir,
Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd?—I am your
And t' all you shall command stand most obedient:
Only a little time I must entreat you,
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?
Dead, my poor wench? My joy pluck'd green, with violence?
Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell! Come, thou destroyer, [me!
Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cryings! [me!
Nothing, that loves the day, love me, or seek
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me! [eyes more,
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine
Nor e'er betray a beauty to my curses:
For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear all,
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing!
[*Exeunt Dem. and Gent.*
Ant. This opinion must be maintain'd.
Men. It shall be, Sir. [sure
Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own plea-
Draw him to th' right again. Wait your instructions;
And see the soldier paid, Leontius.
Once more, you're welcome home all!
All. Health to your majesty! [*Exeunt Ant. &c.*
Leon. Thou went'st along the journey; how canst thou tell?
Host. I did: but I am sure 'tis so: Had I stay'd behind,
I think this had not prov'd.

[40] *Dead? O sacred Sir.*] We apprehend the word *dead* was repeated twice here, and had been dropped at press.

Leon. A wench the reason?
Lieut. Who's that talks of a wench there?
Leon. All this discontent
About a wench?
Lieut. Where is this wench, good colonel?
Leon. Prithee, hold thy peace! Who calls thee to council?
Lieut. Why, if there be a wench——
Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her, [her,
That I'll say for thee; and as fit thou'rt for
Let her be mew'd or stopt. How is it, gentlemen?

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* He's wondrous discontent; he'll speak to no man.
2 *Gent.* H' has taken his chamber close, admits no entrance;
'Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out,
Host. 'Tis so, Sir;
And now I wish myself half-hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leon. What is this woman?
Lieut. Ay!
Host. I cannot tell you,
But handsome as Heav'n.
Lieut. She's not so high, I hope, Sir.
Leon. Where is she?
Lieut. Ay, that would be known.
Leon. Why, sirrah——
Host. I cannot shew ye neither;
The king has now dispos'd of her.
Leon. There lies the matter.
Will he admit none to come to comfort him?
1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
Will never speak.
Lieut. 'Tis the best way, if he have her;
For, look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's pastime;
'Tis every good man's case.
Leon. 'Tis all thy living.
We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions, [em,
They are not strong enough to struggle with
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,
And, in the torrent of their own sighs, sink themselves.
I will and must speak to him.
Lieut. So must I too:
He promis'd me a charge.
Leon. Of what? of children? [pany,
Upon my conscience, th' hast a double com-
And all of thine own begetting, already.
Lieut. That's all one; [em:
I'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then command
When they turn disobedient, unbeget 'em,
Knock 'em o' th' head, and put in new.
Leon. A rare way!
But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to see the prince now?
Lieut. Do you think he's angry?
1 *Gent.* Extremely vex'd.
2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring of any man comes near him.
1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out, whate'er thy suit were,
Believe it granted presently.
Leon. Yet thou must think, tho',
That in the doing he may break upon you;
And——
Lieut. If he do not kill me——
Leon. There's the question.
Lieut. For half a dozen hurts——
Leon. Art thou so valiant?
Lieut. Not absolutely so, neither:—No, it cannot be; [about me;
I want my imposthumes, and my things[41]
Yet, I'll make danger, colonel.
Leon. 'Twill be rare sport,
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand! If thou dost this, [for't.
I'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word
Lieut. What may be done by human man——
Leon. Let's go then.
1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool; he will relapse else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.

Ant. Will she not yield?
Leu. For all we can urge to her.
I swore you'd marry her; she laugh'd extremely,
And then she rail'd like thunder.
Ant. Call in the Magician!
I must and will obtain her; I am ashes else.

(Enter Magician, with a bowl.)

Are all the philters in? charms, powder, roots?
Mag. They are all in; and now I only stay
The invocation of some helping spirits.
Ant. To your work then, and dispatch.
Mag. Sit still, and fear not.
Leu. I shall ne'er endure these sights.
Ant. Away with the woman!
Go, wait without.
Leu. When the devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*
Ant. Be sure you make it powerful enough.
Mag. Pray doubt not. [*He conjures.*

[41] *And my* things *about me.*] By *things* I understand plaisters, bandages, &c. but Mr. Sympson thinks the word corrupt, and would read *stings*, which expresses, he says, the hellish pains before spoke of. I will not deprive the reader of the conjecture, though I do not myself admit it. *Theobald.*

By *things*, we conceive, he means his *disorders*; which were the cause of his valour, not the plaisters, &c.

A SONG.

Rise from the shades below,
All you that prove
The helps of loose love!
Rise, and bestow
Upon this cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful charm, and unresisted spell,
A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires!
Distil into this liquor all your fires,
Heats, longings, tears;
But keep back frozen fears;
That she may know, that has all pow'r defied,
Art is a pow'r that will not be denied.

THE ANSWER.

I obey, I obey;
And am come to view ere day;
Brought along all may compel,
All the earth has, and our hell.
Here's a little, little flow'r;
This will make her sweat an hour,
Then unto such flames arise,
A thousand joys will not suffice:
Here's the powder of the Moon,
With which she caught Endymion:
The pow'rful tears that Venus cry'd,
When the boy Adonis dy'd:
Here's Medea's charm, with which
Jason's heart she did bewitch:
Omphale this spell put in,
When she made the [42] Libyan spin:
This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
These I stir thus, round, round, round,
Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

Mag. Now, Sir, 'tis full; and whosoever drinks this
hall violently dote upon your person,
nd never sleep nor eat unsatisfied.
o many hours 'twill work, and work with violence; [art, Sir.
nd, those expir'd, 'tis done. You have my
Ant. See him rewarded liberally.——Leucippe!

(Enter Leucippe.)

lere, take this bowl, and when she calls for wine next, [it.
e sure you give her this, and see her drink
elay no time when she calls next!
Leu. I shall, Sir.
Ant. Let none else touch it, on your life.
Leu. I'm charg'd, Sir.
Ant. Now, if she have an antidote art, let her 'scape me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* There is the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.
Leon. Here's no man waits.
1 *Gent.* H' has giv'n a charge that none shall, [him.
Nor none shall come within the hearing of
Dare you go forward?
Lieut. Let me put on my skull first:
My head's almost beaten into the pap of an apple.
Are there no guns i' th' door?
Leon. The rogue will do it:
And yet I know he has no stomach to't.
Lieut. What loop-holes are there, when I knock, for stones? [none.
For those may pepper me: I can perceive
Leon. How he views the fortification.
Lieut. Farewell, gentlemen!
If I be kill'd——
Leon. We'll see thee buried bravely.
Lieut. Away! How should I know that then?—I'll knock softly.
Pray Heav'n he speak in a low voice now, to comfort me: [men?
I feel I have no heart to't.—Is't well, gentle-
Colonel, my troop!
Leon. A little louder.
Lieut. Stay, stay:
Here is a window; I will see; stand wide.
By Heav'n, he's charging of a gun! [43]
Leon. There's no such matter:
There's nobody in this room.
Lieut. Oh, 'twas a fire-shovel.
Now I'll knock louder. If he say, 'who's there?'
As sure he has so much manners, then will I answer him
So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel!
[*Knocks louder.*
1 *Gent.* Knock louder, fool! he hears not.
Lieut. You fool, do you:
Do, an you dare now.
1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it.
Lieut. Then hold your peace, and meddle with your own matters.
Leon. Now he will knock.
[*Knocks louder.*
Lieut. Sir, Sir! will't please you hear, Sir?
Your grace!—I'll look again. What's that?
Leon He's there now.
Lord! how he stares! I ne'er yet saw him thus alter'd.
Stand now, and take the troop.
Lieut. 'Would I were in't,
And a good horse under me!—I must knock again;

[42] Libyan *spin.*] Mr. Sympson would read *Theban*, the story of Omphale being, as he thinks, only applicable to him: But as there were many Hercules's, and among the rest a *Libyan*, the son of Jupiter Ammon, if it is inaccurate, it seems the inaccuracy of a scholar, and not an error of the press. *Seward.*

[43] *By —— he's charging of a gun.*] Former editions.

The devil's at my finger's ends. He comes now.
Now, colonel, if I live——
Leon. The troop's thine own, boy.

Enter Demetrius, with a pistol.[44]

Dem. What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruin——
Lieut. Your father would desire you, Sir, to come to dinner.
Dem. Thou art no more.
Lieut. Now, now, now, now!
Dem. Poor coxcomb!
Why do I aim at thee? [*Exit.*
Leon. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe, with a bowl.

2 *Gent.* I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him, and rub him! [man,
Hold his nose close!—You, if you be a wo-
Help us a little! Here's a man near perish'd.
Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my bowl! I'll run in presently,
And fetch some water. Bend him, and set him upwards.
A goodly man![45] [*Exit.*
Leon. Here's a brave heart! He's warm, again. You shall not
Leave us i' th' lurch so, sirrah!
2 *Gent.* Now he breathes too.
Leon. If we'd but any drink to raise his spirits—— [good liquor;
What's that i' th' bowl? Upon my life,
She would not own it else.
1 *Gent.* He sees.
Leon. Look up, boy;
And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee. [tily.
Guide it to his mouth. He swallows hear-
2 *Gent.* Oh, fear and sorrow's dry: 'Tis off.
Leon. Stand up, man.
Lieut. Am I not shot?
Leon. Away with him, and cheer him.
Thou'st won thy troop.
Lieut. I think I won it bravely.
Leon. Go; I must see the prince; he must not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
Well, Sir—— [*Exeunt Gent. and Lieut.*

Enter Leucippe, with water.

Leu. Here, here! Where's the sick gentleman?
Leon. He's up, and gone, lady.
Leu. Alas, that I came so late.
Leon. He must still thank you;
You left that in a cup here did him comfort.
Leu. That in the bowl?
Leon. Yes, truly, very much comfort;
He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leon. All off.
Leu. The devil choke him!
I am undone! H' has twenty devils in him.
Undone for ever!—Left he none?
Leon. I think not.
Leu. No, not a drop. What shall become of me now?
Had he no where else to swoon?—A vengeance swoon him!
Undone, undone, undone!—Stay, I can lie yet, [fort.
And swear tob, at a pinch; that's all my com-
Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius.

Leon. What a devil ails the woman? Here comes the prince again,
With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herself, but poorly imitates.
Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caus'd it!
Dem. Why might she not be false and treacherous to me, [man;
And found so by my father? She was a wo-
And many a one of that sex, young and fair,
As full of faith as she, have fall'n, and foully,
Leon. It is a wench. Oh, that I knew the circumstance!
Dem. Why might not, to preserve me from this ruin,
She having lost her honour, and abus'd me,
My father change the forms o' th' crimes,[46] and execute

[44] *Demetrius with a* pistol.] One cannot suppose our Authors ignorant of the anachronism in this place; but they designed it, like the Dutch painter, who made Abraham going to shoot his son with a *pistol*. The odd absurdity makes it more droll and laughable. *Seward.*

In representation, we cannot imagine this *anachronism* would promote *laughter*, or *drollery*; and we dare assert, Mr. Seward could not believe, that, out of an audience of two thousand persons, twenty would remark it, or five be diverted by it. The merriment depends on the situation itself, and the humour is, in this instance, rather weakened than increased by the *anachronism*.

A *pistol* is mentioned by Prince Henry, in the First Part of Henry IV. upon which Dr. Johnson observes, 'Shakespeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time.' *R.*

[45] Leon. *A goodly man*——] The printers have given the old general a part of the bawd's speech here. It is very natural to make her assiduity for him arise from her thinking him a good handsome fellow. This seemed evident at first sight; and upon turning to the old folio I found a proof of it, where it was wrote: Leon. A goodly man —— *Exit.* But the late edition removed the *Exit* instead of the speaker. *Seward.*

[46] *Change the forms o' th'* coins.] I can affix no meaning to this, unless coins by metaphor is

His anger on a fault she ne'er committed,
Only to keep me safe? Why should I think
She never was to me, but all obedience, [so?
Sweetness and love.
Leon. How heartily he weeps now!
I have not wept these thirty years and upward;
But now, if I should be hang'd, I can't hold from't:
It grieves me to the heart.
Dem. Who's that that mocks me?
Leon. A plague of him that mocks you! I grieve truly,
Truly and heartily, to see you thus, Sir:
And if it lay in my pow'r, gods are my witness, [from you,
Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace
I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit——
Dem. No more of that; no more, Leontius: [rance!
Revenges are the gods';[47] our part is suff'-
Farewell! I shall not see thee long.
Leon. Good Sir,
Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman in't.
D' you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your Soldier?
Sweet prince, the cause?
Dem. I must not, dare not tell it;
And, as thou art an honest man, enquire not.
Leon. Will you be merry then?
Dem. I'm wondrous merry.
Leon. 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes you.
Shame on't! it does not, Sir; it shews not handsomely.
If I were thus, you'd swear I were an ass straight,
A wooden ass! Whine for a wench!
Dem. Prithee leave me.
Leon. I will not leave you for a tit——
Dem. Leontius!
Leon. For that you may have any where for six-pence;
And a dear pennyworth too.
Dem. Nay, then you're troublesome.
Leon. Not half so troublesome as you are to yourself, Sir. [placket,
Was that brave heart made to pant for a
And now i' th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love?
That noble mind, to melt away and moulder
For a hey nonny, nonny?[48] 'Would I had a glass here,' [to.
To shew you what a pretty toy you're turn'd
Dem. My wretched fortune!
Leon. Will you but let me know her?
I'll once turn bawd: Go to, they're good mens' offices,
And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:
And, if she be above ground, and a woman,
I ask no more! I'll bring her o' my back, Sir;
By this hand I will—and I had as lief bring the devil—— [her——
I care not who she be, nor where I have
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,
Which you think fittest: And, when you have danc'd your galliard——
Dem. Away, and fool to them are so affected!—— [thee!
Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with
Wilt thou do one thing for me?
Leon. All things i' th' world, Sir,
Of all dangers.
Dem. Swear!
Leon. I will.
Dem. Come near me no more, then.
Leon. How?
Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a plague-sore to me. [*Exit.*
Leon. Give you good even, Sir! [sport.
If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine
I will be sorry yet.[49]

is put for laws. As it is not a natural one, I should think it a mistake, and that the true word was *canons*, did it not give a redundant syllable to the verse. As I was writing this, an ingenious young gentleman came in, and taking up the book suggested another reading, which makes equally good sense, and does not hurt the measure; I therefore believe it the true word. *Seward.*

[47] *Revenges are the gods, our part is sufferance.*] Here, as well as in the Maid's Tragedy, is inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience.

[48] *Hey nonny, nonny.*] In an old black-letter ballad, intitled, The Politick Maid (preserved in the collection of a gentleman whose name we are not at liberty to mention) every stanza concludes with the following lines:

'Sing loud, whistle in the winde,
'Blow merry, merry,
'Up and downe in yonder dale,
'With *hey* ho *nonny, nonny.* *R.*

In As You Like It, Shakespeare introduces a burden something similar: 'With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.'

[49] *I will be sorry yet.*] I should be so too, if our Poets ever wrote thus. Surely, at first sight, one would say they wrote,

I will bestir me *yet.* *Sympson.*

As the conjecture seems ingenious, I insert it, but see no reason to contemn the former reading. I understand it thus: 'Notwithstanding his ill usage of me, I will yet pity him.' *Seward.*

I will

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now? how does he?

Leon. Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man else [bots,[50] I think;
That hath his nineteen wits. He has the
He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 *Gent.* Will he speak yet?

Leon. Not willingly:
Shortly, he will not see a man. If ever
I look'd upon a prince so metamorphos'd,
So juggled into I know not what, shame take
This 'tis to be in love. [me!

1 *Gent.* Is that the cause on't?

Leon. What is it not the cause of, but bear-baitings?
And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon't!
What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,
What dogs and cats, it makes us? Men that are possess'd with it,
Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,
And every devil of a several nature;
Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass. Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?

1 *Gent.* He is alive: But, you that talk of wonders,
Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.

Leon. Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.

2 *Gent.* He's now most wonderful: a blazer now, Sir.

Leon. What ails the fool? And what star reigns now, gentlemen,
We have such prodigies?

2 *Gent.* 'Twill pose your Heav'n-hunters.
He talks now of the king, no other language,
And with the king, as he imagines, hourly.
Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king, [king's colours.
Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the

Leon. Does he not lie i' th' King-street too?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither. [guages,
Makes prayers for the king, in sundry lan-
Turns all his proclamations into metre;
Is really in love with the king, most dotingly,
And swears Adonis was a devil to him.
A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king——

2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; oh, excellent king—— [tures,
Thus he begins, thou light and life of crea-
Angel-cy'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;
And so proceeds to incision.[51] What think you of this sorrow? [horses

1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiss the king's
As they pass by him—Ready to ravish his footmen.

Leon. Why, this is above *ela!*[52]
But how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to understand yet;
But thus it is, and this part but the poorest.
'Twould make a man leap o'er the moon to Act these. [see him

2 *Gent.* With sighs as tho' his heart would break;
Cry like an unbreech'd boy;[53] not eat a bit.

Leon. I must go see him presently;
For this is such a gig—For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.

2 *Gent.* I think so.

Leon. Can you guide me to him? For half an hour I'm his,
To see the miracle.

1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.

Ant. Are you sure she drank it?

Leu. Now must I lie most confidently. [*Aside.*
Yes, Sir, she has drank it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I see no alteration yet.

Ant. There will be;
For he's the greatest artist living made it.
Where is she now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know, she will be.

Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the prince?

Leu. Of no man living. [become me?

Ant. How do I look? how do my cloaths I am not very grey.

Leu. A very youth, Sir:
Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April.

I will be sorry *yet*, is certainly a flat and aukward reading. The Prince's last words to Leontius were, *Thou art a* plague-sore *to me.* Perhaps, therefore, Leontius might say, *I will be* a sore to you *yet*; but we shall not disturb the text.

[50] Bots.] The *bots* is a distemper among horses, to which *he groans, and roars, and kicks*, plainly allude. In Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV. one of the Carriers complains, that the beans and peas are so dank, they will 'give poor jades the *bots*.' Upon which passage Dr. Johnson says, 'The *bots* are worms in the stomach of a horse;' and Mr. Steevens remarks, that '*a bots light upon you* is an imprecation frequently repeated in the play of Henry V.'

[51] *And so proceeds to incision.*] Mr. Sympson and I have endeavoured in vain to discover the meaning here: The word *incision* occurs in another play, but is full as dark there as here. *Seward.*

[52] Ela.] A note in musick. *R.*

[53] ——— *a breech'd boy.*] The sense requires that it should be either *new-breech'd* or *un-breech'd*; and the want of a syllable to the verse is another reason for the change. *Seward.*

Heav'n bless that sweet face! 'twill undo a thousand: [wither.
Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that
Your grace can give content enough.
Ant. I think so.

Enter Celia, with a book.

Leu. Here she comes, Sir.
Ant. How shall I keep her off me?
Go, and perfume the room; make all things ready. [*Exit. Leu.*
Celia. No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him! [mad folks,
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew
No company but my afflictions. [me!
This royal devil again! Strange how he haunts
How like a poison'd potion his eyes fright me!
H' has made himself handsome too.
Ant. Do you look now, lady?
You'll leap anon.
Celia. Curl'd and perfum'd? I smell him.
He looks on's legs too? sure he'll cut a caper.
God-a-mercy, dear December!
Ant. Oh, do you smile now?
I knew it would work with you. Come hither, pretty one.
Celia. Sir.
Ant. I like those court'sies well. Come hither, and kiss me. [here,
Celia. I'm reading, Sir, of a short treatise
That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your grace seen it?
He says here, that an old man's loose desire
Is like the glow-worm's light, the apes so wonder'd at; [upon't,
Which, when they gather'd sticks, and laid
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.
And in another place, he calls their loves
Faint smells of dying flow'rs, carry no comforts; [muddy,
They're doting, stinking fogs; so thick and
Reason, with all his beams, cannot beat thro' 'em. [but fool still!
Ant. How's this? Is this the potion? You
I know you love me.
Celia. As you're just and honest,
I know, I love and honour you; admire you.
Ant. This makes against me, fearfully against me. [secute me,
Celia. But as you bring your pow'r to per-
Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good as I hate you, Sir:
And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,
Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,
The ever-living memories [54] rais'd to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?
And when you crown your swelling cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can sing my story?
Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp,
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is, a god-like justice,
Into all shedding equally your virtues!
Ant. Sh' has drench'd me now; now I admire her goodness!
So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.
Can nothing in the pow'r of kings persuade you?
Celia. No, nor that pow'r command me.
Ant. Say I should force you?
I have it in my will.
Celia. Your will's a poor one;
And, tho' it be a king's will, a despis'd one:
Weaker than infant's legs, your will's in swaddling clouts. [you;
A thousand ways my will has found to check
A thousand doors to 'scape you. I dare die, Sir;
As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer.
Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd me, [by it?
Perform'd your lust, what had you purchas'd
What honour won? D'you know who dwells above, Sir, [devils?
And what they have prepar'd for men turn'd
Did you ne'er hear their thunder? Start and tremble, [visit us,
Death sitting on your blood; when their fires
Will nothing wring you then, do you think?
Sit hard here? [conscience,
And like a snake [55] curl round about your
Biting and stinging? Will you not roar too late then?
Then, when you shake in horror of this villainy;
Then will I rise a star in Heav'n, and scorn you! [this sweetness!
Ant. Lust, how I hate thee now, and love
Will you be my queen? can that price purchase you? [already,
Celia. Not all the world. I am a queen
Crown'd by his love I must not lose for fortune:
I can give none away, sell none away, Sir,
Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer;
For in another's heart my hope and peace lie.
Ant. Your fair hands, lady! For yet I am not pure enough [spoke of,
To touch these lips. In that sweet peace you
Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues!
Celia. Why, now you shew a god! now I kneel to you!
This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to you!
Thus I hold up my hands to Heav'n that touch'd you!
And pray eternal blessings dwell about you!

[54] *The ever-living* memories *rais'd to you.*] Here *memories*, as in Shakespeare, is plainly used for *memorials*.

[55] *Like a* snail.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson concurred in this just emendation. *Seward.*

Ant. Virtue commands the stars.—Rise, more than virtue! [ness.
Your present comfort shall be now my busi-
Celia. All my obedient service wait upon you. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.

Leon. Hast thou clean forgot the wars?
Lieut. Prithee, hold thy peace.
1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.
Leon. It seems so.
Sirrah!
Lieut. I am so troubled with this fellow!
Leon. He'll call me rogue anon.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else.
Lieut. Oh, king, that thou knew'st I lov'd thee, how I lov'd thee!
And where, oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!
Leon. He cannot leave his sutler's trade; he wooes in't.
Lieut. Oh, never, king——
Leon. By this hand, when I consider——
Lieut. My honest friend, you are a little saucy.
1 *Gent.* I told you, you would have it.
Lieut When mine own worth——
Leon. Is flung into the balance, and found
Lieut. And yet a soldier—— [nothing.
Leon. And yet a saucy one.
Lieut. One that has follow'd thee——
Leon. Fair and far off.
Lieut. Fought for thy grace——
Leon. 'Twas for some grief: You lie, Sir!
Lieut. He's the son of a whore denies this!
Will that satisfy you?
Leon. Yes, very well. [thee——
Lieut. Shall then that thing that honours
How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still; [ever——
And, tho' a thing of nothing, thy thing
Leon Here's a new thing.
2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.
Leon I'll fetch him out on't. When's the king's birth-day? [ringing:
Lieut. Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with
And there's the resolution of a lover! [*Exit.*
Leon. A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains melted.
Could he find nobody to fall in love with, but the king,
The good old king? to dote upon him too?
Stay! now I remember what the fat woman warn'd me;
Bad me remember, and look to him too.
I'll hang if she have not a hand in this: He's conjur'd.
Go after him; I pity the poor rascal:
In the mean time, I'll wait occasion
To work upon the prince.
2 *Gent.* Pray do that seriously.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Lords.

Lord. He's very ill.
Ant. I'm very sorry for't; [cence.
And much asham'd I've wrong'd his inno-
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings;
There leave her to his love again.
Men. I'm glad, Sir.
Lord. He'll speak to none.
Ant. Oh, I shall break that silence.
Be quick! take fair attendance.
Men. Yes, Sir, presently. [*Exit.*
Ant. He'll find his tongue, I warrant you; his health too:
I send a physic will not fail.
Lord. Fair work it!
Ant. We hear the princes mean to visit us,
In way of truce.
Lord. 'Tis thought so.
Ant. Come; let's in then,
And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leon. There's no way now to get in; all the light stopt too;
Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heav'n,
He use no violence! I think he has more soul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler. 'Would I could but see once [know
This beauty he groans under, or come to
But any circumstance. What noise is that there? [coming;
I think I heard him groan. Here are some
A woman too; I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, and Lords.

Celia. Well, some of ye have been to blame in this point; [out too,
But I forgive ye. The king might have pick'd
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour.
Men. 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.
Celia. I must think so; [tell me?
For how to mend it now—He's here, you
Men. He is, madam; and the joy to see
Will draw him out. [you only
Leon. I know that woman's tongue;
I think I've seen her face too: I'll go nearer.
If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow.
'Tis the same face; the same most excellent woman! [member him.
Celia. This should be lord Leontius: I re-
Leon. Lady, I think you know me.
Celia. Speak soft, good soldier!
I do, and know you worthy, know you noble:
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me see you again; I'll satisfy you.
I'm wondrous glad to see those eyes.
Leon. You've charg'd me.
Celia. You shall know where I am.
Leon. I will not off yet: [she
She goes to knock at's door. This must be

The fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.
He will bolt now for certain.
Celia. Are you within, Sir?
I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesy.
Pray, leave me now.
All. We rest your humble servants!
[*Ex. Men. &c.*
Celia. So, now my gyves are off. Pray Heav'n he be here! [you?
Master! my royal Sir! do you hear who calls
Love, my Demetrius!
Leon. These are pretty quail-pipes;
The cock will crow anon.
Celia. Can you be drowsy,
When I call at your window?
Leon. I hear him stirring:
Now he comes wond'ring out.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis Celia's sound sure! [to it.
The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts
There stands the shape too!
Leon. How he stares upon her?
Dem. Ha! do mine eyes abuse me?
'Tis she, the living Celia! Your hand, lady!
Celia. What should this mean?
Dem. The very self-same Celia——
Celia. How do you, Sir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave.[56] [plete!
I heard you were dead, my dear one. Com-
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant courtier!
Celia. How he surveys me round? Here has been foul play.
Dem. How came she thus?
Celia. It was a kind of death, Sir,
I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely. [gallant!
How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous
Did my father send for you?
Celia. So they told me, Sir,
And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Celia. I was so ever.
Dem. And you were bravely us'd?
Celia. I wanted nothing.—— [lous!
My maidenhead to a mote i' th' sun, he's jea-
I must now play the knave with him, tho' I die for't;
'Tis my nature. [*Aside.*

Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd!
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet——
And what were those came for you?
Celia. Monstrous jealous: [*Aside.*
Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd questions?——
They seem'd of good sort; gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Celia. They were wondrous kind; I was much beholden to 'em.
There was one Menippus, Sir.
Dem. Ha?
Celia. One Menippus;
A notable merry lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one Charinthus too?
Celia. Yes, there was such a one.
Dem. And Timon?
Celia. 'Tis most true.
Dem. And thou most treacherous!
My father's bawds, by Heav'n! they never miss course.
And were these daily with you?
Celia. Ev'ry hour, Sir.
Dem. And was there not a lady, a fat lady?
Celia. Oh, yes; a notable good wench.
Dem. The devil fetch her!
Celia. 'Tis ev'n the merriest wench——
Dem. Did she keep with you too?
Celia. She was all in all; my bed-fellow,
Brought me acquainted. [eat with me,
Dem. You are well known here then!
Celia. There is no living here a stranger, I think.
Dem. How came you by this brave gown?
Celia. This is a poor one: [jewels?
Alas, I've twenty richer. Do you see these
Why, they're the poorest things, to those are
And sent me hourly too! [sent me,
Dem. Is there no modesty, no faith, in this fair sex?
Leon. What will this prove to?
For yet, with all my wits, I understand not.
Dem. Come hither! Thou art dead indeed, lost, tainted!
All that I left thee, fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;
All that I hop'd for virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd black[56] and bankrupt!
Leon. By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly.
Dem. Thou'rt dead, for ever dead! Sin's surfeit slew thee; [thee.
Th' ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd

[56] *Only turn'd* brave.] *i. e.* Finely drest. So in Philaster, and various other places. Milton also uses *bravery* in the sense of *finery*.

[56] ——— *is fled from thee,*

Turn'd back, *and bankrupt.*] I believe this reading corrupt, because it has an anticlimax in it. *To turn back and fly* is sense, but *to fly and turn back is ὕστερον πρότερον*. I hope that I've retriev'd the true word, for it stands in proper antithesis to the epithet *fair* in the former part of the sentence, and Celia seems afterwards to retort the very word.

Then let a thousand black *thoughts muster in you.*

In which line the old folio, (the first impression of this play) reads *back* as well as in the former: which is a further proof of both being corrupt; for in the latter it's self-evident.

Seward.

Go from me, grave of honour! go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy sin! go, thou despis'd one!
And where there is no virtue, nor no virgin;
WhereChastity was never known, nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious lust and looseness;[57]
Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting!

Celia. You do not speak this seriously, I
I did but jest with you. [hope, Sir!

Dem. Look not upon me! [harbours;
There is more hell in those eyes, than hell
And, when they flame, more torments!

Celia Dare you trust me? [love, Sir.
You durst once, ev'n with all you had, your
By this fair light, I'm honest.

Dem. Thou subtle Circe,
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses;
Curse not the day!

Celia. Come, come, you shall not do this.
How fain you would seem angry now, to fright me:
You are not in the field among your enemies.
Come, I must cool this courage.

Dem. Out, thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy sex! When I first saw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison,
That now consumes my dear content to cinders. [me:
I am not now Demetrius; thou hast chang'd
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles, hast chang'd me; [me!
Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes, hast slain
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,
I was a man, and reason staid[58] and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of grief, I grow and wander. [I did this?

Celia. And, as you're noble, do you think

Dem. Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly from me! [see you;

Celia. I will go from you, never more to
I will fly from you, as a plague hangs o'er me;
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,
Where-ever I shall find a fool, a false man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd virtue,
A base suspector of a virgin's honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call Demetrius; that fool, Demetrius; [man,
That madman, a Demetrius; and that false
The prince of broken faiths, even prince Demetrius! [to you,
You think now, I should cry, and kneel down
Petition for my peace: Let those that feel here
The weight of evil, wait for such a favour:
I am above your hate, as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.
Cry, when you know your folly; howl and curse then, [heart,
Beat that unmanly breast, that holds a false
When you shall come to know whom you've

Dem. Pray you stay a little. [flung from you.

Celia. Not your hopes can alter me!
Then, let a thousand black thoughts muster in you,
And with those enter in a thousand dotings;
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing;
My innocence for ever haunt and fright you;
Those arms together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold tongue, that barks out these disgraces, [tuous
When you shall come to know how nobly vir-
I have preserv'd my life, rot, rot within you!

Dem. What shall I do?

Celia Live a lost man for ever! [fer'd,
Go, ask your father's conscience what I suf-
And thro' what seas of hazards I sail'd too;[59]
Mine honour still advanc'd in spite of tempests: [freely,
Then, take your leave of love; and confess
You were ne'er worthy of this heart, that serv'd you:
And so farewell, ungrateful! [*Exit.*

Dem. Is she gone?

Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter. [*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus and Lords.

Ant. Are you pleas'd now? Ha' you got your heart again?
Have I restor'd you that?

[57] *But impious lust, and* looser faces.] The old folio reads, *losers faces*, which is scarce sense; and the change in the second folio and octavo is not much for the better. I hope I've retrieved the original, *looseness* will signify all dissolute manners, and so is more comprehensive than lust; the metre too is restored by it. *Seward.*

The word *looseness* is used in this very sense in the Faithful Shepherdess.

The first folio reads, IMPERIOUS *lust*; the second, IMPIOUS.

[58] *Reason* made, *and mov'd me.*] I can scarce affix any idea to this reading, and as the word I have substituted is near the trace of the letters, and the direct contrast of the second verb, I hope it will be thought the true one. I have Mr. Sympson's approbation, but he thinks that the expression, *I grow and wander*, in the next line, wants either correction or explanation. The sense I affix to it will be a confirmation of the truth of my conjecture. Whereas before reason guided me, whether I stood or moved: Now when I stand still, I do but *grow* like a vegetable; when I move, I wander like a senseless brute *Seward.*

[59] *And through what seas of hazards I sail'd* through.] As this disagreeable tautology is very easily avoided, and more likely to have occurred at the press, than have escaped the Author, we hope to stand excused for the small variation we have made.

Dem. Sir, ev'n for Heav'n sake, [her?
And sacred Truth sake, tell me how you found
Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tried her, [lowship,
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fel-
And fear'd her too; which fear begot that story [her.
I told you first: But since, like gold I touch'd
Dem. And how, dear Sir——
Ant. Heav'n's holy light's not purer.
The constancy and goodness of all women,
That ever liv'd to win the names of worthy,
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may do upon the sun at noon-day
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heav'nly,
And to that heav'nly shape her thoughts are angels.
Dem. Why did you tell me, Sir——
Ant. 'Tis true I err'd in't:
But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,
I find a king too poor a servant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all observe her.
She must be something more than time yet tells her;
And certain I believe him bless'd enjoys her.
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,
To add another empire to my honour. [*Exit.*
Dem. Oh, wretched state! to what end shall I turn me:
And where begins my penance? Now, what service
Will win her love again? My death must do it:
And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleas'd, oh, mighty Love, I die thy servant! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leon. I KNOW he does not deserve you; h' has us'd you poorly:
And, to redeem himself——
Celia. Redeem?
Leon. I know it——
There's no way left.
Celia. For Heav'n's sake, do not name him,
Do not think on him, Sir; he's so far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.
Leon. But yet I would see him again.
Celia. No, never, never! [fort,
Leon. I do not mean to lend him any com-
But to afflict him; so to torture him, [him;
That ev'n his very soul may shake within
To make him know, tho' he be great and powerful,
'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.
Celia. I must confess, I could most spitefully afflict him;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot
Long to vex him! [thro' him:
Leon. And do it home, and bravely.
Celia. Were I a man——
Leon. I'll help[60] that weakness in you:
I honour you, and serve you.
Celia. Not only to disclaim me,
When he had seal'd his vows in Heav'n, sworn to me,
And poor believing I became his servant;
But, most maliciously, to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name!
Leon. I would not suffer it.
See him I would again; and, to his teeth too,
(Od's precious!) I would ring him such a les-
Celia. I have done that already. [son——
Leon. Nothing, nothing;
It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd-on anger to the highest—
Why, 'twill be such a stroke——
Celia. Say, he repent then,
And seek with tears to soften? I'm a woman,
A woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have ho-
I am no more. [nour'd him;
Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.
Celia. If I forgive him, I am lost.
Leon. Hold there then; [sion——
The sport will be, to what a poor submis-
But keep you strong.
Celia. I would not see him.
Leon. Yes; you shall ring his knell.
Celia. How if I kill him?
Leon. Kill him? why, let him die.
Celia. I know 'tis fit so: [stroy him?
But why should I, that lov'd him once, de-
Oh, had he 'scap'd this sin, what a brave gentleman—— [a nobler,
Leon. I must confess, had this not fall'n,
A handsomer, the whole world had not shew'd you:
And, to his making, such a mind——
Celia. 'Tis certain:
But all this I must now forget.
Leon. You shall not, [lady,
If I have any art. [*Aside.*]—Go up, sweet
And trust my truth.
Celia. But, good Sir, bring him not.

[60] *I'll* help *that weakness in you.*] That is, I will *remedy* it, I will *assist* it.

Leon. I would not for the honour you are born to; [and scorn him.
But you shall see him, and neglect him too,
Celia. You will be near me then?
Leon. I will be with you.—
Yet there's some hope to stop this gap; I'll work hard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, two Gentlemen, Lieutenant, and Lords.

Ant. But is it possible this fellow took it?
2 Gent. It seems so, by the violence it wrought with;
Yet now the fit's ev'n off.
Men. I beseech your grace—— [heart,
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my
And am right glad she drank it not herself,
And more glad that the virtuous maid escap'd it; [that this soldier,
I would not for the world 't had hit: But
(Lord, how he looks!) that he should take this
Can he make rhimes too? [vomit!
2 Gent. H' has made a thousand, Sir,
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.
Ant. He looks as tho' he were bepist. Do you love me, Sir?
Lieut. Yes, surely; ev'n with all my heart.
Ant. I thank you;
I am glad I have so good a subject. [me,
But pray you tell me, how much did you love
Before you drank this matter?
Lieut. Ev'n as much
As a sober man might; and a soldier
That your grace owes just half-a-year's pay to.
Ant. Well remember'd.
And did I seem so young and amiable to you?
Lieut. Methought, you were the sweetest youth—
Ant. That's excellent! [on you,
Lieut. Ay, truly, Sir; and ever as I thought
I wish'd, and wish'd——
Ant. What didst thou wish, prithee?
Lieut. Ev'n that I had been a wench of
A handsome wench, Sir. [fifteen for you;
Ant. Why, God-a-mercy, soldier!
I seem not so now to thee?
Lieut. Not all out;
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.
Ant. Thou wast ne'er in love before?
Lieut. Not with a king,
And hope I shall ne'er be again. Truly, Sir,
I have had such plunges, and such bick'rings,
And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me! [you—
For, whatsoever it was provok'd me tow'rd
Ant. God-a-mercy, still!
Lieut. I had it with a vengeance;
It play'd his prize.
Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Tho' of this age.
Lieut. No, sure, I should have spoil'd you,
Ant. Well, go thy ways. Of all the lust lovers
That e'er I saw—Wilt have another potion?
Lieut. If you will be another thing, hav
Ant. Ha, ha, ha! [at you
Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou'r my soldier.
Do bravely; I'll love thee as much.
Lieut. I thank you; [wish it you
But, if you were mine enemy, I would no
I beseech your Grace, pay me my charge.
2 Gent. That's certain, Sir;
H' has bought up all that e'er he found wa like you, [chase
Or any thing you've lov'd, that he could pur-
Old horses that your grace had ridden blind and founder'd; [all this.
Dogs, rotten hawks, and, which is more than
Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet
Ant. Bring in your bills: Mine own love shall be satisfy'd;
And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken,
I'll point you out a portion you shall live on.
Men. 'Twas the best draught that e'er you
Lieut. I hope so. [drank
Ant. Are the princes come to th' court?
Men. They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment; [me; Sir.
Which presently we'll give. Wait you on
Lieut. I shall love drink the better whilst I live, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. Let me but see her, dear Leontius;
Let me but die before her!
Leon. 'Would that would do it. [nesty
If I knew where she lay now, with what ho-
(You have flung so main a mischief on her,
And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)
Dare I present your visit?
Dem. I'll repent all,
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,
That ever lover made.
Leon. 'Twill be too late, Sir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me. [nearer?
Leon. It may be, to her sight: What are you
Sh' has sworn she will not speak to you, look upon you; [thunders,
And, to love you again, oh, she cries out, and
She had rather love——There is no hope.
Dem. Yes, Leontius, [to it,
There is a hope; which, tho' it draw no love
At least will draw her to lament my fortune;
And that hope shall relieve me.
Leon. Hark you, Sir, hark you!
Say I should bring you——
Dem. Do not trifle with me!
Leon. I will not trifle—both together bring you—
You know the wrongs you've done?
Dem. I confess 'em.

Leon. And if you should then jump into your fury,
And have another quirk in your head——
Dem. I'll die first! [certain,
Leon. You must say nothing to her; for 'tis The nature of your crime will admit no excuse.
Dem. I will not speak; mine eyes shall tell my penance.
Leon. You must look wondrous sad too.
Dem. I need not look so;
I'm truly Sadness' self.
Leon. That look will do it.
Stay here; I'll bring her to you instantly:
But take heed how you bear yourself. Sit down there; [take compassion.
The more humble you are, the more she'll Women are per'lous things to deal upon!
[*Exit.*
Dem. What shall become of me? to curse my fortune, [pious:
Were but to curse my father; that's too im-
But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,
Bless, I beseech thee, Heav'n, her harmless goodness!

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leon. Now arm yourself.
Celia. You have not brought him?
Leon. Yes, faith; [plight too.
And there he is: You see in what poor
Now you may do your will, kill him, or save
Celia. I will go back. [him.
Leon. I will be hang'd then, lady!
Are you a coward now?
Celia. I cannot speak to him.
Dem. Oh me! [down.
Leon. There was a sigh to blow a church
So, now their eyes are fix'd; the small shot
They will come to th' battery anon. [plays;
Celia. He weeps extremely.
Leon. Rail at him now.
Celia. I dare not.
Leon. I am glad on't.
Celia. Nor dare believe his tears.
Dem. You may, blest beauty; [pentance,
For those thick streams that troubled my re-
Are wept[61] out long ago.
Leon. You see how he looks.
Celia. What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then, [nour?
When with a poison'd tooth he bit mine ho-
It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight him. [fess'd too,
Leon. Ay, if you saw fit cause: and your con-
Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,
The sweetest, noblest—I take nothing from you,
Nor from your anger; use him as you please;
For, to say truth, he has deserv'd your justice.
But still consider what he has been to you.
Celia. Pray do not blind me thus.
Dem. Oh, gentle mistress,
If there were any way to expiate
A sin so great as mine, by intercession,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,
Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that love you! [I know not;
Leon. They say, women have tender hearts; I'm sure mine melts.
Celia. Sir, I forgive you heartily,
And all your wrong to me I cast behind me,
And wish you a fit beauty to your virtues:
Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you!
I must look back. Gods keep your Grace! He's here still. [*Exit.*
Dem. She has forgiven me.
Leon. She has directed you:
Up, up, and follow like a man; away, Sir!
She look'd behind her twice. Her heart dwells here, Sir! [freeze thus.
You drew tears from her too; she cannot
The door's set open too: Are you a man?
Are you alive? do you un'erstand her mean-
Have you blood and spirit in you? [ing?
Dem. I dare not trouble her.
Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt o' th' head with nothing, [cannot'—
Walk whining up and down—'I dare not,
Strike now or never! Faint heart—you know what, Sir. [fire out!
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your
A devil on't! stands this door ope for nothing?
So, get ye together, and be naught. Now, to secure all,
Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaister.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomey, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, and Lords.

Ant. This peace is fairly made.
Sel. Would your grace wish us
To put in more? Take what you please; we yield it: [it,
The honour done us by your son constrains
Your noble son.
Ant. It is sufficient, Princes. [body,
And, now we're one again, one mind, one
And one sword shall strike for us.
Lys. Let prince Demetrius
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants)
Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle. [catch at victory.
Ptol. And ev'n from that strength we'll
Sel. Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune
I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd!
But that were but to surfeit me with blessings.
Lys. You lost a sweet child there.
Sel. Name it no more, Sir;

[61] *Are* crept *out long ago.*] As this reading appears to us very poor, we have, on the recommendation of Mr. Sympson, altered *crept* to *wept*; which we believe to have been the original word. This variation Mr. Seward rejected.

This is no time to entertain such sorrows.
Will your majesty do us the honour we may
And wait upon him? [see the prince,

Enter Leontius.

Ant. I wonder he stays from us.
How now, Leontius? Where's my son?
Sel. Brave captain!
Lys. Old valiant Sir!
Leon. Your Graces are welcome!
Your son, an't please you, Sir, is new cashier'd yonder, [coil there is,
Cast from his mistress' favour; and such a
Such fending, and such proving! She stands off,
And will by no means yield to composition:
He offers any price; his body to her.
Sel. She is a hard lady denies that caution.
Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave: Faith, princes,
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em;[62]
For less than such a power will do just nothing: [be,
And if you mean to see him, there it must
For there will he grow, 'till he be transplanted.
Sel. Beseech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may see that beauty dares deny him,
That scornful beauty.
Ptol. I should think it worse now;
Ill brought-up beauty.
Ant. She has too much reason for't;
Which, with too great a grief, I shame to
But we'll go see this game. [think of.
Lys. Rather this wonder.
Ant. Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Celia. Thus far you shall persuade me; still to honour you,
Still to live with you, Sir, or near about you;
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love:
But since you have conceiv'd an evil against me,
An evil that so much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern;
And tho' there be a false thought, and confess'd too,
And much repentance fall'n in showers to purge it;
Yet, while that great respect I ever bore you
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart tha duty; [you
Had it but been a dream, I must not touch
Dem. Oh, you will make some other happy
Celia. Never;
Upon this hand, I'll seal that faith.
Dem. We may kiss:
Put not those out o' th' peace too.
Celia. Those I'll give you, [*ne ultra*
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch you
I will be merry with you, sing, discourse with you, [you
Be your poor mistress still: In truth, I love

Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolomey, Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.

Dem. Stay! who are these?
Lys. A very handsome lady.
Leon. As e'er you saw.
Sel. Pity her heart's so cruel.
Lys. How does your Grace?—He stands still; will not hear us. [fortunes.
Ptol. We come to serve you, Sir, in all our
Lys. He bows a little now; he's strangely alter'd. [you a word with you,
Sel. Ha! pray you a word, Leontius! pray
Lysimachus! You both knew mine Enanthe,[63]
I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,
Mine uncle slain; Antigonus had the sack on't
Lys. Yes, I remember well the girl.
Sel. Methinks now, [picture
That face is wondrous like her. I have her
The same, but more years on her; the very same.
Lys. A cherry to a cherry is not liker.
Sel. Look on her eyes.
Leon. Most certain she is like her: [Sir;
Many a time have I dandled her in these arms,
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes?
Sel. This picture, and that lady, Sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near;
They only err in time.
Lys. Didst thou mark that blush there?
That came the nearest.
Sel. I must speak to her.

[62] *'Twere a good point of charity to* piece *'em.*] This reading is sense, and we would not disturb the text; yet we will hazard our conjecture of the Authors having written,

'Twere a good point of charity to peace *them*;

i. e. to make peace between them. Thus, Antigonus says almost immediately, *Here's a new* peace! And, soon after, Demetrius,

——— *We may kiss:*
Put not those out o' th' peace *too.*

And, finally, Seleucus, *This is a* peace *indeed!*

[63] *Enanthe.*] The Editors of the second folio, though they copy those of the first in calling this character *Enanthe* through this scene, yet, in their *dramatis personæ*, stile her *Evanthe*; in which particulars they have been followed by all the succeeding Editors. It is immaterial which name is adopted, but the play and the list of the characters ought to agree.

Leon. You'll quickly be resolv'd.
Sel. Your name, sweet lady? [blessing.
Celia. Enanthe, Sir: And this to beg your
Sel. Do you know me?
Celia. If you be the king Seleucus,
I know you are my father.
Sel. Peace a little!
Where did I lose you?
Celia. At the sack of Antioch,
Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,
By a mean soldier taken: By this prince,
This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.
Sel. My joys are now too full! Welcome, Enanthe!
Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe!
Dem. And mine too desperate!
Sel. You shall not think so;
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it shall be,
And ask it first.
Sel. Most royal Sir, you have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus.
Sel. You must not be denied, Sir,
Celia. By me, I am sure he must not, sure he shall not:
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And, from this hour, no envious spite e'er part us! [to you!
All. The gods give happy joys! all comforts
Dem. My new Enanthe!
Ant. Come, beat all the drums up,
And all the noble instruments of war!
Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sounds;
And those the brazen arch of Heav'n break thro',
While to the temple we conduct these two.
Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And, ever worthy of those lines [64] they sprung,
May their fair issues walk with time along!
Lieut. And hang a coward now! and there's my song. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I AM not cur'd yet throughly; for, believe,
I feel another passion that may grieve;
All over me I feel it too: And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not how.
As you are good men, help me; a carouse
May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,
And all that come to see me, dotingly.
Now lend your hands; and for your courtesy,
The next employment I am sent upon,
I'll swear you are physicians; the war's none.

[64] *May they be ever loving, ever young,*
And ever worthy of those lines *they sprung;*
May their fair issues walk with time along.] We apprehend both the text and punctuation to be corrupted here, and would read thus:

May they be ever loving, ever young,
And, ever worthy of those loins *they sprung,*
May their fair issues walk with time along!

This remedies the vicious construction, and gives a fuller sense. Shakespeare uses the very expression in Richard III. and very nearly the same in King Lear.

THE

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.[1]

This Pastoral is indubitably the sole production of Fletcher. It was condemned by the audience on the first night of performance, and laid aside till Charles I. had it acted before his Court; on which occasion Sir William Davenant wrote a Dialogue-Prologue. The title of the third edition runs, 'The Faithfvll Shepherdesse. Acted at Somerset House before the 'King and Qveene on Twelfe night last, 1633. And divers times since with great applause at 'the Private House in Blacke-Friers, by his Majesties Servants.' This is the last account we have of its performance; and indeed, though the Faithful Sepherdess is excelled by very few pieces, in the closet, we cannot think it well calculated for the theatre. The first edition bears date the same year in which it was first acted.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.	WOMEN.
PERIGOT, *a shepherd in love with Amoret.*	AMORET, *the Faithful Shepherdess, in love with Perigot.*
THENOT, *a shepherd in love with Clorin.*	CLORIN, *a holy shepherdess.*
DAPHNIS, *a modest shepherd.*	AMARILLIS, *a shepherdess in love with Perigot.*
ALEXIS, *a wanton shepherd.*	CLOE, *a wanton shepherdess.*
GOD OF A RIVER.	
SATYR.	
PRIEST.	
OLD SHEPHERD.	
A SULLEN DISCONTENTED SHEPHERD.	

SCENE, THESSALY.

[1] The Faithful Shepherdess is, of all the poems in our language, one of the greatest *honours* and the greatest *scandals* of our nation. It shews to what a height in every species of poetry the British genius has soared; it proves how dull the vulgar eye is to pursue its flight. How must each Briton of taste rejoice to find all the pastoral beauties of Italy and Arcadia transplanted by Fletcher, and flourishing in our own climate! How must he grieve to think that they were at first blasted, and since suffered to wither in oblivion by his Gothic countrymen! The Faithful Shepherdess was damned at its first appearance, and not even a potent monarch's patronage in the next age, nor a much greater monarch's in poetry than king Charles the First in power, Milton's great admiration and close imitation of it in Comus, could recommend it to the publick. The noble copy, 'till within these few years, was as little known as its original; but since it is now become the fashion to admire the former, some deference will surely be paid to Milton's judgment. I shall, therefore, in my notes on this play, not confine myself to mere verbal emendations, but endeavour to demonstrate Fletcher's beauties from parallel passages out of Milton and other authentick poets. By which, I believe, it will appear, that Milton borrowed more from Fletcher, than Fletcher from all the ancient classicks. *Seward.*

ACT I.

Enter Clorin, having buried her love in an arbour.

Clorin. HAIL, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lov'd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights and jolly games
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals,[2] and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell,[3] when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh flow'rs [boy
For summer's queen, whilst ev'ry shepherd's
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.[4]
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring
While there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only rememb'ring what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charm'd with pow'rful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or thro' too much heat
Grown wild or lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries, and chesnuts, plantanes, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-grown pine;
On these I'll feed with free content and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr.

Sat. Thro'[5] yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,

[2] *Coronals.*] *i. e.* Garlands. The word frequently occurs in Spenser, in the same sense. R.

[3] *Dell*] Is used by Spenser in his Shepherd's Calender. March, speaking of a sheep,

'Fell headlong into a *dell*.'

It plainly signifies a *steep place*, or *valley*, and is much the same as *dale*. See Bishop Newton's notes on Comus. *R.*

[4] *Cordevan.*] *Cordwain* (from *cordovan*, leather) Spanish leather. *Johnson.*

We find *cordevan*, or *cordiwin*, mentioned in the following stanza of Drayton's Fourth Eclogue:

'The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
'Which was of the finest lock
'That could be cut with sheer.
'His mittons were of bauzons skin,
'His cockers were of *cordiwin*,
'His hood of miniveer.'
Drayton's Works, vol. iv. p. 1403. *R.*

[5] Through *yon same bending plain.*] That Fletcher had frequently in his eye Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, is certain. The beginning and ending of this speech are an imitation of the Fairy's speech, act ii. scene 1.

'Over hill, over dale,
'Thro' bush, thro' briar,
'Over park, over pale,
'Thro' flood, thro' fire;
'I do wander every where,
'Swifter than the Moon's sphere.'

Both Fletcher and Milton follow Shakespeare in his liberties of frequently varying the Anacreontick

And thro' these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.
But, behold a fairer sight!
He stands amaz'd.
By that heav'nly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live! Therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack 'em;[6]
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take 'em.
For these black-ey'd Driope
Hath often-times commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their ripe cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,[7]
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade:
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness or what private hidden pow'r
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal:
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and

creontick measures; yet each stanza, and each couplet, should observe a just measure, and would, I believe, have done so, had the Authors themselves overlooked the press. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward changes *through* into *thorough*; but there is, we think, as little necessity, as authority, for the alteration.

[6] ——— *nuts more brown*

Than the squirrels teeth that crack 'em.] But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown. I hope I have restored the original. In these presents, which are perfectly pastoral, the Poet had, undoubtedly, both Virgil and Theocritus in his eye. *Seward.*

We have admitted Mr. Seward's emendation; though the old reading was probably genuine, and proceeded from the inadvertence of the Author.

[7] *Lest the great Pan do awake.*] Thus Theocritus, Ειδ. ἀ.

Οὐ θέμις ὦ ποιμάν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, ὐ θέμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδεν· τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες· ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀγρας
Ταγίκα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,
Καί οἱ ἀεί ὀριμᾶια χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

'Shepherd, forbear; no song at noon's dread hour;
'Tir'd with the chace, Pan sleeps in yonder bow'r;
'Churlish he is, and stirr'd in his repose,
'The snappish choler quivers on his nose.'

That Fletcher had this in his eye is evident, but he has varied from Theocritus's Theology. As he intended to make his shepherds chaste and virtuous, he knew that virtue would ill consist with the adoration of such a choleric and lustful God as the Arcadian Pan. But does he not in this transgress the rules of propriety, giving his Arcadians rather Christian than Pagan sentiments? I think not. The Arcadians first worshipped the Creator of all things under the name of Pan, which signifies the Universe, and the image they formed of him emblematically represented Universal Nature, as Macrobius informs us. But the vulgar soon lost the *archetype*, and imagined his *sharp nose, long beard*, and *goatish legs*, to be the symptoms of *anger, rusticity*, and *lust*. Fletcher has with great judgment placed his scene among the primitive Arcadians, who had not such gross ideas. In this he deviates from the Italian dramatic pastorals, but is followed by Milton, who introduces Pagan deities in Comus, but makes the superior gods favour and protect chastity and virtue. *Seward.*

The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: My fear says, I am mor-[tal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,[8]
Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,[9]
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Thro' mire and standing pools, to find my ruin:
Else, why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more mishap-[pow'r
en,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure's there's a
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: Then, strong Chas-[dwell
tity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll
In opposition against fate and hell!

Enter an Old Shepherd, with four couple of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest,
With pow'rful hand, shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
Whatsover this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good;
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires,
They do kindle by their fires,
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair herea'ter!
From your livers and your veins,
Thus I take away the stains.
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air.
Never more let lustful heat
Thro' your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken
In a shepherdess's ear!
Go your ways, ye all are clear.
[*They rise, and sing in praise of Pan.*

[8] *No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,*
Satyre, or other pow'r, &c.] Milton was so charmed with the noble enthusiam of this passage, that he has no less than three imitations of it. Twice in Comus.

'Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
'In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
'Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
'That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time;
'No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
'Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true *virginity*.'

See the whole passage in the first scene of the Two Brothers. So again, the young Lady in the wood.

'———— a thousand fantasies
'Begin to throng into my memory,
'Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
'And airy tongues that syllable men's names
'On sands, on shores, and desart wildernesses.'

And again, Paradise Lost, book ix. line 639, in his noble description of the *ignis fatuus*.

'Hov'ring and dancing with delusive light,
'Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,
'Thro' bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
'There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.'

Seward.

[9] *Or voices calling me*, &c.] This is perfectly agreeable to the superstitious notions of the times in which our Author wrote, and much in the manner of Shakespeare. It has been observed, that in writing this part of the speech he had Virgil in view:

Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Visa viri, nox cum terras obscura teneret. Æn. iv. 460. *R.*

THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing:
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,
As the young spring,
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid, [dear,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak; I give [still
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be
The same it ever was; as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city: Be thou ever true.
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so;
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far [star
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair
That guides the wand'ring seaman thro' the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
You're sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vow'd were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!
Peri. I take it as my best good, and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: Say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood: [been
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain
Stick in your liver: Go and purge again.
Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: Only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls:
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh, and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And giv'n away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss giv'n,
In hope of coming happiness. By this
Fresh fountain, many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love, and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their pow'r those hidden sparks [sense
That else would break out, and provoke our
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires,
He ever aim'd at, and——
Amo. Thou hast prevail'd: Farewell! This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wish'd delight. [*Exit.*
Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou'st given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of the wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot

More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the Dog
Pursues the raging lion,[10] throwing the fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?
Peri. Fair maid, you may. [Perigot;
Amar. Then softly thus: I love thee,
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I wooe thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.
Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.[11]
Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of ev'ry swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I'm only fix'd and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid!
Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: For, know, I may

[10] ——— *while the Dog*
Pursues the raging lion, &c.] The malignant effects of the Dog-star is an imitation of a like description of it in Spenser. Shepherd's Calendar speaking of the sun's progress in July,

'The rampant lion hunts he fast
'With *Dogs* of noisom breath,
'Whose baleful barking brings in haste,
'Pine, plagues, and drery death.'

The lines are extremely poetical in Spenser, but are improved by Fletcher to such a dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of the noblest passages in all Virgil.

——— *aut sirius ardor*
Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris
Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine Cœlum.

I shall not here quote the description of the Dog-star in the beginning of the fifth book of the Iliad, because though Virgil is said to have taken the hint of his simile from that passage, yet Homer there dwells only upon its *brightness*, and not its malevolent influence upon mankind: The addition of which by Virgil has been greatly admired by all criticks, particularly Mr. Pope, as answering to Æneas's shield not only in its *brightness*, but in its menaces of ruin and death to the enemy. But I am surprised that Mr. Pope, and several other of the best critics, should so totally have mistaken the simile of Homer which Virgil imitates; it is the description of the Dog-star in the beginning of the twenty-second book of the Iliad, compared to the appearance of Achilles's armour to Priam, which Virgil imitates and almost literally translates,

Λαμπρότατος μέν γ' ἐστι, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,
Καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.

Which is thus finely translated by Mr. Pope,

'Terrific glory! for his burning breath
'Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.' *Seward.*

[11] *And in one flame* equal *burn.*] I have ventured to strike out the word *equal*, as weakening the sense, and extending the verse into an Alexandrine without the least reason. I therefore believe it spurious. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's lection seems to us a very extraordinary mode of assisting harmony, since we must read,

You fire for fi-er, *and in one flame burn.*

We have adhered to the old authority; if we had departed from it, we should have omitted the conjunction *and*; thus

You fire for fire, in one flame equal burn.

Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again;
These neighb'ring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was:
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell; be happy in a better choice!
[*Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou'st struck me deader with thy voice,
Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick flames [love,
Had shot me through! I must not leave to
I cannot; no! I must enjoy thee, boy,
Tho' the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow,
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after ev'ry sev'ral beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fulness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus; whose nigh-starved flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'Twas
My love (that ever-working passion!) drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair;
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames, that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound [found
As thy words seem to be, means might be
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery [ing.
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleas-
I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!

Amar. Then thus I try thee, Shepherd: This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promis'd equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: Break their meeting,
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great pow'r, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore!

Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen, with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain:
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil,[12] enough; nor can they lay

[12] *My face has* soil *enough.*] Thus all the late editions; the expression can, I believe, convey no other sense, but that she had *flesh* enough on her face, and even this by a very coarse metaphor. The first old quarto reads *foile*, which had occurred both to Mr. Sympson and myself before we saw it there, but we still totally differ in explaining it; he would have *foile* to signify *beauty*, and gave me some quotations to prove it, as in Thierry and Theodoret, act ii.

Loud him with piles of honours, set him off
With all the cunning foils *that may deceive us.*

But I believe, the reader will agree with me, that the common acceptation of the word *foile*, as something ugly to *set off* beauty, and not *beauty* itself, will perfectly agree with the intention of this last passage. I think therefore we ought not to give arbitrary and new meanings

Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flock are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty? [mind
Where shall that man be found that loves a
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay! Where
hast thou been? [green
Or whither go'st thou? Here be woods as
As any,[13] air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as
many [any;
As the young spring gives, and as choice as
Here be all new delights, cool streams and
wells, [and dells;
Arbours o'ergreen with woodbines; caves,
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and
sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose
eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each
night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease!
I have forgot what love and loving meant.
Rhimes, songs, and merry rounds,[14] that oft
are sent

to any word merely to serve a present turn. The sense I affix is, I confess, not very clearly expressed, but it is all, I believe, that the words can bear, *viz.* That the faces of other women are but *foiles* to the beauty of mine. Perhaps *foiles enow* would give this sense more fully. In this soliloquy, relating to her wealth and beauty, our Poet imitates both Theocritus and Virgil; but I cannot say, that he does it with his usual spirit. Though there are some additional beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γαρ ἔην ἠδ' ἀνδρὶ ἔχω κακὸν, ὥς με λέγουσι.
Ἡ γαρ πρὰν ἐς πόντον ἐσέβλεπον (ἦν δὲ γαλανα)
Καὶ καλὰ μὲν ἰὰ γένεια. καλὰ δ' ἐμὶν ἁ μία κώρα
(Ὡς πὰρ ἐμὶν κεκρίλαι) καλεφαινέλο. τῶν δὲ τ' ὀδόντων
Λευκολέραν αὐγὰν Παριας ὑπεφανε λίθοιο.

Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ϛ. 34.

[13] ——— *nec qui sim quæris, Alexi:*
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans;
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ.
Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret Mare.——— Virg. Ec. ii. 19.

See also a like passage in the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus. *Seward.*

[13] *Here be woods as green*
As any, &c.] This whole speech breathes the true spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improved a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former, relating to Endimion; and the beginning is a direct imitation of the two following passages.

——— τῶνω δρύες, ὧδε κυπαρ[illegible],
Ὧδε καλὸν βαμβύζυλι πολὶ συμάνεσσι μέλισσαί.
Ἐν θ' ὑδαι[illegible] ψυχρῶ κρᾶναι δύο. ἰαὶ δ' ἐπὶ δειδρω
Ορνιχες λαλαγεῦνλι. καὶ ἁ σκιὰ ἡδὲν ὁμοία
Τᾶ παρὰ λιν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἁ πίτυς ὑψόθε κώνως.

Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ἑ. 45.

Fletcher has not here equalled the variety and beauty of these images, the *humming* of the *bees*, the *chirping* of the *birds*, and the *apples* dropping from the *pine*, (whose seed in the hot countries far excels our finest nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful description of a bank by Perigot about the middle of the third act, and even here he has at least equalled Virgil, whom he has more exactly copied.

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Eclog. ix. 40.
Seward.

[14] *Rounds.*] This word is here used in an uncommon sense, and signifies *roundelays.*

To the soft ear of maid, are strange to me:
Only I love t' admire a chastity, [or gold,
That nei her pleasing age,[15] smooth tongue,
Could ever break upon,[16] so sure the mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move, 'tis she and only she
Can make me happy, or give misery.
Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?
The. You may, and by her virtue learn to
And level out your life; for to be fair, [square
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and swelling vanity.
Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the Grove, [love,
She that hath long since buried her chaste
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
Sh' hath vow'd herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'Tis her I so admire;
Not any looser blood, or new desire. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend; [tend
I must have quicker souls, whose words may
To some free action: Give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove!

THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are giv'n;
Dainty pleasures, that would ev'n
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but Fate doth
Him hither, I would sooner chuse [bring
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him.—Thou of men most dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renews the story
Of young Adonis,[17] when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away, in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy, [Troy
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.
Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.
Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free [then
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: Speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me *ay*.

[15] *Pleasing age.*] i. e. *Youth*; the word *age* being used to express one of the seasons, or *ages*, of life.

[16] *Cou'd ever* break upon.] Mr. Sympson not thinking this sense, has two conjectures, *work upon* and *break open*; the first is too low an expression, and the second, as he allows, quite spoils the measure. I believe the text is right, and explain it the same with *break in upon*, thus, act ii. scene i.

Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon *your simple flocks.*

i. e. break into the fold upon your sheep. *Seward.*

[17] *Of young Adonis.*] In this speech, which is similar to that made before to Thenot, the Poet continues his imitation of the third Idyllium of Theocritus. *Seward.*

Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so [true.
Much from your fairness, that you would be
Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu!
Yet, one word more; since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Tho' your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.
[*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit [hit
For stream or motion, tho' the strong winds
With their continual pow'r upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy swain, that may'st relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter Alexis.

Alexis. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wished freedom to the lab'ring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains far meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,
Were but any hope left to restore
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefac'd morning, when from Ti- [thon's bed
Thou risest ever maiden!
Alexis. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be—— [sea,
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alexis. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.
[*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing; and the Priest of Pan following.

Priest. SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Ev'ry little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of christal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down[18] calling

[18] *And bright Hesperus down calling*
The dead Night from under ground.] Mr. Sympson objects to both these lines: How, says he, could Hesperus call Night down *from* under ground? And if she was *dead*, how could she hear him? He would therefore strike off the *d* in *down*, and the remaining letters transposed will make *now*. And for *dead* he would read *dread*, which, he says, is the common epithet to Night in Spenser. But I cannot admit either of the changes; for *down calling* will, I think, signify *calling down to Night to arise from under ground*; and in this sense it is more picturesque and a much nobler idea than the expletive *now* can give. In the second line no one need be told in how many things *Night* resembles *Death*, and surely *Night*, though partaking many properties of *Death*, may be allowed in poetry both to *hear* and *speak*. When Spenser, Milton, and other Poets have personated and animated even *Death* itself. Nor can Fletcher be denied any poetic licence in a passage of such exquisite poetic beauty. *Seward.*

The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,[19]
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my ev'ning's knell.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin, sorting of herbs.

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Help'd by the great pow'r of the virtuous moon,
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath ev'n to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime[20]
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden pow'r.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flow'r;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth:[21] These ramson's branches[22] are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments,[23] charms,
(Were they Medea's verses) that do harms

[19] ——— *Sweetest slumbers,*
And *soft silence fall* in *numbers.*] Silence falling in numbers is very dark, as Mr. Symmson observed to me; I therefore suspect the particles *in* and *and* to have changed places, and have replaced them. *Seward.*

The expression is dark, but the transposition does not remove the obscurity. We have endeavoured to help the sense by the punctuation, not thinking ourselves warranted to apply any more violent remedy. The construction of our Author is often hard, and his syntax licentious.

[20] *You that these hands did crop, long before prime*
Of day; *give me your names, and next your hidden pow'r.*] Mr. Theobald has scratch'd out two monosyllables as hurtful to the measure and unnecessary to the sense, and he imagines it to have been a marginal comment to explain what *prime* signified. *Seward.*

Mr. Theobald had no right to expunge the words, which we have restored. Editors are bound to give the genuine text.

[21] ——— *bitten by a* wood
Dog's venom'd tooth.] *Wood* signifies *mad.*

[22] Ramun's *branches.*] *Ramson*, the *allium silvestre*, or *wild garlick*, which is helpful, says the London Dispensatory, in the jaundice and palsies. But our Author chose its superstitious virtues, as more proper for poetry. *Seward.*

[23] *Kill all inchantments.*] The medicinal as well as superstitious virtues ascribed by Clorin to her various herbs are imitated by Milton in his description of the Hæmony in the first scene of The Two Brothers, and the Attendant Spirit in Comus. The whole is too long to transcribe, I shall therefore only quote a part, which has, I think, two very gross mistakes in the only edition I have by me, viz. that published under the inspection of the ingenious Mr. Fenton.

'The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
'But in another country, as he said,
'Bore a bright golden flower, but *not* in this soil;
'Unknown and *like* esteem'd.'

I have often observed that where the sense is injured, the metre frequently shares its fate, as it has done in the third of these lines. I read the whole thus,

'The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
'But in another country, as he said,
'Bore a bright golden flower, *but* in this soil
'Unknown and *light* esteem'd.'

To avoid the repetition of the particle *but*, *though* might perhaps have stood in the original; but I make no doubt of the *not* and *like* being corruptions. *Seward.*

To men or cattle: These for frenzy be
A speedy and a sov'reign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold;
Such sympathy with man's good[24] they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best:
Yellow Lysimacha, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quench'd; by appetite,
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.
And thou, light vervain too, thou most go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter:
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms [rooms.
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to th' shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose pow'r the darkness of sad night
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from Chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself! Thou blessed star
That nightly shin'st![26] Thou, all the constancy
That in all women was, or e'er shall be,
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets stile the mother of desire,
Infusing into ev'ry gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd,
Than that quick pow'r which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.
Clo. Shepherd, how cams't thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this fastness.
The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound
Breaks against Heav'n, and drives into a stound
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.
Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.
The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer thro' disease, no beating vein
Conveys infection dang'rous to the heart,
No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,

[24] *With man's good.*] Mr. Sympson would chuse to read *man's blood.* Thus in Hamlet, the Ghost speaking of the juice of Hebenon,

'——— whose effect
'Holds such an enmity with *blood* of man.'

I allow therefore the propriety of Mr. Sympson's reading, but as the old one is good sense, I don't see sufficient reason for a change. *Seward.*

[26] *Than chastity itself, yon blessed star*
That nightly shines.] The polar star, from its permanency and coldness, may be called the emblem of Chastity, but not Chastity itself, as this reading implies. It might perhaps have been, *or yon bless'd star*; but it is a sort of anticlimax, to mention the emblem of Chastity after Chastity itself. I have therefore inserted my first conjecture in the text, making him repeat the name he had before called her by, with the addition only of her shining every night, the property of the polar star. This I am confirmed in by the two oldest quartos; the first of which stops as I do, and the second has a semi-colon after *itself*, and reads *you* for *yon*; though it makes a false concord by reading *shines*, instead of *shine* or *shin'st*. *Seward.*

In this place, notwithstanding the use of the word *star, the moon* is, we think, the object of Thenot's invocation. How else must we explain,

——— *Thou dost beguile*
Thy brother *of his brightness,*

or, indeed, the whole tenor of the speech?

Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin!
Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
The way to health, that durst not shew his
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you. [sore.
Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with pray'rs[27] appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Tho' it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,
Tho' it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand'ring soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien[28] snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling thro' the deep.
But, while this honour'd strictness you dare keep,
Tho' all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Ev'n in the arm of danger.
Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold ashes?
The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he lov'd you, and be still
The same, opinion speaks you: Let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all
The pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I so admire: [sire,
And yet, there's something else I would de-
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clo. Do, and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be
For ever, whilst here I wretched rest [bless'd
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,
O'ertop'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth
Upon this head. [lay
Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden blushes to our sight
Shoot from its early face: Were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
Or present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a blessed destiny!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail! Shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.

[27] *Whilst I with* praise, &c.] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson make a query whether the true word be not *pray'rs*. It appeared to me a better word, but as the other is sense, I did not think to have changed it, till I consulted the first old quarto, which reads *praies*, and in all other places *praiers*, and not *prayers*; from whence I doubt not but their conjecture is true. *Seward.*

[28] *Alpsien.*] The same we now call *Alpine*. *Seward.*

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false, and he loves ev'ry where?
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming shew as true;
For she is of so pure an honesty,[29]
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret, [met
And say, she but seems chaste: I'll swear she
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be press'd by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this shew
More full of seeming, Hobinal you know,
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,
Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I've promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt,[30]
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;[31]
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan.
This I have done to win you, which doth give
Me double pleasure: Discord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd swain, I thank you! These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Ev'n once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit, [love
Which I have found: Give second, and my
Is everlasting thine.

Sull. Shep Try me, and prove.

Amar. These happy pair of lovers meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for med'cines or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
Hath pow'r to change the form of any creature, [feature
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave, [she gave
Who must pronounce this charm too, which
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow,
That would be charg'd, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crost in love. [here
I'll this attempt! Now, shepherd, I have
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipp'd: Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find, [let,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hot'st fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's pow'r to see!

[*Exeunt.*

[29] *For* he *is off.*] That Amoret's and not Perigot's purity of intention and simplicity of heart is here spoke of, is clear as the light; and yet this gross mistake, in this and the following line, has run through all the editions, not excepting the quartos published in our Author's life-time. *Off*, for *of*, is only an error of the press in the very late editions. *Seward.*

There was but one quarto published in Fletcher's life-time; the second is dated 1629, four years after his decease.

[30] *Bolt.*] *i. e.* An arrow. *R.*

[31] *Holt.*] Is a wood or grove:

'Eke whanne Zephyrus, with his sote breth,
'Enspirede hath, in every *holt* and heth.'

Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales,
Dr. Morell's edit. 1737, p. 2. *R.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin! Come, oh, come, my fair!
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandring thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.
Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!
Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give!—I charge you, all my veins [way,
Thro' which the blood and spirit take their
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion! Do not wilder shew
Than blushing modesty may entertain.
Alexis [*within*]. Cloe! [again,
Daph. There sounds that blessed name
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

(Enter Alexis.)

This is some shepherd! Sure I am awake!
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge.
Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me? Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull [hung,
That golden fruit which too, too long hath
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too
I am impatient of these mad delays! [long;
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind! [*Exit.*
Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error: [terror!
But be they far from me, with their fond
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe [*within*]. Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman. Cloe! tell
Thy blessèd name again.
Cloe [*within*]. Cloe! Here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soke thro' your startups.[32]
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is perish'd? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiss
Those lilly hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language: But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the brother say,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.
Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.——[*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear
T' offend in boldness, wins; they never wear
Deserved favours, that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,

[32] *Startups.*] The word *startups*, or, as it is there spelt, *startopes*, occurs in the following lines of Warner's Albion's England; and Dr. Percy explains it to signify, 'buskins worn by rustics, laced down before:'

'He borrow'd on the working daies
'His holy russets oft,
'And of the bacon fat to make,
'His *startopes* black and soft.' *R.*

Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part?
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold!——
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray
A little this way: When we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*

Cloe. And I will meet there never more
Thou idle shamefac'dness! [with thee,

Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!

Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis. Cloe!

Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plow! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a sleep.

Sull Shep. FROM thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
'Till in yonder holy well,
Thrice with pow'rful magick spell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou'st been dipp'd. Thus, with my chord
Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twin'd,
I do thy sleepy body bind:
I turn thy head into the East,
And thy feet into the West,
Thy left arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly swound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string.
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washed be;
There I stop.[33] Now fly away,
Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
Truth, that hath but one face,[34]
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes, that cast your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,
Hecate, with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
Up out of this blessed lake.
Rise, both like her, and awake!
[*She awakes.*

Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou miss'd in any magick rite,
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices discover'd be?

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whose hand [wet,
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus
I should myself take thee for Amoret!

[33] *There stop: Fly away.*] This unmusical hemistich was probably occasioned by the loss of one or more words, which Mr. Sympson and I hope that we have retrieved; because the sense, as well as measure, is improved by our addition. For, according to the mangled text above, he seems to dip her no lower than her knee, whereas the charm required him to dip her thrice over head: And we accordingly find three different periods in the following incantation. At the first dip, he charms away truth: at the second, he calls on several animals and beings remarkable for changes; at the third, on Cynthia, or the Moon, the most frequent changer of all. *Seward.*

[34] *Truth, that* hath *but one face.*] Mr. Seward disliking this verse, reads,

Truth, that beareth *but one face*;

but the metre is so frequently inaccurate, and the accent violated, that any alteration of the old text, merely for the sake of harmony, is unwarrantable. The line may be read thus,

Trúth | thát hath | but óne | face;

which will render it, though not very melodious, full as tolerable as many others in the play.

Thou art, in cloaths, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.
Amar. Then this deceit which cannot crossed be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay:
Then will I lead him further to the grove;
But stay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say, her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose pow'r will free
The dazzled sense, read by the moon's beams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Shep. Stand close! Here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan pow'r
Delights to be about yon sacred well,
Which they have bless'd with many a pow'rful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when sight [have found
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they
By help of them; so holy is the ground.
But I will further seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.
My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*
Amar. Perigot!
Per. My love!
Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she
To shew her glory in this little grove [strove

(Enter Amoret.)

To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? But that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the pow'r that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no
Walking this wood, of lion, or the bear, [fear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood.
Methinks there are no goblins, and mens' talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot.
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot!
Sull. Shep. Fair maid!
Amo. Ah me, thou art not Perigot! [got:
Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Peri-
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And said, 'Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?'
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it day-light,
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way!
As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,
I'll seek him out; and for thy courtesy,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she shew!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her.[55] Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none,
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did not I essay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me?
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tried
Who had been stronger. Oh, vain fool, to let
Such bless'd occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be.
Alexis. Where shall we rest?—But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.
Close. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of ev'ry shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then let us chuse some place, where out of sight
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.
Alexis. Then boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found; [ground;
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd

[55] *That* perjured *her.*] *i. e.* That swore false to her.

No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;
Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:
Then carelesly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.
Cloe. Then lie by me; the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.
Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame, [name,
The greatest pow'r [36] that shepherds dare to
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!
Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!
Sull. Shep. Then from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.
Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!
Sull. Shep. Fairest Shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love you less
Than that fond man, that would have kept
From me of more desert. [you there
Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and Cloe another.

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Give a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest:
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge: Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,
And by a false fire seeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathed horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. Oh death!
Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure I hear a mortal sound.
I bind thee by this pow'rful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimm'ring moon-beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Alexis. Oh!
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his cloaths foul'd with his blood!
To my goddess in the good
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.
[*Exit, with Alexis.*

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast [a beast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet,[37] till that fearful shape made me be gone,
Tho' he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;
But now both lost. Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou'rt yet my love!
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.

[36] ——— *or by yon flame,*
The *greatest pow'r*, &c.] Mr. Seward, after declaring his doubts of *the Moon* being meant by the *greatest pow'r*, says, 'But perhaps, the Poet might mean by *yon flame*, the flame on 'Pan's altar, spoke of in the last act.

' ——— *by all the rites*
' *Due to our god, and by those virgin lights*
' *That burn before his altar*——

'But if this be the Poet's intention, it is very obscure, unless he supposed his shepherd so far to 'follow the customs of the ancient Greeks, as to have an altar always upon the stage they 'acted on.' He then alters *the* to *and*, supposing the poet to have meant, 'the *Moon* AND 'Pan, the two common powers which the shepherds in all other scenes swear by.' For our parts, we think the Moon singly is meant, which seems confirmed by the Satyr,

Now, whilst the Moon *doth rule the sky.*

[37] *Yet,* till *that fearful shape.*] The Editors of 1750, we know not why, read *still* for *till*; a variation which seems to have been designed, being mentioned in neither Appendix nor Errata.

Then where art thou that struck'st my love?
Oh, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flow'rs and garlands that were meant for him; [fast
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd.
But, thou art fled! What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be small,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try his heart;[38] and my behaviour too,
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shap'd these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love. But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was so well belov'd.

(Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the shape of Amoret.)

But all these fancies must be quite forgot;
I must lie close. Here comes young Perigot,
With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape!
Amar. Beloved Perigot, shew me some place, [chace
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank:[39] No deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckow sit;[40]

[38] *I'll try* him; *his heart, and my behaviour too*
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.] Though this is the reading of all the copies, we do not doubt its being corrupt. The foregoing lines, as well as the measure, seem to countenance the alteration we have made. Take the text altogether;

I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be small
To make him bold; *rather than none at all,*
I'll try his heart; *and my behaviour too,*
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.

Hence it appears, that she doubted of his *heart* and *boldness*, and relied chiefly on *her own behaviour* to inspire him with confidence. This interpretation, which gives the obvious meaning of the passage, naturally leads to the reading which we have adopted, believing it to be genuine.

[39] *Upon this holy bank.*] I have before observed that this passage equals the most descriptive beauties of Theocritus and Virgil; though the ideas are all negative, they strike the imagination as pleasingly, and perhaps more strongly, than positive ones. Shakespeare often delights in such negative descriptions. Thus, Midsummer Night's Dream, act ii the fairy song,

'You spotted snakes with double tongue,
'Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
'Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
'Come not near our fairy queen.'

This song is again imitated by Fletcher, in the song of the River-God in the next scene; but in the lines referred to above, he had more immediately in his eye the description of a bank by Shakespeare, in the same play and act.

'I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
'Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
'O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
'With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
'And there the snake throws her enamel'd skin,
'Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.' *Seward.*

[40] *Here never durst the babbling cuckow* spit.] To *spit* is not, as we believe, a property of the cuckow; we have therefore altered *spit* to *sit*; *i. e.* 'Your sleep shall not be disturbed with her idle noise.' A beautiful passage in the last act seems to confirm this reading.

The

No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other, set with violets, for me.
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to wooe?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him, when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, I loved Perigot,
And, by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear (and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep!)
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yean'd lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife
To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How shall I trust thee, when I see thee chuse
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will shew his pow'r, that he
Can make his Am'ret, tho' she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiss!
Peri. What means my love!
Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can fain
More wanton tricks
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: Be not abus'd
With thy fond first belief; let time be us'd.—
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again. [breast
Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my
Hast with thy cunning div'd! Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down!
Peri. Since this I live to see, [me!
Some bitter North wind blast my flocks and
Amar. You swore you lov'd, yet will not do my will. [thee still.
Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Tho' other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then here I end all love; and, lest my vain
Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!
Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry. [shall die,
Peri. Thou counsell'st well; first, Amoret
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
[*He runs after her.*
Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart! [*Exit.*
[*The Sullen Shepherd steps out, and uncharms her.*
Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I strew these herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.[41]

The nightingale, among the thick-leav'd spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.

[41] *Let your odor driue hence*
All mistes *that dazell sence.*

Let her flye, let her scape,
Giue againe her owne *shape.*] For the first of these lines, Mr. Seward reads,

Let your odour drive from *hence*;

but not finding a suitable measure in the second, entertains us with some remarks on *mistes* being read and spoken as two syllables. In the third line, he interpolates *and*;

Let her fly, and *let her scape*;

but the fourth ill-naturedly refusing to countenance such measure, he again amuses us with supposing

Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her scape;
Give again her own shape!

Enter Amarillis, in her own shape, Perigot following.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.[42]

Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess! my rage, and night,
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my sight;
But, far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood.
[*Exit Amar.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shews, and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot!

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy!

Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Strikes her.*

Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art unjust.

Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. [*Exit Peri.*

Sull. Shep. Now shall their love be cross'd; for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. Shepherdess, prepare
Youself to die!

Amo. No mercy I do crave:
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have. [too,
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him
He struck my soul, and not my body, thro'.
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave.
Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou'rt so innocent.
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook.
[*Exit.*

The God of the River riseth with Amoret in his arms.

God. What pow'rful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force, that I their God,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That 'till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaister bound.
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,[43]
From my watry locks, more round

supposing *own* should be considered as two syllables, *owne*. Yet this does not seem satisfactory even to himself, and therefore he chuses to have it,

Give again her former *shape.*

Surely these freedoms must be looked upon with great jealousy; but with much more must we behold similar liberties taken, and not even remarked in the notes; of which the instances may be pronounced to be almost innumerable.

[42] *The only fear of which* neere *slain me hath.*] Thus the quartos; the abused folio of 1679, says *near*; the octavo of 1711, *ne'er*; which the Editors of 1750 follow!

[43] *Take a drop into thy wound*
From my watry locks more round
Than orient pearl.] Nothing can be more beautiful than this piece of machinery, whether it be considered as an allegory, viz. That the coldness of the water stopt the bleeding of the wound; or be looked on as the mere produce of *fancy* in a species of poetry which admits the introduction of Fauns, River-Gods, and all the rural deities. In either of these lights how striking and pituresque are the images? What delicacy of stile, and harmony of numbers? what pastoral purity and propriety in the sentiments? Milton copied it in the scene of Sabrina, at the latter end of Comus, and perhaps more closely than Virgil ever did any one passage of Homer

Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flow'r
With holy hand, whose virtuous pow'r
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, giv'n me new breath, [death?
And brought me back out of the arms of
God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Ah me!
God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:
I am this fountain's God![44] Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'wixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Thro' the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on ev'ry side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'st channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;

Homer in his Æneid, or of Theocritus in his Eclogues. This healing of the wound he imitates in his dissolution of Comus's spell.

'Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
'Drops, that from my fountain pure
'I have kept of precious cure:
'Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
'Thrice upon thy rubied lip.
'Next this marble venom'd seat
'Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
'I touch with chaste hands moist and cold.
'Now the spell hath lost its hold.'

The two last of these lines are a more immediate imitation of what Clorin afterwards says in healing Amoret's second wound.

With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest. *Seward.*

[44] *I am this fountain's God,* &c.] This beautiful description of a brook Milton makes Sabrina imitate in the description of herself.

'By the rushy-fringed bank,
'Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
'My sliding chariot stays,
'Thick set with agat and the azurn sheen
'Of turkois blue, and emerauld green,
'That in the channel strays.'

I believe the reader will agree with me, that Milton's images here have more of pomp, but not so much of natural beauty as those of Fletcher. Sir John Davies, a contemporary of our Authors, in his excellent poem on the Immortality of the Soul, has a beautiful simile from a brook thus wandring in Meanders.

'And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
'Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
'From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
'And runs a nymph along the grassy plains.

'Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
'From whose soft side she first did issue make;
'She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
'Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake.

'Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
'As that her course doth make no final stay,
'Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
'Within whose watry bosom first she lay.'

They who would see the fine application of this simile, may please to consult the poem, and if they read from the beginning till they find it, their time will not be ill spent. *Seward.*

But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Thro' the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in:
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal pow'r, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I should have shewn my weak mortality.
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,
Whose comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu!
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,[45]
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old

[45] *I must make my waters fly,*
Lest they leave their channels dry, &c.] The bounties of the river and the gratitude of the Shepherds are closely imitated by Milton in his description of Sabrina.

'——————— still she retains
'Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
'Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
'Helping all urchin blast, and ill-luck signs
'That the shrewd medling elfe delights to make,
'Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
'For which the shepherds at their festivals
'Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
'And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
'Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.'

I believe the reader will here again think that Milton has more pomp and sublimity, but that the extreme prettiness, delicacy and ease of Fletcher is more consonant to the pastoral, and consequently more pleasing. But this cannot be said of Milton's imitation of Amoret's answer, in which Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first.

'Virgin daughter of Locrine,
'Sprung of old Anchises' line,
'May thy brimmed waves for this
'Their full tribute never miss,
'From a thousand petty rills
'That tumble down the snowy hills:
'Summer drought, or singed air,
'Never scorch thy tresses fair,
'Nor wet October's torrent flood
'Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
'May thy billows roll ashore
'The beryl, and the golden ore;
'May thy lofty head be crown'd
'With many a tow'r and terras round,
'And here and there thy banks upon
'With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.'

The construction of the two last of Milton's lines is a little difficult, to crown her head with towers is true imagery; but to crown her head upon her banks, will scarcely be allowed to be so. I would therefore put a colon instead of a comma at the last line but two, and then read,

'And here and there thy banks upon
'Be groves of myrrh and cinammon.' *Seward.*

Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown,
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to damm thy brook;
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,
When the spawn on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God. Thanks, virgin! I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Exit.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. SHE is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou North-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth [stand,
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the show'rs of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser light our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!
Then, be a free man; put away despair
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes
Took the first heat.
Peri. Alas, he double dies [well
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.
Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not shew thee, thro' the pow'r
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set, [fret,
Wrought underneath with many a curious
The primrose chaplet, taudry-lace,[46] and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!
Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment, for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, ev'n thus perplex'd,
And thus believing.
Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
'Till my return.
Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt.*

[46] *Taudry lace.*] Mr. Sympson observes, that the word *taudry* did not give any low or ridiculous idea; the expression is taken from Spenser, who in his Shepherd's Calendar, the month April, calls the virgins decked in their best array to attend Queen Elizabeth.

'Bind your fillets fast
'And gird in your waist
'For more fineness with a taudry-lace.' *Seward.*

Enter Satyr, with Alexis hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Thro' still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me,
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare[47]
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold the happy pow'r,
[*Seeing Clorin.*
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy land enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.
Heav'n and great Pan succour it!

(Enter Clorin.)

Hail thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the destinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.
Clor. What art thou that call'st me from my holy rites,
And, with the fear'd name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.
Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect sight that cull'd it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot shew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighb'ring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clor. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude; [hued,
Tho' thou be'st outward rough and tawny-
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himself born only heir
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore;
This to draw out such putrifying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may be good!
Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood;
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moon-beams; pinch him thrice;
That the lab'ring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw
His eye-lids moving.
Clor. Give him breath.
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanish'd; with this plaister,
And this unction, do I master
All the fester'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light.
Now he gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alexis. Oh, my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs thro' my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass thro' my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion.——
Pan, preserve me! what are you!
Do not hurt me! I am true
To my Cloe, tho' she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clor. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,

[47] *Fare.*] We do not remember to have met with this word, in the sense he has adopted before. *Fare*, in this place, seems to mean *form*.

'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty[48] fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purg'd, until
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
'Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. Sure I've lost much blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Tho' there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore. [more.
When you are well, take heed you lust no

Sat. Shepherd, see what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing.—
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty;
I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bow'r may ever dwell
Spring and summer!

Clor. Friend, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amoret, seeking her love.

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love, and almost life, and since have cross'd
All these woods over: ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought him; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings thro',
Nor a green bank, nor shade where shepherds
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse [use
Their Valentines, that I have miss'd, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou gone? [alone
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my love
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence?[49]
'Tis well;
I am content to feel it: But I tell [hear,
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss [know
From light and happiness! and thou may'st
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness;[50] therefore, here
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursed place, and on this green
That first divorc'd us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it thro' the working of my mind,
That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle!
For sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Of madmens' fancy, when the many streams
Of new imaginations rise and fall!
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; while he,
Directed by his fury, bloodily [and cold;
Lanch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great pow'rs will not let
Their virtuous love be cross'd. Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay

[48] Lusty *fires.*] Mr. Seward changes *lusty* to *lustful*; but both words have the same import: We have therefore followed the old books. *Heats*, for *heats*, in the preceding line, was restored by Theobald from the first quarto. Various instances of the use of *lusty* for *lustful* are produced in the 31st note on the Custom of the Country.

[49] *Was my love alone*
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence?] The construction is rather hard; but, resolved into plain prose, the meaning is, 'Was my love worth only this scornful return?'

[50] *Or fury more than madness.*] A rage even beyond frenzy.

The storm that yet goes high,[51] which, not deprest,
Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.
Thy Perigot——
Amo. Where, which is Perigot?
Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.
Amo. I go, I run! Heav'n grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.
Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.
Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.
Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger
Of your word.[52] Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?
Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid. [again,
Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.
Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far,
That they shall never meet.
Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.
Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men!
Thus I salute thee, virgin!
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! [*Exit, running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not steal away![53] I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night
To hide my sorrows from the coming light!
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling! Give me some black place, [light,
Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and sound is gone!

Enter Amoret, looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom. Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.
Peri. What art[54] thou dare [care
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy,
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons, and damask-roses, and have flung

[51] *The storm that yet* goes *high.*] Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson recommend reading, BLOWS *high.*

[52] *Of your word.*] It may be proper to observe here, that *your, hour,* and several other words that are now always pronounced as monosyllables, were by the old poets made one or two syllables at will; and every reader should accustom his ear to such liberties, if he hopes to free his judgment from the clogs of modern prejudice. *Seward.*

With all these allowances, the measure is often extremely licentious, and the accent injudiciously placed. See almost every scene of the play.

[53] *Night, do not steal away,* &c.] Milton seems to have had this passage before him when he wrote the following lines, for the Attendant Spirit, in Comus:

'At which I ceas'd, and listen'd then a while,
'Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep.' *R.*

[54] *What art thou dar'st.*] Almost every edition has a different reading here: The first quarto reads, *What thou dare*; the second, *What art thou dare*; the later editions preserve the grammar right, but neglect the rhimes. Mr. Theobald, in his margin, has left *dares*, and has put *cares* to answer it in the next line, but *care* in the singular is more poetical; I have therefore preferred what Mr Sympson and I, by conjecture, concurred in. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *What art?* Who *dare*, &c. We think the reading of the second quarto best, and have followed it. It conveys the same sense as Mr. Seward's reading, with no very violent *elleipsis.*

Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,
From those two little Heav'ns, upon the ground,
Show'rs of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd! I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me:
Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working pow'rs of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues to so ill intent? [55]
Ev'n such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a diff'rence 'twixt myself and me
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
Shepherd, remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I lost?
Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? [56] Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see,
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

Peri. Men ever were most blessed, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtile hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant,
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;

[55] *Virtues* of *so ill intent?*] Though *virtues* is the same as *powers*, yet *virtues* of *so ill intent* is too stiff an expression to be supposed genuine. My reading gives, I think, the natural sense of the passage. 'Why have you lent your powers, and suffered a miracle to be wrought, for 'so ill a purpose as deceiving me into murder.' *Seward.*

This is not the meaning; but, 'Why have you lent your hidden virtues for so ill an intention as to deceive me?' for he does not yet believe her to be the real Amoret.

[56] *Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and most*
Of these *unconstant?*——] I shall not venture to change the text here, though I cannot construe it into any consistent sense. Does *these* refer both to Heaven and time, as well as men? Surely no, for why must Heaven be accused of man's inconstancy? The sense which I think is aimed at is, 'Can men believe a Heaven and its justice against inconstancy, and 'yet most of them be inconstant?' But then, what has *time* to do in the sentence? The only reading that I can form near the trace of the letters which will give this sense, is,

Can there be Heav'n and truth with *men*, yet *most*
Of these unconstant?

What makes it highly probable that the text is corrupt, is, that the first old quarto, whose authority outweighs all the latter editions, as being the only guide the others followed, is confused in this line. It reads,

Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, most
Of these unconstant? *Seward.*

The sense, duly attending to the whole speech, is both consistent and easy. Mr. Seward's difficulty arose from his referring the words *most of these* unconstant, to the *preceding* line, wherein *Heav'n*, *time*, and *men*, are enumerated; whereas they relate to *faith*, *uplifted hands*, *wishes*, and the *heart*, which are the subject of the lines that follow, and which having mentioned, Amoret exclaims,

Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these *to be found? Why then, I see*
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,
Your actions ever driven to the most,[57]
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing
That men call blessed; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just, and always blest
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous giv'n thee, and mad'st good the same
Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall,
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chace the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, tho' all
The self-love were within thee, that did fall
With that coy swain that now is made a flow'r,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a show'r!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for ev'ry lazy groom to say,
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?
Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessed name!
I must not know thee; fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned passions: Perigot
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.
Amo. Then hear me, Heav'n, to whom I call for right,[58]
And you fair twinkling stars that crown the night;

[57] *Your actions* ever *driven* to *the most*,
Then down again as low.] If their actions were *ever* driven to the most or highest, how could they sometimes take the contrary extreme and fall low again? The text, I verily believe, is corrupt, and hope my emendation will be allowed; it keeps very near the trace of the letters, and gives this sense: Women for the most part act the part of over-niceness and chastity, and yet sometimes descend to the lowest depths of vice. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

Your actions over *driven* for *the most.*

The construction is hard, but Mr. Seward's alteration will not carry the sense he means it should convey. Besides that, *for the most* is poor and unpoetical. *Your actions* ever *driven* to *the most*, taken by itself, might signify, 'Your actions are always in extremes.' But the beginning of the next line, *Then down again as* LOW, seems to require some previous mention of their *high* notions:

Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise *or* falling *of a woman's mind.*

[58] *Then hear me heav'n, to whom I call for right.*] I think it is an observation in one of Mr. Pope's letters, that the harmony of English verse consists in the variation of the pauses betwixt the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh syllables: And it is a known rule, that the most natural pause of the English verse is at the fourth syllable. The modern poets, from Waller to Mr. Pope, by confining their pauses almost always to those four syllables, and oftenest to the fourth, have preserved an uniformity of numbers and cadence which is very rarely found in either Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher or Milton. Most of these have done it occasionally, as Fletcher has done here for some lines together; but they generally vary their pauses freely through all the syllables. Let us therefore ask, whether the common opinion of Waller, Dryden and Pope's, being the refiners and smoothers of the English metre, be well or ill grounded? Have the softest and smoothest of their writings more delicacy and harmony than several parts of Comus and the Faithful Shepherdess? More uniform they are, we allow, like the gardens which Mr. Pope describes, where

'Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
'And half the platform just reflects the other.

But is this a true or a false taste? We certainly borrowed it from the French in the Gallic (not Augustine) age of King Charles the Second; and if we admire it, let us acknowledge our benefactors. *Seward.*

There is, we think, much good sense and true taste in the above note.

And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye sad hours that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye pow'rs of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careless prodigal, and gave away [say
My soul to this young man, that now dares
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;[59]
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almost scorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been woo'd by many, with no less
Soul of affection, and have often had [the lad
Rings, belts, and cracknels,[60] sent me from
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: Nor these, nor they
That sent them, did I smile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where ev'ry slave is free, and ev'ry breast
That living breeds new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret!

Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loth to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be
A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it! [*He hurts her again.*

Amo. So this work hath end!
Farewell, and live! be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next!

Enter Satyr; Perigot runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtile fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark,[61] that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day,
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandring swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.

Amo. Ah me!

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be.
I am ready; speak I say:
By the dawning of the day,
By the pow'r of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!

Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!

Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit so vile a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face!
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps; and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure
I steal abroad to do another cure.
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;

[59] *Not the same, more* wild.] As this is sense, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the Author's word was *vilde*, the old way of spelling *vile*. *Seward.*

[60] Cracknels.] Dr. Johnson says, *cracknel* is a hard brittle cake; and gives the following authorities for his explanation of it:

'Albee my love he seek with daily sute,
'His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdain,
'His kids, his *cracknels*, and his early fruits.' Spens. Past.

'Pay tributary *cracknels*, which he sells;
'And with our offerings, help to raise his vails.' Dryd. Juv. *R.*

[61] *The early lark.*] I have somewhere heard it observed, that the English poets are much more happy in their descriptions of the morning and evening, than either the Greeks or Romans; and perhaps the reason may be, that the twilight in summer is longer, and consequently the mornings and evenings are more beautiful in the northern than in the southern climates. The truth of the observation might be abundantly proved, and Fletcher's mornings and evenings in this play would be very high in the list of English beauties. Milton, in his L'Allegro, has imitated this description of the lark, and, as usual, has exceeded him in energy and grandeur, as much as he has fallen short in sweetness and prettiness:

'To hear the lark begin his flight,
'And singing startle the dull night,
'From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth rise.' *Seward.*

I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone.[62] When I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again. [*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die! [lie,
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends;
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye
He hath espied something that glisters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else: Such my affection, set
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clo. See where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightness doth amaze!
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me? [constancy?

The. Why dost thou keep such spotless

Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what, for thy sake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
[*He starts up.*

The. Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee, [speak!
To make thee light, think yet before thou

Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break:
I, that already have my fame far spread,
For being constant to my lover dead.

The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.

Clo. Yet all I'll lose for thee——

The. Think but how bless'd
A constant woman is above the rest!

Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be dispos'd by thee.

The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex, but thee, before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!

Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

The. Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought certain shame!
Your sex's curse, foul falshood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!

Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?

The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood
For that time to the best: For as a blast
That thro' a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal, [well.
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing
Yet turn!

Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, tho' he were alive: But do not fear.

The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face, [see,
Is gone, and thou like others! False maid,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*

Clo. 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks for it!
What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot again.

The. Will you be constant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?

Clo. No, let me die; but by thy side remain.

The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens' race, and full of guilt.

[62] —— *nor will leave*
Thee for an hour alone.] If this be genuine, the sense will be, that I will not leave thee alone, even a full hour; but this appears so stiffly expressed that I have changed the negative to an affirmative; making her say, that she would absent herself for one hour *only*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, '*I* will leave;' but the stiffness of the expression does not warrant a change. She means to say, 'She will not prove inconstant, nor leave him even a single hour.

THE

Farewell, all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought [naught:
There was one good, I fear'd to find one
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!
[*Exit.*

Clo. Blest be ye pow'rs that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success.
I rather chuse, tho' I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all, than die for me.
[*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Priest. SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Thro' the windows, while the sun
To the mountain tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter North-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lay on a shepherd's name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain [town,
Within these cotes: The woods, or some near
That is a neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spiced wassel-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.

Priest. God pardon sin!—Shew me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.

Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.

Priest. Then this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.
[*Exeunt.*

Clorin in her cabin, Alexis with her.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure,
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.

Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid! [staid
I find my former wand'ring thoughts well
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain,
By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clo. May thy grief[63] more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, with Amoret.

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood, [blood,
That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my
And dying, know I cannot injur'd be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me!

Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.——

[63] *May thy* griefe *more appease.*] Here *grief* is to be spoke as two syllables. *Seward.*

The measure is not in general correct enough to warrant this direction: But if the pronunciation is to be protracted, we should think it probable that the word was used in the plural number;

May thy griefes *more appease!*

We have chosen, however, to abide by the old books, which we commonly follow, unless the error is apparent and obvious. Such errors, contrary to the practice of former Editors, we never presume to correct in silence; but, contrary to the practice of those Editors, we frequently restore the true reading of the old books, without any vain display or idle parade of the labour of our researches. On this principle, we have discarded many ostentatious notes of Mr. Seward and his associates, who first offer an emendation as their own conjectural reading, and then confirm their supposed conjecture by the authority of the old books, pluming themselves on their own ingenuity as well as fidelity.

See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' touch'd, asleep, or wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not:
Quickly clap herbs to her breast:
A man sure is a kind of beast! [breast
Clo. With spotless hand, on spotless
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide.——
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound;
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know, or think, these
words my last, [chaste!
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure.
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my med'cines work.
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet. Oh, here they be;
Here here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

Enter Cloe and Daphnis.

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye:
Strife is vain, come gently in.
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death.
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain encrease.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of christal water on the top
Of ev'ry grass, on flow'rs a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,
'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.

Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light. Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame [64] his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—
See, it gives back; let him go.
Farewell, mortal! keep thee so.
Sat. Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste.
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste. [she!
Alexis. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alexis. He.
Cloe Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alexis. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst!
Keep her near, here in the wood,
'Till I've stopt these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away.
[*Curtain drawn.*

Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever! 'Tis in
vain [pain,
To find them out, with trouble and much
That have a ripe desire, and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill. [tire,
What shall be counsell'd now? shall we re-
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?

[64] *In this flame*, &c.] This is taken word for word from Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor, the end of the last act.

'With trial fire touch me his finger end;
'If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
'And put him to no pain; but if he start
'It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.' *Sympson.*

take the trial-fire not to have been an invention of Shakespeare, but a commonly-believed egend of the fairies. *Seward.*

Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain:
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known,
Thus without care, leaving they flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling-off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious[65] desp'rate man that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present ache and pain,[66]
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Thro' their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this night [sight
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skill'd at throughly: Nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living, like the rhime
Our blessed Tityrus[67] did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the bay,[68]
Whose lightning may enclose, but never slay
Upon his charmed branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

Priest. Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?

The. 'Twas a vow [now
That drew me out last night, which I have
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

Priest. 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding musick bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?

The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and have lain
All this same night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale[69] among the thick-leav'd spring,
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing

[65] *And like a* glorious *desp'rate man that buys*
A poison of much price.] Mr. Sympson would read *furious* desperate man, but I am afraid this would be turning a beauty into a tautology. He is *desperate* or furious, because he buys a poison; he is *glorious* because he buys one of great price. *Seward.*

Glorious, in this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud, vain.*

[66] ——— *with present* age *and pain.*] Mr. Sympson would read *aches and pain.* But exactly the same may be said of this conjecture as the former. The gain of lust is disease, *an early old age*, pain and death: *Present age* is therefore a remarkably strong expression. *Seward.*

We are apt to believe the Author wrote '*ache* and pain.' *Age* did not then always imply old age, and there are in this very play instances of a contrary signification annexed to the word. It is a refinement to call *present age* a remakably strong expression in this place, where the word *present* is plainly used in opposition to *ensuing* death;

——— present *ache and pain,*
And then *a grave. These be the fruits*, &c.

[67] *Our blessed* Tityrus.] Mr. Sympson would suppose that Spenser is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this likewise; first, because Spenser died but a few years before this play was wrote, and the expression of *yore* seems to imply an earlier date: Secondly, because *Tityrus* is the name which Spenser had in all his pastorals given to Chaucer, and as Fletcher frequently imitates those pastorals, I doubt not but Chaucer was here intended; particularly as Spenser is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater honour than Chaucer is here. *Seward.*

[68] *Thunder 'gainst the* bay.] This property is also ascribed to the *laurel.*

[69] *The nightingale among*, &c.] This description of the nightingale is taken from Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, August.

'Hence

Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy,[79] that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.
Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling!
The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis?
Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been,
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen:
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bow'r
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great pow'r
Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd;
There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And by her, young Alexis.

Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! be ever just,
Thou God of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake [shake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit!
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst ev'ry blast
Sings thro' my slender leaves that I was chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder! Amarill',
Be comforted; the holy Gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessed man,
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy,
My yet-unblasted flow'r, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purg'd! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis! here I vow
To Heav'n, and thee, grave father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues, or company of men unpure!
I hear him come! save me!
Priest. Retire a while [vile
Behind this bush, 'till we have known that
Abuser of young maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most-lov'd Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast.
I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden buskins; turn again and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease.
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can shew my active youth! Why dost thou
Remember, Amarillis, it was I [fly?
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I [lie
That drown'd her in the well, where she must
'Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say!
I must not be deluded.
Priest. Monster, stay!

'Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
'That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
'In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
'The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe.'

Both Spenser's and Fletcher's are extremely beautiful, and the sound in both a perfect echo to the sense; yet are they scarce to be named with that noble simile of the nightingale at the end of Georgicks, or with the various descriptions of her in Milton, who was quite enamoured with this bird, from her near resemblance to his own circumstances.

'Who fed on thoughts that voluntary mov'd
'Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
'Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
'Tunes her nocturnal note.' *Seward.*

Virgil's simile is also translated in one of Lee's Tragedies.

[79] *Our great enemy.*] The wolf.

Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Thro' every honest bosom,[71] forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!
Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her; tell me by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart?
Priest. Lust, and a branded soul.
Sull. Shep. Yet tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great encrease, said it is good and just,
And wills that ev'ry living creature must
Beget his like?
Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery.
Now to the bow'r, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot, with his hand bloody.

Peri. Here will I wash it in this morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew
In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And tho' I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!——
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: To her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or pray'r,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained, fair:
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,
Whom I ador'd, is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live!
[*Exit.*

The curtain is drawn back; Clorin appears sitting in the cabin, Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other; Satyr standing by.

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid.
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
On these other lustfully.
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile!
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?
Alexis. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose mod'rate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch
And for ever keep you such!

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain!
Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near!
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. There at hand some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain,
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower.
We will try the sov'reign pow'r
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so!
[*The Satyr leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth Amoret; and kneeling down, she knoweth him.*
Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove

[71] *Eating with* debate
Thro' every honest bosom.] The use of the word *debate* in this place seems hard, at least uncommon.

As constant still. Oh, cou'dst thou love me yet,
How soon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still pow'r to forgive? [to live.
Amo. Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I
More welcome now, than hadst thou never
Astray from me! [gone
Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I thee, death, or some ling'ring pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee;[72] once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the pow'rs again are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are appeas'd.
Join your hands, and rise together,
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.

Clo. Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless [press
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not
This hallow'd ground. Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
'Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up. Never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face, [try
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to
The truth of late report was giv'n to me:
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance,
Thro' much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, thro' whose spite
All this confusion fell: for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought a[73] brace
Of these offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water; for unsound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air;
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: Quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr; for the place begins
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom. Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man; and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of ev'ry honest wight.
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores.
[*Exit Priest.*
Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abus'd! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.
Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve.
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.
Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool christal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break;
Hear us, oh, heav'n!
Amo. Be constant.
Peri. Else Pan wreak,
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!
Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all envy dies.

[72] *Perhaps will cleanse* thee; once *again*.] This is the reading of the old quarto's; the folio of 1679 says,

This *perhaps will cleanse again*;

which is copied by the later editions. We have followed the older books; and though the construction, according to the usage of our Author, is a little licentious, yet the meaning is obvious. If any alteration were necessary, we might read, with less violence to the old text,

Perhaps will leave *thee*.

[73] ——— *brought* the race.] As he brought but two, I hope I have restored the true reading. *Seward.*

Enter Priest.

Priest. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will; the swain
In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace:
Only the maid I have resgrv'd, whose face
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies
In self-consuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: How bright the day doth shew
After this stormy cloud! Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themselves.

[*Satyr brings Amarillis in.*

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good!

Clo. Young shepherdess, now you are brought again
To virgin state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give
A blessed memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now, holy man, I offer up again [pain:
These patients, full of health and free from
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass thro', from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits, and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighb'ring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults thro' much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat
Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs,
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:[74]
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliments, but single truth,
From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry shepherd's heart;
Let them still use persuading, but no art:
Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these,
All the best goods and comforts that may please! [give,[75]

All. And all those blessings Heav'n did ever
Weary upon this bow'r may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, ev'ry shepherd, while with pow'rful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from those dangers still
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches; all your strength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, 'till his pow'r
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to ev'ry soul,
May his care of you control
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus[76] taught ye; Dorus, he
That was the soul and God of melody.

[*They all sing.*

[74] ——— *the lazy clowns*
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms.] This instance of laziness is taken from Spenser. Shepherd's Calendar, February.

'So loytring live, you little herd-grooms,
'Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms.'

The meaning, I believe, is, You that loitering let your herds run wild among the broom which grows on the worst soil, and don't drive them into the best pastures.

[75] *And all those blessings*, &c.] In the third edition, this speech is given to *Alexis* singly? and continued so in the later copies.

[76] *That honest* Dorus.] This fine eulogy on some poet beloved and almost adored by our Author, I take to have been meant of Spenser for these reasons. He seems to speak of one who

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung. [*Exeunt.*

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most pow'rful maid, and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessed,
Eyes of stars, and golden tressed
Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is metest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air,[77] and stay
The sailing rack,[78] or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make

who lived in the preceding age, but was dead before the Faithful Shepherdess was published. This answers to none so well as Spenser, he and Shakespeare being the only very great poets that immediately preceded our Author; but the latter lived some years after the publication of this piece. In the next place, as he had just before taken an expression from Spenser, so he greatly imitates his manner in the following song, and inserts one expression of his in it literally.

——— *Daffadillies,*
Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling, &c.

which Spenser had thus expressed. Shepherd's Calendar, April.

'Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies
'And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies. *Seward.*

[77] ——— *shall I stray*

In the middle air, &c.] The character of the Attendant Spirit in Comus is this Satyr under another shape and name. The Satyr in the third is sent by Pan to guide aright the wandering shepherds, and to protect virtue in distress. The Attendant Spirit has much the same office: He is sent by Jupiter to protect the Virtuous against the enchantments of Comus. When they have finished their office, they both give the same account of their power and velocity. In imitation of the lines now referred to, and to the two last of the Satyr's first speech:

(I must go, and I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun.)

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the audience.

'But now my task is smoothly done,
'I can fly, or I can run,
'Quickly to the green earth's end,
'Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
'And from thence can soar as soon
'To the corners of the Moon.

The two first and two last of Milton's lines are directly taken from Fletcher: *The sky slowly bending to the horizon,* in the middle couplet, is a noble image; but I can scarce think that it can alone vie with the variety and beauties in Fletcher; such as, *making suit to the pale Queen of Night for a Moon-beam; darting through the waves that fall on each side in snowy fleeces;* and *catching the wanton fawns, and flies whose woven wings are dyed by the summer of many colours.* But it may perhaps be thought that Milton has improved the measure, and made his sound more an echo to his sense; if he has, he only imitates in this the following lines, which are a fine instance of this species of beauty.

——— *I will dance*
Round about these woods, as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales,
Faster than the windmill sails.

The Italians have the honour of being the introducers of the Dramatick Pastoral, but I cannot upon examination find that Fletcher has borrowed a single sentiment or expression from any of them, except the name of the Faithful Shepherdess from the *Pastor Fido. Seward.*

[78] *The sailing* rack.] 'The winds,' says Lord Bacon, 'which move the clouds above,

Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Thro' the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heav'n old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.
Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thickets, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.
Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faster than the wind-mill sails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!
Clo. And to thee,
All thy master's love be free!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

'which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.' So Shakespeare, in his Tempest,

'And, like this substantial pageant faded,
'Leave not a *rack* behind.'

To *rack* in this sense is sometimes used as a verb. In the old play of the Raigne of King Edward III. 1596,

'——— like inconstant clouds,
'That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
'Encrease and die.'

Steevens's notes on Shakespeare. *R.*

THE MAD LOVER.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner, Hills, and Lovelace, ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; other writers, to him and Beaumont conjunctively. The first publication of the Mad Lover was in the folio of 1647. We do not know of any alterations having been made in it, nor has it been acted for many years past.

THE PROLOGUE.

To please all is impossible, and to despair
Ruins ourselves, and damps the writers' care.
'Would we knew what to do, or say, or when
To find the minds here equal with the men:[1]
But we must venture; now to sea we go,
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember ye're all vent'rers; and in this play
How many twelve-pences ye've stow'd this day:
Remember, for return of your delight, [spite.
We launch, and plough thro' storms of fear and
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And steer us right; and, as the sailor sings,
Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we
Shall make our home-bound voyage chearfully; [sure
And you, our noble merchants, for your treaShare equally the fraught,[2] we run for pleasure.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

ASTORAX, *king of Paphos.*
MEMNON, *the general, and the Mad Lover.*
POLYDOR, { *brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*
EUMENES, } *two eminent soldiers.*
POLYBIUS, }
CHILAX, *an old merry soldier.*
SIPHAX, *a soldier, in love with the princess.*
STREMON, *a soldier that can sing.*
DEMAGORAS, *servant to the general.*
CHIRURGEON.
FOOL.
PAGE.
BOY.
COURTIERS.

WOMEN.

CALIS, { *sister to the king, and mistress to Memnon.*
CLEANTHE, *sister to Siphax*
LUCIPPE, *one of the princess's women.*
PRIESTESS OF VENUS, *an old wanton.*
A NUN.
CLOE, *a camp baggage.*

SCENE, PAPHOS.

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[1] *To find the minds here equal with the men.*] 'So many men so many minds,' is an old saying. It seems here to be implied that *one* man has *many* minds.'

[2] *Fraught.*] This word generally, in the old books, is used for *freight.*

ACT I.

Flourish. Enter Astorax, Calis, train, Cleanthe, Lucippe, and Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other, Eumenes.

Eumenes. HEALTH to my sovereign!
King. Eumenes, welcome!
Welcome to Paphos, soldier! to our love!
And that fair health you wish us, thro' the camp
May it disperse itself, and make all happy!
How does the general, the valiant Memnon?
And how his wars, Eumenes? [a soldier,
Eum. The gods have giv'n you, royal Sir,
Better ne'er sought a danger; more approv'd
In way of war, more master of his fortunes,[3]
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.
King. Oh, soldier, [neral;[4]
Thou speak'st a man indeed; a general ge-
A soul conceiv'd a soldier.
Eum. Ten set battles,
Against the strong usurper Diocles,
(Whom long experience had begot a leader,
Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your Mem-
non [him,
Won, and won gloriously, distress'd and shook
Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing.
In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,
Forc'd him to wall himself up: There not safe, [quake,
Shook him with warlike engines like an earth-
'Till like a snail he left his shell, and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkness to destruction:
Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve castles,
Some thought impregnable; towns twice as many; [mand
Countries, that like the wind knew no com-
But savage wildness, hath this general,
With loss of blood and youth, thro' storms and tempests,
Call'd to your fair obedience.
King. Oh, my soldier, [drums
That thou wert now within my arms!—What
Are those that beat, Eumenes? [*Drums.*
Eum. His, my sov'reign;
Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,
An old man now, to offer up his glories,
And endless conquest, at your shrine.
King. Go all,
And entertain him with all ceremony;
We'll keep him now a courtier.
Eum. Sir, a strange one;
Pray God his language bear it. By my life, Sir,
He knows no compliment, nor curious casting
Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em:
He can say, 'Fight well, fellow, and I'll thank thee:

[3] —— *more master of his fortunes,*
Expert in leading 'em; *in doing valiant,*
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.] I shall now return to meer verbal criticisms. By the reading and pointing above, the first step of a most beautiful climax is taken away and placed to a former sentence, where it is quite unnecessary. The four qualifications of a great general are strongly marked out: *Expert in leading on*; *valiant in the combat*; *prudent in guiding his valour to victory*, and *in making his victories decisive*. I make the pause fuller at the end of the first line, and put in the second what to me bids fairest for having been the original; though it might have been

Expert in leading, and in doing valiant. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *more master of his fortunes*;
Expert in leading on; *in doing valiant*;
In following all his deeds, &c.

——— *more master of his fortunes.*
Expert in leading 'em] Surely this, which is the old reading, is the right reading. What can prove a man *more master of his fortunes*, than his being *expert in leading 'em?* Besides that, Mr. Seward's pointing mars the syntax, and deprives the two last lines of the word *valiant*, that governs them:

——— *in doing* valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.

Here a repetition of *valiant* is understood, as of the word *more* in the first two lines: 'Ne'er was a soldier more master of his fortunes, [more] expert in leading 'em; valiant in doing, [valiant] in following his deeds on to victory, and in maintaining it when acquired.'

[4] *A general general*] *i. e.* A *complete* general. The latter editions read, *a* general's *general.*

'He that must eat, must fight; bring up the rear there,'
Or, 'charge that wing of horse home.'
[*Flourish.*
King. Go to, go to!

Enter Memnon, with a train of courtiers and soldiers, two Captains, Chilax, &c.

Valiant and wise are twins, Sir.—Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general!
High in thy prince's favour, as in fame,
Welcome to peace, and Paphos!
Mem. Thank your grace! [sweetness
And 'would to God my dull tongue had that
To thank you as I should; but pardon me,
My sword and I speak roughly, Sir: Your battles, [you
I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring
That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully
That no more name of war is: Who now thinks
Sooner or safer these might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.
Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,
At length your general, (as one whose merit
Durst look upon no less) I've waded thro'
Dangers would damp these soft souls, but to hear of. [Sir.[5]
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here,
Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,
No oily language, but the shock of arms,
No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures
But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger,
Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at; [fire,
Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming wild-
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at, [trifles.
And toss'd 'em back again like children's
Upon the edges of my enemies' swords
I've march'd like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand waiting,
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn hope,
When I have grappled with destruction,
And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, night and mischief,
Frighted to see a new day break in blood;
And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir;
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous, [griev'd you,
And blown Ambition, dangers. Those that
I have taken order for i' th' earth: Those fools
That shall hereafter——
King. No more wars, my soldier:
We must now treat of peace, Sir.
[*King takes Memnon aside, and talks with him.*
Cle. How he talks,
How gloriously.
Calis. A goodly-timber'd fellow;
Valiant no doubt.
Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.
In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions
Could be set off in nothing but a noise!
Sure h' has a drum in's mouth.
Calis. I wonder, wenches,
How he would speak to us.
Cle. Nothing but larum,
Tell us whose throat he cut, shew us his sword,
And bless it for sure biting.
Lucip. An't like your grace,
I do not think he knows us, what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded
A suttler's wife yet, or, in execution,[6]
Old bed-rid beldames without teeth or tongues,
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!
Cle. This way devoutly.
Calis. Sure his lordship's viewing
Our fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his batt'ry.
Calis. Still his eye [lour
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his va-
Be not in love!
Cle. If he be, presently
Expect a herald and a trumpet with you,
To bid you render; we two perdu's pay for't else. [ladies,
King. I'll leave you to my sister, and these
To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier, [ship;
We must now turn your sternness into court-
When you have done there, to your fair repose, Sir! [*Flourish.*
I know you need it, Memnon. Welcome, gentlemen! [*Exit.*
Lucip. Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's yours;

[5] *The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, Sir.*] This line seems to have been shuffled by some accident out of its place. It ought, as we conjecture, to be inserted lower in the speech: Here it interrupts the sense; but there it falls happily in with it. We would therefore wish to omit it where it now stands, and to insert it after the line,

And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir.
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, Sir.
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers.

[6] —— *or in execution.*] This signifies the sack of a town, and is used by Jonson in that sense as well as our Author. *Seward.*

Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.[7]
Mem. Oh, Venus!
[*He kneels amaz'd, and forgets to speak.*
Calis. How he stares on me.
Cle. Knight him, madam knight him;
He'll grow to th' ground else.
Eum. Speak, Sir; 'tis the princess.
1 *Capt.* You shame yourself; speak to her.
Calis. Rise and speak, Sir. [Sir!
You are welcome to the court, to me, to all,
Lucip. Is he not deaf?
Calis. The gentleman's not well.
Eum. Fy, noble general! [How do you?
Lucip. Give him fresh air; his colour goes.
The princess will be glad, Sir——
Mem. Peace, and hear me.
Cle. Command a silence there.
Mem. I love thee, lady. [ceed, Sir.
Calis. I thank your lordship heartily: Pro-
Lucip. Lord, how it stuck in's stomach, like a surfeit. [be thanked.
Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God
What a fine-spoken man he is.
Lucip. A choice one;
Of singular variety in carriage! [distance.
Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his
Mem. With all my heart I love thee.
Calis. A hearty gentleman!
And I were e'en an arrant beast, my lord,
But I lov'd you again.
Mem. Good lady, kiss me. [up to her.
Cle. Ay marry, Mars, there thou cam'st close
Calis. Kiss you at first, my lord? 'Tis no fair fashion; [breaths,
Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with mens'
They lose both sap and savour; there's my hand, Sir.
Eum. Fy, fy, my lord! this is too rude.
Mem. Unhand me!
Consume me if I hurt her. Good sweet lady,
Let me but look upon thee.
Calis. Do.
Mem. Yet!
Calis. Well, Sir,
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bless your eyes, Sir.
Calis. Mercy!
Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier,
So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,
If I were given to that vanity
Of making sport with men for ignorance,
What a most precious subject had I purchas'd?
Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that knows
What the man ails, and can speak sense.
Cle. Sure, madam,
This fellow has been a rare hare-finder.
See how his eyes are set.
Calis. Some one go with me; [gentleman,
I'll send him something for his head. Poor
He's troubled with the staggers.[8]
Lucip. Keep him dark, [battles
He will run march-mad else; the fumes of
Ascend into his brains.
Cle. Clap to his feet [ward.
An old drum-head, to draw the thunder down-
Calis. Look to him, gentlemen. Farewell, lord! I'm sorry
We cannot kiss at this time; but, believe it,
We'll find an hour for all. God keep my children [wenches,
From being such sweet soldiers! Softly,
Lest we disturb his dream.
[*Exeunt Calis and ladies.*
Eum. Why, this is monstrous. [holds it.
1 *Capt.* A strange forgetfulness, yet still he
2 *Capt.* Tho' he ne'er saw a woman of great fashion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em; meer report of others——
Eum. Pish,
His head had other whimsies in't. My lord!
Death, I think you're struck dumb. My good lord general!
1 *Capt.* Sir! [love you,
Mem. That I do love you, madam; and so
An't like your grace—
2 *Capt.* He has been studying this speech.
Eum. Who do you speak to, Sir?
Mem. Why, where's the lady,
The woman, the fair woman?
1 *Capt.* Who?
Mem. The princess,
Give me the princess.
Eum. Give you counsel rather
To use her like a princess. Fy, my lord!
How have you borne yourself, how nakedly
Laid your soul open and your ignorance,
To be a sport to all! Report and honour
Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly,
Without consid'ring what, or who she was,
Neither collecting reason, nor distinction——
Mem. Why, what did I, my masters?
Eum. All that shews
A man unhandsome, undigested dough.
Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?
Eum. Dumb and senseless,

[7] *'Tis for your* spurs.] This is an allusion to Chivalry. Lord Lyttelton, speaking of Henry II. after he was knighted, says, 'He sought an occasion of exercising his new profes-'sion of arms, or (to speak in the language of that age) he desired to *gain his spurs*; but he 'could not possibly take the field, &c.' Life of Henry II. vol. ii p. 178. And we find in Segar's Honor Civil and Military, p. 75, that, on the degradation of a knight in England, his gilt *spurs* were beaten from his heels, and his sword taken from him and broken *R.*

[8] *Staggers.*] The *staggers*, which is a kind of horses' apoplexy, is mentioned in All's Well that Ends Well. One species of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. *R.*

See Johnson's notes on Shakespeare, vol. iv. p. 53.

As tho' you had been cut out for your father's tomb, [you,
Or stuck a land-mark. When she spoke unto
Being the excellence of all our island,
You star'd upon her as you had seen a monster.
Mem. Was I so foolish? I confess, Eumenes,
I never saw before so brave an outside.
But did I kneel so long?
Eum. 'Till they laugh'd at you.
And when you spoke, I am asham'd to tell you
What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.
Bless me!
Is't possible the wild noise of a war,
And what she only teaches, should possess you?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,
Being at flood still in you: And in peace,
And manly conversation, smooth and civil,
Where gracefulness and glory twine together,
Thrust yourself out an exile? Do you know, Sir, [dience
What state she carries? and what great obe
Waits at her beck continually?
Mem. She ne'er commanded
An hundred thousand men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her. [one!
Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare
Mem. Why, she's a woman, is she not?
Eum. She is so. [for then?
Mem. Why, very well; what was she made
Is she not young, and handsome, bred to breed?
Do not men kiss fair women? if they do,
If lips be not unlawful ware, why a princess
Is got the same way that we get a beggar,
Or I am cozen'd; and the self-same way
She must be handled ere she get another.
That's rudeness, is it not?
2 *Capt.* To her 'tis held so,
And rudeness in that high degree——
Mem. 'Tis reason;
But I will be more punctual. Pray what thought she?
Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but she laugh'd at you,
Pitying the poorness of your compliment,
And so she left you. Good Sir, shape yourself
To understand the place and noble persons
You live with now.
1 *Capt.* Let not those great deserts
The king hath laid up of you, and the people,
Be blasted with ill-bearing!
Eum. The whole name
Of soldier then will suffer.
Mem. She's a sweet one.
And, good Sirs, leave your exhortations;
They come untimely to me: I have brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a princess,
That's all; I've kill'd a king, and that is greater.
Come, let's to dinner; if the wine be good,
You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood. [*Exeunt all but Chilax.*
Chi. Well, 'would thou wert i' th' wars again, old Memnon! [the proudest
There thou wouldst talk to th' purpose, and
Of all these court camelions would be glad
To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,
This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness!
Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings [years
Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five
I've serv'd my country, lost my youth and blood,
Expos'd my life to dangers more than days;
Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers: [people,
'The king is bound to right me,' they, good
'Have but from hand to mouth.' Look to your wives, [your marchpanes![9]
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives,
For if the soldiers find not recompence,
(As yet there's none a-hatching) I believe,
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye; [means
For starve nor beg they must not. My small
Are gone *in fumo:* Here to raise a better
(Unless it be with lying, or dog-flattering,
At which our nation's excellent, observing dog-days, [basted
When this good lady broils and wou'd be
By that good lord, or such-like moral learnings) ['em;
Is here impossible: Well, I'll rub among
If any thing for honesty be gotten,
Though't be but bread and cheese, I can be satisfied:
If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am
Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There's an old lass
That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,

[9] *Marchpanes.*] *Marchpane* was a confection, made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakespeare's time, as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, *a marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Dr. Gray's notes on Shakespeare.

Marchpane, a kind of sweet bread, or biscuit, called by some almond-cake. Hermolaus Barbarus terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *martius panis*, G. *macepain* and *massepain*. H. *marzapane*, H. *macapan*, B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *massepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martsepeyn*; and, in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See Junius.

Notes to Shakespeare, Oxford edit.

The fragility of the biscuit seems to be the chief quality here alluded to.

Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail—Jack-Daws, are you alive still?
Then [prosper.
I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can

Enter Fool and Page.

Page. Brave lieutenant!
Fool. Hail to the man of worship!
Chi. You are fine, Sirs,
Most passing fine at all points.
Fool. As you see, Sir, [our clothes, Sir,
Home-bred and handsome; we cut not out
At half-sword, as your taylors do, and pink 'em
With pikes and partizans; we live retir'd, Sir,
Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.
Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy; peace plays with you
As the wind plays with feathers, dances you,
You grind with all gusts, gallants.
Page. We can bound,[10] Sir, [frisk too.
(When you soldados bend i' th' hams) and
Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold sallads, without salt or vinegar,
Lie[11] wambling in your stomachs; hemp and hobnails [harness
Will bear no price now, hangings and old
Are like to over-run us.
Page. Whores and hot-houses—
Fool. Surgeons and syringes, ring out your saints' bells!
Page. Your jubilee, your jubilee!
Fool. Prôb Deum!
How our St. Georges will bestride the dragons,
The red and ramping dragons!
Page. Well advanc'd, Fool.[12]
Fool. But then the sting i'th' tail, boy.
Page. Tanto Melior; [nour.
For so much the more danger, the more ho-
Chi. You're very pleasant with our occupation, gentlemen;
Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,
A mother or a sister.
Fool. Mine's past saddle,
You should be sure of her else: But say, Sir Huon, [turn'd bed-staves,
Now the drum's dubb's o'er,[13] and the sticks
All the old foxes hunted to their holes,
The iron age return'd to Erebus,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* [shoulders,
Thrust out o'th' kingdom by the head and
What trade do you mean to follow?
Chi. That's a question. [mark it.
Fool. Yes, and a learned question, if you
Consider, and say on.
Chi. Fooling, as thou dost;
That's the best trade, I take it.
Fool. Take it straight then, [lieutenant,
For fear your fellows be before you: hark ye,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings;
When all's done, you must fool, Sir.
Chi. Well, I must then.
Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling?
The circumstances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that shews his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find, Sir,
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing,
As fooling has been; but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the best men fool their friends;
For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,
Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, virtuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or
Chi. I partly credit that. [breeches.
Fool. Fine wits, fine wits, Sir! [too,
There's the young boy, he does well in his way
He could not live else in his master's absence;
He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily!
Say his hand slip, but say so.
Chi. Why, let it slip then. [after,
Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body shall come
And he that works deserves his wages.
Chi. That's true.
Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting-gentlewoman; [self too,
Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himAnd wishes all dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a memorandum: He can sing too
Bawdy enough to please old ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a suit of clothes at all points fully;

[10] *We can* bounce.] The change is from Mr. Theobald's margin, and it is, I believe, the true word. *Seward.*

[11] Be *wambling.*] The old edition reads, BY *wambling.* I have probably therefore restored the true word. *Sympson.*

[12] Page. *Advanc't fool.*] The sense is very obscure, and the verse wants a syllable, both, I believe, arising from the loss of a monosyllable, which I hope I have restored. *Seward.*

[13] *Now the drums dubb's.*] Besides the false concord, the meaning is directly the reverse of the true one, which is, *Now the drum dubbs no more*, the war being over. The verse wants a syllable; which, with the true reading, I hope I have retriev'd: though it might have been,

Now the drum's dubb's o'er;

or perhaps *dubb's done*, to make it sound more oddly. After I had wrote this I received Mr. Sympson's conjecture, which is very near the same with what I had put in the text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is, *Now the drum* DUMB IS; which appears to us uncouth. We have adopted his second conjecture; which comes pretty near the old text.

Can pick a pocket if you please, or casket;
Lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,
And calls his hostess Mother; these are things now,
If a man mean to live;[14] not fight and swagger,
Beaten about the ears with bawling sheep-skins,
Cut to the soul for summer:[15] Here an arm
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a packet,
And so sent over to an hospital:
Stand there, charge there, swear there, whore there, dead there;
And all this sport for cheese and chines of dog-flesh,
And money when two Wednesdays meet together,
Where to be lousy is a gentleman,
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shrowd on—
Chi. I'll be your scholar, come, if I like fooling,
Fool. You cannot chuse but like it; fight you one day,
I'll fool another; when your surgeon's paid,
And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are heaviest;[16]
I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,
When you shall have two sergeants for a counter,[17]
Boy. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang your iron up;
We'll find you cooler wars.
Chi. Come, let's together;
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em——
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Mem. Why were there not such women in the camp then,
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?
Eum. 'Twas no place, Sir.
1 *Capt.* Why should they live in tumults? they are creatures
Soft, and of sober natures.
Mem. Could not your wives,
Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent
To exercise upon? [for
Eum. We thank your lordship.
2 *Capt.* But do you mean——
Mem. I do mean.
2 *Capt.* What, Sir?
Mem. To see her,
And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye from me!
Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,
(Better have ballads in't); your courtly worship,[18] [me;
How to put off my hat; you, how to turn
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discretely.
Let me alone; for I will love her, see her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.
Eum. She's the princess.
Mem. Why, let her be the devil! I have spoke [love;
When thunder durst not check me. I must
I know she was a thing kept for me.
Eum. And I know, Sir, [behaviour,
Tho' she were born yours, yet your strange
And want——
Mem. Thou liest!
Eum. I do not.
Mem. Ha!
Eum. I do not lie, Sir.
I say, you want fair language; nay, 'tis certain
You cannot say Good-morrow.
Mem. Ye dog-whelps,
The proudest of your prating tongues——
Eum. Do, kill us, [neral,
Kill us for telling truth. For my part, ge-
I would not live to see men make a may-game
Of him I have made a master: Kill us quickly,
Then you may——
Mem. What?
Eum. Do what you list, draw your sword childishly

[14] *If a man mean to live: To fight, and swagger.*] The opposition between the Page's life, and the fine raillery of the Soldiers, is not clearly marked out by any former edition. The first folio reads,

If a man mean to live, to fight and swagger.

The addition of a fuller stop by the two latter editions, shews that they saw the drift of the Poet; but I believe the corruption was the change of the negative into an affirmative. *Seward.*

[15] *Cut to the soul for* summer.] The summer being the season of war, I don't discard his, though it is a little obscure, and Mr. Theobald conjectures that it might be *honour*, which would certainly much improve it. *Seward.*

[16] *Whose* slops *are heaviest.*] *Slops* mean *cloaths*, perhaps in this place *pockets*. It is still a term applied to apparel at sea, and the houses where sailors' cloaths are bought are at this day called *slop-shops*. In the third act, *slops* are used for *pockets*.

[17] *When you shall have* two sergeants *for a* counter.] This seems to be a quibble on the word *counter*, as applied to a *prison* and a *false piece of money*, and the meaning of the passage, 'I shall have a shilling for a can of wine, you only a *counter*, and will be in custody of *two sergeants*, *i. e.* officers belonging to the *Counter*.' *R.*

[18] *Your courtly worships*
How to put off my hat.] Mr. Theobald in his margin supposes a whole line lost here; but as the change of the plural number to the singular in *worships* restores good sense, I cannot doubt but that the corruption lay there, especially as Mr. Sympson concurred with me in the amendation. *Seward.*

Upon your servants that are bound to tell you.
I'm weary of my life.
1 Capt. And I.
2 Capt. And all, Sir. [cry to her,
Eum. Go to the princess, make her sport,
'I am the glorious man of war!'
Mem. Pray ye leave me.
I'm sorry I was angry; I'll think better.
Pray no more words.
Eum. Good Sir.
Mem. Nay then——
2 Capt. We're gone, Sir.
[*Exeunt Eum. and Capt.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Calis. How came he hither? See, for Heaven's sake, wenches,
What faces, and what postures, he puts on.
I do not think he's perfect.[19]
[*Memnon walks aside, full of strange gestures.*
Cle. If your love [enough,
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well
As well as he will be.
Calis. Mark how he muses.
Lucip. H'has a battalia now in's brains.
He draws out; now
Have at ye, harpers!
Cle. See, see, there the fire falls.[20]
Lucip. Look what an alphabet of faces he runs thro'. [look'st
Cle. Oh, love, love, how amorously thou
In an old rusty armour.
Calis. I'll away,
For by my troth I fear him.
Lucip. Fear the gods, madam,
And never care what man can do: This fellow,
With all his frights about him, and his furies,
His larums, and his launces, swords, and targets,
Nay, case him up in armour cap-a-pee,
Yet, durst I undertake, within two hours,
If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,
Should shake his valour off, and make his shanks to ake.
Cle. For shame! no more.
Calis. He muses still.
Cle. The devil——
Why should this old dried timber, chopt with thunder——
Calis. Old wood burns quickest.
Lucip. Out, you would say, madam;
Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and sees you.
Cle. There's no avoiding now; have at you!
[*Memnon comes to her.*
Mem. Lady,
The more I look upon you—— [*Stays her.*
Cle. The more you may, Sir.
Calis. Let him alone.
Mem. I would desire your patience.
The more, I say, I look, the more——
[*Stays her.*
Lucip. My fortune.
'Tis very apt, Sir.
Mem. Women, let my fortune [way;
And me alone, I wish you. Pray come this
And stand you still there, lady.
Calis. Leave the words, Sir,
And leap into the meaning.
Mem. Then again
I tell you, I do love you.
Calis. Why?[21]
Mem. No questions; [finitely.
Pray no more questions. I do love you in-
Why do you smile? Am I ridiculous?
Calis. I'm monstrous fearful.—No, I joy you love me. [do love you.
Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't; I
Stand still; do not trouble me, you women!
He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms; he whose valour
Has over-run whole kingdoms.
Calis. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill over-run me too.
Mem. He whose sword—— [princess.
Cle. Talk not so big, Sir; you will fright the
Mem. Ha!
Lucip. No forsooth.
Calis. I know you have done wonders.
Mem. I have, and will do more and greater, braver; [kingdom,
And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that
And take your choice——
Calis. Sir, I am not ambitious.
Mem. You shall be; 'tis the child of glory.
She that I love,
Whom my desires shall magnify, time stories,
And all the empires of the earth——
Cle. I would fain ask him——
Lucip. Prithee be quiet; he will beat us both else.
Cle. What will you make me then, Sir?
Mem. I will make thee [lady—
Stand still and hold thy peace! I have a heart,
Calis. You were a monster else.
Mem. A loving heart.
A truly loving heart.
Calis. Alas, how came it? [sweet lady,
Mem. I would you had it in your hand,
To see the truth it bears you.
Calis. Do you give it——
Lucip. That was well thought upon.

[19] *I do not think he's* perfect.] i. e. *In his senses.* So Lear,

'I think I am not in my *perfect* mind.'

[20] *Fire* falls.] The word I have substituted is, I believe, the true one, for it carries on the metaphor, which the other does not. Mr. Sympson and I concurred in this conjecture. *Seward.*

[21] Calis. *Why?*] Mr. Seward, we think injudiciously, gives this interrogatory to *Cleanthe.*

Cle. 'Twill put him to't, wench. [Sir,
Calis. And you shall see I dare accept it,
Take't in my hand and view it: If I find it
A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.
Mem. No more; I'll send it to you;
As I have honour in me, you shall have it.
Cle. Handsomely done, Sir; and perfum'd, by all means;
The weather's warm, Sir.
Mem. With all circumstance.
Lucip. A napkin wrought most curiously.
Mem. Divinely.
Cle. Put in a goblet of pure gold.
Mem. Yes, in jacinth,
That she may see the spirits thro'.
Lucip. You have greas'd him
For chewing love again in haste.
Cle. If he should do it.
Calis. If Heav'n should fall, we should have larks: He do it!
Cle. See, how he thinks upon't.
Calis. He'll think these three years,
Ere he prove such an ass. I lik'd his offer:
There was no other way to put him off else.
Mem. I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.
Calis. I do, Sir.
Mem. Love it; for 'tis a heart that——and so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Cle. Either he is stark mad,
Or else, I think, he means it.
Calis. He must be stark mad,
Or he will never do it: 'Tis vainglory [him;
And want of judgment that provoke this in
Sleep and society cure all. His heart?
No, no, good gentleman! there's more belongs to't;
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow;
I hope I've lost a lover, and am glad on't.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'TIS but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with dabbling, ['em.
Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For, in the other world, she's bound to have me; [too
Her princely word is past: My great desert
Will draw her to come after presently;
'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.
Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there
Can hinder us; all languages are alike too.
There love is ever lasting, ever young,
Free from diseases, ages,[22] jealousies,
Bawds, beldames, pandars,[23] purgers. Die? 'tis nothing: [leps,
Men drown themselves for joy to draw in ju-
When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it; [sport well,
And many a handsome wench that loves the
Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom.
But I must be incis'd first, cut and open'd,
My heart, and handsomely, ta'en from me; stay there; [do I know there?
Dead once—Stay! let me think again! Who
For else to wander up and down unwaited on,
And unregarded in my place and project,
Is for a sowter's soul, not an old soldier's.
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—
That have been kill'd before me; right!

Enter Chilax.

Chi. He's here,
And I must trouble him.
Mem. Then those I have conquer'd,
To make my train full.
Chi. Sir!
Mem. My captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beseech you——
Mem. For to meet her there,
Being a princess, and a king's sole sister,
With great accommodation, must be car'd for.
Chi. Weigh but the soldiers' poverty.
Mem. Mine own troop first,
For they shall die.
Chi. How? what's this?
Mem. Next——
Chi. Shall I speak louder? Sir!
Mem. A square battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us.
Mem. Their armours gilded——
Chi. Good noble Sir!
Mem. And round about such engines
Shall make hell shake.
Chi. You do not mock me?
Mem. For, Sir,
I will be strong, as brave——

[22] *Disease*, ages, *jealousies*.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson both read *aches*; but I see no sufficient reason for any change; *ages* in the plural may properly signify *old age*. *Seward.*

Age, the singular, is more commonly used to signify *old age*, than the plural *ages*. Here, however, the plural seems to be so applied, and to form an antithesis;

There love is everlasting, ever young,
Free from diseases, ages, &c.

[23] *Bawds, beldames*, painters, *purgers*.] I have ventured upon a change here, though I allow the former reading is sense; but that *pandars* are more proper companions to *bawds* and *beldames* than *painters*, I believe all will allow. *Seward.*

Chi. You may consider;
You know we've serv'd you long enough.
Mem. No soldier
That ever landed on the bless'd Elyzium
Did or shall march, as I will.
Chi. 'Would you would march, Sir,
Up to the king, and get us——
Mem. King nor Keiser[24]
Shall equal me in that world.
Chi. What a devil ails he? [I fir'd.
Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those towns
Chi. I speak of money, Sir.
Mem. Ten thousand coaches——
Chi. Oh, pounds, Sir, pounds. I beseech your lordship,
Let coaches run out of your remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton Cupids, and the graces, [sires—
Drawn with the western winds, kindling de-
And then our poets——
Chi. Then our pay. [the princess
Mem. For, Chilax, when the triumph comes;
Then, for I'll have a Heav'n made——
Chi. Bless your lordship!
Mem. Stand still, Sir.[25]
Chi. So I do.
Mem. And in it——
Chi. Death, Sir,
You talk you know not what.
Mem. Such rare devices!
Make me, I say, a Heav'n.
Chi. I say so too, Sir.
Mem. For here shall run a constellation.
Chi. And there a pissing-conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine, Sir. [a planet.
Mem. A sun there in his height, there such
Chi. But where's our money? where runs
Mem. Ha! [that?
Chi. Money,
Money, an't like your lordship. [hind,
Mem. Why, all the carriage shall come be-
The stuff, rich hangings, treasure; or, say we've none?
Chi. I may say so truly, [well,
For hang me if I have a groat. I've serv'd
And like an honest man: I see no reason——
Mem. Thou must needs die, good Chilax.
Chi. Very well, Sir. [me;
Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about
I cannot miss thee.
Chi. Die?
Mem. Yes, die; and Pelius,
Eumenes, and Polybius: I shall think
Of more within these two hours.
Chi. Die, Sir?
Mem. Ay, Sir;[26]
And you shall die.
Chi. When, I beseech your lordship?
Mem. To-morrow see you do die.
Chi. A short warning.
Troth, Sir, I'm ill prepar'd.
Mem. I die myself then;
Besides, there's reason——

[24] *King nor* Keiser.] Though this possesses all the former editions, I can see neither reason nor humour in the mistaken spelling here. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward substitutes *Cæsar* for *Keiser*; but there needs no alteration. Spenser frequently uses the expression of kings and *kesars* in the Fairy Queen.

'Whilst kings and *kesars* at her feet did them prostrate.' B. 5. c. 9. s. 29.
'——— The captive hearts
'Of kings and *kesars*.' B. 4. c. 7. s. 1.
'This is the state of *kesars* and of kings.' B. 6. c. 3. s. 5.
'Mighty kings and *kesars* into thraldom brought.' B. 3. c. 11. s. 29.
'Ne *kesar* spared he a whit, nor kings.' B. 6. c. 12. s. 28.

It is a very ancient form of speaking, and is found among other poets. In the Visions of Pierce Plowman,

'Death came driving after, and all to dust pashed
'Kings and *kaysers*, knights and popes.'

Also in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, act ii. scene ii.

'*Tu.* I charge you in the queen's name keep the peace.
'*Hil.* Tell me o' no queen or *keysar*.'

It occurs likewise in Harrington's Ariosto,

'For myters, states, nor crowns may not exclude
'Popes, mightie kings nor *keysars* from the same.' C. 44. s. 47.

These proofs are extracted from Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 212. *R.*

[25] Chi *Bless your lordship!*
Stand still, Sir.
Mem. *So I do, and in it.*] The absurdity of *Chilax* bidding *Memnon stand still*, and his answering, *so I do*, is I think very obvious, and the emendation almost self-evident. *Seward.*

[26] I, *Sir.*] We have no doubt that *I*, in this place, means *Ay*. It was the usual way of writing that word formerly; and Memnon does not seem to design more than a mere assent to the question, from this circumstance, that he informs Chilax several lines afterwards of his intent to die himself. *R.*

Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great dreamer——
Chi. I can dream, Sir.
If I eat well and sleep well.[27]
Mem. Was it never
By dream or apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. He's mad. [zium?
Mem. What the other world was, or Ely-
Didst never travel in thy sleep?
Chi. To taverns,
When I was drunk o'er night; or to a wench;
There's an Elyzium for you, a young lady [it?
Wrapt round about you like a snake! Is that
Or if that strange Elyzium that you talk of
Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and
rid him;
He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.
Mem. Elyzium,
The blessed fields, man!
Chi. I know no fields blessed, [have been
But those I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I
In Heav'n too. [zium.
Mem. There, handle that place; that's Ely-
Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,
And rare things.
Mem. All full of flow'rs.
Chi. And pot-herbs.
Mem. Bow'rs for lovers,
And everlasting ages of delight.
Chi. I slept not so far.
Mem. Meet me on those banks
Some two days hence.
Chi. In dream, Sir?
Mem. No; in death, Sir.
And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.
Away; no more, no more!
Chi. God keep your lordship!
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Sip. Where's the general?
Chi. There's the old sign of Memnon; where the soul is
You may go look, as I have.
Sip. What's the matter? [of devils,
Chi. Why, question him and see; he talks
Hells, Heav'ns, princes, pow'rs, and poten-
You must to th' pot too. [tates.
Sip. How?
Chi. Do you know Elyzium?
A tale he talks the wild-goose-chase of.
Sip. Elyzium?
I have read of such a place.
Chi. Then get you to him,
You are as fine company as can be fitted.
Your worship's fairly met.[28] [*Exit.*
Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this gentleman?
Mem. Incision[29]——
Sip. How his head works?
Mem. Between two ribs;
If he cut short, or mangle me, I'll take him
And twirl his neck about.
Sip. Now gods defend us! [writing
Mem. In a pure cup transparent, with a
To signify——
Sip. I never knew him thus:
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.
Mem. Who's there?
Sip. I, Sir.
Mem. Come hither. Siphax?
Sip. Yes; how does your lordship? [well;
Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very
But prithee tell me——
Sip. Any thing I can, Sir.
Mem. What durst thou do to gain the rarest beauty
The world has?
Sip. That the world has? 'tis worth doing.
Mem. Is it so? but what doing bears it?
Sip. Why, any thing; all dangers it appears to.
Mem. Name some of those things; do.
Sip. I would undertake, Sir,
A voyage round about the world.
Mem. Short, Siphax.
A merchant does it to spice pots of ale.
Sip. I would swim in armour.
Mem. Short still; a poor jade [ly
Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strong-
To leap a mare.
Sip. The plague I durst.
Mem. Still shorter;
I'll cure it with an onion.
Sip. Surfeits.
Mem. Short still; [help us.
They are often physics for our healths, and
Sip. I would stand a breach.
Mem. Thine honour bids thee, soldier:
'Tis shame to find a second cause.
Sip. I durst, Sir,
Fight with the fellest monster.
Mem. That's the poorest; [die, Sir?
Man was ordain'd their master. Durst you
Sip. How? die, my lord!
Mem. Die, Siphax; take thy sword,
And come by that door to her? There's a price
To buy a lusty love at.

[27] *If I eat well and sleep* well.] Luxurious eating makes unquiet slumbers, and unquiet slumbers create frequent dreams, but they who *sleep well* dream little: I think therefore I have restored the true reading, which gives new humour as well as a new sense. *Seward.*
Mr. Seward reads, *sleep* ILL.

[28] *Your worship's fairly met.*] We suspect these words should form Siphax's address to Memnon; but will not disturb the text.

[29] Mem. *Provision.*] As I can see no reason why a word should stand here without any idea connecting with the following sentence, I have substituted the natural word, which I'm confirmed in by Mr. Sympson's concurrence in the same conjecture. *Seward.*

Sip. I am well content, Sir,
To prove no purchaser.
Mem. Away, thou world-worm!
Thou win a matchless beauty?
Sip. 'Tis to lose't, Sir; [at?
For being dead, where's the reward I reach
The love I labour for?
Mem. There it begins, fool.
Thou art merely cozen'd; for the loves we now know
Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated[30]
Desires stirr'd up by Nature to encrease her;
Licking of one another to a lust;
Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inheritors,
And heirs of idleness and blood: Pure love,
That that the soul affects, and cannot purchase [love, Sir,
While she is loaden with our flesh; that
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here;
Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue;
That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd over, [phax,
Nor scents the sweets of ambers: Below, Si-
Below us in the other world, Elyzium,
Where's no more dying, no despairing, mourning,
Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,
There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever living!
Sip. Why do we love in this world then?
Mem. To preserve it, [Siphax,
The Maker lost his work else; but mark,
What issues that love bears.
Sip. Why, children, Sir——
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely
And sensible before.
Mem. It does so, Siphax; [vented
Things like ourselves, as sensual, vain, unBubbles, and breaths of air; got with an itching
As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and shapes 'em, [most.
And oftentimes the death of those we love
The breeders bring them to the world to curse 'em;
Crying they creep amongst us like young cats;
Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,
They make time old to tend them, and experience [ly;
An ass, they alter so: They grow, and good-
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,
They fall into the main, are known no more:
This is the love of this world. I must tell thee,
For thou art understanding.
Sip. What you please, Sir. [trust thee:
Mem. And as a faithful man—nay, I dare
I love the princess.
Sip. There 'tis that has fir'd him;
I knew he had some inspiration.
But does she know it, Sir?
Mem. Yes, marry does she;
I've given my heart unto her.
Sip. If you love her——
Mem. Nay, understand me; my heart taken from me,
Out of my body, man, and so brought to her.
How lik'st thou that brave offer? There's the love
I told thee of, and after death the living![31]
She must in justice come, boy, ha?
Sip. Your heart, Sir?
Mem. Ay, so, by all means, Siphax.
Sip. He loves roast well
That eats the spit.
Mem. And since thou'rt come thus fitly,
I'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it;
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it.
And I conjure thee, Siphax, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in, [tresses,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, dis-
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——
Sip. But one thing, first, Sir: If she pleas'd to grant it, [sider.
Could you not love her here, and live? Con-
Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I could.
Sip. 'Twould be far nearer; [love,
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last
And link it in. [here
Mem. Thou say'st right; but our ranks

[30] ——— *and* hated
Desires.] Mr. Sympson and I concurred in believing *hated* to be a corruption, though we allow it to make good sense; *heated* seems much the most natural word. *Seward.*
Heated is not amiss in itself; but would in this place be tautology:

——— *for the loves we now know*
Are but the heats *of half an hour, and* heated
Desires, &c.

[31] *And after death, the* living.] I doubt whether *loving* be not the true word here, but as both are nearly equal, as to sense, I shall not change the text. *Seward.*
The old reading is right, and the whole clause, taken together, agrees exactly with what has gone before:

——— *There's the* love
I told thee of, and after death the living!

These words are little else than repeating,

There, *Siphax,* there, *where* loves *are ever* living.

And bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,
As I perceive she does.
Sip. Desert and duty
Make even all, Sir.
Mem. Then the king, tho' I
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,
So many princes covetous of her beauty.
I would with all my heart, but 'tis impossible.
Sip. Why, say she marry after?
Mem. No, she dares not;
The gods dare not do ill; come.
Sip. Do you mean it?
Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.
Sip. For Heaven sake,
Be not so stupid mad, dear general!
Mem. Dispatch, I say.
Sip. As you love that you look for,
Heav'n and the blessed life——
Mem. Hell take thee, coxcomb!
Why dost thou keep from it? Thy knife, I say! [beg it,
Sip. Do but this one thing, on my knees I
Stay but two hours 'till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your most unvalu'd love, and last your danger;
If she relent, then live still, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if she frown——
Mem. Shall I be sure to know it?
Sip. As I live, Sir,
My quick return shall either bring you fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.
Mem. Two hours?
Sip. Yes, Sir.
Mem. Let it be kept.—Away! I will expect it. [*Exeunt Mem. and Sip.*

Enter Chilax, Fool, and Page.

Chi. You dainty wits! Two of ye to a cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?
Page. Ten at court, Sir,
Are few enough; they are as wise as we are.
Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where; [me
I never make that part of want. Preach to
What ye can do, and when ye list!
Fool. Your patience;
'Tis a hard day at court, a fish-day.
Chi. So it seems, Sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.
Fool. And to purchase
This day the company of one dear custard,
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas,[32] needs a main wit.
Beef we can bear before us, lin'd with brewis,
And tubs of pork; vociferating veals,
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.
Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.
Fool. Thou'st need, and great need, for these finny fish-days
The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That's great pity,
For you deserve it, and, being apprehended,
The whip to boot. Boy, what do you so near me?
I dare not trust your touch, boy.

Enter Stremon and his Boy.

Page. As I am virtuous!
What, thieves amongst ourselves?
Chi. Stremon!
Stre. Lieutenant!
Chi. Welcome ashore, ashore.
Fool. What, monsieur Musick?
Stre. My fine fool!
Page. Fellow Crack! why, what a consort
Are we now bless'd withal?
Fool. Fooling and fiddling.
Nay, an we live not now, boys—What new songs, sirrah?
Stre. A thousand, man, a thousand.
Fool. Itching airs,
Alluding to the old sport?
Stre. Of all sizes.
Fool. And how does small Tim Treble here; the heart on't?
Boy. To do you service.
Fool. Oh, Tim! the times, the times, Tim!
Stre. How does the general?
And next, what money's stirring?
Chi. For the general,
He's here; but such a general! The time's chang'd, Stremon;
He was the liberal general, and the loving,
The feeder of a soldier, and the father;
But now become the stupid'st——
Stre. Why, what ails he?
Chi. Nay, if a horse knew, and his head's big enough,
I'll hang for't. Didst thou ever see a dog
Run mad o' th' tooth-ach? Such another toy
Is he now; so he glotes, and grins, and bites.
Fool. Why, hang him quickly, and then he can't hurt folks.
Chi. One hour raving,
Another smiling, not a word the third hour.
I tell thee, Stremon, h' has a stirring soul;
Whatever it attempts, or labours at,
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.
Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but buckram;
He would bounce that out in two hours.
Chi. Then he talks [son,
The strangest and the maddest stuff from rea-
Or any thing you offer—Stand you there;
I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,

[32] *Rice ap Thomas.*] *Rice ap Thomas* seems to be the name of some dish well known in the time of our Authors; yet this Welch dainty is strangely introduced at Paphos, the scene of this drama.

The strangest general that e'er thou heardst
Stremon! [of.[33]
Stre. My lord!
Chi. Go presently, and find me
A black horse with a blue tail; bid the blank
cornet [ly,
Charge thro' the sea, and sink the navy; soft-
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings; for in Elyzium,
Stillness and quietness, and sweetness, sirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a strong reputation[34] for my welcome
As all the world shall say: For, in the forefront,
So many on white unicorns, next them
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,
Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks,[35] to take hold
Of all occasions; for Friday cannot fish out
The end I aim at: Tell me of Diocles,
And what he dares do! Dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand; in his left—Fool!
Fool. Yes, Sir. [fly swiftly
Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air,
To that place where the sun sets, there deliver.
Fool. Deliver? What, Sir?
Chi. This, Sir, this, you slave, Sir!
[*All laugh.*
Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabes![36]
[*Seizes the Fool.*
Fool. Hold, for Heav'n's sake,
Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant!
Chi. I have done, Sir.
Page. You've wrung his neck off.
Chi. No, Boy; 'tis the nature
Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale people [heads.
Along by th' hair, to kick 'em, break their
Fool. Do you call this acting? was your part to beat me?
Chi. Yes, I must act all that he does.
Fool. Plague act you,
I'll act no more.
Stre. 'Tis but to shew, man.
Fool. Then, man, [it;
He should have shew'd it only, and not done
I am sure he beat me beyond action.
Gouts o' your heavy fist!
Chi. I'll have thee to him;
Thou hast a fine wit, fine Fool, and canst play rarely.
He'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee.
Fool. I'll to the stocks first,
Ere I be strok'd thus.
Stre. But how came he, Chilax?
Chi. I know not that.
Stre. I'll to him.
Chi. He loves thee well, [taken
And much delights to hear thee sing; much
He has been with thy battle songs.
Stre. If musick
Can find his madness, I'll so fiddle him,
That out it shall by th' shoulders.
Chi. My fine fiddler,
He'll firk you, an you take not heed too.
'Twill be rare sport
To see his own trade triumph over him;
[*Aside.*
His lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges;
For money there's none stirring.—Try, good Stremon, [voices
Now what your silver sound[37] can do; our
Are but vain echoes.
Stre. Something shall be done
Shall make him understand all. Let's to th' tavern;
I have some few crowns left yet: my whistle wet once,
I'll pipe him such a paven[38]——

[33] *The strangest general that e'er thou heardst of,* Stremon.] *Stremon* should certainly begin a new line, and is the beginning of Chilax's acting the General, as is proved by Stremon's answer.

[34] *Such a strong* reputation.] I have ventured to insert in the text a conjecture of Mr. Sympson's, as believing he has hit upon the true reading. *Seward.*

They read, *strong preparation*; but there is not sufficient reason to reject the old reading.

[35] Trapt *with tenter-hooks.*] *Trapt* signifies *accoutered, accommodated*; as we still use the word *trappings*. So in Ben Jonson,

'And to answer all things else,
'*Trap* our shaggy thighs with bells.'

[36] *Scarabes.*] See note 49 to Elder Brother.

[37] *Silver sound.*] In Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, act iv. scene v. one of the musicians sings part of an old song, in which is the following line;

'Then musick, with her *silver sound.*' *R.*

[38] *A* paven] The *paven*, from *pavo*, a *peacock*, is a grave majestic dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long-robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a *peacock's* tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the steps, in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every *paven* has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. Sir John Hawkins's notes on Shakespeare.

In

Chi. Hold thy head up; [comb,
I'll cure it with a quart of wine. Come, cox-
Come, boy! take heed of napkins.
Fool. You'll no more acting?
Chi. No more, chicken.
Fool. Go then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Siphax at one door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Sip. God save you, Sir! Pray how might I see the princess?
Gent. Why, very fitly, Sir; she's e'en now ready [there,
To walk out this way into th' park. Stand
You cannot miss her sight, Sir.
Sip. I much thank you. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Calis. Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye, wenches,
I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
For tho' I do not fear him, yet his fashion
I would not be acquainted much with.
Cle. Gentle lady,
You need not fear; the walks are view'd and empty; [his——
But methinks, madam, this kind heart of
Lucip. Is slow a-coming.
Sip. Keep me, ye bless'd angels!
What killing power is this?
Calis. Why dost thou look for't?
Dost think he spoke in earnest?
Lucip. Methinks, madam, [lady,
A gentleman should keep his word; and to a
A lady of your excellencies.
Calis. Out, fool!
Send me his heart? What should we do with't? dance it?
Lucip. Dry it, and drink it for the worms.
Calis. Who's that?
What man stands there?
Cle. Where?
Calis. There:
Cle. A gentleman, [much,
Which I beseech your grace to honour so
As know him for your servant's brother.
Calis. Siphax?
Cle. The same, an't please your grace.—
What does he here?
Upon what business? and I ignorant?
Calis. He's grown a handsome gentleman.
Good Siphax,
You're welcome from the wars! Would you with us, Sir? [fearful;
Pray speak your will. He blushes; be not
I can assure you, for your sister's sake, Sir——
There's my hand on it.
Cle. Do you hear, Sir? [less.
Calis. Sure these soldiers are all grown sense-
Cle. Do you know where you are, Sir?
Calis. Tongue-tied;
He looks not well too; by my life, I think——
Cle. Speak, for shame speak!
Lucip. A man would speak.
Calis. These soldiers
Are all dumb saints.[39] Consider, and take time, Sir. [down.[40]
Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's
Lucip. Dare these men charge i' th' face of fire and bullets, [woman?
And hang their heads down at a handsome
Good master Mars, that's a foul fault.
[*Exeunt Calis and Lucip.*
Cle. Fy, beast!
No more my brother!
Sip. Sister, honour'd sister!
Cle. Dishonour'd fool!
Sip. I do confess——
Cle. Fy on thee!
Sip. But stay till I deliver——
Cle. Let me go;
I am asham'd to own thee.
Sip. Fare you well then!
You must ne'er see me more.
Cle. Why? Stay, dear Siphax!
My anger's past; I'll hear you speak.
Sip. Oh, sister!
Cle. Out with it, man!
Sip. Oh, I have drank my mischief.
Cle. Ha! what?
Sip. My destruction; [princess,
In at mine eyes I have drank it. Oh, the
The rare sweet princess!
Cle. How, fool? the rare princess!
Was it the princess that thou saidst?
Sip. The princess. [dar'st not!
Cle. Thou dost not love her sure? thou
Sip. Yes,
By Heav'n! [not:
Cle. Yes, by Heav'n? I know thou dar'st
The princess? 'Tis thy life, the knowledge of it, [dred,
Presumption that will draw into it all thy kin-
And leave 'em slaves and succourless. The princess?

In Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, containing a Pleasaunt Invective against Poets, Pipers, &c. 1579, it is enumerated as follows, among other dances: 'Dumps, *pavins*, gal-'liardes, measures, fancies, or new streynes.' Steevens's notes on Shakespeare.

[39] *Are all* dull saints.] Mr. Sympson doubts whether we should not read *dull sots:* But I think he has missed a fine image here. *These soldiers are like the dull statues of saints, they only stand still in speechless adoration.* *Seward.*

This is refinement. We can see no allusion to *statues*, nor perfectly understand her calling soldiers *saints*. The old books say, DUMB *saints*. *Dull* never occurs till the octavo of 1711.

[40] *His* palate's *down.*] This seems to be the same as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar.

Why, she's a sacred thing, to see and worship,
Fix'd from us as the sun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd, not doted on. Desire things possible,
Thou foolish young man; nourish not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.
Sip. 'Tis my destiny, [it,
And I know both disgrace and death will quit
If it be known.
Cle. Pursue it not then, Siphax;
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may nou-
Go home and pray. [rish thee;
Sip. I cannot.
Cle. Sleep then, Siphax,
And dream away thy doting.
Sip. I must have her,
Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die, wench.
Cle. Die then; I dare forget. Farewell!
Sip. Farewell, sister;
Farewell for ever! See me buried.
Cle. Stay; [Siphax?
Pray, stay! He's all my brothers.—No way,
No other woman?
Sip. None, none; she, or sinking.
Cle. Go, and hope well; my life I'll ventur̀e for thee,
And all my art; a woman may work miracles.
No more! Pray heartily against misfortunes,[41]
For much I fear a main one.
Sip. I shall do it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.

Priest. FIND him by any means; and, good child, tell him
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;
And say, this night, without excuse or business,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me;
He knows the way, and how. Be gone!
Boy. I gallop. [*Exit.*

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.
Priest. The fair Cleanthe!
What may your business be?
Cle. Oh, holy mother, [or never.
Such business, of such strange weight! Now
As you have lov'd me, as you do or may do,
When I shall find a fit time——
Priest. If by my means
Your business may be fitted—you know me,
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,
To build your best hopes. [
Cle. Oh, but 'tis a strange one;
Stuck with as many dangers——
Priest. There's the working; [pleasures.
Small things perform themselves, and give no
Be confident, thro' death I'll serve you.
Cle. Here.
Priest. Fy! no corruption.
Cle. Take it; it is yours;
Be not so spiced; 'tis good gold,
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience.
I know you have ways to vent it: You may hold it.
Priest. I'll keep it for you. When?
Cle. To-morrow morning
I'll visit you again; and when occasion
Offers itself——
Priest. Instruct me, and have at you.
Cle. Farewell till then! Be sure.
Priest. As your own thoughts, lady.
Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.
Priest. Fools only
Make their effects seem fearful. Farewell, daughter! [*Exit Cleanthe.*
This gold was well got for my old tough soldier; [ness
Now I shall be his sweet again. What busi-
Is this she has a-foot? Some lusty lover
Beyond her line; the young wench would fain piddle;
A little to revive her must be thought of;
'Tis e'en so, she must have it. But how by my means,
A devil, can she drive it? I that wait still
Before the goddess, giving oracle,
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it.
[*Exit.*

Enter Polydor, Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

Polyd. Why, this is utter madness.
Eum. Thus it is, Sir.
Polyd. Only the princess' sight?
1 *Capt.* All we can judge at.
Polyd. This must be look'd to timely.
Eum. Yes, and wisely.
Polyd. He does not offer at his life?

[41] *Pray heartily* against MY FORTUNES,
For much I fear a main one.] This reading carries a sense directly opposite to what the situation requires. We should certainly read,

Pray heartily against misfortunes,
For much I fear a main one.

Eum. Not yet, Sir,
That we can hear of.
Polyd. Noble gentlemen,
Let me entreat your watches over him;
Ye cannot do a worthier work.
2 *Capt.* We came, Sir,
Provided for that service.
Polyd. Where is Chilax?
Stre. A little busy, Sir.
Polyd. Are the Fool and Boy here;
Stre. They are, Sir.

Enter Memnon.

Poly. Let 'em be still so; and as they find his humours——
Eum. Now you may behold him.
Polyd. Stand close, and work no noise.
By his eyes now, gentlemen, I guess him full of anger.
Eum. Be not seen there.
Mem. The hour's past long ago; he's false, and fearful,
(Coward go with thy caitiff soul, thou cur dog!
Thou cold clod, wild-fire warm thee) monstrous fearful;
I know the slave shakes but to think on't.
Polyd. Who's that?
Eum. I know not, Sir.
Mem. But I shall catch you, rascal;
Your mangy soul is not immortal here, Sir;
You must die, and we must meet; we must, maggot,
Be sure we must! For not a nook of hell,
Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee;
The devil's tail sh'an't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll use thee! Whips and firebrands,
Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,
And basting it with brimstone, shall be nothing, [rous!
Nothing at all! I'll teach you to be treache-
Was never slave so swing'd, since hell was hell, [on't.
As I will swinge thy slave's soul; and be sure-
Polyd. Is this imagination, or some circumstance?
For 'tis extreme strange.
Eum. So is all he does, Sir.
Mem. 'Till then I'll leave you. Who's there? Where's the Surgeon?
Demagoras!

Enter Demagoras.

Dem. My lord!
Mem. Bring me the Surgeon;
And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Polyd. What would he with a Surgeon?
Eum. Things mustering in his head: Pray [mark.
Mem. Come hither.
Have you brought your instruments?
Sur. They are within, Sir.
Mem. Put to the doors a while there. You can incise
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?
Sur. Yes, Sir.
Mem. And take out fairly from the flesh?
Sur. The least thing. [my doublet.
Mem. Well, come hither then. Take off
For, look you, Surgeon, I must have you cut
My heart out here, and handsomely. Nay, stare not, [Surgeon!
Nor do not start: I'll cut your throat else,
Come, swear to do it.
Sur. Good Sir——
Mem. Sirrah, hold him;
I'll have but one blow at his head.
Sur. I'll do it.[42]
Why, what should we do living after you, Sir?
We'll die before you, if you please.
Mem. No, no! [a cat-hole
Sur. Living, hang living.[43]—Is there ne'er
Where I may creep thro'? 'Would I were i' th' Indies! [*Aside.*
Mem. Swear then, and after my death presently
To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me!
Dem. We'll do it. [enough
Eum. Pray, do not stir yet; we are near
To run between all dangers.
Mem. Here I am, Sir. [boldly;
Come, look upon me, view the best way
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand shake, sirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i' th' cutting,
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, shewing at all points, Surgeon,
The honour and the valour of the owner,
Mix'd with the most immaculate love I send
(Look to't!) I'll slice thee to the soul. [it,
Sur. Ne'er fear, Sir,
I'll do it daintily.—'Would I were out once.
Mem. I will not have you smile, sirrah, when you do it,

[42] Sur. *I'll do it.*
Why what should we do living after you, Sir.] The latter part of this sentence seems proper to one of the officers of Memnon, not to the Surgeon, and accordingly we find Memnon applies to them to swear that they'd immediately kill themselves and follow him. I have therefore restored it to *Demagoras*. *Seward.*

[43] Sur. *Living! hang living.*] If the words mentioned in the last note should be taken from the *Surgeon*, surely these should be taken from him also, being quite contrary to the rest of his speech. But as it is probable the Authors intended the *Surgeon* to dissemble with Memnon *aloud*, while he expressed his fears in a low voice, and *aside* (which must have a droll effect in the representation) we have left to his part all that the old books assigned him.

As tho' you cut a lady's corn; 'tis scurvy:
Do me it as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.
Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.
Mem. In a dog, Sir!
I'll have no dumps, nor dumplins. Fetch your tools,
And then I'll tell you more.
Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.
Mem. Quick, quick!
Dem. Yes, Sir——
With all the heels we have.
[*Exeunt Sur. and Dem.*
Eum. Yet stand.
Polyd. He'll do it.
Eum. He cannot, and we here.
Mem. Why when, ye rascals, syringe,
Ye dull slaves? Will you come, Sir? Surgeon,
Dog-leach,[43] shall I come and fetch you?
Polyd. Now I'll to him.
God save you, honour'd brother!
Mem. My dear Polydor,
Welcome from travel, welcome! And how do you?
Polyd. Well, Sir; 'would you were so.
Mem. I am, I thank you.
You are a better'd man much; I the same still,
An old rude soldier, Sir.
Polyd. Pray be plain, brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this vision,
For to me it appears no more; so far
From common course and reason.
Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I've found the man, the man must do it,
The man in honour bound! circumstance
Polyd. To do what?
Mem. Hark, for I will bless you with the
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.
Polyd. Speak on, Sir.
Mem. It is no story for all ears.
[*Walks with him.*
Polyd. The princess?
Mem. Peace, and hear all. [*Whispers.*
Polyd. How?
Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous,
He starts so at it.
Polyd. Your heart? Do you know, Sir—
Mem. Yes; pray thee be softer.
Polyd. Me to do it?
Mem. Only reserv'd, and dedicated.
Polyd. For shame, brother!
Know what you are; a man.
Mem. None of your Athens,
Good sweet Sir, no philosophy! Thou feel'st not
The honourable end, fool.
Polyd. I'm sure I feel
The shame and scorn that follow. Have you serv'd thus long,
The glory of your country in your conquests,
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,
Rul'd armies of your own, giv'n laws to nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously, wisdom?
To fling away your fortune? Where's your
Where's that you govern'd others by, discretion? brother!
Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself? Fy,
How are you fall'n? Get up into your honour,
The top-branch of your bravery, and, from thence,
Look and lament how little Memmon seems now.
Mem. Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but dost thou think, young scholar,[44]
The tongues of angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at. No, they cannot.
This is no book-case, brother. Will you do it?
Use no more art; I am resolv'd.
Polyd. You may, Sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honest,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries—
Mem. You shall not be so honour'd; live an ass still,
And learn to spell for profit: Go, go study!
Eum. You must not hold him up so; he is lost then. turneps,[45]
Mem. Get thee to school again, and talk of
And find the natural cause out why a dog
Turns thrice about ere he lies down: There's learning. I find it,
Polyd. Come; I will do it now: 'Tis brave;
And now allow the reason.

[43] *Dog*-leach.] *Leach* is the old word signifying a physician: It is frequently used in that sense in Spenser, and other ancient writers. *It.*

[44] ——*dost thou think, young scholar,*
The tongues of angels from my happiness
Could turn the end I aim at?] Mr. Sympson thinks this an indissoluble difficulty. I think the meaning intended is easy to be seen, and by a small transposition (which does indeed a little roughen the metre) it will be quite clear. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

Th' end I aim at, could turn me.

The old reading conveys the same sense, and is not more difficult of construction than many other passages in these plays. Mr. Seward's is very harsh.

[45] ——*and talk of* turneps.] Why *turneps* should be a subject for scholars to talk of, more than any one thing in the world beside, I can't see. I believe it a corruption, but cannot easily guess what could have been the original. The only conjecture I have is *turnspits*, which is as low a subject of mechanism, as the reason of a dog's turning round thrice is in another part of natural philosophy. *Seward.*

Mem. Oh, do you so, Sir?
Do you find it current?
Polyd. Yes, yes; excellent.
Mem. I told you.
Polyd. I was foolish: I have here too
The rarest way to find the truth out. Hark
You shall be rul'd by me. [you!
Mem. I will be: But——
Polyd. I reach it;
If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll
But two days, and 'tis thus. Ha? [both go.
Mem. 'Twill do well so.
Polyd. Then is't not excellent? do you con-
Mem. 'Twill work for certain. [ceive it?
Polyd. Oh, 'twill tickle her;
And you shall know then by a line.
Mem. I like it;
But let me not be fool'd again.
Polyd. Doubt nothing;
You do me wrong then. Get you in there
As I have taught you. Basta![46] [private,
Mem. Work. [*Exit.*
Polyd. I will do,
Eum. Have you found the cause?
Polyd. Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of; anon I'll tell you. Stremon,
Be you still near him to affect his fancy, [Boy
And keep his thoughts off: Let the Fool and
Stay him, they may do some pleasure too. Eumenes, [brought,
What if he had a wench, a handsome whore
Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it[47]——
Eum Well, Sir,
Polyd. His cause is merely heat—And made
It were the princess mad for him? [believe
Eum. I think
'Twere not amiss.
1 *Capt.* And let him kiss her?
Polyd. What else?
2 *Capt.* I'll be his bawd, an't please you.
young and wholesome,
I can assure you, he shall have.
Eum. Faith, let him.
Polyd. He shall; I hope 'twill help him.
Walk a little: [ject,
I'll tell you how his case stands, and my pro-
In which you must be mourners; but, by all
Stir not you from him, Stremon. [means,
Stre. On our lives, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Priestess and Chilax.

Priest. Oh, you're a precious man! two days in town,
And never see your old friend.
Chi. Prithee, pardon me!
Priest. And, in my conscience, if I had not sent—
Chi. No more; I would ha' come; I must.
Priest. I find you;
God-a-mercy Want! You never care for me,
But when your slops are empty.
Chi. Ne'er fear that, wench;
'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the old house?
Priest. Have you forgot it?
Chi. And the door still standing
That goes into the temple?
Priest. Still.
Chi. The robes too,
That I was wont to shift in here?
Priest. Are here still.
Chi. Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted thro'? [monster
What fears and frights? Every poor mouse a
That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on
A sharp sting to my conscience.
Priest. 'Las, poor conscience!
Chi. And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.
Priest. Out, beast!
Chi. To new-carine thy carcase;[48] that's the truth on't. [tether
How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a
When all thy linen's up, and a more yare?
Priest. Fy, fy, Sir!
Chi. Ne'er stemm'd the straights?
Priest. How you talk?
Chi. I am old, wench,
And talking to an old man is like a stomacher;
It keeps his blood warm.
Priest. But, pray tell me——
Chi. Any thing.
Priest. Where did the boy meet with you? At a wench sure?
At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?
Chi. Thou know'st I am too honest.
Priest. That's your fault;
And that the surgeon knows.
Chi. Then, farewell!
I will not fail you soon.
Priest. You shall stay supper;
I have sworn you shall; by this you shall!
Chi. I will, wench;
But after supper, for an hour, my business——
Priest. And but an hour?
Chi. No, by this kiss; that ended,
I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench—
Priest. No more; I take your meaning. Come, tis supper time. [*Exeunt.*

[46] *As I have taught ye.* Basta.
Mem. *Work.*] *Basta*, in Italian, or Spanish, *sufficit*, or *it's enough*, from whence our sailors term, *avast*. But I have given the word to *Memnon*, and not to *Polydor*, it being plainly his answer. *Seward.*
Why take *basta* from Polydor? It destroys Memnon's speech, which is more humourous, consisting of the single monosyllable *work*.
[47] *To* state *it.*] i. e. *to take state upon her.*
[48] *Chi. To new-carine,* &c.] This and the four following lines appear in no edition but the first.

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, and Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well.
Cle. Your grace sees more a great deal
Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother!
Calis. Mark her;
Is not the quickness of her eye consum'd,
The lively red and white? [wench?
Lucip. Nay, she is much alter'd,
That on my understanding; all her sleeps,
Which were as sound and sweet—— [lady,
Cle. Pray, do not force me,
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill.
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith, your highness
Is mere mistaken in me.
[*A dead march within, of drum and sackbuts.*
Calis. I am glad on't.
Yet this I've ever noted, when thou wast thus,
It still fore-run some strange event: My sister
Died when thou wast thus last!—Hark, hark, ho! [forward?
What mournful noise is this comes creeping
Still it grows nearer, nearer; do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, Eumenes, and Captains, mourning.

Lucip. It seems some soldier's funeral: See, it enters.
Calis. What may it mean?
Polyd. The gods keep you, fair Calis!
Calis. This man can speak, and well. He stands and views us; [humbly
'Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon. How
His eyes are cast now to the earth! Pray mark him, [bles.
And mark how rarely he has rank'd his trou-
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter sorrow
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver
Became his grief. Your will with us?
Polyd. Great lady——[*Plucks out the cup.*
Excellent beauty!
Calis. He speaks handsomely.
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!
That stop was admirable.
Polyd. See, see, thou princess,
Thou great commander of all hearts——
Calis. I have found it,
Oh, how my soul shakes!
Polyd. See, see the noble heart
Of him that was the noblest! See, and glory
(Like the proud god himself) in what thou'st purchas'd: [you?
Behold the heart of Memnon! Does it start
Calis. Good gods, what has his wildness done?
Polyd. Look boldly; [done?
You boldly said you durst. Look, wretched woman!
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, tis too late now.
Virtue and blooming honour bleed to death here:
Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,
Of cruel love, a cruel legacy.
What was the will that wrought it then? Can you weep?—
Embalm it in your truest tears (if women
Can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet
Into the soul of your sex); for 'tis a jewel
The world's worth cannot weigh down: Take it, lady;
And with it all (I dare not curse) my sorrows,
And may they turn to serpents!
Eum. How she looks [her.
Still upon him! See, now a tear steals from
2 *Capt.* But still she keeps her eye firm.
Polyd. Next, read this.
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,
I'll do it for you.
2 *Capt.* Still she eyes him mainly.

Polyd. Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide
Me for slowness, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,
My heart the sacrificed beast,
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleas'd with the hearts of men, not kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.
Polyd. I like it rarely.—Lady!
Eum. How greedily she swallows up his
2 *Capt.* Her eye inhabits on him. [language!
Polyd. Cruel lady, [pow'r
Great as your beauty scornful![49] had your
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts perish'd; [flames too;
But Cupid has more shafts than one, more
And now he must be open-ey'd, 'tis justice:
Live to enjoy your longing; live and laugh at
The losses and the miseries we suffer;
Live to be spoken when your cruelty
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful service——
Calis. I swear his anger's excellent.
Polyd. Truth, and most tried love,
Into disdain and downfall.
Calis. Still more pleasing. [slaughters,
Polyd. Live then, I say, famous for civil

[49] *Great as your beauty scornful.*] This expression is obscure, but means, 'As remarkable for your *scorn* and cruelty, as for your '*beauty*.' *J. N.*

Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live and be spoken, 'This is she, this lady,
'This goodly lady, yet most-killing beauty,
'This with the two-edg'd eyes, the heart for hardness [stal;
'Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of cry-
'This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship [brace him.'
'Than the proud sea is when the shores em-
Live 'till the mothers find you, read your story,
And sow their barren curses on your beauty;
'Till those that have enjoy'd their loves despise you, [you,[50]
'Till virgins pray against you, old age find
And, e'en as wasted coals glow in their dying,
So may the gods reward you in your ashes!
But, you're the sister of my king; more prophecies
Else I should utter of you; true loves and loyal
Bless themselves ever from you! So I leave you.
Calis. Prithee be angry still, young man: good fair Sir, [pleas'd,
Chide me again. What would this man do
That in his passion can bewitch souls?—Stay.
Eum. Upon my life she loves him.
Calis. Pray stay.
Polyd. No.
Calis. I do command you.
Polyd. No, you cannot, lady,
I have a spell against you, Faith and Reason.
You are too weak to reach me: I have a heart
But not for hawk's meat, lady. [too,
Calis. Even for charity, [me——
Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach
Polyd. How can you preach that charity to
That in your own soul are an atheist, [others
Believing neither pow'r nor fear? I trouble you.
The gods be good unto you!
Calis. Amen! [*She swoons.*
Lucip. Lady!
Cle Oh, royal madam! Gentlemen, for Heav'n sake! [*They come back.*
Polyd. Give her fresh air: she comes again: away, Sirs,
And here stand close till we perceive the work- [ing.
Eum. You have undone all.
Polyd. So I fear.
2 Capt. She loves you.
Eum. And then all hope's lost this way.
Polyd. Peace! She rises.
Cle. Now for my purpose, Fortune!
Calis. Where's the gentleman?
Lucip. Gone, madam.
Calis. Why gone?
Lucip. H' has dispatch'd his business.
Calis. He came to speak with me.[51]
Lucip. He did.
Calis. He did not.
For I had many questions.
Lucip. On my faith, madam,
He talk'd a great while to you.
Calis. Thou conceiv'st not;
He talked not as he should do. Oh, my heart!
Away with that sad sight. Didst thou e'er love me?
Lucip. Why do you make that question?
Calis. If thou didst,
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou
Lucip. Whither? [stirr'st!
Calis. If 'twere for any thing to please thyself, [grown——
Thou wouldst run to th' devil: But I am
Cle. Fy, lady! [loves,
Calis. I ask none of your fortunes, nor your
None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,
You'll leave your honour'd mistress. Why do ye stare so?
What is that you see about me? Tell me.
Lord, what am I become? I am not wild sure;
Heav'n keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe,
Or I am sunk to death! [help me,
Cle. You have offended,
And mightily; Love is incens'd against you,
And therefore take my counsel: To the temple, [goddess
For that's the speediest physic: before the
Give your repentant prayers; ask her will,

[50] *Old age* find ye.] He had a little before said, *Live till the mothers find ye*, i. e. know and are acquainted with your character. But here, *old age find ye*, if it be genuine, must signify, 'May old age overtake you, and then may your ashes be kindled into unavailing flames of love.' It is very unusual in one sentence to use the same expression in two such very different senses, although it will bear both. I think it therefore corrupt, and have ventured to change it for a word that adds, I think, much spirit and strength to the passage, and might therefore probably have been the true one. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Old age* FIRE *you.* We chose to follow the old books. *Old age* FIRE *you*, is a strange reading. *Old age* rather *extinguishes* fires than *kindles* them, and even here is exemplified by *wasted coals* and *ashes.*

[51] Cal. *He came to speak with me.*
He did.
Cle. *He did not.*
Cal. *For I had many questions.*] Mr. Sympson says, that the princess contradicts both herself as well as her maids so ridiculously, that she is grown childish of a sudden; but he happened not to observe that this absurdity is entirely owing to the mistakes of the press. Where the dialogue is very short, nothing is so common as to misplace the speakers: This is I believe the fifth time it has already happened in this play only, and which I hope I have restored. *Seward.*

And from the oracle attend your sentence:
She's mild and merciful.
Calis. I will, Oh, Venus,
Even as thou lov'st thyself——
Cle. Now for my fortune.
[*Exeunt Calis and Women.*
Polyd. What shall I do?
2 *Capt.* Why make yourself.
Polyd. I dare not;
No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Tho' her bright beauty would entice an angel.
I will to th' king, my last hope. Get him a woman,
As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,
And sent to you; some posts too to the gene-
And let me work. Be near him still. [ral;
Eum. We will, Sir.
Polyd. Farewell, and pray for all! Whate'er I will ye,
Do it, and hope a fair end.
Eum. The gods speed ye! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stremon, Fool, Page, and Servants.

Serv. He lies quiet.
Stre. Let him lie; and, as I told ye,
Make ready for this show. H' has divers times
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus;
And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees
I'd have you shap'd and enter: Thou a dog, Fool,
(I have sent about your suits) the Boy a bush,
An ass you, you a lion.
Fool. I a dog?
I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!
Stre. 'Tis excellent.
Steal in and make no noise.
Fool. Bow wow!
Stre. Away, rogue! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Priestess and Chilax.

Priest. Good sweet friend, be not long.
Chi. Thou think'st each hour ten
'Till I be ferreting.
Priest You know I love you. [robe
Chi. I will not be above an hour: Let thy
Be ready, and the door be kept.
[*Cleanthe knocks within.*
Priest. Who knocks there?
Yet more business?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have you more pensioners? The princess' woman!
Nay then, I'll stay a little. What game's a-foot now?
Cle. Now is the time.
Chi. A rank bawd by this hand too;
She grinds o'both sides: Hey, boys!
Priest. How, your brother Siphax?
Loves he the princess?
Cle. Deadly; and you know
He is a gentleman, descended nobly.
Chi. But a rank knave as ever piss'd. [*Aside.*
Cle. Hold, mother;
Here's more gold, and some jewels.
Chi. Here's no villainy![52]
I'm glad I came to th' hearing.
Priest. Alas, daughter,
What would you have me do?
Chi. Hold off, you old whore!
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.
Cle. Do you shrink now?
Did you not promise faithfully? and told me,
Thro' any danger——
Priest. Any I can wade thro'.
Cle. You shall and easily; the sin not seen neither.
Here's for a better stole,[53] and a new vail, mother:

[52] Chi. *Here's villainy!*] The old folio reads, *here's* no *villainy*, but that is false in fact. My reading both compleats the sense and the antithesis to the foregoing sentence. *Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson reads, *Here's* MORE *villainy!* but the old reading, we think, is right; the negative being used ironically. Upon this mode of speech, the reader will find a note in Wit without Money, p. 278 of this volume, upon the words,

You know not *how to grace yourself*;

in which sentence Mr. Seward discarded the negative.

In the First Part of Henry IV. act v. scene iii. Falstaff, seeing Sir Walter Blunt, exclaims, 'here's *no* vanity!' upon which passage Bishop Warburton comments thus: 'In our Author's 'time, the negative, in a common speech, was used to design ironically the excess of a thing. 'Thus Ben Jonson, in Every Man in his Humour, says,

'O here's *no* foppery!
'Death, I can endure the stocks better;'

'meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other 'places.'

Mr. Steevens has produced another instance of the same mode of expression from the Tale of a Tub, by the same Author:

'Here was *no* subtile device to get a wench.' *R.*

[53] *A better* stole.] *Stole*, from the Latin *stola*, we think, means A ROBE; and so, at this day, 'Groom of the *stole*,' an officer of the *wardrobe*.

Come, you shall be my friend.[54] If all hit——
Chi. Hang me!
Cle. I'll make you richer than the goddess.
Priest. Say then;
I'm yours. What must I do?
Cle. I'th' morning,
But very early, will the princess visit
The temple of the goddess, being troubled
With strange things that distract her: From the oracle
(Being strongly too in love) she will demand
The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.
That oracle you give: Describe my brother;
You know him perfectly.
Priest. I have seen him often.
Cle. And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,
When she comes out: You understand me?
Priest. Well!
Cle. Which shall be he attending. This
And easily without suspicion ended; [is all,
Nor none dare disobey;[55] 'tis Heav'n that does it, [pect it?
And who dares cross it then, or once sus-
The venture is most easy.
Priest. I will do it.
Cle. As you shall prosper?
Priest. As I shall prosper!
Cle. Take this too, and farewell! But first, hark hither. [her mistress!
Chi. What a young whore's this to betray
A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be
That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.
I'll put a spoke among your wheels.
Cle Be constant!
Priest. 'Tis done.
Chi. I'll do no more at drop-shot then.
[*Exit.*
Priest. Farewell, wench! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter a Servant and Stremon, at the door.

Serv. HE stirs, he stirs.
Stre. Let him; I'm ready for him;
He shall not this day perish, if his passions
May be fed with musick. Are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Serv. All, all. See where he comes.
Stre. I'll be straight for him. [*Exit.*

Enter Eumenes and Captain.

Serv. How sad he looks, and sullen! Here are the Captains; [*Stand close.*
My fear's past now.
Mem. Put case, i' th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain——
Eum. His spirit is a little quieter.
Mem. My blood lost, and my limbs stiff; my embraces,
Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless;
My words worse: My fame only, and atchievements,
(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion)
Must wooe her, win her, wed her; that's but wind, [dows.
And women are not brought to-bed with sha-
I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young and blessed,
Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails, and frosty isicles: Are the souls so too, [loveless?
When they depart hence, lame and old, and
No sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death [nion
Follow our flesh no more; and that forc'd opi-
That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There must be love, there is love. What art thou?

[54] *Come, ye shall be my friend;*
Chi. *If all hit, hang me,*
I'll make ye richer than the goddess.] Here again the speakers are strangely jumbled, and it is the only place in the play where all the editions don't blindly follow one another in the same false track. In this the first folio reads,

Come, ye shall be my friend; if all hit.
Chi. *Hang me,*
I'll make you richer than the goddess.

The two following editions endeavouring to correct the mistake only made it greater. Mr Sympson too saw the mistake in the last line. *Seward.*

[55] *Nor none dare disobey.*] The use of two negatives in this manner (which we now esteem very incorrect) is so common in Spenser, Shakespeare, and our Authors, that it cannot be looked on as an error of the press, although Shakespeare himself mentions the rule of two negatives making an affirmative. *Seward.*

SONG.

Orph. Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below, [shew:
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but first they pass thro' hell: [ever
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast lov'd,
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing!
Oh, take heed then!
Hark, how they howl for over-daring!
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,
They lose their name;
And they that bleed
Hark how they speed.

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires
They sit, and curse their lost desires:
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and fears,
'Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How! should I know my passage is denied me,[56]
Or which of all the devils dare——
Eum. This song
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG.

Orph. Charon, oh, Charon,
Thou wafter of the souls to bless or bane!
Cha. Who calls the ferrymen of hell?
Orph. Come near,
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.
Cha. Those that die well, eternal joy shall follow; [swallow.
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall
Orph. Shall thy black bark those guilty spirits stow
That kill themselves for love?
Cha. Oh, no, no, no. [near;
My cordage cracks when such great sins are
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.
Orph. What lovers pass, and in Elyzium reign? [again.
Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd
Orph. This soldier loves, and fain would die to win;
Shall he go on?
Cha. No, 'tis too foul a sin.
He must not come aboard; I dare not row;
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.
Orph. Shall time release him, say?
Cha. No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor pray'r:
My boat is Destiny; and who then dare,
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still,
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.
Orph. And when thy mistress shall close up thine eyes——
Cha. Then come aboard, and pass.
Orph. 'Till when, be wise.
Cha. 'Till when, be wise.
Eum. How still he sits! I hope this song has settled him. [eyes yet.
1 *Capt.* He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery
I fear, for all this——
2 *Capt.* Stremon, still apply to him.
Stre. Give me more room then. Sweetly strike, divinely,
Such strains as old earth moves at!
Orph. The power I have o'er both beast and plant;
Thou man alone feel'st miserable want.[57]
[*Music.*
Strike, ye rare spirits that attend my will,
And lose your savage wildness by my skill.

Enter a masque of beasts.

This lion was a man of war that died,
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady's pride:
This dog, a fool, that hung himself for love:
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat, and died: This goodly tree,
An usher that still grew before his lady,
Wither'd at root: This, for he could not wooe,
A grumbling lawyer: This py'd bird, a page,
That melted out because he wanted age.
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more.
[*Exit Memnon.*
Eum. He steals off silently, as tho' he'd sleep. [fancy,
No more; but all be near him; feed his
Good Stremon, still! This may lock up his folly;
Yet Heav'n knows I much fear him. Away, softly! [*Exeunt Captains.*
Fool. Did I not do most doggedly?
Stre. Most rarely. [dog again?
Fool. He's a brave man; when shall we
Page. Untie me first, for God's sake.
Fool. Help the boy;

[56] *How should* I *know.*] The Editors of 1750 change *I* to *he*; but the old reading is certainly right; for as Memnon imagined Stremon to be Orpheus, he would not ask how should *he* know. The meaning is, 'What is it you tell me? If I should know my passage was 'denied, or which of the devils durst——oppose my entrance to Elyzium,' &c.

[57] Orph. *The power I have both over beast and plant,*
Thou man alone feel'st miserable want.] This appeared quite unintelligible to Mr. Sympson. I think there is nothing but an *of* wanting to make it clear, which I have therefore added. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, OF THE *pow'r*; but his alteration is hard, and the old reading (with the usual licence of construction) conveys the same sense.

He's in a wood, poor child! Good honey Stremon, [play
Let's have a bear-baiting; you shall see me
The rarest for a single dog! at head all;
And if I do not win immortal glory,
Play dog play devil.
Stre. Peace for this time!
Fool. Prithee [howl
Let's sing him a black santis; then let's all
In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your time.
Untie there. Bow, wow, wow!
Stre. Away, ye ass, away!
Fool. Why, let us do something
To satisfy the gentleman; he's mad,
(A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion[58])
And must have men as mad about him.
Stre. Peace,
And come in quickly; 'tis ten to one else
He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more words;
I'll get you all employment. Soft, soft! in all! [*Exe.*

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When cam'st thou over, wench?
Cloe. But now this evening,
And have been ever since looking out Siphax;
I'th' wars, he would have look'd me. Sure h' [has gotten
Some other mistress?
Chi. A thousand, wench, a thousand;
They are as common here as caterpillars
Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.
Cloe. Are they so hungry? Yet, by their leave, Chilax,
I'll have a snatch too.
Chi. Dost thou love him still, wench?
Cloe. Why should I not? He had my And all my youth. [maidenhead,
Chi. Thou art come the happiest,
In the most blessed time; sweet wench, the fittest,
If thou dar'st make thy fortune! By this light, Cloe—— [let me—
And so I'll kiss thee: And if thou wilt but
For 'tis well worth a kindness——
Cloe. What should I let you?
Chi. Enjoy thy minikin.
Cloe. Thou art still old Chilax.
Chi. Still, still; and ever shall be. If, I say, Thou wo't strike the stroke—I cannot do much harm, wench.
Cloe. Nor much good.
Chi. Siphax shall be thy husband,
Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy
Or what thou'lt make him. [cuckold,
Cloe. I am over-joy'd,[59] [Kiss me,
Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune!
Or I shall lose myself. My husband, said you? [do it,
Chi. Said I? and will say, Cloe; nay, and
And do it home too; peg thee as close to him
As birds[60] are with a pin to one another:
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st cloaths too,
And he'll be hang'd, unless he marry thee,
Ere he maintain thee: Now he has ladies, courtiers,
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We're taken up for threshers. Will you bite?
Cloe. Yes.
Chi. And let me——
Cloe. Yes, and let you——
Chi. What?
Cloe. Why, that you wot of.
Chi. The turn,[61] the good turn?
Cloe. Any turn; the roach turn.
Chi. That's the right turn; for that turns up the belly.
I cannot stay; take your instructions,
And something toward houshold. Come! whatever
I shall advise you, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point you; for, I'll tell you,
A strange way you must wade thro'.
Cloe. Fear not me, Sir. [modicum;
Chi. Come then, and let's dispatch this
For I have but an hour to stay, a short one;
Besides, more water for another mill,
An old weak over-shot I must provide for.
There's an old nunnery at hand.
Cloe. What's that?
Chi. A bawdy-house;
Cloe. A pox consume it!
Chi. If the stones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the flesh lives in it,
Your curse came handsomely! Fear not; there's ladies, [citizens,
And other good sad people,[62] your pink'd

[58] *A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion.*] In Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Master Stephen says, 'I am mightily given to melancholy,' and Master Matthew replies, 'Oh, 'its your only fine humour, Sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit.' This Mr. Whalley observes, 'was designed as a sneer upon the fantastic behaviour of the gallants in 'that age, who affected the appearing melancholy, and abstracted from common objects.' This passage of our Authors seems intended to ridicule the same, or the like folly. *R.*

[59] *I am overjoy'd, &c.*] These words, to the end of the speech, have hitherto been given to *Chilax*. We have no doubt of their belonging to *Cloe*.

[60] *As* birds *are with a pin.*] The Editors of 1750 read, *As* boards *are with a pin.*

[61] Chi. *The turn*, &c.] This, and the two following lines, appear only in the first folio. Fidelity obliges us to restore them to the text. They seem to be the effusion of one of Fletcher's unguarded moments.

[62] *And other good* sad *people.*] *Sad* here signifies the same with *sage, wise* or *sober*. *Seward.*

We

That think no shame to shake a sheet there:
Come, wench! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Cle. A soldier, and so fearful?
Sip. Can you blame me,
When such a weight lies on me?
Cle. Fy upon you!
I tell you, you shall have her, have her safely,
And for your wife; with her own will.
Sip. Good sister—— [morrow,
Cle. What a distrustful man are you! To-
To-morrow morning——
Sip. Is it possible?
Can there be such a happiness?
Cle. Why, hang me [night
If then you be not married! If to-morrow
You do not——
Sip. Oh, dear sister——
Cle. What you would do,
What you desire to do—lie with her—devil!
What a dull man are you!
Sip. Nay, I believe now,
And shall she love me?
Cle. As her life, and stroke you.
Sip. Oh, I will be her servant.
Cle. 'Tis your duty.
Sip. And she shall have her whole will.
Cle. Yes, 'tis reason;
She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.
Sip. What would you be? for I would have you, sister, [man
Chuse some great place about us: As her wo-
Is not so fit.
Cle No, no, I shall find places. [ber,
Sip. And yet to be a lady of her bed-cham-
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,
Believe it, shall be look'd out.
Cle. You may; a duchess,
Or such a toy; a small thing pleases me, Sir.
Sip. What you will, sister. If a neighbour prince,
When we shall come to reign——
Cle. We shall think on't.
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the rest; within this half-hour [ing.
The princess will be going; 'tis almost morn-
Away, and mind your business!
Sip. Fortune bless us! [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Polydor, and Lords.

Polyd. I do beseech your grace to banish me! [marriage?
King. Why, gentleman, is she not worthy
Polyd. Most worthy, Sir, where worth again shall meet her;
But I, like thick clouds, sailing low and heavy,[63] [her.
Altho' by her drawn higher, yet shall hide
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treason
But to imagine—As you love your honour——
King. 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if
I know it kills her. [cross'd,
1 *Lord.* How knows your grace she loves him? [story)
King. Her woman told me all, (beside his
Her maid Lucippe; on what reason too,
And 'tis beyond all, but enjoying.
Polyd. Sir,
Ev'n by your wisdom, by that great discretion
You owe to rule and order——
2 *Lord.* This man's mad sure,
To plead against his fortune!
1 *Lord.* And the king too,
Willing to have it so.
Polyd. By those dead princes, [at,
From whose descents you stand a star admir'd
Lay not so base allay upon your virtues!
Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed! The bramble
No wise man ever planted by the rose,
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any
Choke up with wanton ivy. Good my lords,
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,
And the main body brick?
2 *Lord.* You wrong your worth;
You are a gentleman descended nobly.
1 *Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.
King. Say you were not,
My will can make you so.
Polyd. No, never, never!
'Tis not descent, nor will of princes does it;
'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance;
Man, honest man! Is't fit your majesty
Should call my drunkenness, my rashness, brother?
Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith,
(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers
(In which I'm also mischievous) her husband?
Oh, gods preserve her! I am wild as winter,
Ambitious as the devil; out upon me!
I hate myself, Sir. If you dare bestow her
Upon a subject, you have one deserves her.
King. But him she does not love: I know your meaning.
This young man's love unto his noble brother
Appears a mirror. What must now be done, lords?
For I am gravel'd: If she have not him,
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours!
1 *Lord.* He is dead, Sir,
(Your grace has heard of that?) and strangely,

We believe Mr. Seward is the first divine who ever discovered, that *sage, wise, sober* people were to be met with at a *bawdy-house*.

[63] *Sailing* slow *and heavy.*] Mr. Sympson would read *low*, to make the antithesis stronger to the next line. But I rather prefer the old text, or at least think it too good to need any change. *Seward.*

We think Mr. Sympson's conjecture happy; nay, believe his reading to be the true.

King. No,
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in't:
Read that, and then know all. What ails the gentleman?
[*Polydor is sick on the sudden.*
Hold him! How do you, Sir?
Polyd. Sick on the sudden,
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.
King. Where did it take you?
Polyd. Here in my head, Sir, and my heart.
For Heav'n's sake—— [sently;
King. Conduct him to his chamber pre-
And bid my doctors——
Polyd. No, I shall be well, Sir. [sake,
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods'
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray then—— [will do it,
King. Away! he grows more weak still. I
Or Heav'n forget me ever! Now your counsels, [*Exit Polyd.*
For I am at my wit's end. What with you, Sir?

Enter Messenger, with a letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.
King. Yet more troubles?—— [all;
The Spartans are in arms,[64] and like to win
Supplies are sent for, and the general. [him;
This is more cross than t'other! Come, let's to
For he must have her ('tis necessity)
Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,
(For more than all is needful) shew all reason,
If love can hear o' that side: If she yield;
We have fought best, and won the noblest field. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

2 *Capt.* I have brought the wench; a lusty wench,
And somewhat like the princess.
Eum. 'Tis the better; let's see her;
And go you in and tell him, that her grace
Is come to visit him. How sleeps he, Stremon? [Polydor;
Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he rages,
And sometimes sits and muses.
[*Exit Stremon.*

Enter Courtezan[65] *and Captain.*

Eum. He's past all help sure.
How do you like her?

[64] *The* Spartans *are in arms.*] Mr. Sympson would have these two lines spoke by the Messenger, as thinking that the King had not time to inspect his letters: But as a small pause was sufficient to see the general purport of them, and as messengers who bring letters seldom are to deliver the full contents of them before-hand, I make no change here. The two lines may be even supposed to be the beginning of the letter. *Seward.*

We agree with Mr. Seward, that a common pause would be sufficient to discover the contents of the letters, and we believe such pause to have been intended by our Poets; but the two lines rather seem to convey the purport of the letters, than to be the beginning of them.

[65] *Enter* Whore *and Captain.*] When the *Whore* goes out it is said, *Exit Cloe*, and *Cloe* was certainly designed by the Author, as the filthy description of her in this scene makes the fate of *Siphax*, in marrying her instead of the Princess, much more comic. *Seward.*

If the *Wench* is *Cloe*, the Captain should be *Chilax*; but their plot was not on Memnon, but Siphax, and is afterwards put in execution. Eumenes and the Captains are here also pursuing the device they had meditated in the last act. And the Authors seems to have intended this Wench and Cloe as two different women, though perhaps the players, from the thinness of their troop, might have assigned both parts to one performer. There is not a word in the play to countenance the idea that 'Cloe (as Mr. Seward asserts) was certainly designed 'by the Author,' in this place.

To these observations it may be added, that Cloe seems a very different character from the abandoned strumpet Mr. Seward understands her to be; she seems to have been wholly attached to Siphax, from the words,

Chi. *Dost love him still, wench?*
Cloe. *Why should I not? He had my maidenhead,*
And all *my youth.*

And her submission to Chilax's addresses proceeds entirely from that appearing the purchase of Siphax for her husband. It is also paying Chilax a very ill compliment, to suppose him so eager after a woman who *stinks like a poison'd rat, or a rotten cabbage.* As to the words *Exit Cloe*, they are no authority at all, since we find *Enter Whore* at her introduction; *one* must therefore be erroneous. But there is a kind of proof that the Authors meant two separate characters, in the first folio; where, towards the catastrophe, we read, *Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe,* COURTEZAN, *and Lords.* We therefore consider the person brought to Memnon as a distinct character; but shall call her *Courtezan*, in preference to *Whore.*

The Players in their attempts to reduce the number of characters, were very heedless. In this same scene, the *First Captain* says, *I have brought the Wench*; and afterwards is very satirical upon the person who has brought her; from whence it is natural to suppose, that our Poets introduced more assistant *Captains.* We have attempted, we hope with success, to place the speeches of the *Captains* more consistently than has been hitherto done.

1 *Capt.* By th' mass, a good round virgin;
And, at first sight, resembling. She's well cloath'd too.
Eum. But is she sound?
2 *Capt.* Of wind and limb, I warrant her.
Eum. You are instructed, lady?
Court. Yes; and know, Sir,
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.
Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this vermin?
1 *Capt.* Hang him, badger!
There's not a hole free from him; whores and whores' mates
Do all pay him obedience.
Eum. Indeed, i'th' war
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And lin'd with whore. Beshrew me, 'tis a fair whore.
1 *Capt.* She has smock'd away her blood: but, fair or foul,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiss to him; he rides like a night-mare,
All ages, all religions.
Eum. Can you state it?
Court. I'll make a shift.
Eum. He must lie with you, lady.
Court. Let him; he's not the first man I have lain with,
Nor shall not be the last.

Enter Memnon.

2 *Capt.* He comes; no more words; her!
She has her lesson throughly. How he views
Eum. Go forward now; so! bravely; stand!
Mem. Great lady,
How humbly I am bound——
Court. You shall not kneel, Sir. soldier;
Come, I have done you wrong. Stand, my
And thus I make amends. *Kisses him.*
Eum. A plague confound you!
Is this your state?
2 *Capt.* 'Tis well enough.
Mem. Oh, lady, beauty,
Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest
Is more than I must purchase! Here, divine
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha! one;
1 *Capt.* A damn'd foul one.
Eum. The lees of bawdy prunes,[66] mourning gloves!
All spoil'd, by Heav'n.

[66] *The lees of bawdy* prewns] This reading obtained till 1750; when the modest and judicious Editors of that æra chose to substitute *brewis* for *prewns*. Though they may stand excused for not understanding the expression, *bawdy* PREWNS, whence had they the right of introducing *brewis*, without the least notice given to their readers? That *prunes* is the right word (while *brewis* is devoid of meaning) appears beyond a doubt. Memnon, taking the hand of the counterfeit princess, expresses a surprise; which Eumenes explains the cause of, by supposing he had discovered the lees of *bawdy* PREWNS upon it. *Stewed prewns* were the constant appendages of a brothel in our Authors' time: The last Editor of Shakespeare, in his notes on the First Part of Henry IV. act iii. scene iii. furnishes the following proofs of this fact:

'Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse, 1596, describes a bawd thus: "This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a *dish of stew'd prunes* in the window, and two or three fleering wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop."

'In Measure for Measure, act ii. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, "that she came in great with child, and longing for *stew'd prunes*, which stood in a dish," &c.

'Slender, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a *dish of stew'd prunes*.'

'In another old dramatic piece, entitled, If this be not a Good Play the Divel is in it, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says, "This is the pension of the stews, you need not untie it; 'tis stew-money, Sir, *stew'd prune* cash, Sir."

'Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Hervey, by his antagonist Nash, "to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of *stew'd prunes*," is not the least insisted on.

'In The Knave of Hearts, a collection of satirical poems, 1612, a whoring knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, *stew'd prunes*, a punk to solace him."

'In The Knave of Spades, another collection of the same kind, 1611, is the following description of a wanton inveigling a young man into her house;

"——— He to his liquor falls,
"While she unto her maids for cakes,
"*Stew'd prunes*, and pippins, calls."

'So, in Every Woman in her Humour, a comedy, 1619. "To search my house! I have no varlets, no *stew'd prunes*, no she fiery," &c.

'The passages already quoted are sufficient to shew that *a dish of stew'd prunes* was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

'From A Treatise on the Lues Venerea, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons,

Mem. Ha! who art thou?
1 *Capt.* A shame on you,
You clawing scabby whore!
Mem. I say, who art thou?
Eum. Why, 'tis the princess, Sir.
Mem. The devil, Sir!
'Tis some rogue thing.
Court. If this abuse be love, Sir,
Or I, that laid aside my modesty——
Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.
Mem. Do not weep;
For, if you be the princess, I will love you,
Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you:
Come, wipe your eyes. By Heav'n, she stinks!
Who art thou?
Stinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging.
Woman, who art?—Like a rotten cabbage.
2 *Capt.* You're much to blame, Sir; 'tis the princess.
Mem. How!
She the princess?
Eum. And the loving princess.
1 *Capt.* Indeed, the doting princess.
Mem. Come hither once more;
The princess smells like morning's breath, pure amber,
Beyond the courted India in her spices.——
Still a dead rat, by Heaven! Thou a princess?
Eum. What a dull whore is this?
Mem. I'll tell you presently;
For, if she be a princess, as she may be
And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find her.
Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:
If she be sprung from th' royal blood—the lion!
He'll do you reverence; else——
Court. I beseech your lordship——
Eum. He'll tear her all to pieces.[67]
Court. I am no princess, Sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
2 *Capt.* If you confess, we'll hang you.
Court. Good my lord——
Mem. Who art thou then?
Court. A poor retaining whore, Sir,
To one of your lordship's captains.
Mem. Alas, poor whore!
Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit Courtezan.*
What fools are these, and coxcombs! [*Exit Memnon.*
Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with such lightness.
1 *Capt* Methinks his face too
Is not so clouded as it was. How he looks!
Eum. Where's your dead rat?
2 *Capt.* The devil dine upon her!
Lions? Why, what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore!

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from Polydor stays to speak with ye.
Eum. With whom? [been?
Stre. With all. Where has the general
He's laughing to himself extremely.
Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's so merry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chilax and Priestess.

Chi. WHAT lights are those that enter there? Still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither
Into the temple, to betray me? Was there no place
To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me!
Still they come forward.
Priest. Peace, you fool! I have found it:
'Tis the young princess Calis.
Chi. 'Tis the devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.
Priest. Retire softly.
I did not look for you these two hours, lady.
Beshrew your haste!—That way. [*To Chilax.*
Chi. That goes to th' altar,
You old blind beast!
Priest. I know not; any way.
Still they come nearer. I'll in to th' oracle.
Chi. That's well remember'd; I'll in with you.
Priest. Do. [*Exeunt.*

'surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be 'boiled in broth for those persons already infected, and that both *stewed prunes* and roasted 'apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention.'

Mr. Steevens's note is upon the words, 'There's no more faith in thee than in a *stew'd* '*prune*.' *R.*

[67] Eum. *He'll tear* her *all to pieces.*] This is given to *Eumenes* in all the editions, when it is evidently the conclusion of Memnon's speech. *Seward.*

The speech belongs to Eumenes; had it been Memnon's, it would run, *He'll tear* you *all to pieces.*

Enter Calis and her train, with lights, singing: Lucippe and Cleanthe.

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-ey'd, and ever ruing
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!
Oh, thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleasure,
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!
Accept this sacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and spring,
Grant this lady her desires,
And ev'ry hour we'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her, all retire,
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.
When your devotions ended be
To th' oracle I will attend ye.
[*Exit Nun, and draws the curtain close to Calis.*

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Stre. He will abroad.
Eum. How does his humour hold him?
Stre. He's now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too, [ly.
Talks of his brother to himself, starts strange-
Eum. Does he not curse?
Stre. No.
Eum. Nor break out in fury,
Off'ring some new attempt?
Stre. Neither. 'To th' temple,'
Is all we hear of now: What there he will do—— [him.
Eum. I hope repent his folly; let's be near
Stre. Where are the rest?
Eum. About a business [madness,
Concerns him mainly; if Heav'n cure this
He's man for ever, Stremon
Stre. Does the king know it?
Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To seek his sister out.
Stre. Come, let's away then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nun, she opens the curtain to Calis. Calis at the oracle.

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady! Will it please you
To pass on to the oracle?
Calis. Most humbly.
[*Chilax and Priestess in the oracle.*

Chi. Do you hear that?
Priest. Yes; lie close.
Chi. A wildfire take you! [now!
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake you!
Come up and juggle, come.
Priest. I'm monstrous fearful!
Chi. Up, you old gaping oyster, up and answer! [me
A mouldy mange upon your chaps! You told
I was safe here till the bell rung.
Priest. I was prevented, [princess,
And did not look these three hours for the
Chi. Shall we be taken?
Priest. Speak, for love's sake, Chilax!
I cannot, nor I dare not.
Chi. I'll speak treason,
For I had as lieve be hang'd for that——!
Priest. Good Chilax!
Chi. Must it be sung or said? What shall I tell 'em?
They're here; here now, preparing.
Priest. Oh, my conscience!
Chi Plague o' your spur-gall'd conscience! does it tire now,
Now when it should be toughest? I could make thee——
Priest. Save us! we're both undone else.
Chi. Down, you dog then!
Be quiet, and be stanch too; no inundations.
Nun. Here kneel again; and Venus grant your wishes!
Calis. Oh, divinest[68] star of Heav'n,
Thou in pow'r above the seven:
Thou sweet kindler of desires,
'Till they grow to mutual fires;
Thou, oh, gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart:
Thou the fuel, and the flame;
Thou in Heav'n, and here the same:
Thou the wooer, and the woo'd:
Thou the hunger, and the food:
Thou the prayer, and the pray'd;
Thou what is, or shall be said:
Thou still young, and golden tressed,
Make me by thy answer blessed!
Chi. When? [by all means;
Priest. Now speak handsomely, and small
I have told you what. [*Thunder.*
Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale.
Now for my neck-verse.[69] I have heard thy pray'rs,
And mark me well.

Music. Venus descends.

Nun. The goddess is displeased much;
The temple shakes and totters: She appears.
Bow, lady, bow!

[68] *O divine star of Heav'n.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[69] *Now for my* neck-verse.] When a person formerly had the benefit of clergy allowed him, he was obliged to read, and one verse was always selected for that purpose. It was that containing the words *miserere mei Deus*, which, from that circumstance, obtained the name of the *neck-verse*. *R.*

Venus. Purge me the temple round,
And live by this example henceforth sound.
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears;
Thy holy incense flew above,
Hark, therefore, to thy doom in love:
Had thy heart been soft at first,
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst;
Had thy stubborn will but bended,
All thy sorrows here had ended;
Therefore to be just in love,
A strange fortune thou must prove;
And, for thou'st been stern and coy,
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

Calis. Oh, gentle goddess!
Venus. Rise, thy doom is said,
And fear not; I shall please thee with the dead. [*Ascends.*
Nun. Go up into the temple, and there end
Your holy rites; the goddess smiles upon you.
[*Exeunt Calis and Nun.*

Enter Chilax in his robe.

Chi. I'll no more oracles, nor miracles,
Nor no more church-work; I'll be drawn and hang'd first.
Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder?
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet!
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang! [whips.
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would advise ye, my old friends; the good gentlewoman [mumping
Is strucken dumb, and there her grace sits
Like an old ape eating brawn. Sure the good goddess [princess,
Knew my intent was honest, to save the
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedness [too.
By these lewd women; I had paid for't else
I'm monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful.
Oh, 'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance!

(Enter Siphax, walks softly over the stage, and goes in.)

'Would I were well at home! The best is, 'tis not day. [anon, Sir.
Who's that? ha! Siphax? I'll be with you
You shall be oracled, I warrant you,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordship

(Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two servants carrying torches.)

Must needs enjoy the princess? yes. Ha! torches? [mad,
And Memnon coming this way? He's dog-
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me. I must go by him.
Eum. Sir?
Mem. Ask me no further questions. What art thou?
How dost thou stare? Stand off! Nay, look upon me,
I do not shake, nor fear thee.
[*Draws his sword.*
Chi. He will kill me:
This is for church-work.
Mem. Why dost thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: But——
Chi. Stay, Memnon,
I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.
Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.
Stre. What makes he thus?
Chi. 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but foully, [mark me,
By multitudes, not manhood: Therefore,
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee single.
Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?
Chi. On the Stygian banks.
Mem. When?
Chi. Four days hence.
Mem. Go, noble ghost, I will attend.
Chi. I thank you.
Stre. You've sav'd your throat, and handsomely: Farewell, Sir. [*Exit Chilax.*
Mem. Sing me the battle of Pelusium,
In which this worthy died.
Eum. This will spoil all, [down, Sir,
And make him worse than e'er he was. Sit
And give yourself to rest.

SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in. [nours win.
Keep your ranks close, and now your ho-
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and spears; [pouring;[70]
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows scouring.
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drums! *Dub, dub.*
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes.
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky;
Hark how the trumpets sound,
Hark how the hills rebound!
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.

[70] *Like a dark* wood *he comes, or tempest pouring.*] Mr. Sympson would read *cloud* for *wood*; but I much prefer the old reading. The closeness and firmness of an army, the groves of spears, and the dark horror of the soldiers' looks, are all finely imaged in this simile of a *dark wood moving*. One might indeed quote several authors, Greek, Roman, and English, in support of both readings, but that is not at present my province. *Seward.*

Hark how the horses charge! in boys, boys in!
The battle totters; now the wounds begin;
Oh, how they cry,
Oh, how they die! [thunder!
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with
See how he breaks the ranks asunder.
They fly, they fly! Eumenes has the chase,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,
They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow!
Hark how the soldiers hollow! *Hey, hey!*
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled,
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life has cost.

Mem. Now forward to the temple.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are you gone? [miracle?
How have I 'scap'd this morning? By what
Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How is it?
Chi. Come; 'tis as well as can be.
Cloe. But is it possible
This should be true you tell me?
Chi. 'Tis most certain.
Cloe. Such a gross ass to love the princess?
Chi. Peace; [perfect
Pull your robe close about you. You are
In all I taught you?
Cloe. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck!
'Tis strange my brains should still be beating
knavery, [mischiefs,
For all these dangers; but they're needful
And such are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.
You will remember me?
Cloe. By this kiss, Chilax! [der.
Chi. No more of that; I fear another thun-
Cloe. We are not i' th' temple, man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace; here he comes.
Now to our business handsomely. Away
now! [*Exit, with Cloe.*
Sip. 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd
unto her,
And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.

(Enter Chilax and Cloe, at the other door.)

Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so
adore thee! [again too;
She's here again; looks round about her,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done! 'Tis Chilax with
her,
And I shall know of him. Who's that?
Chi. Speak softly:
The princess from the oracle.
Sip. She views me;
By Heav'n she beckons me!
Chi. Come near, she would have you.
Sip. Oh, royal lady! [*Kisses her hand.*
Chi. She wills you read that; for belike
she's bound to silence [you.
For such a time. She's wondrous gracious to
Sip. Heav'n make me thankful!
Chi. She would have you read it.
[*He reads.*
Sip. Siphax, the will of Heav'n hath cast
me on thee
To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd:
Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,
And make thee understand thy worths hereafter.
Convey me to a secret ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united;
And use no language, till before my brother
We both apppear, where I will shew the
oracle; [answer.
For till that time I'm bound, I must not an-
Sip. Oh, happy I!
Chi. You're a made man.
Sip. But, Chilax,
Where are her women?
Chi. None but your grace's sister
(Because she would have it private to the
world yet)
Knows of this business.
Sip. I shall thank thee, Chilax;
Thou art a careful man.
Chi. Your grace's servant.
Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.
Chi. If you will not, [ward;
There's a good lady will. She points you for-
Away, and take your fortune; not a word,
Sir——
So; you are greas'd, I hope.
[*Exeunt Siphax and Cloe, manet Chilax.*

(Enter Stremon, Fool, and Page.)

Stremon, Fool, Picus!
Where have you left your lord?
Stre. I' th' temple, Chilax.
Chi. Why are you from him?
Stre. Why, the king is with him,
And all the lords.
Chi. Is not the princess there too?
Stre. Yes. [bitterly;
And the strangest coil amongst 'em—She weeps
The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like
autumn, [temple
Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the
Sweats with this agony.
Chi. Where's young Polydor?
Stre. Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.
Chi. Dead?
Stre. For certain;
But not yet known abroad.
Chi. There's a new trouble.
A brave young man he was; but we must all
die. [morning
Stre. Did not the general meet you this
Like a tall stallion nun?

Chi. No more o' that, boy.
Stre. You had been ferreting.
Chi. That's all one. Fool! [fick,
My master Fool, that taught my wits to traf-
What has your wisdom done? How have you
profited? [empty;
Out with your audit: Come, you are not
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do, you
shaker.[71] [coxcomb!
What think you of this shaking? Here's wit,
Ha, boys? ha, my fine rascals? here's a ring;[72]
How right they go! [*Pulls out a purse.*
Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore bell.
Chi. And here are thumpers, chequins,
golden rogues:
Wit, wit, ye rascals!
Fool. I have a sty here,[73] Chilax.
Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one cross, cavalier: We are dull soldiers,
Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!
Fool. Why, you are the spirits of the time.
Chi. By no means.
Fool. The valiant, fiery![74]
Chi. Fy, fy! no.
Fool. Be-lee me, Sir——
Chi. I would I could, Sir.
Fool. I will satisfy you. [poor boy,
Chi. But I will not content you. Alas,
Thou shew'st an honest nature; weep'st for
thy master? [chiefs.
There's a red, rogue,[75] to buy thee handker-
Fool. He was an honest gentleman, I have
lost too——
Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool.
But, Stremon,
Dost thou want money too? No virtue living?
No firking out at fingers' ends?
Stre. It seems so.
Chi. Will ye all serve me?
Stre. Yes, when you are lord-general;
For less I will not go.
Chi. There's gold for thee then;
Thou hast a soldier's mind. Fool!
Fool. Here, your first man.
Chi. I will give thee for thy wit, (for 'tis a
fine wit,
A dainty diving wit) hold up!—just nothing.
Go, graze i' th' commons; yet I am merci-
ful—— [gown,
There's sixpence: Buy a saucer, steal an old
And beg i' th' temple for a prophet. Come
away, boys! [sirrah;
Let's see how things are carried. Fool! up,
You may chance get a dinner. Boy, your
preferment
I'll undertake; for your brave master's sake,
You shall not perish.
Fool. Chilax!
Chi. Please me well, Fool, [temple.
And you shall light my pipes. Away to th'
But stay; the king's here: Sport upon sport,
boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a veil.

King. What would you have, captain?
Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busy.
Sip. A pardon, royal Sir.
King. For what?
Sip. For that [alone, Sir;
Which was Heav'n's will, should not be mine
My marrying with this lady.
King. It needs no pardon,
For marriage is no sin.
Sip. Not in itself, Sir; [knows,
But in presuming too much: Yet, Heav'n
So does the oracle that cast it on me,
And —— the princess, royal Sir.
King. What princess? [your sister.
Sip. Oh, be not angry, my dread king!
King. My sister? she's i' th' temple, man.
Sip. She is here, Sir. [the altar.
Lord. The captain's mad! she's kneeling at
King. I know she is.—With all my heart,
good captain,
I do forgive ye both: Be unveil'd, lady.
[*Puts off her veil.*
Will you have more forgiveness? The man's
frantic. [joy, Sir!
Come, let's go bring her out. God give you
Sip. How! Cloe? my old Cloe?
[*Exeunt King, Lords.*
Cloe. Even the same, Sir. [tent!
Chi. Gods give your manhood much con-

[71] *Do you* shaker?] As I know no such word as this, I believe it an accidental corruption from a junction of two words which should have been separate. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Do you* SHAKE? HERE, *what think you, &c.* but as it is most probable, Chilax means to call the Fool *shaker*, we have followed the old books, only inserting a *comma*.

[72] *Here's a* ring.] Meaning the *ringing* of the money. So Shakespeare compares a voice to a piece of uncurrent gold, cracked in the *ring*.

[73] *I have a* sty *here.*] A *sty* on his eye, desiring to have it stroked with money; so Chilax before,

Put out mine eye *with twelve-pence.*

[74] *The valiant* firie.] I have ventured to change this for what I think the true word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward for *firie* substitutes *frie*. The word we have adopted is with scarce any violence to the old text.

[75] —————— *weep'st for thy master?*
There's a red rogue *to buy thee handkerchiefs.*] We can't explain this; yet think we should separate *red rogue*, and read,

There's a red, rogue, *to buy thee handkerchiefs.*

Stre. The princess [over.
Looks something musty since her coming
Fool. 'Twere good you'd brush her over.
Sip. Fools and fiddlers
Make sport at my abuse too!
Fool. Oh, 'tis the nature
Of us fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wise, brave Sir.
Chi. Cheer up your princess.
Believe it, Sir, the king will not be angry;
Or, say he were; why, 'twas the oracle:
The oracle, an't like your grace; the oracle.
Stre. And who, most mighty Siphax——
Sip. With mine own whore?
Cloe. With whom else should you marry? speak your conscience.
Will you transgress the law of arms, that ever
Rewards the soldier with his own sins?
Sip. Devils——
Cloe. You had my maidenhead, my youth, my sweetness;
Is it not justice then?
Sip. I see it must be;
But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.
Cloe. You shall not need; my honesty shall do it.
Sip. If there be wars in all the world——
Cloe. I'll with you;
For you know I have been a soldier.
Come, curse on!
Sip. When I need another oracle[76]——
Chi. Send for me, Siphax; I'll fit you with a princess.
And so, to both your honours——
Fool. And your graces——
Sip. The devil grace you all!
Cloe. God-a-mercy, Chilax!
Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?
Stre. No, the king comes,
And all the train.
Chi. Away then; our act's ended.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe, and Lords.

King. You know he does deserve you, loves you dearly;
You know what bloody violence h' had us'd
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it;
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in him,
And covet to take birth: Look on him, lady;
The wars have not so far consum'd him yet,
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his honour, sister;
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles on it;
No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heav'n, that nightly waken
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,[77]
And not the weakness: Look with your virtuous eyes;
And then clad royalty in all his conquests,
His matchless love hung with a thousand merits,
Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,
He shall appear a miracle: Look on our dangers,
Look on the publick ruin. [waters,
Calis. Oh, dear brother!
King. Fy! let us not, like proud and greedy
Gain to give off again: This is our sea,
And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed:
His floods have been as high and full as [any,[78]

[76] *Come, curse on: When I need another oracle.*] This line was misplaced to Cloe. Mr. Sympson concurred with me in restoring it, and correcting the pointing. *Seward.*
The first half of the line we think is *Cloe's:* then *Siphax, When I need another oracle——*

[77] *To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,*
And not the weakness.] This passage seems very absurd. Does it mean, *to see the beauties of creation, and not the weakness of it, though it daily verges towards its dissolution?* But according to the grammatical construction, the *weakness* is the *weakness of the glorious Maker,* and not of the creation. The only tolerable reading which I can suggest, to avoid this absurdity, is,

And see no weakness.

But I don't like this well enough to admit it into the text. *Seward.*
The meaning, we think, is obvious, and is, 'Look on Memnon's *virtues, and not* his 'faults; as Heaven contemplates the wonders, not the weakness, of the Creator.'
The first folio reads, *To view the wonders of* my *glorious Maker.*

[78] *His floods have been as high and full as any,*
And gloriously now is got up to the girdle,
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd.] The emendation of this passage gave me greater pleasure than usual, as it retrieved a fine poetical image, which by the corruption of the press appeared utter obscurity to Mr. Sympson, and was left untouched by Mr. Theobald. By observing the tendency of the metaphor, the two following passages occurred. Cymbeline, act iii. scene i. speaking of the island of Britain,

' ——— which stands
' Like Neptune's park, *ribbed* and *paled* in
' With rocks unskaleable, and roaring waters.'

And gloriously he's now got up to girdle
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd. Noble sister, [heed
Take not your virtue from him; oh, take
We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!
Calis. The will of Heav'n (not mine) which must not alter,
And my eternal doom, for aught I know,
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love nothing; [with!
Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd
The gentle vine climbs up the oak and clips him, [gether.
And when the stroke comes, yet they fall to-
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love
Oh, noble Sir! [him!
Mem. Those tears are some reward yet: Pray, let me wed your sorrows.
Calis. Take 'em, soldier; ['em,
They're fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon
And straight they will conceive to infinites:
I told you what you'd find 'em.
Eum. [*within.*] Room before there![79]

Enter a funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now? what's this? more drops to th' ocean?
Whose body's this?
Eum. The noble Polydor;
This speaks his death.
Mem. My brother dead?
Calis. Oh, goddess!
Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune!
King. Read, captain.
Mem. Read aloud. Farewell, my follies!
Eum. [*reading.*] 'To the excellent princess Calis. [ment,
Be wise as you are beauteous; love with judg-
And look with clear eyes on my noble brother;
Value desert and virtue, they are jewels
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady;
The gods reward ingratitude most grievous.
Remember me no more; or, if you must,
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell there.
I durst not live, because I durst not wrong him.
I can no more; make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. Farewell!'
Mem. And didst thou die for me——
King. Excellent virtue!
What will you now do?
Calis. Dwell for ever here, Sir.
Mem. For me, dear Polydor? oh, worthy young man! [pence!
Oh, love, love, love! Love above recom-
Infinite love, infinite honesty!
Good lady, leave; you must have no share here; [store me,
Take home your sorrows: Here's enough to
Brave glorious griefs! Was ever such a brother?
Turn all the stories over in the world yet,
And search thro' all the memories of mankind, [all,
And find me such a friend! H' has out-done
Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; all, all, thou hast, Polydor! [ness,
To die for me? Why, as I hope for happi-
'Twas one o' th' rarest-thought-on things, the bravest,
And carried beyond compass of our actions.
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,
Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch Heav'n!
It startles me extremely.[80] Thou bless'd ashes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendship
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!
Calis. Oh, let me speak too!
Mem. No, not yet. Thou man,
(For we are but man's shadows) only man——
I have not words to utter him. Speak, lady;
I'll think a while.
Calis, The goddess grants me this yet,
I shall enjoy thee dead:[81] No tomb shall hold thee [tears:
But these two arms, no trickments but my
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,
Shall hang for ever: On the toughest marble
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph:

I thought therefore that waters *girdling* a kingdom was a similar metaphor; and then recollected, that in the Two Noble Kinsmen (which was wrote by Shakespeare and Fletcher in conjection) act v. scene i. walls are called *The stony* girths *of cities.* I therefore was fully satisfy'd that I had hit upon the true reading; and long afterwards I met in the Captain with the very expression, act ii. scene i. speaking of soldiers,

> *'That whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs*
> *To* girdle *in the kingdom.* *Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's variation; though it would be nearer the old text to read,

And gloriously now is *got up to girdle.*

[79] *Room before there.*] These words (which complete the verse) are only in the first folio. They are there made a continuation of Calis's speech.

[80] *It* starts *me extremely.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[81] *I shall enjoy* the *dead.*] The context, we think, authorises the alteration we have made.

Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
Oh, sweet young man!
King. Now I begin to melt too.
Mem. Have you enough yet, lady? Room for a gamester!
To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,
A long farewell! Thou diedst for me, dear Polydor;
To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory!
I stay and talk here! I will kiss thee first,
And now I'll follow thee.
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Polyd. Hold, for Heaven's sake!
[*Polydor rises.*
Mem. Ha! does he live? Dost thou deceive me?
Polyd. Thus far;
Yet, for your good and honour.
King. Now, dear sister——
Calis. The oracle is ended, noble Sir;
Dispose me now as you please.
Polyd. You are mine then?
Calis. With all the joys that may be!
Polyd. Your consent, Sir!
King. You have it freely.
Polyd. Walk along with me then,
And, as you love me, love my will.
Calis. I will so.
Polyd. Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous princess;
You have deserv'd her nobly; she will love you:
And when my life shall bring you peace, as she does,
Command it, you shall have it.
Mem. Sir, I thank you.
King. I never found such goodness in such years.
Mem. Thou shalt not over-do me, tho' I die for't.
Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best brother!
You've given me here a treasure to enrich me,
Would make the worthiest king alive a beggar:
What may I give you back again?
Polyd. Your love, Sir.
Mem. And you shall have it, ev'n my dearest love,
My first, my noblest love: Take her again, Sir;
She's yours, your honesty has over-run me.
She loves you; lov'st her not?—Excellent princess,
Enjoy thy wish; and now, get generals.
Polyd. As you love Heav'n, love him. She's only yours, Sir.
Mem. As you love Heav'n, love him. She's only yours, Sir.
My lord the king——
Polyd. He will undo himself, Sir,
And must without her perish: Who shall fight then?
Who shall protect your kingdom?
Mem. Give me hearing,
And, after that, belief. Were she my soul,
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,
And all the living names I've gain'd by war,
And loving him, that good, that virtuous man,
That only worthy of the name of Brother,
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues,
To know him fruitful, that has been so faithful!
King. This is the noblest difference—Take your choice, sister.
Calis. I see they are so brave, and both noble
I know not which to look on.
Polyd. Chuse discreetly,
And Virtue guide you! There all the world, in one man,
Stands at the mark.
Mem. There all man's honesty,
The sweetness of all youth.
Calis. Oh, gods!
Mem. My armour!
By all the gods, she's yours! My arms, I say!
And, I beseech your grace, give me employment:
That shall be now my mistress, there my courtship.
King. You shall have any thing.
Mem. Virtuous lady,
Remember me, your servant now. Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.
Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and how gentle!
I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy beauty.
Your hand, your hand, Sir!
King. Take her, and Heav'n bless her!
Mem. So.
Polyd. 'Tis your will, Sir, nothing of my merit;
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.
Calis. And I from Heav'n this gentleman frozen you
Thanks, goddess!
Mem. So, you are pleas'd now, lady?
Calis. Now or never.
Mem. My cold stiff carcase would have shall prove
Wars, wars!
King. You shall have wars.
Mem. My next brave battle
I dedicate to your bright honour, sister:
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your soldier.
Calis. This, and all fair fortunes!
Mem. And he that bears this from me, must strike boldly.
Calis. I do forgive thee. Be honest; no more, wench.
King. Come, now to revels. This blest day
The happy crown of noble faith and love.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now; let our plays be good,
Our own care sailing equal in this flood,
Our preparations new, new our attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th' mire,
Here we stick fast: Is there no way to clear
This passage of your judgment, and our fear?
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Consider we are yours, made for your ends;
And every thing preserves itself (each will,
If not perverse and crooked, utters still
The best of that it ventures in).[82] Have care,
Ev'n for your pleasures' sake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all; you may frown still,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

[82] ——— *each will,*
If not perverse and crooked, utters still
The best of that it ventures in.] *i. e.* 'It is the inclination of all fair dealers to sell their 'customers the best of their wares.'

THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills and Gardiner give to Fletcher the sole honour of this Play. The Prologue also (written soon after his demise, and consequently long after Beaumont's) speaks of him singly. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. In the year 1706, a Tragedy, entitled 'The Faithful General, written by a young lady,' was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market; but the writer in her preface declares, though her first intention had been to revive this play, yet that, in the progress of it, she made so many alterations, that a very small part of it belonged to our Author. We have also heard of an alteration by Mr. Sheridan, sen. but this we imagine was never printed; and it was probably acted, if at all, only in Ireland.

THE PROLOGUE.

We need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter and intent
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will speak the maker: And to do him right
Would ask a genius like to his; the age
Mourning his loss, and our now-widowed stage
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far
Behind him the most modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their best praise
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best memory.[1] So much a friend
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
The living, that are modest; with the rest,
That may repine, he cares not to contest.
This debt to Fletcher paid; it is profess'd
By us the actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the scene, pleas'd and contented home.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

Great DUKE *of Moscovia.*
ARCHAS, *the Loyal Subject, general of the Moscovites.*
THEODORE, *son to Archas; valorous, but impatient.*
PUTSKIE, *alias* BRISKIE, *a captain, brother to Archas.*
ALINDA, *alias* ARCHAS, *son to Archas.*
BURRIS, *an honest lord, the duke's favourite.*
BOROSKIE, *a malicious seducing counsellor to the Duke.*
ANCIENT, *to Archas,*[2] *a stout merry soldier.*
SOLDIERS.
GENTLEMEN.
GUARD.
SERVANTS.
MESSENGERS, *or* POSTS.

WOMEN.

OLYMPIA, *sister to the Duke.*
HONORA, VIOLA, *daughters of Archas.*
PETESCA, LADIES, *servants to Olympia.*

SCENE, MOSCO.

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[1] ——— *their* best *praise*
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise
To his best *memory.*] Mr. Seward thinks we should read, BLEST *memory*; but, from the context, the Author seems undoubtedly to have written BEST.

[2] Ensign *to Archas.*] As this character is called *Ancient* all through the play, we know not any reason for calling him *Ensign* in the drama.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Theodore and Putskie.

Theod. CAPTAIN, your friend's preferr'd; the princess has her;
Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly.
A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.
Puts. Well bred, Sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honest stock.
Theod. It seems so, captain,
And no doubt will do well.
Puts. Thanks to your care, Sir.
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit
Of discontent is put on thro' the army? [ral,
And why your valiant father, our great gene-
The hand that taught to strike, the love that led all,
Why he, that was the father of the war,
He that begot, and bred the soldier,
Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,
His colours folded, and his drums cas'd up?
The tongue of war for ever tied within us?
Theod. It must be so. Captain, you are a stranger,
But of a small time here a soldier, [one,
Yet that time shews you a right good and great
Else I could tell you, hours are strangely alter'd: [him,
The young duke has too many eyes upon
Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to nourish those,
Maintains too many instruments.
Puts. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heav'n! 'Tis strange it should be;
The old duke lov'd him dearly.
Theod. He deserv'd it;
And, were he not my father, I durst tell you,
The memorable hazards he has run thro'
Deserv'd of this man too; highly deserv'd too: [Putskie,
Had they been less, they had been safer,[3]
And sooner reach'd regard.
Puts. There you struck sure, Sir.
Theod. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,
Some years before the old duke died?
Puts. I have heard you
Speak often of that vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never understood yet.
Theod. I'll tell thee then, and then thou'lt find the reason. [here,
The last great muster, ('twas before you serv'd
Before the last duke's death, whose honour'd bones [ord'ring
Now rest in peace) this young prince had the
(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army:
Who, to be short, put all his pow'rs to practice,[4] [poorly,
Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: But, alas! so
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my father, [ly,
Who then was general: 'Go, Archas, speedi-
'And chide the boy, before the soldiers find him;
'Stand thou between his ignorance and them;
'Fashion their bodies new to thy direction;
'Then draw thou up, and shew the prince his errors!'
My sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty
Inform'd the prince, and read him all directions:
This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,
And anger into wild words broke out thus:
'Well, Archas, if I live but to command here, [ber.
'To be but duke once, I shall then remem-
'I shall remember truly (trust me, I shall)
'And, by my father's hand'—the rest his eyes spoke. [mov'd too,
To which my father answer'd, somewhat
And with a vow he seal'd it: 'Royal Sir,
'Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and anger
'Only pursue me; if I live to that day,
'That day so long expected to reward me,
'By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,
'And by the hand of justice, never arms more [Sir.
'Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here,
'The conflicts I will do you service then in,
'Shall be repentant prayers.' So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.

Ancient is the same as *Ensign*; and is always used in this sense in Shakespeare and other contemporary writers. *R.*

In this drama the Editors of the second folio insert *Bawd, a court lady.* If there ever was such a character, it must have been omitted before the play was printed.

[3] *Had they been less, they had been* safe, *Putskie.*] Former editions. The change necessary to the metre. *Seward.*

The meaning of this passage (which is liable to misconstruction) is, 'Had his military 'prowess been less, he would have been less an object of envy and jealousy, and sooner have 'been rewarded.' So afterwards, Archas saying, *That voluntary I sit down,* Theodore replies, *You are forc'd, Sir; forc'd for your* safety.

[4] *Put all his* power *to practice.*] The context requires the small variation we have made. The latter editions read, *pow'r* in *practice.*

Puts. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me, [fences,
The duke will have but poor and slight de-
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
How stand you with him, Sir?
Theod. A perdue captain,
Full of my father's danger.
Puts. He has rais'd a young man, [not)
They say a slight young man (I know him
For what desert?
Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,
Worthy the duke's respect,[5] a clear sweet gentleman,
And of a noble soul. Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my father, who within this
You'll find an alter'd man. [hour
Puts. I'm sorry for't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Olym. Is't not a handsome wench?
Gent. She is well enough, madam:
I've seen a better face, and a straighter body;
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.[6]
Olym. What thinkest thou Petesca?
Pet. Alas, madam, I've no skill; she has a black eye, [ter:
Which is o' th' least too, and the dullest wa-
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,
Nature intended her a right good stomach.
Olym. She has a good hand.
Gent. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a lute.
Olym. What think you of her colour?
Pet. If it be her own,
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I warrant it.
Gent. What a strange pace sh' has got?
Olym. That's but her breeding.
Pet. And what a manly body? methinks she looks
As tho' she'd pitch the bar, or go to buffets.
Gent. Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she's too bashful.
Olym. Is that hurtful? [em, madam,
Gent. Ev'n equal to too bold; either of
May do her injury when time shall serve her.
Olym. You discourse learnedly. Call in the wench. [*Exit Gent.*
What envious fools are you? Is the rule general,
That women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they're bred withal?
Pet. Scarce well of those, madam,
If they believe they may out-shine 'em any way: [any thing,
Our natures are like oil, compound us with
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Suppose there were here now,
Now in this court of Mosco, a stranger-princess, [lence,
Of blood and beauty equal to your Excel-
As many eyes and services stuck on her;
What would you think?
Olym. I'd think she might deserve it.
Pet. Your grace shall give me leave not to believe you;
I know you are a woman, and so humour'd.
I'll tell you, madam; I could then get more gowns on you,
More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and more silk stockings,
With rocking you asleep with nightly railings
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out. By this hand, you would scratch her eyes out.
Olym. Thou'rt deceiv'd, fool. Now let your own eyes mock you.

(Enter Gentlewoman and Alinda.)

Come hither, girl. Hang me, an she be not
A handsome one.
Pet. I fear 'twill prove indeed so.
Olym. Did you e'er serve yet in any place of worth?
Alin. No, royal lady.
Pet. Hold up your head; fy!
Olym. Let her alone; stand from her!
Alin. It shall be now, [for,
Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And, might my promise carry but that credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,
From all the service that my life can lend me,[7]
May everlasting misery then find me!
Olym. What think ye now?—I do believe, and thank you;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.
What must I call your name?
Alin. Alinda, madam.
Olym. Can you sing? [leave, lady.
Alin. A little, when my grief will give me
Olym. What grief canst thou have, wench? Thou'rt not in love? [goodness;
Alin. If I be, madam, 'tis only with your
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.
Olym. Of what years are you?
Alin. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was bless'd

[5] Worth *the duke's respect.*] This change is plainly necessary to the metre. *Seward.*

[6] *I've seen a better face, and a straighter body;*
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.] This last line seems candid, and by no means of a piece with the rest of what this second woman utters of Alinda; I have therefore given it to *Olympia*, to whom, I believe, it of right belongs. *Seward.*
We see no reason for the variation; and think the former editions right.

[7] *Life can lend* me.] Mr. Seward reads, *Can lend* ye.

With your most happy birth, I first saluted
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,
And all the graces, to adorn your goodness,
I stole into the world poor and neglected.
Olym. Something there was, when I first look'd upon thee, [it,
Made me both like and love thee; now I know
And you shall find that knowledge shall not
I hope you are a maid? [hurt you.
Alin I hope so too, madam;
I'm sure for any man. And were I otherwise,
Of all the services my hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great duke, madam.
Duke. Good morrow, sister!
Olym. A good day to your highness!
Duke. I'm come to pray you use no more persuasions [you:
For this old stubborn man; nay, to command
His sail is swell'd too full; he's grown too insolent, [services
Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight
H' has done my father, and myself, have blown him
To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.[8]
Olym. I'm sorry, Sir: I ever thought those
Both great and noble. [services
Bur. However, may it please you
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;
But to consider, royal Sir, the dangers,
When you have slept secure, the midnight tempests,
That, as he march'd, sung thro' his aged locks;
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines; [temperate;
The fires of Heav'n, when you have found all
Death, with its thousand doors——
Duke. I have considered;
No more! And that I will have, shall be.
Olym. For the best,
I hope all still.
Duke. What handsome wench is that there?
Olym. My servant, Sir.
Duke. Prithee observe her, Burris;
Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy freedom.
Bur. She appears no less to me, Sir.
Duke. Of whence is she? [tleman,
Olym. Her father, I am told, is a good gen-
But far off dwelling: Her desire to serve me
Brought her to th' court, and here her friends have left her.
Duke. She may find better friends. You're welcome, fair one!
I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave:
Nay, stand up, sweet; we'll have no superstition.
You've got a servant; you may use him kindly,
And he may honour you. Good morrow, sister. [*Exeunt Duke and Burris.*
Olym. Good morrow to your grace! How the wench blushes!
How like an angel now she looks!
Gent. At first jump, [to you,
Jump into the duke's arms? We must look
Indeed we must; the next jump we are journeymen.
Pet. I see the ruin of our hopes already;
'Would she were at home again, milking her father's cows.

[8] *He flies* to stoop *our favours.*] *To stoop* is a term of *falconry*. Latham, who wrote a Treatise on this art, printed in the year 1633, explains it thus: 'Stooping is, when a hawke, 'being upon her wings, at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently down to strike the fowle 'or any other prey.' That the word was not obsolete when Milton wrote his Paradise Loss, and even later, will appear from the following examples:

'——— he then survey'd
'Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
'Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side night
'In the dun air sublime, and ready now
'To *stoop* with wearied wings and willing feet
'On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
'Firm land imbosom'd, &c.' Par. Lost, b. iii. l. 69.

'So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but fate
'Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
'On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd
'After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight
'The bird of Jove, *stoop'd* from his aery tour,
'Two birds of gayest plume before him drove'
Par. Lost, b. xi. l. 181.

'Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
'And *stoop* with closing pinions from above;
'Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
'And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng.'
Dryden's Trans. of Virgil's Æn. i. 393. *R.*

Gent. I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers
Olym. This has not made you proud! [first,
Alin. No, certain, madam.
Olym. It was the duke that kiss'd you.
Alin. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but ho-
Olym But, say he love you? [nour.
Alin. That he may with safety:
A prince's love extends to all his subjects.
Olym. But, say in more particular?
Alin. Pray fear not:
For Virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.
'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,
His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a traitor to your service:
You are my mistress and my noble master,
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And, when I fail in that faith——
Olym. I believe thee——
Come, wipe your eyes—I do. Take you ex-
Pet. I would her eyes were out! [ample!
Gent. If the wind stand in this door,
We shall have but cold custom: Some trick
And speedily! [or other,
Pet. Let me alone to think on't.
Olym. Come, be you near me still.
Alin. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Putskie, Antient, and Soldiers, carrying his armour piece-meal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.

Theod. This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.
Puts. This was not wont to be; These honour'd pieces,
The fiery god of war himself would smile at
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like relicks, to be offer'd to long rust,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.
Archas. There set 'em down: And, glorious war, farewell!
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms' ruins;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Thro' fires and famines; for one title from thee,
Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,
Rust and consuming time must now dwell with ye! [to conquest,
And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd destruction, [ment:
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monu-
Farewell, my eagle![9] when thou flew'st, whole armies [seen thee
Have stoop'd below thee: At passage I have
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury;
And bang 'em up together, as a tassel,
Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons.
I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,
The aged Volga, when he heav'd his head up,
And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruins,
The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins;
Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentle-men. [too,
But these must be forgotten: So must these
And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And sacred rites of war, t' adorn the temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their master
Is now devotion's soldier, fit for pray'r.
Why do ye hang your heads? Why look ye sad, friends?
I am not dying yet.
Theod. You are indeed to us, Sir.
Puts. Dead to our fortunes, general.
Archas. You'll find a better,
A greater, and a stronger man to lead you,
And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends,
Time and the wars together make me stoop, gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave: My mind unfurnish'd too;
Empty and weak as I am. My poor body,
Able for nothing now but contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a soldier, [well
Yet, had they but encourag'd me, or thought
Of what I've done, I think I should have ventur'd [shift yet
For one knock more; I should have made a
To've broke one staff more handsomely, and have died
Like a good fellow, and an honest soldier,
I' th' head of ye all, with my sword in my hand,

[9] *Farewell, my* eagle.] All the terms in this speech are taken from the art of *falconry*, as any person who will be at the pains to read the books on this science will readily discover.

Our Author, in the latter part, seems to have had Shakespeare's description of the Severn, in the First Part of Henry IV. act i. before him:

'Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
'Upon agreement, of sweet Severn's flood;
'Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
'Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
'And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
'Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.' *R.*

And so have made an end of all with credit.
Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all these injuries,
These secure slights——
Archas. Ha! no more of that, sirrah;
Not one word more of that, I charge you!
Theod. I must speak, Sir:
And may that tongue forget to sound your service,
That's dumb to your abuses! [vice,
Archas. Understand, fool,
That voluntary I sit down.
Theod. You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your safety: I too well remember
The time and cause, and I may live to curse 'em,
You made this vow; and whose unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good——
Archas. No more!
As thou art mine, no more!
Theod. Whose doubts and envies——
But th' devil will have his due.
Puts. Good gentle colonel! [of honour
Theod. And tho' disgraces, and contempt
Reign now, the wheel must turn again.
Archas. Peace, sirrah! [me?
Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon
Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it;
Down with that disobedience; tie that tongue
Theod. Tongue? [up!
Archas. Do not provoke me to forget my vow, sirrah,
And draw that fatal sword again in anger.
Puts. For Heav'n's sake, colonel! [suffer:
Archas. Do not let me doubt
Whose son thou art, because thou canst not
Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,
By all the loyalty my heart holds——
Theod. I have done, Sir;
Pray pardon me.
Archas. I pray you be worthy of it.
Beshrew your heart, you've vex'd me.
Theod. I am sorry, Sir.
Archas. Go to; no more of this; be true and honest!
I know you're man enough; mould it to just ends, [ble,[10]
And let not my disgraces. Then I'm miserable—
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants and Gentlemen.

Puts. An't please you, Sir, the duke.
Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious emblem?
Archas. Your grace should first remember—
Bor. There's his nature. [injury
Duke. I do, and shall remember still that
That at the muster; where it pleas'd your greatness
To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it;
And, more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.
Burris. Oh, think not so, Sir.
Duke. And in my father's sight.
Archas. Heav'n be my witness,
I did no more (and that with modesty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant, [rudeness
And from your father seal'd: Nor durst that
And impudence of scorn fall from my 'havi-
I ever yet knew duty. [our
Duke. We shall teach you! [you
I will remember too, upon some words [told
Then at that time, some angry words you answer'd,
If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.
You've kept your word, and so it shall be to you; [Sir
From henceforth I dismiss you; take you ease
Archas. I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted body, [troubles
Beaten and bruis'd with arms, dried up with
Is good for nothing else but quiet now, Sir,
And holy pray'rs; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heav'n for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deaf, and my petitions perish!
Bor. What a smooth humble cloak h'has cas'd his pride in, [trusting—
And how h'has pull'd his claws in? there's no
Burris. Speak for the best.
Bor. Believe I shall do ever. [ye
Duke. To make you understand, we feel no
Such dearth of valour and experience,
Such a declining age of doing spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your excellence,

[10] *And* let *not my disgraces, then I am miserable,*
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.] The first part of this must either be a broken sentence, as I have made it, or *let* must be wrong. The sense might be, *Do not* increase *my disgraces, by what will make me most miserable, your lawless angers.* The only reading that occurs in this sense is, *And* whet *not my disgraces*; but I don't think it a very natural word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward prints,

And let not my disgraces——Then, &c.

but the word *let* is probably used here in its ancient sense; *i. e.* 'attempt not to *prevent* my disgraces.' So in Hamlet,

'I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.'

The instances in which the word is applied in this sense are innumerable. It is still used in the same manner as a law term.

And you, or none, be honour'd; take, Boroskie,
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier;
A little time will bring thee to this honour,
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,
The soldiers' fondness, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his sword had the least share in.
Theod. Oh, that I durst but answer now!
Puts. Good colonel!
Theod. My heart will break else.—Royal Sir, I know not [labours,
What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly
And loss of blood, consumptions in your service, [ries
Whose bodies are acquainted with more misery
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves
His sword the least share gain'd? [are—
Duke. You will not fight with me?
Theod. No, Sir, I dare not;
You are my prince, but I dare speak to you,
And dare speak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet truth will now but anger you; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Duke. Ev'n when you please, Sir.
Archas. Sirrah, see me no more!
Duke. And so may you too: [there, Sir,
You have a house i'th' country; keep you
And, when you've rul'd yourself, teach your son manners:
For this time I forgive him.
Archas. Heav'n forgive all;
And to your Grace a happy and long rule here!
And you, lord gen'ral, may your fights be prosperous! [court you!
In all your course may Fame and Fortune
Fight for your country, and your prince's safety;
Boldly, and bravely face your enemy, [virtue,
And when you strike, strike with that killing
As if a general plague had seiz'd before you;
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind you;
And then come home an old and noble story!
Bur. A little comfort, Sir.
Duke. As little as may be.
Farewell! you know your limit.
[*Exeunt Duke, &c.*
Burris. Alas, brave gentleman!
Archas. I do, and will observe it suddenly.
My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim soldier now:
I've seen him in his sourest shapes, and dreadfull'st;
Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:
That audit's cast. Farewell, my honest soldiers! [Ancient!
Give me your hands. Farewell! farewell, good
(A stout man, and a true) thou'rt come in sorrow.[11] [fail ye!
Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er
You do but change a man; your fortune's constant;
That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;
Be valiant still, and good: And when ye fight next, [horror,
When flame and fury make but one face of
When the great rest of all your honour's up,
When you would think a spell to shake the enemy,
Remember me; my prayers shall be with ye:
So, once again, farewell!
Puts. Let's wait upon you. [left me
Archas. No, no, it must not be; I have now
A single fortune to myself, no more,
Which needs no train, nor compliment. Good captain,
You are an honest and a sober gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.
Puts. I am sure on't.
Archas. Look to my boy; he's grown too headstrong for me;
And if they think him fit to carry arms still,
His life is theirs. I have a house i'th' country,
And when your better hours will give you liberty,
See me: You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye! [*Exit.*
Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good, [ney.
And 'twill but make me dry, and I've no mo-
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And if I can do that, I care not for money.
I could have curs'd reasonable well, and I have had the luck too
To have 'em hit sometimes. Whosoe'er thou
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke [art,
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I say to thee;
A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.
Sold. Oh, take the pox too.
Anc. They'll cure one another: [ing.
I must have none but kills, and those kill stink-
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess them,
Or pox upon pox.
Puts. That's but ill i'th' arms, Sir.
Anc. 'Tis worse i'th' legs; I wou'd not wish it else:

[11] *Thou art* come *in sorrow.*] As this is sense I don't change it; but, as it appears flat, think it probable the original might have been,

——— *thou'rt* drown'd *in sorrow.*

The Ancient's speech afterwards plainly shews that he was then shedding tears, *I'll cry no more.* *Seward.*

We think the passage means simply, 'Thou art come *in a time* of sorrow.'

And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,
And twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he has 'em.
Sold. May he be ever lousy!
Anc. That's a pleasure,
The beggar's lechery; sometimes the soldier's:
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
And maggots breed in's brains!
2 *Sold.* Ay, marry, Sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother, [mouth,
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his
And one fall across his throat; then let him gargle!

Enter a Post.

Puts. Now, what's the matter?
Post. Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?
Puts. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.
Post. I thank you. [*Exit.*
Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold, [saw it,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he
Sue a divorce, and after find her honest;
Then in a pleasant pigsty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!
Puts. If these would do——
Anc. I'll never trust my mind more,
If all these fail.
1 *Sold.* What shall we do now, captain?
For by this honest hand I'll be torn in pieces,
Unless my old general go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the leg well.
Anc. Fight? 'tis likely! [need on's.
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there's
They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of Captain Cankro Boroskie! What a noise his very name carries!
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,
He needs no soldiers; if he do, for my part
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too, [Archas,
And all the army. No, honest, brave old
We cannot so soon leave thy memory,
So soon forget thy goodness: He that does,
The scandal and the scum of arms be counted!
Puts. You much rejoice me; now you have hit my meaning.
I durst not press ye till I found your spirits:
Continue thus!
Anc. I'll go and tell the duke on't.

Enter Second Post.

Puts. No. no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes. Another packet!
From whence, friend, come you?
2 *Post.* From the borders, Sir.
Puts. What news, Sir, I beseech you?
2 *Post.* Fire and sword, gentlemen;
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward like a tempest; all before him
Burning and killing.
Anc. Brave, boys! brave news, boys!
2 *Post.* Either we must have present help—
Anc. Still braver!
2 *Post.* Where lies the duke?
Sold. He s there.
2 *Post.* 'Save ye, gentlemen! [*Exit.*
Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.
Now the time's come.
Puts. Ay, now 'tis come, indeed;
And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on merrily. [bonfire:
Anc. This city would make an excellent fine
'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no fellow. [whining,
2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and
Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie and a Servant.

Puts. Here's one has heard it already
Room for the general! [sudden,
Bor. Say I am fall'n exceeding sick o'th
And am not like to live.
Puts. If you go on, Sir; [for you
For they will kill you certainly; they look
Anc. I see your lordship's bound; take a suppository.
'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast flag of yours. The foolish Tartars, [kill us
They burn and kill, an't like your honour
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord; with guns, Sir! [sops
What says your lordship to a chick in sorre
Puts. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny thou hast but one fault; [gentlemen
Thou'rt ev'n too valiant. Come, to th' army
And let's make them acquainted.
Sold. Away; we are for you. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alinda, Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Alin. Why, whither run ye, fools? will ye leave my lady?
Pet. The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes
Alin. Why, let him; [conscience
I thought ye had fear'd no men. Upon m
You have tried their strengths already; stay for shame!
Pet. Shift for thyself, Alinda.
[*Exit with Ger*
Alin. Beauty bless ye! [now
Into what groom's feather-bed will ye cree
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youth ye are, [of foining
And of a constant courage: Are you afra

Enter Olympia.

Olym. Oh, my good wench, what shall b come of us? [ge
The posts come hourly in, and bring new da

The enemy is past the Volga, and [11] bears hither
With all the blood and cruelty he carries:
My brother now will find his fault.
Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late, madam. But pray fear not;
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, shake not. [sex trembles.
Olym. How can'st thou by this spirit? our
Alin. I am not unacquainted with these dangers, [perish,
And you shall know my truth; for, ere you
A hundred swords shall pass thro' me; 'tis but dying,
And, madam, we must do't; the manner's all.
You have a princely birth, take princely thoughts to you,
And take my counsel too: Go presently,
With all the haste you have (I will attend you)
With all the possible speed, to old lord Archas; [him,
He honours you; with all your art persuade ('Twill be a dismal time else) wooe him hither,
But hither, madam; make him see the danger;
For your new general looks like an ass;
There's nothing in his face but loss.
Olym. I'll do it:
And thank thee, sweet Alinda! Oh, my jewel,
How much I'm bound to love thee! By this hand, wench,
If thou wert a man——
Alin. I would I were, to fight for you.
But haste, dear madam.
Olym. I need no spurs, Alinda. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, two Posts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The lord-general sick now? Is this a time [come, Post,
For men to creep into their beds? What's be-
Of my lieutenant?
Post. Beaten, an't please your grace,
And all his forces sparkled.[12]

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold news. [ready?
How now? what good news? are the soldiers
Gent. Yes, Sir; but fight they will not, nor stir from that place [chas
They stand in now, unless they have lord Ar-
To lead 'em out: They rail upon this general,
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse tunes: [they swear,
And much they spare not you, Sir. Here,
They'll stand and see the city burnt, and dance about it, [for't:
Unless lord Archas come, before they fight
It must be so, Sir.
Duke. I could wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him:
But all I fear will fail; we must die, gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

(Enter Burris.)

What bring'st thou, Burris?
Burris. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir.
I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heav'n:
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The country's ruin; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd. [new general?
Your grace was much to blame. Where's the
Duke. He's sick, poor man.
Burris. He's a poor man indeed, Sir.
Your grace must needs go to the soldier.
Duke. They [rail at me,
Have sent me word they will not stir; they
And all the spite they have—[*Shout within.*] What shout is that there?
Is th' enemy come so near?

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I've brought him, Sir;
At length I've woo'd him thus far.
Duke. Happy sister!
Oh, blessed woman!
Olym. Use him nobly, brother;
You never had more need. And, gentlemen,
All the best pow'rs ye have to tongues turn presently, [my art,
To winning and persuading tongues: All
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him. And, good my lord,
Tho' I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happiness to bring you hither,
And not to urge you further; yet, see your country,
Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miseries
On every side, the fears; oh, see the dangers;
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.
Duke. Next, hear your prince: You've said you lov'd him, Archas,
And thought your life too little for his service.
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is,
And now you're brought to th' test; touch right now, soldier,
Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;

[11] Bears *hither.*] *i. e. comes this way.* So in Othello, 'bears tow'rds Cyprus.'
[12] *Sparkled.*] i. e. *Dispersed.* See Humourous Lieutenant, note 6.

Now, if thou be'st that valued man, that virtue,[13] [it.
That great obedience, teaching all, now stand
What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty;
And what you said yourself forget,[14] you were angry.
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, Archas. [Burris!
He weeps, and holds his hands up: To him,
Burris. You've shew'd the prince his faults;
And, like a good chirurgeon, you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
('Gainst which, I take it, Heav'n gives no command, Sir,
Nor seals no vow) can better teach you now
What you've to do, than I, or this necessity;
Only this little's left; would you do nobly,
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing. [sake, general;
Alin. Last, a poor virgin kneels: For love's
If ever you have lov'd, for her sake, Sir;
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate.
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier,
And when your spurs were given you, your sword buckled, [beauty's,
Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for
For chastity, to strike: Strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your sword, or else you're recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward: [Anger.
Your first vow Honour made, your last but
Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, speaks too? [thank you.
So would she chide my dullness. Fair one, I
My gracious Sir, your pardon, next your hand;
Madam, your favour, and your prayers; gentlemen, [sweet one,
Your wishes, and your loves; and, pretty
A favour for your soldier!
Olym. Give him this, wench.
Alin. Thus do I tie on victory.
Archas. My armour, [fortune!
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my
And, Olin, now I come to shake thy glory.
Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with thee! [attend thee!
Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our pray'rs
Burris, &c. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!
Alin. Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO news of Archas yet?
Burris. But now, an't please you,
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He saw the armies join,
The game of blood begun; and by our general,
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,
And there he said he left 'em.
Duke. Where's Boroskie?
1 *Gent.* He's up again, an't please you.
Burris. Sir, methinks
This news should make you lightsome, bring joy to you;
It strikes our hearts with general comfort.
Gone? [*Exit Duke.*
What should this mean? so suddenly? He's well?
2 *Gent.* We see no other.
1 *Gent.* 'Would the rest were well too,
That puts these starts into him!
Burris. I'll go after him. [secret in him,
2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir; h' has some
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has cross'd him since the general went?
Burris. Not any; [found it:
If there had been, I am sure I should have
Only I have heard him oft complain for money he says he wants. [ney;
1 *Gent.* It may be that then.
Burris. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it can't be.

Enter Duke and Boroskie.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And lord Boroskie with him.
Burris. There the game goes.
I fear some new thing hatching.
Duke. Come hither, Burris.
Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,

[13] ——— *that virtue,*
That great obedience teaching, &c.] Mr. Seward reads, *obedience-teaching*, but the old reading is certainly the most elegant.

[14] *What I have said* forget, *my youth was hasty,*
And what you said yourself forgive. *you were angry.*] This very proper transposition was made by Mr. Seward.

And to my little mistress give this token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.
Burris. Yes, I shall, Sir.
[*Exeunt Burris and Gent.*
Duke. Wait you without.—I would yet try him further. [Grace heard yet
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your Of what he has done i' th' field?
Duke. A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd, The enemy gave ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well. [not for fighting,
Duke. Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis And noise of war, I keep thee in my bosom; Thy ends are nearer to me; from my child-hood [nature,
Thou brought'st me up, and, like another Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy, [honour)
(Tho' I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your When vain and empty people shall proclaim Good Sir, excuse me. [me——
Duke. Do you fear me for your enemy? Speak, on your duty.
Bor. Then I must, and dare, Sir.
When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not, [praises;
Take heed he meet not with their loves and That glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir, [portion)
(And make him strive to make good that pro-Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honour-At least I strive to understand him so, [able,
And of a nature, if not this way poison'd, Perfect enough, easy, and sweet; but those are soon seduc'd, Sir.
He's a great man, and what that pill may work, Prepar'd by general voices of the people, Is th' end of all my counsel. Only this, Sir;
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it [while well,
Than you know yet: There if he stand a But till the soldier cool (whom, for their service, [freely,
You must pay now most liberally, most And shower yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty They follow with their loves, and not the bravery)—

Enter two Gentlemen.

Duke. But where's the money?—How
2 Gent. Sir, the colonel, [now!
Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here Attends your Grace's pleasure.
Bor. Be not seen, Sir. [ders;
He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thun-To th' court he must not come. No blessing here, Sir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour!

Enter Theodore.

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir. [*Exit.*
Bor. Conduct him in, Sir.—Welcome, noble colonel.
Theod. That's much from your lordship: Pray where is the duke?
Bor. We hear you've beat the Tartar.
Theod. Is he busy, Sir?
Bor. Have ye ta'en Olin yet?
Theod. I would fain speak with him.
Bor. How many men have ye lost?
Theod. Does he lie this way?
Bor. I'm sure you fought it bravely.
Theod. I must see him.
Bor. You cannot yet, you must not; what's your commission?
Theod. No gentleman o' th' chamber here?
Bor. Why, pray you, Sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your business?
Theod. I think you are not, Sir; I'm sure you shall not. [Sir,
I bring no tales nor flatteries: In my tongue; I carry no fork'd stings.
Bor. You keep your bluntness.
Theod. You are deceiv'd; it keeps me: I had felt else [trifle not;
Some of your plagues ere this. But, good Sir, I've business to the duke.
Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be spoke withal.
Theod. Not well, Sir? [well, Sir?
How would he ha' been, if we had lost? Not I bring him news to make him well: His enemy, [house too,
That would have burnt his city here, and your Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,
Where all your ancestors, and all their battles, Their silk and golden battles, are decipher'd;
That would not only have abus'd your build-ings, [dry your butteries,
Your goodly buildings, Sir, and have drunk Purloin'd your lordship's plate, the duke be-stow'd on you,
For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins, [lordship,
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your 'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curse is You'd had no remedy against these rascals,
No law, an't like your honour; would have kill'd you too,
And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time: Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals;
These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em, [tlemen,
And par'd their nails, that honest civil gen-And such most noble persons as yourself is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a These news I bring. [twine thread.
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd you?
Theod. My lord, I am no pen-man, nor no orator; [like ye,
My tongue was never oil'd, with 'Here, an't 'There, I beseech you:' Weigh, I am a soldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, Sir;
I come not to stand treating here; my business

Is with the duke, and of such general bless-
ing—— [know it,
Bor. You have overthrown the enemy; we
And we rejoice in't; ye've done like honest
subjects,
You have done handsomely and well.
Theod. But well, Sir? [glers?
But handsomely and well? What, are we jug-
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon.
But handsomely and well? Does your lord-
ship take us [bravely, Sir,
For the duke's tumblers? We have done
Ventur'd our lives like men.
Bor. Then bravely be it. [and graces;
Theod. And for as brave rewards we look,
We've sweat and bled for't, Sir.
Bor. And you may have it,
If you will stay the giving. Men that thank
themselves first
For any good they do, take off the lustre,
And blot the benefit.
Theod. Are these the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray
heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more ene-
mies; [too;
Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh
For, if there be——
Bor. They must be met, and fought with.
Theod. By whom! by you? they must be
met and flatter'd.
Why, what a devil ails you to do these things?
With what assurance dare you mock men thus?
You have but single lives, and those I take it
A sword may find too? Why do you dam the
duke up?
And choke that course of love, that like a
river [forts?
Should fill our empty veins again with com-
But if you use these knick-knacks, [honest,
This fast and loose, with faithful men and
You'll be the first will find it.

Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putskie, Ancient and others.

Bor. You're too untemperate.
Theod. Better be so, and thief too, than
unthankful: [all.
Pray use this old man so, and then we're paid
The duke thanks you for your service, and
the court thanks you,
And wonderful desirous they're to see you.
Pray Heav'n we've room enough to march for
may-games, [home, Sir.
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome
Here your most noble friend the lord Boroskie,
A gentleman too tender of your credit, [Sir,
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good,
Crazy and sickly, yet, to be your servant,
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.

Bor. The best is, your words wound not.
You are welcome home, Sir,
Heartily welcome home; and for your service,
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,
The duke salutes you too with all his thanks,
Sir.
Anc. Sure they will now regard us.
Puts. There's a reason: [tenance,
But, by the changing of the colonel's coun-
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,
I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.
Archas. Is the duke well, Sir?
Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an ague,
Which cannot last. H' has heard, which
makes him fearful, [come,
And loth as yet to give your worth due wel-
The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th'
army, [danger,
Which happily may prove more doubt than
And more his fear than faith;[15] yet, how-
An honest care—— [soever,
Archas. You say right, and it shall be;
For tho', upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,
A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't;
(For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we never stood
more healthy,
Never more high and lusty) yet to satisfy,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away,
Sir,
And lodge at further distance, and less danger.
Bor. It will be well.
Anc. It will be very scurvy:
I smell it out, it stinks abominably;
Stir it no more.
Bor. The duke, Sir, would have you too,
For a short day or two, retire to your own
house,
Whither himself will come to visit you,
And give you thanks.
Archas. I shall attend his pleasure.
Anc. A trick, a lousy trick! Soho, a trick,
boys!
Archas. How now? what's that?
Anc. I thought I had found a hare, Sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox; shall we hunt him?
Archas. No more such words!
Bor. The soldier's grown too saucy;
You must tie him straiter up.
Archas. I do my best, Sir;
But men of free-born minds sometimes will
fly out.
Anc. May not we see the duke?
Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen;
Your general knows the cause.
Anc. We have no plague, Sir,
Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.

[15] *And more his fear than* fate.] Mr. Sympson calls this absolute nonsense, and reads *faith*, which is proved by Archas's answer, who says it is,

A meer opinion, without faith *or fear in it.*

I admit the conjecture, but cannot think the old reading absolute nonsense. *Seward.*

Puts. Certain, my lord, [done,
Considering what we are, and what we have
(If not, what need you may have) twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taste honester,
To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,
And lash away their lives at the cart's tail,
Double our comforts; meat, and their masters' thanks too, [quality,
When they work well, they have; men of our
When they do well, and venture for't with valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come home, Sir, [worthy,
And know these are deserving things, things
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be stirr'd with glory? 'Tis a pride becomes
A little season'd with ambition, ['em,
To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,
For what they have done: When to come home thus poorly, [on
And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd
As if we had done no more but dress'd a horse well,
So entertain'd as if 'I thank ye, gentlemen,
'Take that to drink,' had pow'r to please a soldier! [people?
Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the
The prince himself?

Archas. Peace!—I perceive your eye, Sir,
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;
And happily you find his tongue too forward:
As I am master of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this man,
No stronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,
And think, with modesty enough, such saints
That daily thrust their loves and lives thro' hazards, [hourly,
And fearless, for their country's peace, march
Thro' all the doors of death, and know the darkest,
Should better be canoniz'd for their service:
What labour would these men neglect, what danger,
Where honour is? tho' seated in a billow
Rising as high as Heav'n, would not these soldiers,
Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?
D'you see these swords? Time's scythe was ne'er so sharp, Sir,
Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;
Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,
When they are drawn; and were it not sometimes
I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,
They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.
And whose are all these glories? why, their prince's,
Their country's, and their friends'! Alas, of all these, [ings,
And all the happy ends they bring, the bless-
They only share the labours: A little joy then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,
Would not have done amiss, Sir; but, howsoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, Sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope, by my example,
No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,
The duke will both look suddenly and truly
On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they were paid, Sir. [money;

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for
And any favour else——

Archas. We are all bound to you;
And so I take my leave, Sir. When the duke pleases
To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be suddenly;
I know his good thoughts to you.

Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I shall attend, Sir.

Bor. Once more, you're welcome home. These shall be satisfied.

Theod. Be sure we be; and handsomely—

Archas. Wait you on me, Sir.

Theod. And honestly: No juggling!

Archas. Will you come, Sir? [*Exit.*

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

Theod. We are no boys! [*Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with money.

Bor. Well, Sir?

Gent. Here's money from the duke, an't please your lordship.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How sour the soldiers look!

Bor. Is't told? [pay,

Gent. Yes; and for ev'ry company a double
And the duke's love to all.

Anc. That's worth a ducat. [then.

Bor. You that be officers, see it discharg'd
Why don't you take it up?

Anc. 'Tis too heavy:
'Body o'me, I have strain'd mine arm.

Bor. Do you scorn it?

Anc. Has your lordship any dice about you? Sit round, gentlemen,
And come on seven for my share.

Puts. Do you think, Sir, [draw us
This is the end we fight for? can this dirt
To such a stupid tameness, that our service,
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted? [Sir,
Have not we eyes and ears, to hear and see,
And minds to understand, the slights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on me [me;
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am answer'd, [day.'
'Alas, 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sun-
These are the sores we're sick of, the mind's maladies, [us nobly,
And can this cure 'em? You should have us'd
And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us

To the world's eye, have shew'd and sainted us,
Then you had paid us bravely; then we had shin'd, Sir,
Not in this gilded stuff, but in our glory!
You may take back your money.
Gent. This I fear'd still.
Bor. Consider better, gentlemen.
Anc. Thank your lordship;
And now I'll put on my considering cap.
My lord, that I'm no courtier, you may guess it
By having no suit to you for this money;
For tho' I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
While you want that civility to rank it
With those rights we expected; money grows, Sir, [one purse:
And men must gather it; all is not put in
And that I'm no carter,[16] I could ne'er whistle yet:
But that I am a soldier, and a gentleman,
And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,
And a most pleasant companion, 'All you that are witty,
'Come, list to my ditty!' Come, set in, boys!
With your lordship's patience.—[*Song.*]—How d'ye like my song, my lord?
Bor. Ev'n as I like yourself; 'But 'twould be a great deal better,
'You would prove a great deal wiser,'—[*Song.*]—and take this money;
In your own phrase I speak now, Sir: And 'tis very well
You've learn'd to sing; for since you prove so liberal, [voice still;
To refuse such means as this, maintain your
'Twill prove your best friend,
Anc. 'Tis a singing age, Sir,
A merry moon here now; I'll follow it:
Fidling, and fooling, now gain more than fighting.
Bor. What is't you blench at?[17] What would you ask? Speak freely.
Sold. And so we dare. A triumph for the general! [virtue!
Puts. And then an honour special to his
Anc. That we may be preferr'd that have serv'd for it,
And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful;
At least upon the city's charge made drunk
For one whole year; we've done 'em ten years' service; [grudging,
That we may enjoy our lechery without
And mine or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may be proclaim'd; that when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no law
Lay hold upon us, nor no court controul us!
Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: The general will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with patience—I have no pow'r.
Puts. Nor will. Come, fellow-soldiers!
Bor. Pray be not so distrustful.
Puts. There are ways yet, [statues.
And honest ways; we are not brought up
Anc. If your lordship
Have any silk stockings that have holes i' th' heels, [buttons,
Or ever an honourable cassock that wants
I could have cur'd such maladies: Your lordship's custom,
And my good lady's, if the bones want setting
In her old bodice——
Bor. This is disobedience.
Anc. Eight-pence a-day, and hard eggs!
Puts. Troop off, gentlemen!
Some coin we have; while this lasts, or our credits, [pence.
We'll never sell our general's worth for six-
You are beholden to us.
Anc. Fare you well, Sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do you see this scarf, Sir? [brooms, Sir,
By this hand I'll cry brooms in't, birchen
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord! [*Exeunt.*
Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the money.
This love I must remove, this fondness to him,
This tenderness of heart; I have lost my way else.

[16] *And* that *I am no* carter, *I could never whistle yet.*] I take the word *that* to have crept in from the line beneath, for it seems to hurt both sense and measure. His saying, he was no *carter*, seems to relate to the weight of the money, which required a cart to carry it. *Seward.*

His saying, *that I'm no* CARTER, is explained by his adding, *I could ne'er whistle yet*; but he soon after *sings*.

The context proves the necessity of the word *that* being retained. The sense of the whole speech is, '*That* I'm no courtier, you may guess by not asking for money; *that* I'm no carter, 'by not being able to whistle; but *that* I'm a soldier, a gentleman, a *fine* gentleman, and a '*pleasant companion*, I'll shew you immediately: "All you that are witty," &c. singing.

[17] Blench.] i. e. *Shrink, start.*

'———— if he but *blench*,
'I know my course. Hamlet.

Again in Chaucer's Knyghte's Tale;

'He cast his eye upon Emilia,
'And therewithal he *bleynt*, and criede, A!
'As thow he stongen were unto the herte.' Morell's Chaucer, p. 86.

There is no sending, man; they will not take it, [for't ere't be long.
They're yet too full of pillage; they'll dance
Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now? refus'd their money?
Bor. Very bravely;
And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.
Duke. Where's Archas?
Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his house,
According to your pleasure, full of duty
To outward show; but what within——
Duke. Refuse it? [venues
Bor. Most confidently: 'Tis not your re-
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a general [eat, Sir,
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they
And loath your invitations.
Duke. 'Tis not possible;
He's poor as they.
Bor. You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your journey thither presently,
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder.
Good Sir, this morning.
Duke. Follow me; I'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Olympia. But do you think my brother loves her?
Burris. Certain, madam; [wonder;
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with
Oft wishes she were nobler born.
Olym. Do you think him honest?
Burris. Your Grace is nearer to his heart than I am;
Upon my life, I hold him so.
Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
I would not have her wrong'd: Methinks my brother——
But I must not give rules to his affections;
Yet, if he weigh her worth——
Burris. You need not fear,
Madam.
Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.
I do not like that ring from him to her,
I mean to women of her way; such tokens
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:
I would not have it so.
Burris. You will not find it;
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition
Is but to let the world know, h' has a handsome mistress. [him?
Will your Grace command me any service to
Olym. Remember all my duty.

Burris. Blessings crown you!
What's your will, lady?
Alin. Any thing that's honest;
And, if you think it fit, so poor a service,
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.
Burris. Fair one, I will; in the best phrase I have too:
And so I kiss your hand. [*Exit.*
Alin. Your lordship's servant.
Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with that ring?
Alin. I'm looking on the posy, madam.
Olym. What is't?
Alin. 'The jewel's set within.'[18]
Olym. But where the joy, wench,
When that invisible jewel's lost? Why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy meaning hast thou?
Alin. Nothing, madam; [rings have,
But only thinking what strange spells these
And how they work with some.
Pet. I fear with you too.
Alin. This could not cost above a crown.
Pet. 'Twill cost you [ing.
The shaving of your crown, if not the wash-
Olym. But he that sent it, makes the virtue greater.
Alin. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodness bless me,
How fit 'tis for my finger!
Gent. No doubt you'll find too,
A finger fit for you.
Alin. Sirrah, Petesca,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this? [vided.
But thou hast rings enough; thou art pro-
Heigh ho! what must I do now?
Pet. You'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.
Alin. Ah me, ah me!
Pet. You will divide too, shortly;
Your voice comes finely forward.
Olym. Come hither, wanton;
Thou art not surely as thou say'st.
Alin. I would not: [lady;
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring,
Lord, how my heart leaps!
Pet. 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly.
Alin. And now methinks a thousand of the duke's shapes——
Gent. Will no less serve you?
Alin. Inten thousand smiles——
Olym. Heav'n bless the wench!
Alin. With eyes that will not be denied to enter; [me:
And such soft sweet embraces—Take it from
I am undone else, madam, I am lost else.
Olym. What ails the girl?
Alin. How suddenly I'm alter'd,
And grown myself again! Do not you feel it?

[18] *The jewel's set within.*] This is the posy of the ring, being a compliment to the wearer. *Seward.*

Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this. I'll try the strength on't.
Alin. How cold my blood grows now! Here's sacred virtue!
When I leave to honour this,
Ev'ry hour to pay a kiss;
When each morning I arise,
I forget a sacrifice;[19]
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at still;
When I lose, or change this jewel;
Fly me, faith, and Heav'n be cruel!
Olym. You've half confirm'd me; keep but that way sure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Honora, and Viola.

Archas. Carry yourself discreetly, it concerns me;
The duke's come in; none of your froward passions,
Nor no distastes to any. Prithee, Theodore!
By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.
Theod. I have done, Sir,
So there be no foul play.[20] He brings along with him——
Archas. What's that to you? Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how.
Theod. So they mean well.
Archas. Is't fit you be a judge, sirrah?
Theod. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.
Archas. Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourselves up handsomely.
Theod. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores? Hang up a sign then,
And set 'em out to livery.
Archas. Whose son art thou?
Theod. Yours, Sir, I hope; but not of your disgraces.
Archas. Full twenty thousand men I have commanded, [angers;
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their
And shall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crooked stick——
Theod. Pray take your way, and thrive in't;
I'll quit your house. If taint or black dishonour [in't:
Light on you, 'tis your own, I've no share
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——
Archas. Hast thou no reverence?
No duty in thee?
Theod. This shall shew I obey you;
I dare not stay. I would have shew'd my love too,
And that you ask as duty, with my life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of you hazards,
Which Heav'n preserve you from, and kee the duke too:
And there's an end of my wishes; God b with you! [*Exit*
Archas. Stubborn, yet full of that we a love, honesty.

(Enter Burris.)

Lord Burris, where's the duke?
Burris. In the great chamber, Sir,
And there stays 'till he sees you. You've fine house here. [his presence
Archas. A poor contented lodge, unfit fo
Yet all the joy it hath——
Burris. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave Sir.
Archas. I thank you, lord:
And now my service to the duke.
Burris. I'll wait on you. [*Exeun*

Enter Duke, Boroskie, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Disgrace me else,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Duke. It seems impossible.
Bor. It cannot chuse, Sir, [s
'Till your own eyes behold it; but that it
And that by this means the too-haughty so dier [you
Has been so cramm'd and fed he cares not f
Believe, or let me perish: Let your eye,
As you observe the house, but where I poi
Make stay, and take a view, and then you' found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, Honora, Viola, and Servant.

Duke. I'll follow your direction. We come, Archas,
You're welcome home, brave lord! We' come to visit you,
And thank you for your service.
Archas. 'Twas so poor, Sir,
In true respect of what I owe your highnes It merits nothing.
Duke. Are these fair ones yours, lord?
Archas. Their mother made me think s Sir.
Duke. Stand up, ladies. [thinks fitt
Beshrew my heart, they're fair ones; m

[19] Or *I forget a sacrifice.*] Mr. Sympson and I both struck out the *or*, as injuring the me sure, and utterly spoiling the sense. *Seward.*

[20] *So there be no foul play he brings along with him.*] Mr. Sympson has corrected t pointing here, and seems much to have improved the sense. Theodore would say, that t duke brings Boroskie along with him, but is interrupted by his father. *Seward.*

The lustre of the court, than thus live darken'd. [to me
I'd see your house, lord Archas; it appears
A handsome pile.
Archas. 'Tis neat, but no great structure;
I'll be your grace's guide. Give me the keys there. [with the gallery,
Duke. Lead on, we'll follow you: Begin
I think that's one.
Archas. 'Tis so, an't please you, Sir;
The rest above are lodgings all.
Duke. Go on, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, and Ancient.

Puts. The duke gone thither, do you say?
Theod. Yes, marry do I;
And all the ducklings too: But what they'll do there——
Puts. I hope they'll crown his service.
Theod. With a custard![21] [his service?
This is no weather for rewards. They crown
Rather they go to shave his crown. I was rated out of doors,
As if I'd been a dog had worried sheep,
For making but a doubt.
Puts. They must now grace him.
Theod. Mark but the end.
Anc. I'm sure they should reward him;
They can't want him. [thing.
Theod. They that want honesty, want any
Puts. The duke's so noble in his own thoughts——
Theod. That I grant you, [certain,
If those might only sway him: But 'tis most
So many new-born flies, his light gave life to,
Buz in his beams, flesh-flies, and butterflies,
Hornets, and humming scarabs, that not one honey-bee, [home
That's loaden with true labour, and brings
Encrease and credit, can 'scape rifling;
And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness. [talk
Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and
Our mind to 'em?
Puts. That we have done too much,
And to no purpose.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing
Some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me, [him?
And for an action of no worth. Not honour
Upon my conscience, ev'n the devil, the very devil,
(Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man;
I am sure h' has sent him souls[22] any time these twenty years,
Able to furnish all his fish-markets.
Thcod. Leave thy talking; [him:
And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to
We shall hear more ere supper time. If he be honour'd, [for't;
He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight
If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,
And, for myself, I'll meet it.
Puts. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskie, Burris, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. They're handsome rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted,
Full of convenience; the prospect's excellent.
Archas. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but the honour
To taste a country banquet?
Duke. What room's that?
I would see all now; what conveyance has it?
I see you've kept the best part yet; pray open it. [no receipt, Sir;
Archas. Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of
For your eyes most unfit.
Duke. I long to see it,
Because I'd judge of the whole piece: Some excellent painting, [me
Or some rare spoils, you'd keep to entertain
Another time, I know.
Archas. In troth there is not, [have
Nor any thing worth your sight. Below I
Some fountains, and some ponds.
Duke. I would see this now.
Archas. Boroskie, thou'rt a knave!—It contains nothing [cessaries:
But rubbish from the other rooms, and unne-
Will't please you see a strange clock?
Duke. This, or nothing.
Why should you bar it up thus with defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it.
Archas. The keys are lost, Sir.
Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?
Duke. I will see it;
And either shew it——
Archas. Good Sir——
Duke. Thank you, Archas;
You shew your love abundantly.
Do I use to entreat thus? Force it open.
Burris. That were inhospitable; you're his guest, Sir,
And 'tis[23] his greatest joy to entertain you.
Duke. Hold thy peace, fool! Will you open
Archas. Sir, I cannot. [it?
I must not, if I could.
Duke. Go, break it open.

[21] *With a* custard.] So the former editions, instead of *costard*. *To crown a man with a costard*, is to break his head: *Costard* in this phrase meaning a crab-tree stick. *Seward.*

The old reading is droll; and Mr. Seward's humour (if there is any) obscure.

[22] Souls *to furnish his* fish-markets.] A poor pun upon *soals*.

[23] *And* with *his greatest joy*.] Former editions, corrected by Mr. Sympson. *Seward.*

Archas. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash, gentlemen!
Duke. Unarm him first; then, if he be not obstinate,
Preserve his life.
Archas. I thank your grace; I take it:
And now take you the keys; go in, and see, Sir; [that traitor,
There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank
That thing that sells his faith for favour!
[*Exit Duke.*
Burris. Sir, what moves you?
Archas. I have kept mine pure. Lord Burris, there's a Judas,
That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman? [it;
The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd
A whore's heart more belief in't!

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, Archas?
I cannot blame you to conceal it so,
This most inestimable treasure.
Archas. Yours, Sir. [slights me.
Duke. Nor do I wonder now the soldier
Archas. Be not deceiv'd; h' has had no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-thank,
That lost man in his faith! he has reveal'd it;
To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.
I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too!
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord!—I'll tell you all, Sir: [temper
Your sire, before his death, knowing your
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily, [tions,
Like a great husband, to preserve your acCollected all this treasure; to our trusts,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd lord's there, [this;
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all
Upon his death-bed too; and on the sacrament
He swore us thus, never to let this treasure
Part from our secret keepings, 'till no hope
Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted, [you,
No help of those that lov'd you could supply
And then some great exploit afoot: My honesty [ful,
I would have kept 'till I had made this use-
(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest)
And useful to the end, 'twas left: I'm cozen'd,
And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.
This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,
Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too;
Nor can this mass of money make him man more! [nesty!
A flay'd dog has more soul, an ape more ho-
All mine you have amongst it; farewell that!
I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,
My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.
But, oh, thy hell!
Bor I seek no Heav'n from you, Sir.
Archas. Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie! it will find thee.
Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,
Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.
Duke. What little trunk's that?
That there o' th' top, that's lock'd?
Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir;
Richer, I think, than all.
Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness;
Pray rack not honesty!
Bor. Be sure you see it.
Duke. Bring out the trunk.

Enter Attendant, with a trunk.

Archas. You'll find that treasure too;
All I have left me now.
Duke. What's this? a poor gown?
And this a piece of Seneca?
Archas. Yes, sure, Sir,
More worth than all your gold (yet you've enough on't)
And of a mine far purer, and more precious;
This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels, [Sir;
And yet all counsel, and all friends live here,
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.
Will't please you leave me this?
Duke. With all my heart, Sir.
Archas. What says your lordship to't?
Bor. I dare not rob you.
Archas. Poor miserable men, you've robb'd yourselves both!
This gown, and this unvalu'd treasure, your brave father [gress;
Found me a child at school with, in his proWhere such a love he took to some few answers
(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was
(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)
He carried me to court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,
With those an honest mind: I serv'd him truly, [not;
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd
Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness; [age, Sir,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine
And to this a fair *quietus* given.
Now to my book again!
Duke. You have your wish, Sir.
Let some bring off the treasure.
Bor. Some is his, Sir.
Archas. None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy reaper,
The harvest is his grace's.
Duke. Thank you, Archas.

Archas. But will not you repent, lord? When this is gone,
Where will your lordship——
Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.
Archas. Does your Grace like my house?
Duke. Wondrous well, Archas;
You've made me richly welcome.
Archas. I did my best, Sir.
Is there any thing else may please your Grace?
Duke. Your daughters
I had forgot; send them to court.
Archas. How's that, Sir?
Duke. I said, your daughters! see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my sister, Archas.
Archas. Thank your highness!
Duke. And suddenly.
[*Exit with train.*
Archas. Thro' all the ways I dare,
I'll serve your temper, tho' you try me far.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and Servant.

Theod. I WONDER we hear no news.
Puts. Here's your father's servant; He comes in haste too; now we shall know all, Sir.
Theod. How now? [father
Serv. I'm glad I've met you, Sir; your Entreats you presently make haste unto him.
Theod. What news?
Serv. None of the best, Sir; I'm asham'd to tell it;
Pray ask no more.
Theod. Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?
Did not I prophecy?—He's undone then?
Serv. Not so, Sir; but as near it——
Puts. There's no help now;
The army's scatter'd all, thro' discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.
Anc. Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your seasons?
We shall watch you ere long.
Theod. Farewell! there's no cure; [do.
We must endure all now. I know what I'll
[*Exeunt Theodore and Servant.*
Puts. Nay, there's no striving; they've a hand upon us,
A heavy and a hard one.
Anc. Now I have it;
We've yet some gentlemen, some boys of mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and carted?) [vipers!
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these
Shall I bless 'em?
Puts. Farewell! I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*
Anc. Were never such rare cries in Christendom,
As Mosco shall afford! We'll live by fooling,
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Archas. No more; it must be so. D'ye think I'd send ye,
Your father, and your friend——
Viola. Pray, Sir, be good to us!
Alas, we know no court, nor seek that knowledge;
We are content, like harmless things at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom
From that we understand, easy and honest;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
What shall we look for, Sir, what shall we learn there, [us?
That this more private sweetness cannot teach
Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the souls' beauties bred out of bravery:
What a terrible father would you seem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers
To easy and obedient ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,
Now to divert our natures, now to stem us
Roughly against the tide of all this treasure?
Would y' have us proud ('tis sooner bred than buried) [court, Sir.
Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at
Hon. Would y' have your children learn to forget their father,
And, when he dies, dance on his monument?
Shall we seek virtue in a satin gown,
Embroider'd virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd feather? [sleeves?
And set our credits to the tune of Green-
This may be done; and, if you like, it shall be. [younger,
You should have sent us thither when we were
Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence
Able to make a mart indeed: We're now too old, Sir;

Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us;
Besides, we're altogether unprovided,
Unfurnish'd utterly o' th' rules should guide us:
This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests to me;
Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,
Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars, and goblins;[24]
Now have not I the fashion to believe him;
He offers me the honourable courtesy [this?
To lie with me all night; what a misery is
I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not;
And how madly these things will shew there!
Archas. I send ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil:
With your own virtues season'd, and my pray'rs, [shews ye
The card of goodness in your minds, that
When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with honour, [happiness;
That thro' the blackest storms still points at
Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodness, [you,
Your heav'nly souls the pilots; thus I send
Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you,
And ever, as you sail thro' this world's vanity,
Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to you,
Like a good master, 'Tack about for honour!'
The court is virtue's school, at least it should be;
Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal's purer.
Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,
Those branches that run from him must run muddy: [small ones,
Say you find some sins there, and those no
And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye;
Say they affect your strengths, my happy children, [still,
Great things thro' greatest hazards are atchiev'd
And then they shine, then goodness has his glory, [under,
His crown fast rivetted, then time moves
Where, thro' the mist of errors,[25] like the sun,
Thro' thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.
Hon. I thank you, Sir, you have made me half a soldier;
I will to court most willingly, most fondly.
And, if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia
As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a close ward, and a sure one,
An honest mind; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold-proof, [it.
A coach and four horses cannot draw me from
As for your handsome faces and fil'd tongues,
Curl'd millers' heads, I have another ward for them.[26]
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lie, but not as lewdly. Come; be valiant, sister!
She that dares not stand the push o' th' court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungraz'd:[27] Like you, we both, Sir, [see
Affect great dangers now, and th' world shall
All glory lies not in man's victory.
Archas. Mine own Honora!
Viola. I am very fearful: [honest?
'Would I were stronger built! You'd have me
Archas. Or not at all, my Viola.
Viola. I'll think on't;
For 'tis no easy promise, and live there.
D'you think we shall do well?
Hon. Why, what should ail us?
Viola. Certain, they'll tempt us strongly. Beside the glory [gentlemen;
Which women may affect, they're handsome
Every part speaks: Nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from ev'ry look we give 'em [promises.
They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our pray'rs
Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear, wench,
If thou be'st fast to thyself.
Viola. I hope I shall be;
And your example will work more.

[24] *Trees, and stars, and* goblins.] Mr. Sympson thinks *goblins* so odd a thing for a courtier to compare a lady's beauty to, and so unfit to be joined to *fountains, stars* and the rest, that he would strike it out as corrupt, and read *godlins* or *little gods*. The conjecture is ingenious, if any instance could be produced of our Poets or any of their contemporaries using the word *godlins*, or if there was any necessity of a change. *Goblins* is sometimes used for *fairies*, and may not improperly stand for such *angels* as the lewd courtier often compares his mistress to: But it more often stands for bugbears, or frightful apparitions, which courtiers often make their mistresses like, when they talk of the *flames, darts*, and killing qualities of their eyes. Whatever the Poet's design was, it was certainly to convey a ludicrous idea. *Seward.*

[25] *Where, through the* midst *of errors.*] The Editors of 1750 make a great merit of altering *midst* to *mist*; when no edition but that of 1711, reads *midst*; the others concurring in the right word, *mist*.

[26] *I have another* word *for them.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*

[27] *And yet come off* ungrased.] First folio. Second, *ungraced*. In 1750, Mr. Seward (without, as it appears, having consulted the oldest book) altered the word to '*unras'd*; i. e. *uncut, unscratch'd*.' He conjectured (and rightly, as we think) that *ungraced* might be a corruption of *ungrazed*, but preferred *unrased*.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.
Theod. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a man an angel?
I hear you let out money.
Archas. Very well, Sir;
You're pleasantly dispos'd. I'm glad to see it.
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?
Theod. Is't come to patience now?
Archas. Is't not a virtue?
Theod. I know not; I ne'er found it so.
Archas. That's because
Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.
Theod. I know you have been rifled.
Archas. Nothing less, boy?
Lord, what opinions these vain people publish!
Rifled of what?
Theod. Study your virtue, patience;
It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, Sir,
Sent you for me?
Archas. For this end only, Theodore,
To wait upon your sisters to the court;
I am commanded they live there.
Theod. To th' court, Sir?
Archas. To th' court, I say.
Theod. And must I wait upon 'em?
Archas. Yes, 'tis most fit you should; you are their brother.
Theod. Is this the business? I had thought your mind, Sir,
Had been set forward on some noble action,
Something had truly stirr'd you. To th' court with these?
Why, they're your daughters, Sir.
Archas. All this I know, Sir. [threw.'
Theod. 'The good old woman on a bed he
To th' court? [*Singing.*
Archas. Thou art not mad?
Theod. Nor drunk, as you are; [duty?
Drunk with your duty, Sir: Do you call it
A pox of duty! What can these do there?
What should they do? Can ye look babies, sisters, [band-strings?
In the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their
Can ye ride out to air yourselves? Pray, Sir,
Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?
Archas. Why, didst thou never hear of women yet
At court, boy? [men yet
Theod. Yes, and good women too, very good women,
Excellent honest women: But are you sure,
That these will prove so? [Sir,
Hon. There's the danger, brother.
Theod. God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it.
Archas. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say;
Do it, and do it handsomely; go with 'em.
Theod. With all my heart, Sir; I am in no fault now, [company.
If they be thought whores for being in my
Pray write upon their backs, they are my
And where I shall deliver 'em. [sisters,
Archas. You're wondrous jocund;
But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.
Theod. I am a soldier;
And spell you what that means.
Archas. A soldier?
What dost thou make of me?
Theod. Your palate's down, Sir.
Archas. I thank you, Sir.
Theod. Come, shall we to this matter?
You will to court?
Hon. If you will please to honour us.
Theod. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off [Viola,
With such a lustre, wenches! Alas, poor
Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread:
Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em;
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em. Sister,
Do you weep too? Nay, then I fool no more.
Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Burris.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns, [richest;
And those two chains of pearl they hold the
I give 'em you.
Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants!
Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thousand now. Be not so modest; [for't.
It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my ring
Bur. Heav'n bless your highness ever! [*Exit.*
Duke. You are honest.

Enter Alinda and Putskie, at the door.

Puts. They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue: [28]

[28] Puts. *They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue:*
Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.
Alin. *Peace, I have it.*] Putskie is directing Alinda to make use of the influence her beauty has gained over the duke in favour of Archas, and she tells him she is sufficiently instructed. But how is this an answer to what Putskie is made to say in the former editions? or what has the two ladies' introduction to court to do with the scheme that Putskie has plann'd?

It

Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.
Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my art can do—The duke!
Puts. I'm gone; remember. [*Exit.*
Alin. I'm counsell'd to the full, Sir.
Duke. My pretty mistress, whither lies your business? [now?
How kindly I should take this, were't to me
Alin. I must confess, immediately to your Grace,
At this time. [you;
Duke. You have no address, I do believe I would you had.
Alin. 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.
Duke. You'll make a perfect courtier.
Alin. A very poor one. [ther to me.
Duke. A very fair one, sweet. Come hi-
What killing eyes this wench has! In his glory,
Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.
Alin. Why does your Grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, Sir;
Scarce that: Your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness. [thee;
Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto
In my eye thou appear'st——
Alin. Dim not the sight, Sir;
I am too dull an object.
Duke. Canst thou love me?
Canst thou love him will honour thee?
Alin. I can love, [well;
And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glist'ring,
'Twill halt i'th' handsome way.
Duke. Are you so cunning?
Dost think I love not truly?
Alin. No, you cannot; [don me,
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray par-
I prate so boldly to you.
Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reason, sweet?
Alin. I'd tell your Grace,
But happily——
Duke. It shall be pleasing to me.
Alin. I should love you again, and then you would hate me.
With all my service I should follow you,
And thro' all dangers.
Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me see thy worths, more make me meet 'em. [and truly:
Alin. You should do so, if you did well
But, tho' you be a prince, and have pow'r i you, [falter'd
Pow'r of example too, you have fail'd an
Duke. Give me example where?
Alin. You had a mistress, [lovely
Oh, Heav'n, so bright, so brave a dame, s
In all her life so true——
Duke. A mistress? [that care
Alin. That serv'd you with that constancy
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too.
Duke. What mistress?
Alin, That nurs'd your honour up, hel fast your virtue, [goodness
And when she kiss'd encreas'd, not stole you
Duke. And I neglected her?
Alin. Lost her, forsook her,
Wantonly flung her off.
Duke. What was her name? [nobl
Alin. Her name as lovely as herself,
And in it all that's excellent.
Duke. What was it?
Alin. Her name was Beau-desert: D'yo know her now, Sir?
Duke. Beau-desert? I don't remember——
Alin. I know you do not; [vice
Yet sh' has a plainer name; lord Archas' se
D'you yet remember her? There was a mis tress [Si
Fairer than woman, and far fonder to yo
Than mothers to their first-born joys. Ca you love?
Dare you profess that truth to me, a strange
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,
When your most noble love you have ne lected, [nou
A beauty all the world would wooe and h
Would you have me credit this? think ye can love me, [story
And hold you constant, when I've read th
Is't possible you should ever favour me, [to
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fa
When, where you were most tied, most bou to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honesty and honou
You've broke, and boldly too? I am a wea one, [gra
Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech yo
Tempt me no further.
Duke. Who taught you this lesson?
Alin. Woeful experience, Sir. If you se a fair one, [fe
Worthy your love, if yet you have that pe
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, Sir:
But this will be the plague on't, they're e cellent honest.

It is to me evidently a soliloquy of the duke's, whose thoughts are all bent on his pleasure And it is very artful in our Poets to make him in the very height of his wickedness acknowled the beauty of virtue. For *lust* is fired by the opposition of *virtue*, as much as by the attractio of *beauty*. *Seward.*

There is something ingenious and plausible in this note; but we do not think it will wa rant the arbitrary change in the text. If the duke had been speaking of the women, eith with desire or remorse, he would most probably have said more on the subject. The seque however, proves the old books right.

Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.

Duke. I love thy face.
Alin. Upon my life you cannot:
do not love it myself, Sir; 'tis a lewd one,[29]
o truly ill art cannot mend it. God, if 'twere
handsome,[30] [talk, Sir,
t least if I thought so, you should hear me
a new strain; and, tho' you are a prince,
lake you petition to me too, and wait my
answers;
et, o' my conscience, I should pity you,
fter some ten years' siege.
Duke Prithee do now.
Alin. What would you do?
Duke. Why, I would lie with you.
Alin. I do not think you would.
Duke. In troth I would, wench.
ere, take this jewel.
Alin. Out upon't! that's scurvy:
Nay, if we do, surely we'll do for good fel-
lowship.
or pure love, or nothing: Thus you shall
be sure, Sir,
ou shall not pay too dear for't.
Duke. Sure I cannot.
Alin. By'r lady, but you may. When you
have found me able
o do your work well, you may pay my wages.
Pet. Why does your Grace start back?
Olym. I h' seen that shakes me,
hills all my blood! Oh, where is faith or
goodness? [one,
linda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair
Vickedly falsé![31] and, woe is me, I see it!
or ever false! [*Exit.*
Pet. I'm glad 't has ta'en thus right. [*Exit.*
Alin. I'll go ask my lady, Sir.
Duke. What?
Alin. Whether I [ling——
hall lie with you, or no: If I find her wil-
or, look you, Sir, I've sworn, while I am
in her service
Twas a rash oath, I must profess)——
Duke. Thou mock'st me.

Alin. Why, would you lie with me, if I were
Would you abuse my weakness? [willing?
Duke. I would piece it,
And make it stronger.
Alin. I humbly thank your highness!
When you piece me, you must piece me to
my coffin.
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of ape's tail will restore it:
I love you, and I honour you; but this way
I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven
change your mind, Sir! [*Exit.*
Duke. And thine too; for it must be chang'd,
it shall be. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They're goodly gentlewomen.
Burris. They are,
Wondrous sweet women both.
Theod. Does your lordship like 'em?
They are my sisters, Sir; good lusty lasses:
They'll do their labour well, I warrant you;
You'll find no bed-straw here, Sir.
Hon. Thank you, brother.
Theod. This is not so strongly built; but
she's good mettle, [Sir.
Of a good stirring strain too; she goes tilth,[32]

(Enter two Gentlemen.)

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye
merry, [plexions?
The toys ye wot of. D'ye like their com-
They be no Moors: What think ye of this
hand, gentlemen?
Here's a white altar for your sacrifice:
A thousand kisses here—Nay, keep off yet,
gentlemen;
Let's start first, and have fair play. What
would ye give now
To turn the globe up, and find the rich Mo-
luccas?

[29] *I do not love it myself, Sir, 'tis a* lewd *one.*] Mr. Seward, objecting to the word *lewd*, ads *foul*; but *foul* is too far from the trace of the letters to be adopted. *Lewd*, in the old riters, is not confined to the sense of *lustful*. In the last scene of this very play, Archas says, *ne'er gave life to* lewd *and headstrong rebels.*

[30] *Art cannot mend it*; 'sod, *if 'twere handsome.*] So the first folio; the other editions, BUT *'twere handsome.* As we do not believe such tame language could come from our Poets, we ive rejected it. The expression we have inserted, at the same time that it is near the first ipy, is very common in old plays, and agrees perfectly with the context.

[31] Wickedness *false.*] Mr. Sympson and I concurr'd in restoring the adverb here, not only the natural expression, but as it is our Author's own: In the beginning of this act, scene ii. iola says,

——— *Would ye have us proud,*
Wickedly *proud?* *Seward.*

Admirable ingenuity! incomparable fidelity! The book of most authority *(i. e.* the first lio) reads *wickedly.*

[32] *Tilth.*] We believe there is no such word; very probably the genuine one is *tilth*, which curs in Shakespeare and Milton. It is a word of husbandry, signifying *plowed ground.* In s same stile, Theodore says of the other sister, *You will find no* bed straw *here, Sir.*

To pass the Straits? Here, (do ye itch?) by St. Nicholas,[33]
Here's that will make you scratch and claw;
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:
Pray ye let me request ye, to forget [tiers;
To say your pray'rs, whilst these are cour-
Or, if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be
Than their eyes. [no higher
Bor. How will you have 'em bestow'd, Sir?
Theod. Ev'n how your lordship please, so you don't bake 'em.
Bor. Bake 'em?
Theod. They are too high a meat that way, they run to jelly. [my counsel;
But if you'll ha' 'em for your own diet, take
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.
Burris. Please you, colonel,
To let them wait upon the princess?
Theod. Yes, Sir, [pily,
And thank your honour too: But then, hap-
These noble gentlemen shall have no access to 'em; [faces,
And to have 'em buy new cloaths, study new
And keep a stinking stir wi' themselves for nothing,
'Twill not be well, i' faith: They've kept their bodies,
And been at charge for baths. D'ye see that shirt there? [ous:
Weigh but the moral meaning; 'twill be griev-
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentlemen; [wholesome,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em
Wholesome and young, my lord; and two such blessings
They will not light upon again in ten years.
Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.
Theod. They're fit for any thing: [ful)
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bash-
Carry his cloak, untie his points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take tobacco; the familiar'st fools! [a trumpet,
This wench will leap o'er stools too, sound
Wrestle, and pitch the bar; they're finely brought up.
Bor. Ladies, ye're bound t' your brother, and have much cause to thank him.
I'll ease you of this charge; and to the princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em.
Theod. Thank your lordship!
If there be e'er a private corner as you go, Sir
A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,[34]
Try what they are, try——
Bor. You're a merry gentleman. [man
Theod. I would fain be your honour's kins
Bor. You're too curst, Sir.[35]
Theod. Farewell, wenches! keep close you ports; you're wash'd else.
Hon. Brother, bestow your fears wher they are needful.
[*Exeunt Bor. Hon. Viola*
Theod. Honor thy name is, and I hope thy nature. [can
Go after, gentlemen, go; get a snatch if y
Yond' old Erra Pater will never please 'em.
Alas, I brought 'em for you; but see the luck on't:
I swear, I meant as honestly towards you——
Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen! A littl counsel [evenings
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i' th
You may surprize 'em easily; they wear n pistols.
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre
And get some good old linen-woman to de liver it,
That has the trick on't; you can't fail. Fare well, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gent*
Burris. You've frighted off these flesh-flies
Theod. Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,

(Enter Servant.)

And't must be very stinking flesh they wil not seize on. [casket
Serv. Your lordship bid me bring thi
Burris. Yes. Good colonel, [a pledg
Commend me to your worthy father, and, a
He ever holds my love and service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;
And where I may be his——
Theod. You are too noble;
A wonder here, my lord; that dare be honest
When all men hold it vicious. I shall de liver it,
And with it your most noble love. You servant. [*Exit Burris*
Were there but two more such at court 'twere sainted.
This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, an muscadine. [*Exit*

[33] *By* St. Nicholas.] *St. Nicholas* is the favourite saint of the Russians; they call him *Scora Pomosnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and say, that he hath three hundred angels of th chiefest appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's Russe Commonwealth, 8vo 1591. p. 97. *R.*

[34] *Make danger.*] From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum.*

[35] *You are* curst, *Sir.*] *Curst*, in the old diction, signifies *malicious, froward, shrewish severe, ill natured*, &c. So Shakespeare,

'——— her only fault
'Is, that she is intolerably *curst*.' Taming of the Shrew.

Again in Philaster,

Hadst a curst *master when thou went'st to school?*

SCENE V.

Enter Ancient, crying Brooms! *and after him severally, four Soldiers, crying other things. Boroskie and Gentlemen over the stage, observing them.*

I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
I' th' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiss take two;
If those will not do,
For a little, little pleasure,
Take all my whole treasure:
If all these will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

II. SONG.

1 *Sold.* The wars are done and gone,
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come along,
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny;
As well in the night
We soldiers can fight,
And please a young wench as any.
2 *Sold.* I have fine potatoes,
Ripe potatoes!

III SONG.

3 *Sold.* Will ye buy any honesty? come away,
I sell it openly by day;
I bring no forc'd light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will shew the great man good,
The tradesman where he swears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye're rich men now: Come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

IV. SONG.

4 *Sold.* Have ye any crack'd maidenheads, to new leach or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids again,
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this? why d'ye sell brooms, Ancient?
Is it in wantonness, or want?
Anc. The only reason is,
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's matter—
one for the nonce.
Gape, Sir; you've swallow'd many a goodlier quill.
The only casting for a crazy conscience.
3 *Sold.* Will your lordship buy any honesty? 'twill be worth your money.
Bor. How is this?
3 *Sold.* Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a kingdom.
Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtile,
The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th'
2 *Sold.* Will your lordship please to taste a fine potatoe? [36]
'Twill advance your wither'd state.
Anc. Fill your honour full of most noble breeches.
itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordship's

1 *Sold.* If your daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd, or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant maids again.

Bor. Ye are brave soldiers; keep your wantonness!
A winter will come on to shake this wilful-ness.
Disport yourselves; and, when you want your money— [*Exit.*
Anc. Broom, broom, &c.
[*Exeunt singing.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, and Viola.

Alin. You must not be so fearful, little one;
Nor, lady, you so sad; you'll ne'er make courtiers,
With these dull sullen thoughts; this place is
pleasure,
Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
And those that live here, live delightful, joy-ful:
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies;
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. Bless me, Heav'n! Can things of her years arrive at these rudi-ments?
By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here?
Alin. Faith, much about a week.
Hon. You've studied hard,

[36] ——— Potatoe.
'Twill advance your wither'd state.] All the old writers speak of *potatoes* as restoratives. See p. 209, of this Volume.

And, by my faith, arriv'd at a great knowledge.
Viola. Were not you bashful at first?
Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two;
But when I saw people laugh at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding——
Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the men's opinions.
Alin. Ever, lady.
Hon. And what they think is honourable—
Alin. Most precisely
We follow, with all faith.
Hon. A goodly catechism!
Viola. But bashful for an hour or two?
Alin. Faith, to say true,
I do not think I was so long: For, look ye,
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape ye will,
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austerity, [too;
You shall be courted in the same, and won
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much time lost,
Which we hold precious here. In so much time now
As I have told you this, you may lose a servant
Your age, nor all your art, can e'er recover.
Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
'Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you!
Has the duke seen you yet?
Hon. What if he have not?
Alin. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,
As if a counsel beyond nature fram'd ye.
Hon. If we were thus, say Heav'n had given these blessings,
Must we turn these to sin-oblations?
Alin. How foolishly this country way shews in ye! [pray, ladies?
How full of phlegm! D'ye come here to
You'd best cry, 'Stand away; let me alone,
'I'll tell my father else.' [gentlemen,
Viola. This woman's naught sure,
A very naughty woman.
Hon. Come, say on, friend;
I'll be instructed by you.
Alin. You'll thank me for't.
Hon. Either I or the devil shall —[*Aside.*] —The duke you were speaking of.
Alin. 'Tis well remember'd: Yes, let him first see you;
Appear not openly till he has view'd you.
Hon. He's a very noble prince, they say.
Alin. Oh, wondrous gracious; [viewing.
And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first
For look ye, you must bear yourself; yet take heed
It be so season'd with a sweet humility,
And grac'd with such a bounty in your beauty——
Hon. But I hope he'll offer me no ill?
Alin. No, no:
'Tis like he'll kiss you, and play with you.
Hon. Play with me? how?
Alin. Why, good lord, that you are such a
No harm, assure yourself. [fool now!
Viola. Will he play with me too?
Alin. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty sweet one: [ings yet?
There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodg-
Hon. I hear of none.
Alin. I do then; they are handsome,
Convenient for access.
Viola. Access?
Alin. Yes, little one,
For visitation of those friends and servants,
Your beauties shall make choice of. Friends and visits: [vice!
Do not you know those uses? Alas, poor no-
There's a close couch or two, handsomely plac'd too.
Viola. What are those, I pray you?
Alin. Who would be troubled
With such raw things? They are to lie upon,
And your love by you; and discourse, and toy
Viola. Alas, I have no love. [in
Alin. You must, by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.
Viola. Honesty keep me!
What shall I do with all those?
Alin. You'll find uses:
You are ignorant yet; let time work. You must learn too,
To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly drest
In a most curious waistcoat,[37] to set you off well.
Play with your bracelets, sing; you must learn to rhime too,
And riddle neatly; study the hardest language
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no
So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit
In kissing, kissing sweetly; there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practick pleasure;
I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach you,
And suddenly: Your country way is fulsome
Hon. Have you schools for all these myste
Alin. Oh, yes, [ries
And several hours prefix'd to study in:
You may have calendars to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel: For the ill too,
When to refuse, with observations on 'em;
Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbo
And in what bow'r,[38] and hour it works; thousand—

[37] *In a most curious* waistcoat.] This passage serves to explain *wastcoateer*, which sever times occurs in our Authors, and is mentioned in p. 339, of this volume.

[38] *And in what bow'r, and hour it works; a thousand.*] The meaning here is obscure; b by making a *thousand* only a broken sentence, and to stand for *a thousand such mysteries*, w

When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their virtues.
Hon. Have you studied these? [bawdily!
How beastly they become your youth! how
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,
Teacher of these lewd arts? of your full beauty? [you,
A man made up in lust would loath this in
The rankest lecher hate such impudence.
They say the devil can assume Heav'n's brightness, [no woman.
And so appear to tempt us; sure thou art
Alin. I joy to find ye thus.
Hon. Thou hast no tenderness,
No reluctation in thy heart; 'tis mischief.
Alin. All's one for that; read these, and then be satisfied;
A few more private rules I've gather'd for ye;
Read 'em, and well observe 'em: So I leave ye.
[*Exit.*
Viola. A wondrous wicked woman; Shame go with thee; [see it,
Hon. What new Pandora's box is this? I'll
Tho' presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola;
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run;
Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire
You ever had; burn in that holy fire;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out, sister. This amazes me.

Viola. Fear not, thou yet unblasted Violet,
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy bud; [still good;
Remember whose thou art, and grow
Remember what thou art, and stand a story [glory;
Fit for thy noble sire,[39] and thine own

Hon. I know not what to think.
Viola. Sure a good woman,
An excellent woman, sister.
Hon. It confounds me. [ends;
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their
The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.
Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our best service.
Viola. A most excellent woman; I will love her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Olympia with a casket, and Alinda.

Alin. MADAM, the duke has sent for the two ladies.
Olym. I prithee go: I know thy thoughts are with him.
Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more!
I've found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy mistress, [her.
Thy too-much-loving mistress; do not abuse
Alin. By your own fair hands, I understand you not.
Olym. By thy own fair eyes, I understand thee too much, [ruin'd.
Too far; and built a faith there thou hast
Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;
Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promis'd,
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph:
Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress!
Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me? [thee?
Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?
Olym. Go, ask my brother, ask the faith thou gav'st me,
Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,
Last, thy forgetfulness of good! then fly me;
For we must part, Alinda.
Alin. You are weary of me.
I must confess, I was ne'er worth your service,
Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to serve you——
Oh, Heav'n, thou know'st my honesty!
Olym. No more:
Take heed! Heav'n has a justice. Take this ring with you, [Alinda,
This doting spell you gave me: Too well,
Thou knew'st the virtue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay, keep that too; it may sometimes remember you,

will be tolerably plain. 'Under what sign it is best meeting in an arbor, and in what particular arbor, and the precise hour when it is predominant, with a thousand of the like nature.' *Seward.*

[39] *For thy noble* sex.] The alteration of *sex* to *sire* was made, we think with propriety, by Mr. Seward. We have therefore adopted it, though the old reading might pass.

When you are willing to forget, who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.
Alin. Must I go from you?
Of all the sorrows Sorrow has, must I part
Part with my noble mistress? [with you?
Olym. Or I with thee, wench.
Alin. And part, stain'd with opinion? Farewell, lady!
Happy and blessed lady, goodness keep you!
Thus your poor servant, full of grief, turns from you,
For ever full of grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no friends, no country;
I wander Heav'n knows whither, Heav'n knows how! [cence,
No life, now you are lost! Only mine inno-
That little left me of myself, goes with me;
That's all my bread and comfort! I confess, madam,
Truly confess, the duke has often courted me.
Olym. And pour'd his soul into thee, won thee.
Alin. Do you think so?
Well, Time, that told this tale, will tell my truth too,
And say you had a faithful honest servant.
The business of my life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children,
When Heav'n shall make you happy!
Olym. How she wounds me!
Either I am undone, or she must go! Take these with you,
Some toys may do you service; and this money;
And when you want, I love you not so poorly
(Not yet, Alinda!) that I'd see you perish.
Prithee be good, and let me hear. Look on me;
I love those eyes yet dearly; I have kiss'd thee,
And now I'll do't again. Farewell, Alinda!
I am too full to speak more, and too wretched!
[*Exit.*
Alin. You have my faith, and all the world my fortune! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodore.

Theod. I'd fain hear what becomes of these two wenches; [honest friend?
And if I can, I'll do 'em good. D'ye hear, my

(Enter Gentleman, passing over the stage.)

He knows no such name. What a world of business
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)
These things have here? 'Mass, now I think on't better,
I wish he be not sent for one of them, [saw
To some of these by-lodgings. Methought I
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

(Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over the stage.)

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold fast, thief!
An excellent touzing knave! Mistress, you are
To suffer your penance some half-hour hence now.
How far a fine court custard, with plums in it,
Will prevail with one of these waiting gentlewomen; [ceedingly.
They are taken with these soluble things ex-
This is some yeoman o' th' bottles now that has sent for her, [incense!
That she calls father: Now woe to this ale
By your leave, Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Well, Sir; what's your pleasure with me? [maids' lodgings?
Theod. You do not know the way to the
Serv. Yes, indeed do I, Sir.
Theod. But you'll not tell me?
Serv. No, indeed, will not I, because you doubt it. [*Exit.*

Enter second Servant.

Theod. These are fine gimcracks. Hey! here comes another;
A flagon full of wine in's hand, I take it.
Well met, my friend! Is that wine?
2 Serv. Yes, indeed is it.
Theod. Faith, I'll drink on't then.
2 Serv. You may, because you have sworn, Sir. [deal now, Sir.
Theod. 'Tis very good; I'll drink a great
2 Serv. I cannot help it, Sir.
Theod. I'll drink more yet.
2 Serv. 'Tis in your own hands.
Theod. There's your pot; I thank you.
Pray let me drink again.
2 Serv. Faith, but you shall not.
Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare you well, Sir! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Theod. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd. [her.
Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to
Madam, my lord my master——
Lady. Who's your lord, Sir?
Theod. The lord Boroskie, lady.
Lady. Pray excuse me!
Here's something for your pains. Within this hour, Sir,
One of the choice young ladies shall attend him. [water;
Pray let it be in that chamber juts out to the
'Tis private and convenient. Do my humble service [Sir.
To my honourable good lord, I beseech you,
If it please you to visit a poor lady——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.
Theod. I shall be bold.
Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in you. [Sir;
I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings,
They call me merrily the lady of the——Sir.
A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,

And if it please you take the pains——
[*Exit.*

Theod. Dear lady!—take the pains?
Why a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'st now
To cleave old Crab-tree. 'One of the choice young ladies?' [me;
I would I'd let this bawd go; she has frighted I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now:
But if they'll do, the devil cannot stop 'em.
Why should he have a young lady? Are women now [corks?
O' th' nature of bottles,[40] to be stopp'd with
Oh, the thousand little furies that fly here now!
How now, captain?

Enter Putskie.

Puts. I come to seek you out, Sir,
And all the town I've travell'd.
Theod. What's the news, man? [nearly.
Puts. That that concerns us all, and very
The duke this night holds a great feast at court,
To which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,
And all his favourites: Your father's sent for.
Theod. Why he is neither in council, nor in favour.
Puts. That's it: Have an eye now, or never, and a quick one; [gence.
An eye that must not wink from good intelli-
I heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.

Enter Ancient.

Theod. Art sure he sups here?
Puts. Sure as it is day.
Theod. 'Tis like then——How now? where hast thou been, Ancient?
Anc. Measuring the city. I've left my brooms at gate here;
By this time the porter has stole 'em, to sweep out rascals.
Theod. Brooms? [over,
Anc. I've been crying brooms all the town
And such a mart I've made! there's no trade near it. [twitter'd,
Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too! [you!'
'Come hither master Broom-man, I beseech
'Good master Broom-man, hither,' cries another.
Theod. Thou'rt a mad fellow. [ther.
Anc. They're all as mad as I; they all have trades now,
And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.
Theod. What company
Of soldiers are they?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers,
If need be, colonel.
Theod. That need's come, Ancient;
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently, [need 'em.
But without suspicion; this night we shall
Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion. Here I'll stay still.
Puts. If it fall out, we're ready; if not, we're
I'll wait you at an inch. [scatter'd:
Theod. Do; farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Boroskie.

Duke. Are the soldiers still so mutinous?
Bor. More than ever: [over
No law nor justice frights 'em; all the town
They play new pranks and gambols; no man's person,
Of what degree soe'er, free from abuses:
And durst they do this, (let your Grace consider) [villainies,
These monstrous, most offensive things, these
If not set on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you, and more aw'd by him?
Duke. Happily, their own wants——
Bor. I offer to supply 'em,
And ev'ry hour make tender of their monies:
They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.
I fear the next device will be my life, Sir;
And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.
Duke. D'you think lord Archas privy?
Bor. More than thought,
I know it, Sir; I know they durst not do
These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions—
Duke. No more! He's sent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here sure.
Duke. Let me talk further with you anon,
Bor. I'll wait, Sir.
Duke. Did you speak to the ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your Grace presently.
Duke. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My eyes are too dull judges.
They wait here, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Honora and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then, Come in, ladies!
Welcome to th' court, sweet beauties! Now the court shines, [amongst us.
When such true beams of beauty strike
Welcome, welcome! ev'n as your own joys welcome! [to you?
How do you like the court? How seems it
Is't not a place created for all sweetness?
Why were ye made such strangers to this happiness, [jewels,
Barr'd the delights this holds? The richest
Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre.
Your country shades are faint; blasters of beauty;

[40] *O' th' nature of bottles, &c.*]
'And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.' Pope.

The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;
The rose-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,
Eaten with inward thoughts, while there ye wander. [cloisters)
Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for
Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly, [all——
And by your powerful influence command
What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em, [blossoms!
And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their
Hon. Your Grace speaks cunningly: You do not this,
I hope, Sir, to betray us; we're poor triumphs,
Nor can our loss of honour add to you, Sir:
Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;
Conquests so nobly won can never perish.
We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, Sir,
Two honest maids; is that a sin at court, Sir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us? [you?
Why do I ask that question, when I've found
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us; [translation
You would dishonour us; which, in your
Here at the court, reads thus, your Grace would love us,
Most dearly love us; stick us up for mistresses:
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex, Sir, [men,
That would be glad of this, and handsome wo-
And croud into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties, Sir: When you have enjoy'd 'em,
And suck'd those sweets they have, what saints are these then?
What worship have they won, what name? you guess, Sir!
What story added to their time? a sweet one!
Duke. A brave-spirited wench.
Hon. I'll tell your Grace,
And tell you true; you are deceiv'd in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet, in my eye,
You are the handsom'st man I ever look'd on,
The goodliest gentleman; take that hope with you; [honour you)
And, were I fit to be your wife (so much I
Trust me I would scratch for you but I'd have you:
I would wooe you then.
Duke. She amazes me!
But how am I deceiv'd?
Hon. Oh, we are too honest,
Believe it, Sir, too honest, far too honest;
The way that you propound, too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us; for we're fools too,
Obstinate, peevish fools: If I would be ill,
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into the sun, and do it there,
That all the world might see me; an obscure shade, Sir, [with it,
Dark as the deed; there is no trusting light
Nor that that's lighter far, vainglorious greatness!
Duke. You'll love me as your friend?
Hon. I'll honour you,
As your poor humble handmaid, serve and pray for you.
Duke. What says my little one? you're not so obstinate? [souls.
Lord, how she blushes! Here are truly fair
Come, you will be my love?
Viola. Good Sir, be good to me;
Indeed, I'll do the best I can to please you.
I do beseech your Grace! Alas, I fear you.
Duke. What shouldst thou fear?
Hon Fy, Sir! this is not noble.
Duke. Why do I stand entreating, where my pow'r——
Hon. You have no pow'r; at least, you ought to have none
In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll die here,
Before she suffer wrong!
Duke. Another Archas?
Hon. His child, Sir, and his spirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you then, [sweet;
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down,
Prithee, Honora, sit.
Hon. Now you entreat, I will, Sir.
Duke. I do, and will deserve it.
Hon. That's too much kindness.
Duke. Prithee look on me.
Hon. Yes; I love to see see you,
And could look on an age thus, and admire you. [touch you,
While you are good and temperate, I dare
Kiss your white hand.
Duke. Why not my lips?
Hon. I dare, Sir.
Duke. I do not think you dare.
Hon. I am no coward.——
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir? [Sir?
You make me blush: But sure, I mean no ill,
It had been fitter you'd kiss'd me.
Duke. That I'll do too.——
What hast thou wrought into me?
Hon. I hope all goodness.
While you are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing; [you;
Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on
Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I durst not—— [hither;
But, good Sir, pardon me. Sister, come
Come hither; fear not, wench! Come hither; blush not!
Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince, the good prince!
Certain, he's excellent honest.
Duke. Thou wilt make me——
Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly.
Duke. Fy, Honora;
Wanton Honora! Is this the modesty,

The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;
At first charge beaten back? Away!
Hon. Thank you! [thank you!
Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may
You have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;
You've cozen'd me: In all your hopeful life yet
A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongu'd, [master!
And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous
Viola. My virtuous master too!
Hon. Now you are thus,
What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

Enter Alinda.

Duke. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, Honora; [not.
Thou'st done a cure upon me, counsel could
Alin. Here, take your ring, Sir; and whom you mean to ruin,
Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.
Hon. A ring to her?
Duke. Why frowns my fair Alinda?
I have forgot both these again.
Alin. Stand still, Sir!
You have that violent killing fire upon you,
Consumes all honour, credit, faith!
Hon. How's this? [me,
Alin. My royal mistress' favour towards (Woe worth you, Sir!) you've poison'd, blasted.
Duke. I, sweet?
Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worse man is vainglorious feigning,
And kill'd my truth.
Duke. Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.
Alin. Ladies, take heed! you have a cunning gamester, [antidotes;
A handsome, and a high: Come stor'd with
He has infections else will fire your bloods.
Duke. Prithee, Alinda, hear me!
Alin. Words steep'd in honey, [tity
That will so melt into your minds, buy chas-
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And when h' has bound you his, a thousand ruins!
A poor lost woman you have made me.
Duke. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.
Alin. That gin's too weak to take me.
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take heed!
Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed!
Duke. By all that's mine, Alinda——
Alin. Swear by your mischiefs!
Oh, whither shall I go?
Duke. Go back again;
I'll force her take thee, love thee.
Alin. Fare you well, Sir!
I will not curse you; only this dwell with you,
Whene'er you love, a false belief light on you! [*Exit.*
Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.
Duke. Part all the world now,
Since she is gone.
Hon. You're crooked yet, dear master;
And still I fear—— [*Exeunt ladies.*
Duke. I'm vex'd, and some shall find it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas and a Servant.

Archas. 'Tis strange to me to see the court, and welcome. [thee!
Oh, royal place, how have I lov'd and serv'd
Who lies on this side? know'st thou?
Serv. The lord Burris.
Archas. Thou'st nam'd a gentleman I stand much bound to:
I think he sent the casket, Sir?
Serv. The same, Sir. [courtier!
Archas. An honest-minded man, a noble
The duke made perfect choice when he took him. [guide now.
Go you home; I shall hit the way without a
Serv. You may want something, Sir.
Archas. Only my horses,
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.
Serv. Your will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

Theod. You're well met here, Sir.
Archas. How now, boy? how dost thou?
Theod. I should ask you that question: How do you, Sir?
How do you feel yourself?
Archas. Why well, and lusty.
Theod. What do you here then?
Archas. Why, I am sent for,
To supper with the duke.
Theod. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted deer do,
In doubt and fear?
Archas. I have an excellent stomach,
And can I use it better than among my friends, boy?
How do the wenches?
Theod. They do well enough, Sir;
They know the worst by this time. Pray be rul'd, Sir;
Go home again, and, if you have a supper,
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for you,
Especially at this time, take my word for't.
Archas. May be, they'll drink hard; I could have drank my share, boy:
Tho' I am old, I will not out.
Theod. I hope you will. [hearing.
Hark in your ear! the court's too quick of
Archas. Not mean me well? thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away!
Theod. To that end, Sir, I tell you.
Away, if you love yourself.
Archas. Who dare do these things,
That ever heard of honesty?

Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counsel.
Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's! Thou'st more of these flams in thee,
These musty doubts—Is't fit the duke send for me,
And honour me to eat within his presence,
And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep
With his pleasure? [pate,
Theod. Take heed of bo-peep with your
Your pate, Sir! I speak plain language now.
Archas. If 'twere not here, where rev'rence bids me hold,
I would so swinge thee, thou rude, unmanner'd knave! [me,
Take from his bounty, his honour that he gives
To beget saucy and sullen fears!
Theod. You are not mad sure? [per'd,
By this fair light, I speak but what is whis-
And whisper'd for a truth.
Archas. A dog is't? Drunken people,
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,[40]
Madmen and children—Prithee do not follow me!
I tell thee, I am angry: Do not follow me!
Theod. I am as angry as you for your heart,
Ay, and as wilful too: Go like a woodcock,
And thrust your neck i' th' noose!
Archas. I'll kill thee,
An thou speak'st but three words more. Do not follow me! [*Exit.*
Theod. A strange old foolish fellow! I shall hear yet;
And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants, preparing a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here'll be lusty drinking.
Many a washed pate in wine, I warrant thee.
2 *Serv.* I'm glad the old general's come: Upon my conscience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, the trumpets!
They're coming on; away!
1 *Serv.* We'll have a rouse too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Come, seat yourselves! Lord Archas, sit you there.
Archas. 'Tis far above my worth.
Duke. I'll have it so.——
Are all things ready?
Bor. All the guards are set,
The court gates shut.
Duke. Then do as I prescrib'd you;
Be sure, no further.
Bor. I shall well observe you.
Duke. Come, bring some wine. Here's to my sister, gentlemen!
A health, and mirth to all!
Archas. Pray fill it full, Sir; [ris,
'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, lord Bur-
A maiden health: You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it.
Passion o'me, you're sad, man.
Duke. How now, Burris?
Go to; no more of this!
Archas. Take the rouse freely;
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity. [Sir,
Your Grace's pardon! when we get a cup,
We old men prate apace.
Duke. Mirth makes a banquet.
As you love me, no more.
Burris. I thank your Grace.
Give me it. Lord Boroskie!
Bor. I have ill brains, Sir——
Burris. Damnable ill, I know it.
Bor. But I'll pledge, Sir,
This virtuous health.
Burris. The more unfit for thy mouth.

Enter two Servants, with cloaks.

Duke. Come, bring out robes, and let my guests look nobly, [ward.
Fit for my love and presence. Begin down-
Off with your cloaks, take new.
Archas. Your Grace deals truly [jects.
Like a munificent prince, with your poor sub-
Who would not fight for you? What cold dull coward [ask it?
Durst seek to save his life when you would
Begin a new health in your new adornments;
The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I got, Sir?
Ha! the robe of death?
Duke. You have deserv'd it.
Archas. The liv'ry of the grave? Do you start all from me?
Do I smell of earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody banquets?

(Enter a Guard.)

A guard upon me too? This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler, [crites!
Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypo-
Am I serv'd in a hearse, that sav'd ye all?
Are ye men or devils? Do ye gape upon me?

[40] *A dog: Drunken people*
That in their pot see visions.
And turn states, *madmen and children.*] In the first line, *is't* was inserted by Mr. Seward, who, in the third, for *states* read *statists*; but as the old lection is good sense, the change is too arbitrary.

Wider! and swallow all my services.[41]
Entomb them first, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till they burst.
Bor. These words are death. [sirrah,
Archas. No, those deeds that want rewards,
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers [tion)
(Leaner than death, and wilder than destruc-
I've march'd upon, these honour'd wounds, times story, [suffer'd,
The blood I've lost, the youth, the sorrows
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompenc'd,
These that ye set a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,
And render me no pay again but poisons!
Bor. The proud vain soldier thou hast set—
Archas. Thou liest!
Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly! How I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended
An act in person leaning to dishonour,
As you would fain have forc'd me, witness, Heav'n,
Where clearest understanding of all truth is,
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety[42]) [marches,
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his
His last incursions, made the city sweat,
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,
Such show'rs of frosted fears shook all your heartstrings;
Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising [then,
By his arm'd horses' hoofs; had I been false
Or blown a treach'rous fire into the soldier,
Had but one spark of villany liv'd within me,
You'd had some shadow for this black about me. [you out,
Where was your soldiership? Why went not
And all your right honourable valour with you? [him?
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him?
Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up, [sick then;
Why did not you so charge him? You were
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to-bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had,
A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship. [at thee!
Blush, coward, knave, and all the world hiss
Duke. Exceed not my command. [*Exit.*
Bor. I shall observe it.
Archas. Are you gone too?—Come, weep not, honest Burris, [malice,
Good loving lord, no more tears: 'Tis not his
This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,
By bold bad men crouded into his nature,
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this fort yet;
I am the same, the same man; living, dying,
(The same mind to 'em both) I poize thus equal:
Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.
Farewell! commend me to his Grace, and tell him, [many,
The world is full of servants; he may have
(And some I wish him honest; he's undone else)
But such another doting Archas never, [ever!
So tried and touch'd a faith! Farewell for
Burris. Be strong, my lord: You must not go thus lightly. [law unto me?
Archas. Now, what's to do? What says the
Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty. [ters,
Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty mat-
As scorns, and insolencies, both from yourself and followers, [deadly)
Which you put first fire to, (and these are
I come to one main cause, which tho' it carries [death too,
A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries
Not to be pardon'd neither: You have done a sacrilege.
Archas. High Heav'n defend me, man! How, how, Boroskie?
Bor. You have took from the temple those vow'd arms,
The holy ornament you hung up there,
No absolution of your vow, no order
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from war, and rested
From blood, made clean by ceremony: From the altar ['em,
You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the church too, [Sir;
And robb'd it of that right was none of yours,
For which the law requires your head, you know it.
Archas. Those arms I fought in last?
Bor. The same.

[41] ——— *Do ye gape upon me,*
Wider and swallow all my services?] This is one of the innumerable passages the sense whereof has been totally obscured by false pointing. What Archas afterwards says, proves the propriety of our variation in that respect.

[42] *For these are* spiteful *men, and know no* PIETY.] Instead of *piety*, the context induces us to believe, the author wrote *pity*.

Archas. God-a-mercy! [me,
Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill
A subtle one: I die, for saving all you.
Good Sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!
Prithee find out a better cause, a handsomer;
This will undo thee too; people will spit at thee; [cause.
The devil himself would be asham'd of this
Because my haste made me forget the ceremony, [life satisfy?
The present danger ev'ry where, must my
Bor. It must, and shall.
Archas. Oh, base ungrateful people!
Have ye no other swords to cut my throat with, ['em,
But mine own nobleness? I confess, I took
The vow not yet absolv'd f hung 'em up with;
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all;
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd then;
Took from the temple, to preserve the temple:
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,
The rev'rend shrines of saints, ador'd and honour'd, [fice,
Had been consum'd to ashes, their own sacri-
Had I been slack; or staid that absolution,
No priest had liv'd to give it. My own honour,
Cure of my country, murder me!
Bor. No, no, Sir;
I shall force that from you, will make this cause light too. [heart, Sir.
Away with him! I shall pluck down that
Archas. Break it thou may'st; but if it bend for pity,
Dogs and kites eat it! Come; I am honour's martyr. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke and Burris.

Duke. Exceed my warrant?
Burris. You know he loves him not.
Duke. He dares as well meet death,[42] as do it; eat wildfire.
Thro' a few fears, I mean to try his goodness,
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.
I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates him;
I know he is a serpent too,[43] a swol'n one;
[*Noise within.*
But I have pull'd his sting out. What noise is that?
Theod. [*within.*] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the gates!
Sold. [*within.*] Stand, stand, stand!
Puts. [*within.*] Fire the palace before ye!
Burris. Upon my life, the soldier, Sir, the
A miserable time is come. [soldier!

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh, save him! [Archas!
Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save lord
We are undone else.
Duke. Dares he touch his body? [fully.
Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fear-
Duke. Away, Burris; [him up;
Take men, and take him from him, clap
And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.
Are the soldiers broke in? [*Exit Burris.*
Gent. By this time, sure they are, Sir;
They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.
Duke. Get me a guard about me; make sure the lodgings,
And speak the soldiers fair.
Gent. Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, with torches.

Puts. Give us the general; we'll fire the court else!
Reuder him safe and well.
Anc. Don't fire the cellar,
There's excellent wine in't, captain; and, tho' it be cold weather, [neral!
I do not love it mull'd. Bring out the ge-
We'll light ye such a bonfire else—Where are ye? [of your hives,
Speak, or we'll toss your turrets;[44] peep out
We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?
Put out that nose again, and if thou dar'st
But blow it before us——Now he creeps out on's burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Puts. Give us the general! [ean desire.
Gent. Yes, gentlemen; or any thing ye
Anc. You musk-cat, [swer.
Cordevant-skin![45] we will not take your an-
Puts. Where is the duke? speak suddenly, and send him hither.
Anc. Or we'll so fry your buttocks——
Gent. Good sweet gentlemen——

[42] *He dares as well* meet *death.*] The Editors of the second folio read *eat* for *meet*; and the subsequent ones in 1750 concur in mentioning this strange meal. We have restored the genuine word from the first folio.

[43] *I know* he *is a serpent too*, &c.] Meaning *Boroskie*; but the pronoun is used rather confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow.

[44] *Speak, or we'll* toss *your turrets.*] Mr. Sympson proposes reading, TORCH *your turrets.* As the old books present good sense, we have not abandoned them, though we think the conjecture plausible, and not unpoetical.

[45] *Cordevant-skin.*] Spanish leather hide.

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,
And you miscreants that abuse the general.
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, and women.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.
Theod. I will not hurt her.
Fear not, sweet lady.
Olym. You may do what you please, Sir;[46]
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter Duke above.

Theod. Where's the duke?
Duke. He's here. What would ye, soldiers? Wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous madmen thus?
Theod. Give me my father!
Puts. & Anc. Give us our general!
Theod. Set him here before us; [torches;
You see the pledge we've got; you see these
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!
A thousand lives for one!
Duke. But hear me!
Puts. No; we come not to dispute.

Enter Archas and Burris.

Theod. By Heav'n
I swear, he's rack'd and whipt.
Hon. Oh, my poor father!
Puts. Burn, kill and burn!
Archas. Hold, hold, I say! hold, soldiers!
On your allegiance, hold!
Theod. We must not.
Archas. Hold! I swear [first,[47]
By Heaven, he's a barb'rous traitor stirs
A villain, and a stranger to obedience,
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour!—— [cruelly
Why did you use your old man thus? thus
Torture his poor weak body? I ever lov'd you.
Duke. Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.
Archas. I've balm enough for all my hurts:
Weep no more, Sir;
A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows.
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me!
Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?
I charge ye, as ye're men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,
Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign? [then,
The head of mercy, and of law? Who dares
But rebels, scorning law, appear thus violent? [fires?
Is this a place for swords, for threat'ning
The rev'rence of this house dares any touch,
But with obedient knees, and pious duties?
Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?
Has not he pow'r to punish our offences,
And don't we daily fall into 'em? Assure yourselves
I did offend, and highly, grievously;
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited, [with,
Which yet his mercy, and his old love met
And only let me feel his light rod this way.
Ye are to thank him for your general,
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.
Ye are offenders too, daily offenders;
Proud insolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person;
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,
And where his pow'r might persecute, forgives ye.
For shame, put up your swords! for honesty,
For order's sake, and whose you are, my sol-
Be not so rude! [diers,
Theod. They've drawn blood from you, Sir.
Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,[48] [out, boy.
The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly.
Hon. Good brother, do!
Archas. Honest and high example.
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theo-
My worthy son. [dore,
Theod. If harm come, thank yourself, Sir;
I must obey you. [*Exit.*
Archas. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things. I thank you, captain. [*Exeunt Sold.*
Soldiers, I thank ye all! And love me still,
But do not love me so you lose allegiance;

[46] May *do what you please, Sir.*] First folio. Other copies substitute *nay* for *'may.*

[47] *I swear by Heav'n he is a* barbarous *traitor stirs first.*] The epithet *barbarous* is certainly not the properest in the place, and makes still much worse measure; I have therefore substituted *base*, as a monosyllable seems certainly required, and *base* is the best and the nearest the trace of the letters of any that has occurred to me. *Seward.*

Barbarous does not always signify *cruel*, but often means *uncivilized*, and in this place might import *undisciplined*. *Barbarous traitor*; *i. e.* as the next line explains it.

A villain, and a stranger to obedience.

[48] *The* naughty *blood.*] The whole passage seems to require us to read, *the* HAUGHTY *blood*;

That was the blood rebell'd, *the* haughty *blood,*
The proud, provoking *blood.*

Love that above your lives. Once more, I thank ye. [wait on him.
Duke. Bring him to rest, and let our cares
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where justice and obedience only build,
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!
Burris. Remember him that vext him, Sir.
Duke. Remember?
When I forget that villain, and to pay him
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts forget me!
Archas. I'm very sore. [men.
Duke. Bring him to bed with ease, gentle-
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;
And, in my sad repentance——
Archas. 'Tis too much;
I have a life yet left to gain that love, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. HOW does lord Archas?
Burris. But weak, an't please you; [him:
Yet all the helps that art can, are applied to
His heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His mind being sound, his body soon will follow.
Duke. Oh, that base knave that wrong'd him, without leave too! [for't.
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks
He's fast, I hope.
Burris. As fast as irons can keep him:
But the most fearful wretch——
Duke. He has a conscience,
A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.
Burris. That they keep still, and I fear a worse clap.
They are drawn out o' th' town, and stand in councils,
Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purposes. [tains,
I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the cap-
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs, [often
And desperate curses, sounding these words
Like trumpets to their angers: 'We are ruin'd,
'Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;
'Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
'Tortur'd and whipt!' The colonel's eyes, like torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.
Gent. Yet worse, Sir; [you,
The news is current now, they mean to leave
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,
The bloody enemy, march straight against you.
Burris. I have heard this too, Sir.
Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.
Burris. 'Tis time, Sir;
But what to minister, or how?
Duke. Go in with me, [these
And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as
Equal defences ask, else they displease.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these soldiers!
They're cruel fellows.
Gent. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em, [lady?
And had prepar'd myself. But where's my
Pet. In her old dumps within, monstrous melancholy:
Sure she was mad of this wench.
Gent. An she had been a man,
She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad she's shifted.
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;
And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

(Enter Young Archas.)

What young thing's this?
Y. Arc. Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen!
Pray ye is the princess stirring yet?
Gent. He has her face.
Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him. [men.
Y. Arc. I guess ye to be the princess' wo-
Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.
Y. Arc. Pray is there not a gentlewoman waiting on her Grace,
Ye call Alinda?
Pet. The devil sure, in her shape.
Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that she had, in travel.
Pet. 'Mass, I remember that: This may be he too.
I would this thing would serve her.

Enter Olympia.

Gent. So would I, wench; [princess;
We'd love him better sure. Sir, here's the
She best can satisfy you.
Y. Arc. How I love that presence!
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shine your comforts!
Olym. What gentleman is that?
Gent. We know not, madam: [it,
He ask'd us for your Grace; and, as we guess
He is Alinda's brother.
Olym. Ha! let me mark him.
My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother?
By Venus, he has all her sweetness on him!
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.
Y. Arc. Gracious lady——
Olym. That pleasant pipe he has too.
Y. Arc. Being my happiness to pass this way,
And having, as I understand by letter,
A sister in your virtuous service, madam——
Olym. Oh, now my heart, my heart akes!
Y. Arc. All the comfort [built me;
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have
I thought it my first duty, my best service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace [nobleness,
For my poor sister, humbly to thank your
That bounteous goodness in you——
Olym. 'Tis he certainly.
Y. Arc. That spring of favour to her; with my life, madam, [me,
If any such most happy means might meet
To shew my thankfulness!
Olym. What have I done? fool!
Y. Arc. She came a stranger to your Grace, no courtier,
Nor of that curious breed befits your service;
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that lov'd you
Before she saw you; doted on your virtues;
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to read 'em;
You only had her prayers, you her wishes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd her.
Olym. I have done wickedly.
Y. Arc. A little beauty,
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along with her; [too:
And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,
I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger)
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas honest.
The daily study how to fit your services,
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,
So fir'd her honest soul, we thought her sainted.
I presume she's still the same: I would fain see her;
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.
Olym. Sir, such a maid there was, I had——
Y. Arc. There was, madam?
Olym. Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever curse ye
For your credulity! Alinda!
Y. Arc. That's her name, madam. [her.
Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament
Y. Arc. Is she dead, lady?
Olym. Dead, Sir, to my service:
She's gone. Pray you ask no further.
Y. Arc. I obey, madam.
Gone? Now must I lament too. Said you 'gone,' madam?
Olym. Gone, gone for ever!
Y. Arc. That's a cruel saying.
Her honour too?
Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me:
Do something like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only say thou lov'st her!
Y. Arc. You amaze me. [her;
Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd
Poor innocent soul, I flung her.[49] Sweet Alinda, [virtuous.
Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee
Why do you not rail now at me?
Y. Arc. For what, lady?
Olym. Call me base treach'rous woman?
Y. Arc. Heav'n defend me!
Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me;
Rashly and madly I betray'd her modesty:
Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where: Nay, more, Sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her!
Y. Arc. 'Twas not well, lady. [dearly,
Olym. 'Twas damnable; she loving me so
Never poor wench lov'd so. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best companion;
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest;
The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.
Oh, what have I forsaken? what have I lost?
Y. Arc. Madam, I'll take my leave; since she is wand'ring,
'Tis fit I know no rest.
Olym. Will you go too, Sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare trust me——
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,
To read that face again—Modesty keep me!
Alinda, in that shape!—But why should you trust me?
'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her. [then,
Appoint what penance you please; but stay

[49] *I flung her.*] Probably we ought to read, *I stung her.*

And see me perform it; ask what honour this place
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth:
If following me will like you, my care of you,
Which, for your sister's sake, for your own goodness——
Y. Arc. Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone, lady, [ferment,
Not all the favour——Yet, if I sought pre-
Under your bounteous Grace I'd only take it.
Peace rest upon you! One sad tear every day,
For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay!
[*Exit.*
Olym. A thousand, noble youth; and, when I sleep,
Ev'n in my silver slumbers[50] still I'll weep.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have you been with 'em?
Gent. Yes, an't please your Grace;
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:
They're fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their march to th' enemy.
Duke. They must be stopp'd.

Enter Burris.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what leader—— [Archas?
Duke. How now? Have you been with
Burris. Yes, an't please you,
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd lion,
Calls for his arms, and all those honest courtiers
That dare draw swords.
Duke. Is he able to do any thing?
Burris. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.
Duke. Who commands the rebels?
Burris. The young colonel;
That makes the old man almost mad. He swears, Sir, [dom.
He will not spare his son's head for the duke-
Duke. Is the court in arms?
Burris. As fast as they can bustle,
Every man mad to go now; inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the enemy.
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.
Duke. Pray go, Sir,
And look to the old man well. Take up all fairly, [dons,
And let no blood be spilt; take general par-
And quench this fury with fair peace.
Burris. I shall, Sir, [lains.
Or seal it with my service.[51] They are vil-
The court is up: Good Sir, go strengthen 'em;
Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dan-
The general needs no proof. [gers;
Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Soldiers, drums and colours.

Theod. 'Tis known we're up, and marching. No submission, [ladies:
No promise of base peace, can cure our ma-
We've suffer'd beyond all repair of honour;
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen, [trembled,
Whipt like a slave; that flesh that never
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with lashes.
Anc. Let's turn head. [on fairly,
Puts. Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march
Unless they charge us.
Theod. Think still of his abuses,
And keep your angers.
Anc. He was whipt like a top;
I never saw a whore so lac'd: Court school-butter? [banquet:
Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running
What oracle can alter us? Did not we see him?
See him we lov'd?
Theod. And tho' we did obey him,
Forc'd by his reverence for that time; is't fit, gentlemen, [diers,
My noble friends, is't fit we men, and sol-
Live to endure this, and look on too?
Puts. Forward! they may call back the sun as soon, stay time,
Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.
Theod. They'll make ye all fair promises.
Anc. We care not.
Theod. Use all their arts upon ye.
Anc. Hang all their arts! ['em.
Puts. And happily they'll bring him with
Anc. March apace then;
He's old, and cannot overtake us.
Puts. Say he do?
Anc. We'll run away with him; they shall ne'er see him more.
The truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing, [thing,
Consider nothing but our way; believe no-
Not tho' they say their prayers; be content with nothing,
But the knocking out their brains; and last, do nothing [kill 'em.
But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to
Theod. Remove then forwards bravely! Keep your minds whole,

[50] Silver *slumbers.*] Perhaps originally, SILENT *slumbers.*

[51] *Or seal it with my service.*] This expression is obscure; but the following seems to be the meaning of it: 'I'll either quench this fury, or, endeavouring so to do, put a period to my 'service.' *J. N.*

And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your Grace! Take rest, Sir; they're before us.
Gent. They are, Sir, and upon the march.
[*Exit Duke.*
Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you those horse and coast 'em:[52] Upon the first advantage,
If they won't slack their march, charge 'em up roundly;
By that time I'll come in.
Burris. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*
Gent. How do you feel yourself, Sir?
Archas. Well, I thank you;
A little weak, but anger shall supply that.
You'll all stand bravely to it?
All. While we have lives, Sir.
Archas. Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll make the knaves know,
The proudest, and the strongest-hearted rebel,
They have a law to live in, and they shall have.
Beat up apace; by this time he's upon 'em;
[*Drum within.*
And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play ever! [*Exeunt.*

Enter (drums beating) Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and their Soldiers.

Theod. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure!

(Enter Burris, and one or two Soldiers.)

The horse will charge us. [fit for 'em.
Anc. Let 'em come on; we've provender
Puts. Here comes lord Burris, Sir, I think to parley. [to our part.
Theod. You're welcome, noble Sir; I hope
Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me.
Fy! what dishonour seek ye! what black infamy! [with ye?
Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame
Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye
Lay down your arms again; move in that peace,
That fair obedience, you were bred in.
Puts. Charge us!
We come not here to argue.
Theod. Charge up bravely, [ye,
And hotly too; we have hot spleens to meet
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye: [diers?
D'ye see that old man? do ye know him, sol-
Puts. Your father, Sir, believe me!
Burris. You know his marches,
You've seen his executions: Is it yet peace?
Theod. We'll die here first. [ly.
Burris. Farewell! You'll hear on's present-
Archas. Stay Burris:
This is too poor, too beggarly a body,
To bear the honour of a charge from me;
A sort of tatter'd rebels. Go, provide gallowses! [presently!
Ye're troubled with hot heads; I'll cool ye
These look like men that were my soldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honest friends: Where got they these fair
Where did they steal these shapes? [figures?
Burris. They are struck already.
Archas. D' ye see that fellow there, that goodly rebel?
He looks as like a captain I lov'd tenderly,
A fellow of a faith indeed——
Burris. H' has sham'd him.
Archas. And that that bears the colours there, most certain [low,
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fel-
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,
I am amaz'd and troubled: And, were it not
I know the general goodness of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,
And am assur'd they would as soon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——
Burris. Here needs no wars.
I pray forgive us, Sir. [sword;
Anc. Good general, forgive us, or use your
Your words are double death.
All Good noble general!
Burris. Pray, Sir, be merciful.
Archas. Weep out your shames first;
Ye make me fool for company. Fy, soldiers!
My soldiers too, and play these tricks? What's he there? [tain
Sure I have seen his face too! Yes; most cer-
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much resemble this man, wondrous near him; [a leader.
Just of his height and making too. You seem
Theod. Good Sir, don't shame me more: I know your anger,
And less than death I look not for.
Archas. You shall be my charge, Sir; it seems you want foes,
When you would make your friends your enemies. [you.
A running blood you have, but I shall cure
Burris. Good Sir——

[52] *Take you those horse, and* coast *'em.*] Probably we should read *cote*, which signifies *overtake*. So in Shakespeare's Hamlet, Rosencrantz, speaking of the players, says, 'we *coted* 'them on the way.' Also, in The Return from Parnassus, a comedy, 1606, reprinted in Hawkins's Origin of the Drama,

'——— marry, we presently *coted*, and outstript them.' *R.*

Archas. No more, good lord. Beat forward, soldiers!
And you march in the rear; you've lost your places. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, and Viola.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen still with me, sister;
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her;
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.
I must confess I lov'd her; as who would not?
I must confess I doted on her strangely;
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her:
And while the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous?

Olym. Good Sir, pardon me;
I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,
And am asham'd; that shame a thousand sorrows [seen her,
Feed on continually. Would I had never
Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her!
She was too good for me; so heavenly good, Sir, [ficiently,
Nothing but Heav'n can love that soul sufWhere I shall see her once again!

Enter Burris.

Duke. No more tears; [her.
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover
Welcome, lord Burris; fair news I hope.

Burris. Most fair, Sir: [ended,
Without one drop of blood these wars are
The soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, Sir,
And all his anger ended.

Duke. Where's lord Archas?

Burris. Not far off, Sir; with him his valiant son,
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner;
And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke. [*Drums.*

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Duke. I hear the drums beat.
Welcome, my worthy friend!

Archas. Stand where you are, Sir; [ward,
Even as you love your country, move not forNor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,
A justice on this villain, (none of mine now!)
A justice on this rebel.

Hon. Oh, my brother!

Archas. This fatal firebrand——

Duke. Forget not, old man,
He is thy son, of thine own blood.

Archas. In these veins
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels.

Duke. 'Tis his first fault.

Archas. Not of a thousand, Sir;
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all merey,
His mother, were she living, would not weep
He dare not say he would live. [for him.

Theod. I must not, Sir,
While you say 'tis not fit. Your Grace's mercy,
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, Sir!
The world's forgiveness next! last, on my knees, Sir,
I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the name of father!
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die yours! [sudden with him,

Archas. He moves my heart: I must be
I shall grow faint else in my execution.
Come, come, Sir, you have seen death; now meet him bravely. [sider,

Duke. Hold, hold, I say, a little, hold! Con-
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit thee. [nobler:

Archas. Yes, Sir, I have another, and a
No treason shall inherit me: Young Archas,
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Briskie, breeds him nobly:
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Young Archas.

Puts. Thou hast no child left, Archas, none to inherit thee, [Archas!
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art!
Heave up thy sword, and mine's heav'd up! Strike, Archas,
And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy! the duke gives it. [thee;
Look upon all these, how they weep it from
Chuse quickly, and begin.

Duke. On your obedience,
On your allegiance, save him!

Archas. Take him to ye: [*Soldiers shout.*
And, sirrah, be an honest man; you've reason,
I thank you, worthy brother! Welcome, child,
Mine own sweet child!

Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?

Puts. Your Grace's pardon!
Fearing the vow you made against my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myself,
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Disguis'd, got entertainment, and serv'd here,
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl; Alinda, madam.

Olym. Stand away,
And let me look upon him!

Duke. My young mistress?
(This is a strange metamorphosis) Alinda?

Y. Arc. Your Grace's humble servant.
Duke. Come hither, sister.
I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How they view one another!
Dost thou not love this boy well?
Olym. I should lie else, trust me,
Extremely lie, Sir.
Duke. Didst thou ne'er wish, Olympia,
It might be thus?
Olym. A thousand times.
Duke. Here, take him! [ly!
Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweet-
Boy, you kiss faintly, boy. Heav'n give ye comfort!
Teach him; he'll quickly learn. There's two hearts eas'd now.
Archas. You do me too much honour, Sir.
Duke. No, Archas; [Speak truly.
But all I can, I will.—Can you love me?
Hon. Yes, Sir, dearly. [this man?
Duke. Come hither, Viola; can you love
Viola. I'll do the best I can, Sir.
Duke. Seal it, Burris.
We'll all to church together instantly;
And then a vie for boys![53] Stay; bring Boroskie!

(Enter Boroskie.)

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.
There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,
The knave to worth; do with him what thou wilt.

Archas. Then, to my sword again, you to your prayers;
Wash off your villainies; you feel the burden.
Bor. Forgive me ere I die, most honest Archas!
'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.
Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no memory,
No black and blasted infamy, hereafter——
Archas. Come, are you ready?
Bor. Yes. [way straight?
Archas. And truly penitent, to make your
Bor. Thus I wash off my sins.
Archas. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins.
Take him again, Sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.
Duke. I take him.
Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heav'n's hopes fail me! [Theodore,
Duke. You're old: No more wars, father!
Take you the charge; be general.
Theod. All good bless you!
Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my bosom; [I'd think
From you rise all my good thoughts: When
And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same man thro' all the straits of virtue,
Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.
Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, sports! and he that can
Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Tho' something well assur'd, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money spent
On our endeavours, yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
How you approve our action in the play?
If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,
It is your bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general consent
To study, as becomes us, your content.

[53] *And then a* vie *for boys.*] *Vie* and *revie* are terms at an old game at cards, formerly played at, called *gleek*. It seems to have been much like the present game *brag*. The manner in which it was played is described in 'The Compleat Gamester, or Instructions how to 'play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess, together with all manner of usual and most 'gentile games, either on cards or dice.' 2d edit. 1680. *R.*

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills ascribe this Comedy solely to Fletcher; in the title of the first copy, Fletcher's name is mentioned, without Beaumont's; and the Prologue speaks singly of 'the Poet.' The first edition was printed in 1640. Many years ago, some judicious alterations in the catastrophe of this Comedy were made by David Garrick, Esq.

THE PROLOGUE.

Pleasure attend ye! and about ye sit
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight and wit,
To stir ye up! Do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Because this day we're Spaniards all again,[1]
The story of our play, and our Scene in Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cause hate;
Now we present their wit, and not their state.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see,
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain;
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:
You're vestals all,[2] and tho' we blow the fire,
We seldom make it flame up to desire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For some by precedent delight to sin;
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.
But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;
A cruel scene did never lady please.
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,
Tho' we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you, you're free;
We tax no further than our comedy;
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see!

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

DUKE *of Medina.*
JUAN DE CASTRO, *a Spanish colonel.*
SANCHIO, ALONZO, *officers in the army.*
MICHAEL PEREZ, *the Copper Captain.*
LEON, *brother to Altea, and by her contrivance married to Margarita.*
CACAFOGO, *a rich usurer.*

WOMEN.

MARGARITA, *a wanton lady, married to Leon, by whom she is reclaimed.*
ALTEA, *her servant.*
CLARA, *a Spanish lady.*
ESTIFANIA, *a woman of intrigue, married to Perez.*
Three old Ladies.
An old Woman, and Maid.

SCENE, SPAIN.

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[1] *Nor to remembrance our late errors call,*
Because this day we're Spaniards all again.] This part of the Prologue seems to refer to the ill success of some tragedy, founded on a Spanish story, which had then been presented to the publick.

[2] *W' are* vestals *all.*] The context very evidently requires the change which Mr. Sympson first suggested here. *Seward.*

ACT I.

Enter Juan de Castro and Michael Perez.

Perez. ARE your companies full, colonel?
Juan. No, not yet, Sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How rises your command?
Perez. We pick up still, [come:
And, as our monies hold out, we have men
About that time I think we shall be full too.
Many young gallants go.
Juan. And unexperienc'd: [spirits;
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot
Time and experience will allay those visions.
We have strange things to fill our numbers:
There's one don Leon, a strong goodly fellow,[3]
Recommended to me from some noble friends,
For my Alferes;[4] had you but seen his person,
And what a giant's promise it protesteth!
Perez. I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too. [don Michael,
Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant,
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a question,
He blushes like a girl, and answers little,
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good one,
And good cloaths too; he's whole skinn'd, has no hurt yet; [tainly
Good promising hopes; I never yet heard cer-
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.
Perez. Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace if need be.
Many as strong as he will go along with us,[5]
That swear as heartily as heart can wish,
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and whole ones, [mole-hills.
That make the drunken Dutch creep into
Juan. 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael Perez, [heiress?
When heard you of donna Margarita, the great
Perez. I hear every hour of her, tho' I never saw her; [de Castro,
She is the main discourse. Noble don Juan
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at ease! she's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.
Juan. But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes seldom without wantonness:
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.
Perez. 'Would I were married; I would find that wisdom [man
With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever wo-
Of the most subtile mould went beyond me,
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o'th' parish.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, [with you.
There be two gentlewomen attend to speak
Juan. Wait on 'em in.
Perez. Are they two handsome women?
Serv. They seem so, very handsome; but they're veil'd, Sir.
Perez. Thou put'st sugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!
I love a sweet young wench.
Juan. Wait on them in, I say.
[*Exit Servant.*
Perez. Don Juan!
Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burnish! [yet?
Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones
Do your eyes glow now?
Perez. There be two.
Juan. Say, honest;
What shame have you then? [6]
Perez I would fain see that:
I've been i' th' Indies twice, and have seen strange things; [once.
But, two honest women!——One I read of
Juan. Prithee, be modest.
Perez. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Clara, and Estifania, veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.
Perez. Both hooded! I like 'em well tho'.
They come not for advice in law sure hither!

[3] *A* strange *goodly fellow.*] The variation in the text was proposed by Theobald, and rejected by Seward.

[4] *Alferes.*] Ensign. Spanish. *R.*

[5] *Many as* strong *as he will go along with us.*] Mr. Theobald for *strong* would substitute *strange*; and Mr. Seward, who alters the text to *stout*, says, 'I believe whoever fully considers 'the context, where *strength of body* had before been mentioned as joined with cowardice, 'will think with me, that *stout* either was or OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN the original.' This *belief* of what *ought to have been* betrays Mr. Seward into numberless arbitrary variations, though he seldom is ingenuous enough to mention them.—We apprehend *strong* to be the right word, and to be used here *ironically*.

[6] *What* shame *have you then?*] Mr. Theobald reads *share*, and the same change was suggested by an ingenious friend. But I see no reason for it. How will you be *asham'd* if you offer rudeness to women of virtue? Juan is a good character, and the sentiment very proper for him. *Seward.*

The

May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I'm for 'em.
They're very modest; 'tis a fine preludium.
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady? [Castro.
Clara. With you, Sir, as I guess; Juan de
Perez. Her curtain opens; she's a pretty gentlewoman. [fortune.
Juan. I am the man, and shall be bound to I may do any service to your beauties.
Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To serve the Catholick king.
Juan. I am, sweet lady.
Clara. I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in those wars; may be, Sir, you know him;
Don Campusano, captain of carbines,
To whom I would request your nobleness
To give this poor remembrance.
[*Gives a letter.*
Juan. I shall do it;
I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.
Clara. Something in private.
Juan. Step aside: I'll serve thee.
[*Exeunt Juan and Clara.*
Perez. Prithee, let me see thy face.
Estif. Sir, you must pardon me:
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,[7]
And keep suspect off from their chastities,
Had need wear thicker veils
Perez. I am no blaster of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her special favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be pre-
You may to me. [serv'd, lady:
Estif. You must excuse me, Signior;
I come not here to sell myself.
Perez. As I'm a gentleman!
By th' honour of a soldier!
Estif. I believe you;
I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me,
And when you've seen me I believe you'll like me;
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,
As if I came on purpose to betray you!
Indeed, I will not.
Perez. I shall love you dearly;
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:
I have no mistress, no desire to honour
Any but you.—Will not this oyster open?—
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty— [me
She will draw sure—so deep, and taken from
All the desire I might bestow on others——
Quickly, before they come!
Estif. Indeed, I dare not:
But, since I see you're so desirous, Sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——
Perez. It must needs be excellent. [of me;
Estif. And with what honesty you ask it
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what house I enter; thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,

(Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.)

I shall be able to give welcome to you.——
Sh' hath done her business; I must take my leave, Sir.
Perez. I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you, lady:
My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.
Sirrah, come near; hark!
Serv. I shall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*
Juan. You will command me no more services? [dear Sir,
Clara. To be careful of your noble health,
That I may ever honour you.
Juan. I thank you,
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down there! [*Exeunt ladies and Servant.*
Perez. You had the honour to see the face that came to you?
Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, don Michael?
Perez. Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;
But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome;
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.
Juan. You know none of 'em?
Perez. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain;
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.
Sit close, don Perez, or your worship's caught:
I fear a fly.[8]
Perez. Were those she brought love-letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinsman now in Flan-
Yours was very modest, methought. [ders.
Perez. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to see——
Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.

Sanc. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?
Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me.
If I find peace among the female creatures,
And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;
I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches

The meaning may be, 'how will you be *disgraced*, if you offer gallantry, where it will 'not be accepted.'

[7] *Fair* memories.] *i. e.* Fair characters.

[8] *I fear a* fly.] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr Sympson make a query about this. I suppose it a metaphor taken from fishing with *flies*. *Seward.*

We apprehend *fly* alludes to some common saying in the time of our Authors. It obviously implies *a trick*; *musca*, *mosca*, a *fly*.

And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.
When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.
Sanc. Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in,
Never leave whoring? [Wilt thou
Alon. There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio:
Tho' we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;
Besides, it breaks no limbs.
Sanc. But it disables 'em; dost thou see how thou pull'st
Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?
Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;
Serve bravely for a billet to support me.
Sanc. Fy, fy! 'tis base.
Alon. Dost thou count it base to suffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honour.
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.
Sanc. As thou hast done, I'm sure. But I perceive now
Why you desire to stay; the Orient heiress,
The Margarita, Sir!
Alon. I would I had her.
Sanc. They say she'll marry.
Alon. Yes, I think she will. [too!
Sanc. And marry suddenly, as report goes
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.
Sanc. They say too
She has a greedy eye, that must be fed
With more than one man's meat.
Alon. Would she were mine!
I'd cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,
There be too many great men that adore her;
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege. [marriage;
Sanc. Yet those stand off i' th' way of
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour. [town.
Alon. Sh' has bought a brave house here in
Sanc. I've heard so.
Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!
Sanc. When comes she to it?
Alon. Within these two days; she's i' th' country yet,
And keeps the noblest house!
Sanc. Then there's some hope of her.
Wilt thou go my way?
Alon. No, no, I must leave you,
And repair to an old gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can speak a good word.
Sanc. Send thee good fortune! but make thy body sound first.

Alon. I am a soldier, and too sound a body
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Serv. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim; [plaguy fast;
They're both fair buildings. She walk'd

(Enter Estifania.)

And hereabouts I lost her. Stay! that's she,
'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy.
Let me note the place; the street I well remember.
She's in again. Certain some noble lady:
[*Exit Estif.*
How happy should I be if she love my master!
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave lodgings,
And I shall sleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune!
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy tidings. [*Exit.*

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in such haste we're sent for? [business
2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some
She'd break to us in private.
3 *Lady.* It should seem so.
'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.
2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.
3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.[9]

Enter Altea.

Altea. Good morrow, ladies!
All. Morrow, my good madam!
1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty,—lady Margaret? [last night?
2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk
1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?
Altea. All's well;
She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly
To give her counsel in a business
That much concerns her.
2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;
Our years have run thro' many things she
Altea. She would fain marry. [knows not.
1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beseems her years. Who would she yoke with? [come in,
Altea. That's left to argue on. I pray

[9] *Well away with.*] This mode of expression needs no explanation; we shall only observe, that it is frequently to be found in our ancient writers. In the Second Part of Henry IV. act iii. scene ii. Shallow says, 'she could never *away with me*.' And among 'The orders thought 'meete by her majestie to be executed throughout the counties of this realme, in such townes, 'villages, and other places, as are or may be hereafter infected with the plague, for the stay 'of further increase of the same,' B. L. 4to. printed by Barker, is a receipt 'for women with 'child, or such as be delicate and tender, *and cannot away with* taking medicines.' *R.*

And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,
To strengthen your understandings; then she'll tell ye.
2 Lady. And good wine breeds good counsel; we'll yield to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan de Castro and Leon.

Juan. Have you seen any service?
Leon. Yes.
Juan. Where?
Leon. Every where.
Juan. What office bore you?
Leon. None; I was not worthy.
Juan. What captains know you?
Leon. None; they were above me.
Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray ask me no long questions; I've an ill memory.
Juan. This is an ass. Did you ne'er draw your sword yet? [for't.
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?
Leon. No, I run away,
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ake.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?
Leon. I think not; [
But I am loving, Sir.
Juan. What a lump is this man!
Was your father wise?
Leon. Too wise for me, I'm sure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.
Canst thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make shift, Sir;
But I am bashful.
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not;
Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?
Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?
Leon. Why, by chance; [Sir.
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none
Juan. This fellow has some doubts in's talk, that strike me;

(Enter Alonzo.)

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo!
Alon. What have you got there? Temperance into
Your company? the spirit of peace? we shall have wars

(Enter Cacafogo.)

By the ounce then, Oh, here's another pumpion;
Let him loose for luck sake, the cramm'd son
Of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo;
Both their brains butter'd cannot make two spoonfuls. [war too,
Cac. My father's dead; I am a man of
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.
Juan. Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your ships may leak else. [drunkards.
Cac. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my
Alon. Put up your gold, Sir; I will borrow it else.
Cac. I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come out; I know thee;
Meet mine anger instantly!
Leon. I never wrong'd you.
Cac. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour;
Thou look'st upon my mistress thrice lascivi- [ously;
I'll make it good.
Juan. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.
Cac. Thou won'st my money too, with a pair of base bones, [thee,
In whom there was no truth; for which I beat
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously;
This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes.*
Alon. You struck too low by a foot, Sir.
Juan. You must get a ladder when you'd beat this fellow. [pardon me!
Leon. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray
Cac. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.
I leave thee as a thing despis'd! *Baso las manos à vostra Seignoria!*[10] [*Exit.*
Alon. You've 'scap'd by miracle; there is not in all Spain,
A spirit more of fury than this fire-drake.
Leon. I see he's hasty; and I'd give him leave
To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.
Juan. What shall I do with this fellow?
Alon. Turn him off:
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.
Juan. About some week hence, Sir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You shall hear from me.
Leon. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Estifania and Perez.

Perez. You've made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;
I could now chide you, but it shall be thus.
No other anger ever touch your sweetness!

[10] *Assoles manus a vostra siniare a maistre.*] I have put Mr. Theobald's correction of this into the text. *Seward.*

Estif. You appear to me so honest, and so civil, [come.
Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid you wel-
Perez. Now let me ask your name.
Estif. 'Tis Estifania;
The heir of this poor place.
Perez. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I cast my eyes upon,
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!
Is all that plate your own too?
Estif. 'Tis but little,
Only for present use; I've more and richer,
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it.
The suits you see of all the upper chambers,
Are those that commonly adorn the house:
I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,[11]
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.
Perez. Now if she be not married, I have
Are you a maid? [some hopes.
Estif. You make me blush to answer;
I ever was accounted so to this hour,
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.
Perez. Then would I counsel you to marry presently,
—If I can get her, I am made for ever—
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;
A husband now, an honest careful husband,
Were such a comfort! Will you walk above stairs? [far, Sir;
Estif. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter
Above there are day-beds, and such tempta-
I dare not trust, Sir.— [tions
Perez. She's excellent wise withal too.—
Estif. You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict, Sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,
But if an honest, and a noble one,
Rich, and a soldier (for so I've vow'd he shall be) [him;
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept
But, above all, he must love.
Perez. He were base else.—
There's comfort ministered in the word soldier:
How sweetly should I live!

Estif. I'm not so ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myself obey'd, Sir.
I waste but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the less worth, when 'tis spent,
If spent by my direction; to please my hus-
I hold it as indifferent in my duty, [band,
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.
Perez. Sweet, rich, and provident! now fortune stick to me!
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely:
They that use many words, some are deceitful;
I long to be a husband, and a good one;
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies.
I'm young you see, able I'd have you think too; [take me.
If't please you know, try me, before you
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth
With you; but jewels, chains, such as the war [sume on
Has giv'n me, a thousand ducats I dare pre-
In ready gold, (now as your care may handle it) [lady!
As rich cloaths too as any he bears arms,
Estif. You're a true gentleman, and fair, I see by you;
And such a man I'd rather take——
Perez. Pray do so!
I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.
Estif. And as suddenly
You will repent too.
Perez. I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,
By this, and this, and this kiss!
Estif. You're a flatterer;
But I must say there was something when I saw you first,
In that most noble face, that stirr'd my fancy.
Perez. I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet lady. [to you,
I'll send for all my trunks and give up all
Into your own dispose, before I bed you;
And then sweet wench——
Estif. You have the art to cozen me.
[*Exeunt.*

[11] ——*as fair, as* civil,
As *any town in Spain can parallel.*] The first quarto reads,

—— *as* civil,
Or *any town in Spain can parallel.*

The subsequent editions in attempting to correct this made tolerable sense by changing *or* to *as*, though Mr. Sympson and I agree that they mistook the real corruption; the change of the adjective *civil* to the name of the city gives so much better a reading, that we doubt not of its being the original. Upon consulting Mr. Theobald's margin, I find the same correction there. *Seward.*

ACT II.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Marg. SIT down, and give me your opinion seriously.
1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady? [credit;
Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my
Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies;
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' the question:
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;
But when my money's gone, when the law shall [all?
Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of
1 *Lady.* D'ye find your body so malicious that way? [young and lusty,
Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are
Lazy, and high fed; I desire my pleasure,
And pleasure I must have.
2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have;
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary,
As necessary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nourish more. [you single?
1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep
You take away variety in marriage, [then;
Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd
Is't not abundance that you aim at?
Marg. Yes;
Why was I made a woman?
2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?
Marg. Why fair and young, but to use it?
1 *Lady.* You're still i' th' right; why should you marry then?
Altea. Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,
And clears all passages.
2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?
Altea. A husband of an easy faith,[12] a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;
One, though he see himself become a monster,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.
2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.
1 *Lady.* Yes, marry;
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection.
2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so; things of no honour,
Nor outward honesty.
Marg. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, so they be lusty.
2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients' business.
Marg. No, there's no trusting them; they are too subtle;
The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.
1 *Lady.* Then, some grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.
Marg. If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none such:
I'll have a lusty man; honour will cloy me.
Altea. 'Tis fit you should, lady; [labour,
And to that end, with search and wit, and
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect;
He's made as strong as brass, is of brave years
And doughty of complexion. [too,
Marg. Is he a gentleman?
Altea. Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you'd wish him;
A good fellow, wears good cloaths.
Marg. Those I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he understand
But little?
Altea. Very little.
Marg. 'Tis the better.
Have not the wars bred him up to anger?
Altea. No; [him;
He will not quarrel with a dog that bites
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.
Marg. H' has no capacity what honour is?
For that's the soldier's god. [wisdom;
Altea. Honour's a thing too subtile for his
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Marg. Is he so goodly a man, do you say?
Altea. As you shall see, lady;
But, to all this, he's but a trunk.
Marg. I'd have him so,
I shall add branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;

[12] Altea. *A husband of an easy faith*] This part of *Altea* is given to the Fourth Lady in the first quarto. She is the plotter, and sister to Leon; but the players, probably to contract the number of characters, gave her whole part to Altea, and with so much judgment, that I question whether they had not the Author's approbation, and therefore I shall not alter it. *Seward.*

We should be glad to know how this approbation, which Mr. Seward makes no question of the Author's giving, was communicated; as it must have been sent from the Elyzian Fields; since Fletcher died fifteen years before this first quarto was printed; subsequent to which the variation of the interlocutors was made. But perhaps Mr. Seward "*intended* the "anachronism," to render the circumstance "more droll and laughable." See note 44, on Humorous Lieutenant, in this volume. The approbation, however, was totally undeserved; for, in this first quarto, the characters are strangely jumbled together; the same person being, in the very same scene, sometimes called *Altea*, sometimes, *Fourth Lady*. This Mr. Seward does not seem to have known. The plot, however, seems to give the whole part to Altea.

If he be that motion[43] that you tell me of,
And make no more noise, I shall entertain
Let him be here. [him.
Altea. He shall attend your ladyship.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed?
Perez. No, no; pray think so.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye!
Alon. Wouldst thou steal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Perez. No, indeed!
There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,
An old seducer, to a female banquet! [tions.
I can cut up my pye without your instruc-
Juan. Was it the wench i' th' veil?
Perez. Basta! 'twas she;
The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'st thief!
Juan. And is she rich withal too?
Perez. A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.
I am an ass, a bashful fool! Prithee, colonel,
How do thy companions fill now?
Juan. You're merry, Sir;
You intend a safer war at home, belike now?
Perez. I do not think I shall fight much this year, colonel;
I find myself giv'n to my ease a little.
I care not if I sell my foolish company;
They're things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench; and I, that have consum'd [tleties,
My time and art in searching out their subLike a fool'd alchemist, blow up my hopes still! [freely merry?
When shall we come to thy house and be
Perez. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have a house to entertain an army.
Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.
Perez. But where they'll get entertainment is the point, Signior;
I beat no drum.
Alon. You need none but her tabor.
Perez. May be I'll march,[44] after a month or two,
To get me a fresh stomach. I find, colonel,
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with;
'Tis such a trouble to be married too,
And have a thousand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plates, and fooleries, molest me;
To have a man's brains whimsied with his
Before, I walk'd contentedly, [wealth!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, Sir, is sick, because you're absent;
She mourns, and will not eat.
Perez. Alas, my jewel! [fair leaves!
Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke;
Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both such loving wives!
Juan. I thank you
[*Exeunt Perez and Servant.*
For your old boots! Never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune!
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.
Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Marg. Is he come? [half-hour.
Altea. Yes, madam; h' has been here this
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man:
He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!
Marg. Have ye search'd him, ladies?
Omnes. He's a man at all points, a likely man!
Marg. Call him in, Altea. [*Exit Altea.*

(Enter Leon and Altea.)

A man of a good presence! Pray you come this way;
Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame?
Altea. Pray question him; and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's no harm done. [blushes!
Marg. Can you love a young lady? How he
Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to th' lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can; [madam.
I must be taught; I know not what it means,
Marg. You shall be taught. And can you, when she pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend you,
And money in your purse.

[43] *If he be that* motion.] i.e. *Puppet.* The word occurs in the same sense in Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. In the play of Bartholomew Fair, Master Pod is mentioned as Master of the *Motions.* *R.*

[44] Alon. *You need none but her tabor*;
May be I'll march, &c.] This whole speech, all but the first line of which so evidently belongs to *Perez*, was given to *Alonzo* in all the former editions. Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald agreed with me in the emendation. *Seward.*

Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am so merry!
Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely, [dience,
When you are sent for back, come with obe-
And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, sure, I shall.
Marg. And when you see her friends here,
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.
Marg. Let me try your kisses.
How the fool shakes! I will not eat you, Sir.
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly!
Can you do any thing else?
Leon. Indeed, I know not; [me,
But if your ladyship will please to instruct
Sure I shall learn.
Marg. You shall then be instructed.
If I should be this lady that affects you,
Nay, say I marry you——
Altea. Hark to the lady.
Marg. What money have you?
Leon. None, madam, nor friends.
I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.
Marg. You must not look to be my master, Sir, [breeches;
Nor talk i'th' house as tho' you wore the
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.
Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill spoil your head. I take you upon charity,
And like a servant you must be unto me;
As I behold your duty I shall love you,
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie
Can you mark these? [with you.
Leon. Yes, indeed, forsooth.
Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take you in I put you from me,
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me;
Scarce know me, when I call you not.
Leon. I will not.
Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.
Marg. Nor must not now.
Leon. I'll be a dog to please you.
Marg. Indeed, you must fetch and carry as I appoint you.
Leon. I were to blame else.
Marg. Kiss me again. A strong fellow!
There is a vigour in his lips: If you see me
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,
You must not start, nor be offended.
Leon. No,
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented!
It will the better teach me how to please you!
Altea. I told you, madam!
Marg. 'Tis the man I wish'd for.
The less you speak——
Leon. I'll never speak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll speak softly too. [stantly.
Marg. Get me a priest; I'll wed him in-
But when you're married, Sir, you must wait upon me,
And see you observe my laws.
Leon. Else you shall hang me.
Marg. I'll give you better cloaths when you deserve 'em.——
Come in, and serve for witnesses.
Omnes. We shall, madam.
Marg. And then away to th' city presently;
I'll to my new house and new company.
Leon. A thousand crowns are thine; and I'm a made man.
Altea. Do not break out too soon!
Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clara and Estifania, with a paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?
Estif. Yes.
Clara. And do you find him
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?
Estif. Yes, too;
And the most kind man, and the ablest also
To give a wife content! He's sound as old wine,
And to his soundness rises on the palate;
And there's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.
Clara. Hast thou married him?
Estif. What, dost thou think I fish without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools: He is mine own, I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily.
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.
Clara. Does thy lady know this? She's coming now to town,
Now to live here in this house.
Estif. Let her come;
She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.
Clara. Dost thou not love him?
Estif. Yes, entirely well, [ther
As long as there he stays, and looks no fur-
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him, [cozen him.[15]
And that wise hate will teach me how to

[15] *And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him,*
How to decline their wives, &c.] Mr. Sympson agrees with me that there is certainly a line or more lost between these two. The sense necessary is very clear from what Perez says of himself,

Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profest to tame the pride of ladies?

A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a stern and strong rein to their natures,
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mold a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

(Enter Perez.)

Oh, here he is; now you shall see a kind man. [lamb?

Perez. My Estifania! shall we to dinner, I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else. [dise

Perez. I never enter, but methinks a para- Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, Sir.

Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench; [den,

Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the gar- In one o'th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleasant) [fountain.

And have our wine cool'd in the running Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine, Sir.

Perez. Of what breeding?

Estif. A gentlewoman, Sir.

Perez. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir. [woman,

Perez. Or has she e'er a letter from a kins- That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confessor. [troubled, Sir?

Estif. What need all this? why are you
What d'you suspect? she cannot cuckold you;
She is a woman, Sir, a very woman.

Perez. Your very woman may do very well, Sir, [form it

Toward the matter; for, though she can't per- In her own person, she may do't by proxy:
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry you mercy, husband! you are jealous then,
And happily suspect me?

Perez. No, indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more cause, [husband,

And clearer too I'm sure you've heard say,
A woman forc'd will free herself thro' iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,
May be taught tricks.

Perez. No, no, I do but jest with you.

Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave you
'Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with you. [*Exit.*

Estif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?

Perez. Who knocks there? [*Knock.*

Is't for the king you come, you knock so
Look to the door. [boist'rously?

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady! as I live, mistress, my lady's come! [her,

She's at the door; I peep'd through, and I saw
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon; but I must meet with her,
And set a new wheel going, and a subtile one,
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

Perez. What are they at door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good!

Perez. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better
If you will let me but dispose the business,
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me:
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune? [I was angry;

Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I'm asham'd
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. Ill wise your worship
Before I leave you!—Pray you walk by, and say nothing, [Sir:

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me,
I was born to make you a man. [*Exit.*

Perez. The rogue speaks heartily;
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.
I must be gentler to these tender natures;
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our officers. [now;

I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

(Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, Estifania, and Ladies.)

Who are these? what flanting things? A woman [big

Of rare presence! excellent fair! This is too
For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.

Estif. My husband, lady!

Marg. You've gain'd a proper man.

Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your servant, lady. [*Kisses.*

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now, and I shall make you rich: [her,

This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on
Even to death; see how he observes her.

Perez. She's a goodly woman.

Estif. She's a mirror, [else.

But she is poor; she were for a prince's side

From the sense of these lines, therefore, I have ventured to form one, which I doubt not to be the sense of that which is lost, and I shall keep as close to his words here as I can. And for this reason, in the line, I have inserted, I have used *lady-tamer* instead of *woman-tamer*, and *warnings* instead of *lectures*. *Seward.*

This house she has brought him to, as to her own,
Presuming upon me, and upon my courtesy;
(Conceive me short) he knows not but she's wealthy:
Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,
He's so far gone.
Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.
Estif. This we must carry with discretion, husband,
And yield unto her for four days.
Perez. Yield our house up,
Our goods, and wealth?
Estif. All this is but in seeming,
To milk the lover on. D'you see this writing?
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married, [unfit now;
Has she seal'd to for our good: The time's
I'll shew it you to-morrow.
Perez. All the house? [confirm him;
Estif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to
They'll into th' country suddenly again
After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him. [what you do.
Perez. The whole possession, wife? Look
A part o'th' house——
Estif. No, no, they shall have all, [tage.
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'van-
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, Sir,
A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,
And should I make a scruple to do you good?
Perez. If easily it would come back.
Estif. I swear, Sir,
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity
To let such a gentlewoman [16] for a little help?
You give away no house.
Perez. Clear but that question.
Estif. I'll put the writings into your hand.
Perez. Well then.
Estif. And you shall keep them safe.
Perez. I'm satisfied. Would I'd the wench so too.
Estif. When she has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.
Perez. I'll remove the goods straight,
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for four days. [be.
Estif. I have a poor old friend: there we'll
Perez. 'Tis well then. [clear.
Estif. Go handsome off, and leave the house
Perez. Well.
Estif. That little stuff we'll use shall follow after,
And a boy to guide you. Peace, and we are made both! [*Exit Perez.*
Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?
Estif. They're sweet and neat.
Marg. Why, where's your husband?
Estif. Gone, madam.
When you come to your own, he must give place, lady.
Marg. Well, send you joy! You would not let me know't,
Yet I shall not forget you.
Estif. Thank your ladyship! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Margarite, Altea, and Boy.

Altea. ARE you at ease now? is your heart at rest
Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,
To keep the scorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?
Marg. I'm at peace, Altea:
If he continue but the same he shews,
And be a master of that ignorance
He outwardly professes, I am happy.
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,
Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy!
Altea. You're a made woman.
Marg. But if he should prove now
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd?
Altea. My life, an innocent.
Marg. That's it I aim at, [him;
That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule
For innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel, [lations,
Who being not us'd to breakfasts and col-
When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms
Made ready to entertain my friends?
I long to dance now, and to be wanton;
Let me have a song. Is the great couch up
The duke of Medina sent?
Altea. 'Tis up and ready.
Marg. And day-beds in all chambers?
Altea. In all, lady; [sures;
Your house is nothing now but various plea-
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Marg. Let 'em gaze on;
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,

[16] ——— *is it not pity*
To let *such a gentlewoman for a little help?*] *i. e.* 'To *obstruct*, or hinder the advance-'ment of such a lady, for want of some little assistance.' Here the verb *let* is used according to its ancient acceptation.

And company is my delight, and courtship,
And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good husband?
Where does he wait?
Altea. He knows his distance, madam;
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar,
Amongst his fellow servants, or asleep,
'Till your command awake him.

Enter Leon and Servant.

Marg. 'Tis well, Altea; [him.—
It should be so; my ward I must preserve
Who sent for him? how dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!
Altea. Sure he sees you not.
Marg. How scornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers [sure?
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's plea-
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre? [and richer;
Serv. They are, and yet there must be more
It is her will.
Leon. Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels, and masques?
Serv. She ever lov'd 'em dearly, [Sir!
And we shall have the bravest house kept now,
I must not call you master (she has warn'd me)
Nor must not put my hat off to you.
Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What tho' I be her husband, I'm your fellow.
I may cut first.
Serv. That's as you shall deserve, Sir.
Leon. And when I lie with her——
Serv. May be I'll light you;
On the same point you may do me that service.

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the duke Medina, with some captains,
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.
Marg. They shall be welcome.
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,
The house perfum'd. Now I shall take my pleasure, [me.
And not my neighbour Justice maunder at
Go, get your best cloaths on; but, 'till I call you, [women,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentle-
And behave yourself cleanly, Sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia——
Leon. That's a bawd,
A three-pil'd bawd, bawd-major to the army.
2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship, [morning.
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery!
Marg. Tell her no;
I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.
2 *Lady.* I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be sewer to the first course.
A portly presence! Altea, he looks lean;
'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh well.
Altea. A willing, madam, one that needs no spurring. [standing,
Leon. Faith, madam, in my little under-
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about you, that may speak well of you,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now? what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to persuade you:
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of marchpane men, that will not last, madam; [potions,
An egg and pepper goes further than their
And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip
Will play his prize above their strong pota-
Marg. The fellow's mad! [biles.
Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.
Altea. He breaks out modestly.
Leon. Pray you be not angry;
My indiscretion has made bold to tell you
What you'll find true.
Marg. Thou dar'st not talk?
Leon. Not much, madam:
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper. [band!
Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your hus-
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders, [duces,
Such husbands as this monstrous world pro-
And you will scarce find such deformities;
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions,
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,
And bills nail'd up with horns before your
To rent out lust.[17] [stories,
Marg. D' you hear him talk?
Leon. I've done, madam;
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak wonders!
'Till when, I tie myself to my obedience.
[*Exit.*

[17] *And bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,*
To rent out last.] A most beautiful metaphor has been here entirely lost in all the former editions by the change of a single letter, which when once hit upon appears self-evident. *Seward.*

Marg. First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman,
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me, [providence,
And mated [18] my commands! this was your
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!
What think you now?

Altea. I think him an ass still;
This boldness some of your people have blown into him, [rant,
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a ty-
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Marg. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no dicovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,
To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing;
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband.

Altea. He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time: [tion.
Keep him from drink; h' has a high constitu-

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

Marg. No, your old cloaths,
And get you into th' country presently,
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, Sir, [too.
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good

Altea. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance: [19]
You see now he's come round again.

Marg. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam, if it shall please your ladyship——

Altea. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.

Marg. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have you yet no feeling? [*Aside.*
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady! [*Exit.*

Marg. See you preserve him thus, upon my favour;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all handsome.

Altea. I hope to see you so too; I've wrought ill else. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. Shall I ne'er return to mine own house again?
We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,
A conjurer's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a basket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
And to that so thick, they cut like marmalet;
So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!
Never return to mine own paradise?
Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!

Estif. [*within.*] I'm going presently.

Perez. Make haste, good jewel!
I'm like the people that live in the sweet island: [20]
I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,
And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.
The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,
(For they're not able to maintain a cat here)
And those appear as fearful as two devils; [21]
They've eat a map o' th' whole world up already,
And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' th' chimney,
(Which is but three tiles, rais'd like a house of cards)
The true proportion of an old smoak'd sibyl;
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;
She has a husk about her like a chesnut
With laziness, and living under the line here;
And these two make a hollow sound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

[18] *Mated.*] Shakespeare uses this word in the same sense it bears here; *i. e.* to *oppose*, or *contend with*; and this signification it also carries at the game of chess.

[19] Altea. *Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.*] This line Mr. Seward gives, we think improperly, to *Leon.*

[20] *That live in the sweet islands.*] *Sweet Islands* may at first seem an odd comparison to the stenches of the dog-hole here spoke of, but *sweet* means the Sugar-Islands, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, &c. the heat and unwholsomeness of which, at particular seasons, is well known. Mr. Theobald not seeing this, reads, *sweat islands*. *Seward.*

[21] *As* fearful *as two devils.*] *Fearful* is here the same as *frightful* or *furious*; so the verb to *fear* is often used actively, *i. e.* to *frighten*. If *fearful* is understood in its usual sense, the passage will lose all its humour. *Seward.*

(Enter Estifania.)

Mercy, deliver me! Oh, are you come, wife?
Shall we be free again?
Estif. I am now going, [Sir:
And you shall presently to your own house,
The remembrance of this small vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have said your orisons,
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.
Perez. Break my neck rather! Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!
Let's have our house again immediately;
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled!
Estif. Not a pin, I warrant you.
Perez. And let 'em instantly depart!
Estif. They shall both, [both,
(There's reason in all courtesies) they must
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,
And has provided too; she sent me word, Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.
Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than these living.
An hour hence I'll expect you.
Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.
Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner,
And see all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a strong bath to restore me!
I stink like a stall-fish, shambles,[22] or an oil-shop.
Estif. You shall have all—(which some interpret nothing)—
I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the stuff.
Perez Let 'em be known and honest!
And do my service to your niece.
Estif. I shall, Sir;
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy.
And pray you be brave,[23] for my sake!
Perez. I observe you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan de Castro, Sanchio, and Cacafogo.

Sanc. Thou'rt very brave.
Cac. I've reason; I have money.
Sanc. Is money reason?
Cac. Yes, and rhime too, captain.
If you've no money, you're an ass.
Sanc. I thank you.
Cac. You've manners; ever thank him that has money.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a farthing, captain;
Captains are casual things.
Sanc. Why, so are all men;
Thou shalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:
My money is mine own; I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What dost thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uses, [combs
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young cox-
That would undo me.
Juan. Are those hospitals?
Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched, [pray for me:
And then I build; those are more bound to
Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name still. [wars, Sir?
Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. You have said wisely.
Cac. Had you but my money, [home
You'd swear it, colonel; I'd rather drill at
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour, [thing:
Than exercise ten thousand fools with no-
A wise man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers. [not marry,
Sanc. A right state usurer; why dost thou
And live a reverend justice?
Cac. Is't not nobler [one?
To command a reverend justice, than to be
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?
Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?
Cac. I will go, [one,
And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair
The rich one too, and I will be respected;
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse
Of her affection.
Juan. The duke dines there to-day too,
The duke of Medina.
Cac. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and so far's my creature;

[22] *I stink like a* stall-fish shambles.] A *stall for fish* and a *fish-shambles* seems to differ but as a part from the whole; I therefore read, *a stale fish-shambles.* *Seward.*

The old reading gives a further sense, only inserting a comma: *I stink like a* stall-fish, shambles, *or an oil-shop:* that is, 'I smell as strong as a fish stall, a butcher's shambles, or an oil shop.'

[23] *And pray you be* brave.] i. e. *Well-dress'd*; a request peculiarly humourous; Estifania having pillaged Perez's trunks, and left him but that 'one civil suit' which was upon his back. *J. N.*

And certainly I may make bold with mine own, captain.
Sanc. Thou wilt eat monstrously?
Cac. Like a true-born Spaniard; [grows!
Eat as I were in England, where the beef
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,
To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.
Juan. If we should play now, you must supply me.
Cac. You must pawn a horse-troop,
And then have at you, colonel!
Sanc. Come, let's go. [ladies
This rascal will make rare sport! how the
Will laugh at him!
Juan. If I light on him,
I'll make his purse sweat too.
Cac. Will you lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks open? [rit——
And my goods gone? what pick-lock spi-
Old Wom. Ha! what would you have?
Perez. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?
Old Wom. Are your trunks open?
Perez. Yes, and my cloaths gone,
And chains, and jewels! How she smells like hung beef! [belches.
The palsy and pick looks![24] Fy, how she
The spirit of garlick!
Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Perez. What's that to my question?
She is my wife, and gone about my business.
Maid. Is she your wife, Sir?
Perez. Yes, Sir; is that wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is she truly,
Truly your wife?
Perez. I think so, for I married her.
It was no vision sure!
Maid. She has the keys, Sir.
Perez. I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman, [husbands.
You are a wretched man; she has twenty
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And she has cozen'd all, Sir.
Perez. The devil she has! I had a fair house with her,
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.
Old Wom. You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman;[25]
It is a lady's. What's the lady's name, wench?
Maid. The lady Margarita; she was her servant,
And kept the house, but going from her, Sir,
For some lewd tricks she play'd.
Perez. Plague o' the devil!
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom,
Cheated by a stale quean? What kind of lady
Is that that owes the house?
Old Wom. A young sweet lady.
Perez. Of a low stature?
Old Wom. She's indeed but little,
But she is wondrous fair.
Perez. I feel I'm cozen'd;
Now I am sensible I am undone!
This is the very woman sure, that cousin,
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the house hers: I'm entreated sweetly!
Maid. When she went out this morning, (that I saw, Sir)
She had two women at the door attending,
And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em; [too open,
But what they were——I heard your trunks
If they be yours? [laden,
Perez. They were mine while they were
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.
Was she her mistress, say you?
Old Wom. Her own mistress,
Her very mistress, Sir, and all you saw
About and in that house was hers.
Perez. No plate,
No jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing;
She's poor, Sir, a poor shifting thing!
Perez. No money? [are,
Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!
Perez. I am mad now!
I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide else.
One civil suit I have left too, and that's all,
And if she steal that, she must flay me for it.
Where does she use?
Old Wom. You may find truth as soon:
Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, Sir, she lurks in;
And here she gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.
Perez. Is she a whore too?
Old Wom. Little better, gentleman; I dare not say
She is so, Sir, because she is yours, Sir;
But these five years she has firk'd a pretty living,

[24] *The palsey and* picklocks, *fye, how she belches.*] The emendation which Mr. Sympson, Mr. Theobald and I, have all made here, will seem obvious and necessary to every reader. *Seward.*

[25] *'Tis none of hers, good* gentleman.] Mr. Seward chuses to read *gentlewoman.*

Until she came to serve.—I fear he will knock
Brains out for lying.[26] [my
Perez. She has serv'd me faithfully;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I trick'd now? [yet;
Caught in mine own noose? Here's a rial left
There's for your lodging and your meat for this week!
A silk worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great-grandmother!
If I do find you were an accessary,
('Tis but the cutting off two smoaky minutes)
I'll hang you presently.
Old Wom. And I deserve it.
I tell but truth.
Perez. Nor I, I am an ass, mother! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Attendants.

Duke. A goodly house!
Juan. And richly furnish'd too, Sir.
Alon. Hung wantonly! I like that preparation;
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.
Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?
'Twere a brave pawn. [mansion?
Cac. I shall be master of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my stomach,
How my affections stand to the young lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

Marg. All welcome to your Grace, and to these soldiers! [sence.
You honour my poor house with your fair pre-
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, Sir, [yours;
I do beseech your Grace command; they're
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight you.
Duke. I thank you, lady! I am bold to visit you, [beauty.
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet
'T has been a long night since you left the court,
For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.
Marg. Bring in the duke's meat!
Sanc. She's most excellent. [on;
Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Cac. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thousand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery!
Say, I should marry her? she'll get more money
Than all my usury, put my knavery to it:
She appears the most infallible way of purchase. [encounter,
I could wish her a size or two stronger for the
For I am like a lion where I lay hold;
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither; that, Sir Time has taught us.
I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her;
The arrant'st shamefac'd ass! I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Marg. Why, where's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall not be until I know the guests too;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my Alfares? He looks
Are miracles afoot again? [another thing.
Marg. Why, sirrah!
Why, sirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And, as you are my wife, command your absence! [desty.
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of mo-
Duke. Your wife?
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;
And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Cac. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body
'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.
Alon. This is miraculous!
Sanc. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
A flirted fool, and on a sudden break
(As if he'd shew a wonder to the world)
Both into bravery, and fortune too?
I much admire the man; I am astonish'd!
Marg. I'll be divorc'd immediately.
Leon. You shall not;
You shall not have so much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,

[26] *I fear he'll knock my brains out* for lying.] Mr. Seward discards the words *for lying*, because 'most of the things spoke of Estifania are true, with only a little exaggeration;' and 'because they destroy all appearance of measure.'

To be your fool; you had thought you'd found a coxcomb: [you;
I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Marg. I do command you from me, thou
Thou cozen'd fool! [poor fellow,
Leon. Thou cozen'd fool? It is not so;
I will not be commanded: I'm above you!
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your state you never shall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my use; the law allows it!
And then maintain your wantonness; I'll wink at it.
Marg. Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it; I rule it,
And all that's in't. You've nothing to do here, madam,
But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,
And at my further will to do me service;
And so I'll keep it.
Marg. As you love me, give way![27]
Leon. It shall be better, I will give none, madam:
I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it. You shall know me
To be an understanding feeling man, [now
And sensible of what a woman aims at,
A young proud woman, that has will to sail with; [too.
An itching woman, that her blood provokes
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief!
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;
They shall not wander but where I give way now. [pointed at,
Duke. Is this the fellow that the people
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?
He speaks wondrous highly.
Leon. As a husband ought, Sir,
In his own house; and it becomes me well too.
I think your Grace would grieve, if you were put to it,
To have a wife or servant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)
Under your own roof to command you.
Juan. Brave!
A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in chief now.
Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir? [me even;
Leon. Not now, my lord; my fortune makes
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.
Marg. Get me my coach!
Leon. Let me see who dare get it
'Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach too,
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will. Or, take your coach, lady;
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with you;
Take all these freely, but take me no more;
And so farewell!
Duke. Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it;
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep.
Leon. They're tears of anger,
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity;
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not;
(She would swoon now, if she could not cry)
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too; [orient.
But falling thus, they shew nor sweet, nor
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me; [me.
All which shall understand how you provoke
In mine own house to brave me! is this princely? [Grace,
Then to my guard; and if I spare your
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)
Mercy forsake me!
Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beseech you![28]
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.
Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,

[27] Mar. *As you love me, give way.*
Leon. It shall be better,
I will give none, madam.] Thus all the editions, but I can affix a very faint meaning to the first part of what *Leon* says, *It shall be better that I do not give way.* I think it much more probable that the words are a part of *Margarita's* speech, who finding her *menaces* vain, endeavours to *coax* her husband into obedience, by conjuring him by love, and promising that it should be better for him. I therefore have restored it to her. *Seward.*

The words belong to *Leon*; who may very properly say, 'he will do better than give way, 'by opposing her.'

[28] *I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye,* mercy forsake me.] The last words are evidently misplaced, and the measure is by that means confused. *Seward.*

The old reading is far best, only putting *I have a cause,* &c. between parentheses.

And at one instant kill both name and honour!
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him!
Now, Sir, fall on! I'm ready to oppose you.
Duke. I've better thought. I pray, Sir, use your wife well. [that, Sir.
Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll
This is my wedding day. [to dinner:
Duke. I'll cross your joy yet. [*Aside.*
Juan. I've seen a miracle! hold thine own, soldier! [men.
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer wo-
Sanc. H' has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,
As if he had thresh'd 'em out o' th' husk.

Enter Perez.

Perez. 'Save ye!
Which is the lady of the house?
Leon. That's she, Sir,
That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.
Juan. Don Michael, Leon; another darer come? [business:
Perez. Pray do not know me; I am full of
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Estifania?
Marg. Yes, truly, had I.
Perez. Was she a maid, d'you think?
Marg. I dare not swear for her;
For she had but a scant fame.
Perez. Was she your kinswoman?
Marg. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better, [Sir!
I think you married her: Give you much joy,
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.
Perez. Give me a halter! Is not this house mine, madam?
Was not she owner of it? Pray speak truly!
Marg. No, certainly; I'm sure my money paid for it;
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.
Perez. The hangings and the plate too?
Marg. All are mine, Sir,
And every thing you see about the building;
She only kept my house when I was absent,
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.
Sanc. What a devil ails he?
Juan. He's possess'd, I'll assure you.
Perez. Where is your maid?
Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now; why should I look after her?
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.
Perez. I saw her later; would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!
Juan. Is thy wife with child, don Michael? thy excellent wife?
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When shall we come and visit thee?
Sanc. And eat some rare fruit? thou hast admirable orchards.
You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,
How scurvily you look!
Perez. Prithee leave fooling;
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?
Marg. Yes, many times,
So often that I was ashain'd to keep her;
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she'd mend still,
And had not you o' th' instant married her,
I'd put her off.
Perez. I thank you; I am blest still!
Which way soe'er I turn, I'm a made man:
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery!
Juan. You'll stay and dine?
Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,
The miserablest ass! But I must leave you;
I am in haste, in haste! Bless you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife! [*Exit.*
Leon. Will you [me,
Come near, Sir? will your Grace but honour
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome.
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.
Juan. Thou art the stock of men, and I admire thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Perez.

Perez. I'LL go to a conjuror but I'll find this pol-cat,
This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women!
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils—
It is my evil angel; let me bless me!

Enter Estifania, with a casket.

Estif. 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand to it stoutly,
And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermost!
Perez. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modesty
All the town over.

Estif. My most noble husband,
I'm glad I've found you; for in truth I'm weary, [ship.
Weary and lame, with looking out your lord-
Perez. I've been in bawdy-houses.
Estif. I believe you,
And very lately too.
Perez. 'Pray ye pardon me;
To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,
To look you out amongst the youthful actors:
At puppet-shows (you're mistress of the[29] motions!):
At gossipings I hearken'd after you,
But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well;
But they say yours are bawdy songs, they mourn for ye:
And last I went to church to seek you out;
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.
Estif. You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns—
Perez. And are you sober?
Estif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir.——
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers; [too:
There I had great hope to find you disguis'd
From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found quarrels [candlesticks,
Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and
Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to the chirurgeon's went; he will'd me stay,
For, says he learnedly, if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too:
I sought you where no safe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, still the more the honour!
Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: And here I found you. [is witty;
Perez. She bears up bravely, and the rogue
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd?[30]
Estif. Why am I abus'd?
Perez. Thou most vile, base, abominable—
Estif. Captain!
Perez. Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor, [pocky—
Estif. Captain!
Perez. D'ye echo me?
Estif. Yes, Sir, and go before you,
And round about ye! Why do you rail at me
For that that was your own sin, your own
Perez. And brave me too? [knavery?
Estif. You'd best not draw your sword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain!
Perez. A plague upon thee, answer me
Why didst thou marry me? [directly;
Estif. To be my husband; [zen'd.
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm co-
Perez. Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?
A house and riches, when they are but sha-
Shadows to me? [dows,
Estif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me
So much in chains, so much in jewels, hus-
So much in right rich cloaths? [band,
Perez. Thou hast 'em, rascal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my treasure. [a tinker
Estif. Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to
To mend old kettles: Is this noble usage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treasure! [matters.
A man would think now, these were worthy
Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over, how it scenteth!
Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it serv'd for:
And here's another of a lesser value,
So little I would shame to tie my dog in't!
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a la-
Or these else will blush for you. [bour,
Perez. A fire subtle ye!
Are you so crafty?
Estif. Here's a goodly jewel;
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?
Or took it in the field from some brave bashaw?
How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!
And fills each room with light—like a close lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an abbey window,
To cozen pilgrims.
Perez. Prithee leave prating. [for pearls;
Estif. And here's a chain of whitings' eyes
A muscle-monger would have made a better.
Perez. Nay, prithee, wife, my cloaths, my
Estif. I'll tell you; [cloaths!
Your cloaths are parallels to these, all counterfeit. [per,
Put these and them on, you're a man of cop-

[29] *You're mistress of the* motions.] See p. 498, of this volume.

[30] Estif. *Why am I cozen'd?*

Why am I abused?] The reading of all former editions. *Why am I cozen'd?* we think are the words of Perez; *why am I abused?* the rejoinder of Estifania.

A kind of candlestick; these you thought, my husband, [you.
To've cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with
Perez. Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate, nor hangings?
Estif. There are none, sweet husband;
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.
Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, Sir,
And speak great words; you are a soldier; thunder! [the fool,
Perez. I will speak little; I have play'd
And so I am rewarded.
Estif. You have spoke well, Sir;
And now I see you're so conformable,
I'll heighten you again: Go to your house,
They're packing to be gone; you must sup there; [shirts after,
I'll meet you, and bring cloaths, and clean
And all things shall be well.—I'll colt you once more,[31]
And teach you to bring copper! [*Aside.*
Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, wife;
(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest?
The beldame swore——
Estif. I bid her tell you so, Sir;
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!
The lady told you too——
Perez. Most strange things of thee.
Estif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your sufferance:
And she denied the house?
Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.
Estif. 'Twas well carried.
No more; I'm right and straight.
Perez. I would believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my heart is. Will you follow me?
Estif. I'll be there straight.
Perez. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit.*
Estif. Go, silly fool! thou mayst be a good soldier
In open field, but for our private service
Thou art an ass; I'll make thee so, or miss else.

(Enter Cacafogo.)

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.
May I crave your leave, Sir? [no leave;
Cac. Prithee be answer'd, thou shalt crave
I'm in my meditations; do not vex me!
A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruis'd thing,
That people had compassion on, it look'd so;
The next, Sir Palmerin: Here's fine proportion!
An ass, and then an elephant; sweet justice;
There's no way left to come at her now, no craving; [him;
If money could come near, yet I would pay
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much! a thousand ducats?
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.
Estif. 'Pray you hear me. [pawn now.
Cac. I know thou hast some wedding ring to
Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy in't,
"Love and a mill-horse should go round together,"
Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain:
I'll none of 'em. I would she did but know me,
Or 'would this fellow had but use of money,
That I might come in any way!
Estif. I'm gone, Sir;
And I shall tell the beauty sent me to you,
The lady Margarita——
Cac. Stay, I prithee;
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to you,
And talk now till thy tongue ake; I will hear you.
Estif. She would entreat you, Sir——
Cac. She shall command, Sir!
Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentle-
Do not forget thyself. [woman;
Estif. She does command then
This courtesy, because she knows you're no-
Cac. Your mistress, by the way? [ble—
Estif. My natural mistress——
Upon these jewels, Sir—they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em, right——
Cac. To doubt 'em is an heresy.
Estif. A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity [born,
Of present use; her husband, Sir, is stub-
Cac. Long may he be so!
Estif. She desires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and person;
And, when you please to do her so much ho-
Cac. Come, let's dispatch. [nour——
Estif. In troth I've heard her say, Sir,
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.
But in this business, Sir——
Cac. Let's do it first,
And then dispute; the lady's use may long for't.
Estif. All secrecy she would desire; she told me
How wise you are.
Cac. We are not wise to talk thus:
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, prithee come, I long to serve thy lady,

[31] *I'll* colt *you once more.*] To *colt*, in our author's time, signified to *fool*, to *trick*, or to *deceive*. So, in First Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene ii. Falstaff says, 'What a plague 'mean you to *colt me* thus?' Again, in the Discovery of the Spanish Inquisition, p. 8. 'For 'the other was departed from him but two days before, and left his testimonial behind him in 'this man's hands to keepe: whereby he was in good time preserved, and they *colted* like 'knaves very prettily.' *R.*

Long monstrously! Now, valour, I shall meet
You that dare dukes! [you,
Estif. Green goose, you're now in sippets.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him;
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, don
Do you present it to him. [Juan,
Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his maker, [must not be.
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This
Sanc. That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,
And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she
Made to be the matter of her own undoing,[32]
To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?
We suffer all, Sir, in this sad eclipse;
She should shine where she might shew like herself, [mire her,
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those ad-
And shed her beams upon her friends. We're gull'd all, [tience,
And all the world will grumble at your pa-
If she be ravish'd thus.
Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!
Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in it. [us,
Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon
A new song from him; let's attend a little.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, and Juan with a commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir;
(And a proud man I should have been to've serv'd you) [favours,
It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.
Juan. I rejoice at it, [pany;
And am a glad man we shall gain your com-
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, Sir. [commands me,
Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods
Juan. They are aboard. [ready?
Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.
Leon. D'ye hear, ho!
Go, carry this unto your mistress, Sir,
And let her see how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.
[*Exit Serv.*
Lorenzo!

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sir.
Leon. Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.
Lor. Whither must they go, Sir?
Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-spit,
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman. [made us all, Sir;
Lor. Why then, St. Jaques, hey! you've
And, if we leave you——Does my lady go too?
Leon. The stuff must go to-morrow tow'rds the sea, Sir;
All, all must go.
Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!
Come, help me; come, come, boys; soldadoes, comrades!
We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues! come away quickly! [*Exit.*
Juan. H'has taken a brave way to save his honour, [dearly.
And cross the duke; now I shall love him
By th' life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, wife? what, sick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.
Marg. No sooner love you,
Love you entirely, Sir, brought to consider

[32] *Was she made to be the* matter *of her own undoing?*] Thus the former editions. The confusion of the measure is easily adjusted; but I suspect a more material corruption; for unless *matter* may be allowed to signify *cause*, I can make no sense of the passage. *Materia* in Latin, is sometimes used in this sense: I therefore let it stand, though I doubt whether the original might not have run,

——— *Was she*
Made to be th' maker *of her own undoing?*

i. e. The *maker of* Leon, as the Duke had before called her. *Seward.*

The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from you?
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,
Two minds so nearly mix'd.
Leon. By no means, sweetheart! [I am—
Marg. If he were married but four days, as
Leon. He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aside.*
Marg. He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You shall not go.
Leon. Indeed I must, sweet wife.
What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?
We'll have enough.
Marg. I'll to the duke my cousin,
He shall to th' king.
Leon. He did me this great office, [now
I thank his Grace for't; should I pray him
T' undo't again? Fy, 'twere a base discredit.
Marg. 'Would I were able, Sir, to bear you company; [merry!
How willing should I be then, and how
I will not live alone.
Leon. Be in peace; you shall not.
[*Knock within.*
Marg. What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n, my head! why, rascals!
I think the war's begun i' th' house already.
Leon. The preparation is; they're taking down [jewels,
And packing up the hangings, plate and
And all those furnitures that shall befit me
When I lie in garrison.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Must the coach go too, Sir?
Leon. How will your lady pass to th' sea else easily; [it.
We shall find shipping for't there to transport
Marg. I go? alas!
Leon. I'll have a main care of you;
I know you're sickly; he shall drive the easier,
And all accommodations shall attend you.
Marg. 'Would I were able!
Leon. Come, I warrant you;
Am not I with you, sweet? Are her cloaths pack'd up,
And all her linens? Give your maids direction; [commanded
You know my time's but short, and I'm
Marg. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark!
Leon. It shall not trot, I warrant you;
Curvet it may sometimes.
Marg. I am with child, Sir.
Leon. At four days' warning? this is something speedy. [West wind?
Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady;
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with you.
Marg. Pray, do not swear; I thought I was a maid too;
But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.
Leon. In such a straight point, sure I could not err, madam.
Juan. This is another tenderness to try him;
Fetch her up now.
Marg. You must provide a cradle,
And what a trouble's that!
Leon. The sea shall rock it, [ther;
'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock toge-
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!
Marg. Faith, let me stay, I shall but shame you, Sir.
Leon. An you were a thousand shames, you shall along with me;
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back; you are mine; I'll sweat for you.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble
'Tis well, and full of care: [journey?
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your country; [don,
Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle par-
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement? [cousin;
You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and huswifely—
Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness; [quarters
She's young, and grief or ill news from those
May daily cross her; she shall go along, Sir.
Duke. By no means, captain!
Leon. By all means, an't please ye.
Duke What, take a young and tender-bodied lady, [tumults;
And expose her to those dangers, and those
A sickly lady too!
Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir;
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.
Sanc. Away, it must not be.
Alon. It ought not, Sir;
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears; fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war!
I dear swear, if she were able——
Leon. She's most able: [no remedy,
And pray ye swear not; she must go, there's
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
(And I must tell you, Sir, 'tis most unnoble)
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours' life,
Nay less, but two hours', I would have her with me,
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit,
As her weakness and your hot will would work her to.

Enter Perez.

What masque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance?
What cousin's this?
Juan. Michael van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn, or [33] tod of aged ivy,
Hast thou lain hid? [colonel,
Perez. Things must both ebb and flow,
And people must conceal, and shine again.
You're welcome hither, as your friend may say, gentlemen;
A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a French taylor, [tians.
That has nothing in his head but ends of fus-
Perez. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so;
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was last here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants.
Leon. What house, what pleasure, Sir? what do you mean?
Perez. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous:
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Perez. They're mine, Sir, and you know it;
My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.
The hangings, Sir, I must entreat your ser- [vants,
That are so busy in their offices,
Again to minister to their right uses;
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furni- [cousin,
tures
That are of under place. You're merry still,
And of a pleasant constitution; [*placitum.*
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad*
Leon. Prithee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly, [nestly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me ho-
Is this my kinsman?
Marg. I can tell you nothing.
Leon. I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,
And so phantastick——All the house?
Perez. All mine, [ace on't.
And all within it. I will not bate you an
Can you not receive a noble courtesy, [coz,
And quietly and handsomely, as you ought,
But you must ride o'th' top on't?
Leon. Canst thou fight?
Perez. I'll tell you presently; I could have done, Sir.
Leon. For you must law and claw before you get it.
Juan. Away; no quarrels!
Leon. Now I am more temperate, [lam,
I'll have it prov'd, if you were ne'er yet in Bed-
Never in love, (for that's a lunacy) [for,
No great state left you that you never look'd
Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper)
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd for you;
And then I yield. [i'th' moon;
Perez. H'as half persuaded me I was bred
I have ne'er a bush at my breech? Are not we both mad,
And is not this a fantastick house we're in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out,
And if I do not beat thee presently [Sir?
Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney- [cutter.
piece,
And say I was one o'th' Cæsars, done by a seal-
Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.
Marg. Why then, the house is his, and all that's in it;
(I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you!)
I gave it to his wife: You must restore, Sir,
And make a new provision.
Perez. Am I mad now,
Or am I christen'd? You, my Pagan cousin,
My mighty Mahound [33] kinsman, what quirk now?
You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, Sir,
Your Grace here, and my coz; we are all soldiers,
And must do naturally for one another.
Duke. Are you blank at this? then I must tell you, Sir, [pleasure,
You've no command! Now you may go at
And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I us'd
To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,
And saving [34] of your wife.
Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.
You have more furniture, more houses, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with those;
And you have land i'th' Indies, as I take it;
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,
Visit your factors there, that may betray you:
'Tis done; we must go.
Marg. Now thou'rt a brave gentleman.
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.
The house is none of yours, I did but jest, Sir; [vanish;
Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you
I tell you plain, you've no more right than he has; [35]

[33] *Tod.*] A bush.
[33] *Mahound.*] See p. 520 of this vol.
[34] *Saving.*] Perhaps we should read *craving.*
[35] *I tell you plain, you have no more right than he Has, that senseless thing, your wife has once more fool'd you.*] Who can be the person meant here by *he that senseless thing?* Cacafogo is absent, and no other will answer the cha-

That, senseless thing, your wife, has once more
Go you, and consider! [fool'd ye;
Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin!
I should be glad, Sir——
Perez. By this hand she dies for't,
Or any man that speaks for her! [*Exit.*
Juan. These are fine toys.
Marg. Let me request you stay but one poor month,
You shall have a commission, and I'll go too;
Give me but will so far.
Leon. Well, I will try you.
Good morrow to your grace; we've private business.
Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant bungler.
Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;
Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,
Thou art so brave a fellow.
Alon. I have seen visions! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Leon with a letter, and Margarita.

Leon. COME hither, wife; d'you know this hand?
Marg. I do, Sir;
'Tis Estifania's, that was once my woman.
Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,
An usuring jeweller's son (I know the rascal)
Is mortally fallen in love with you——
Marg. He is a monster: Deliver me from mountains! [people?——
Leon. D'you go a-birding for all sorts of
And this evening will come to you and shew you jewels,
And offers any thing to get access to you:
If I can make or sport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him;
And so I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will.
Marg. I shall not fail, Sir. [think?
Leon. Will the duke come again, d'you
Marg. No, sure, Sir,
H' has now no policy to bring him hither.
Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife!
Let's in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently, [hear me,
That all the queans in Christendom might
That men might run away from the contagion, [treason,
I had my wish: 'Would it were most high
Most infinite high, for any man to marry!
I mean for any man that would live handsomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now——
Pox, they love bulling too well, tho' they smoak for't——
Cut her a-pieces? ev'ry piece will live still,
And ev'ry morsel of her will do mischief;
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They're too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders;
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,
And so depress her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old
I must destroy her. [Babel.

Enter Cacafogo, with a casket.

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a she moth, [cheated,
That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds! to be
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham?
Perez. Who's that is cheated? speak again, thou vision!
But art thou cheated? minister some comfort!
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, prithee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb
To be undone? do not dissemble with me;
Tell me, I conjure thee.
Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,

---

racter. The measure is evidently confused, and the omission of the pronoun will restore both that and the sense. I read therefore,

——— *than has*
That senseless thing———

pointing to a chair, table, or any thing near her. *Seward.*

The reading we have adopted in the text is with no alteration of the words, and a very small variation of the stops. It is Perez whom she calls *senseless thing*, and tells him his wife has duped him again; and that he has no more right *than he has*, pointing to any indifferent person in company.

I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
Cac. Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.
Perez. By whom, good spirit? speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!
Cac. I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack —by a rascal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.
Dost thou laugh still?
Perez. I must laugh; prithee pardon me; I shall laugh terribly.
Cac. I shall be angry,
Terribly angry; I have cause.
Perez. That's it,
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.
By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?
Cac. I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.
Perez. It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd?
A real woman?
Cac. A real devil?
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they smell!
Perez. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let me see them; I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,
A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet Sir,
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.
Cac. Pray you take it;
You are the merriest undone man in Europe:
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,[36]
When our own miseries can make us merry?
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
I've seen these jewels; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had next your heart? You will not take, Sir,
Some twenty ducats——
Cac. Thou art deceiv'd; I'll take——
Perez. To clear your bargain now?
Cac. I'll take some ten,
Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.
Perez. An excellent lapidary set these stones sure;
D'you mark their waters?
Cac. Quicksand choak their waters,
And hers that brought 'em too! But I shall find her.
Perez. And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her;
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For such gross natures will desire it often,
It is at some time too a fine variety)
A woman that can cozen you so neatly.
Sh' has taken half mine anger off with this trick.
Cac. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow;
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch
To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied.
[*Exit.*

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-house,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly:
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.
Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;
Live in a hollow tree, Sir, I'll live with you.
Leon. Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your husband,
And your sick will aims at the care of honour.[37]
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring streams,
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,
And thro' the world we hold our current virtues;
Alone, we're single medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a servant:
Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,
They shall be welcome all; visit acquaintance,
Go at your pleasure, now experience
Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness!

[36] *Bawdy songs and* sack.] We have not disturbed the text; but as *sack* and *sherry* are supposed to have been, in Fletcher's time, the same wine, it is very probable the Poet wrote,

What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,
When our own miseries can make us merry;

nor is it unlikely that these two lines are a quotation from some ballad, then well known.

[37] *And your sick will aims at the* care *of honour.*] I have often observed that corruptions that leave tolerable sense are less discoverable than those that destroy the sense utterly; I make no doubt but *cure* here is the true word, as it directly answers in metaphor to the sickness of Estifania's will and honour. *Seward.*

We think *care* right; and understand the meaning of the passage to be, 'Now your will, 'sick of its former pursuits, aims to take *care* of your honour.' Her *honour*, not having been wounded, could not want *cure*. It is not, however, wonderful for a clerical gentleman to reject *the care*, and retain *the cure*.

[*Clashing swords. A cry within,* Down with their swords!
What noise is this? what dismal cry?
Marg. 'Tis loud too:
Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out there.
Leon. Look out, and help!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the duke Medina——
Leon. What of the duke Medina?
Serv. Oh, sweet gentleman,
Is almost slain.
Marg. Away, away, and help him!
All the house help!
[*Exeunt Marg. and Serv.*
Leon. How! slain? Why, Margarita! why, wife!
Sure, some new device they have afoot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ship imperial
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Servant.

Marg. How came you hurt, Sir?
Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel;
My cause was naught, for 'twas about your honour, [pers;
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er pros-
And he has left me thus. For charity,
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,
That ere I perish, I may shew my penitence!
I fear I'm slain.
Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,
But as your own.
Duke. I thank you, noble Sir.
Leon. To-bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and surgeons——
Duke. Do not disquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.
[*Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Serv.*
Leon. Afore me,
'Tis rarely counterfeited!
Juan. True, it is so, Sir; [you.
And take you heed this last blow do not spoil
He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that same scratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion, [ningly.
That he might get into your house more cun-
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.
Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour you.
Never be quiet? [*Exit Juan.*

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most dep'rate ill, Sir;
I do not think these ten months will recover him. [fool in,
Leon. Does he hire my house to play the
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted! [dreams thus?
Are all men and their wives troubled with
Marg. What ail you, Sir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?
What dost thou see in me, that I should suffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true husband,
And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?
Marg. You have done handsomely, I must confess, Sir. [hawk?
Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow?
Marg. Alas, I pity you.
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.
Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam still about you.
Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run stark mad;
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate!
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.
Are you so hot that no hedge can contain you?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,
Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire you;
Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,[38]

[38] *And all* those *servile labours* that she *reach at.*] This not being grammar, Mr. Sympson concurred with me in reading *thou shalt* for *that she.* But he has some exception to the verb *reach,* or at least thinks *sweat* might better express the idea required; but *reach* is used in another play exactly in the same sense, and is therefore undoubtedly the true word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

And all her *servile labours* thou shalt *reach at,*

without mentioning the variation of *those* to *her.* We think some words are lost here; the first line might run,

And all those servile labours that she QUITS,
Thou shalt reach at, and, &c.

The

And go thro' chearfully, or else sleep empty;
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by, to humble you,
And grieve for what you lose.
Marg. I've lost myself, Sir,
And all that was my base self, disobedience;
[*Kneels.*
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleness——
Leon. I take you up,

(Enter Altea.)

And wear you next my heart; see you be worth it.
Now, what with you?
Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak with her. [him,
Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; go, and entertain
And draw him on with hopes.
Marg. I shall observe you. [man;
Leon. I have a rare design upon that gentle-
And you must work too.
Altea. I shall, Sir, most willingly.
Leon. Away then both, and keep him close in some place, [too;
From the duke's sight; and keep the duke in
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez and Estifania.

Perez. Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,
And know't how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal? [geance,
Were there not ways enough to fly my ven-
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'st to invite me, and com'st upon me: [manner,[39]
How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th'
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!
Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!
Hast ne'er a knife,
Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compassion upon wretched women,
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,
But thou must fall to me?
Estif. I know you've mercy.
Perez. If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none; [houses
What new trick's now afoot, and what new
Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition?
What canst thou say for thy life?
Estif. Little or nothing; [less
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis use-
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,
And pray a little!
Perez. Do; a very little,
For I have further business than thy killing;
I've money yet to borrow. Speak when you are ready.
Estif. Now, now, Sir, now! [*Shews a pistol.*] Come on! d'you start off from me?
D'you sweat, great captain? have you seen a spirit?
Perez. Do you wear guns?
Estif. I am a soldier's wife, Sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? and let's discourse more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.
Perez. Let me see, [one.
Prithee, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty
Estif. No, no, Sir; you shall feel.
Perez. Hold, hold, you villain!
What, thine own husband?
Estif. Let mine own husband then
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand ducats! [kill me.
Who must provide for you? And yet you'll
Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.
Estif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You see for what; we must keep touch.
Perez. I'll kiss thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the house now!
Estif. Come along with me;
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, Sir.
Perez. I see I am an ass, when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a taper.

Leon. Is the fool come?
Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar fast, [him;
And there he stays his good hour till I call
He will make dainty musick 'mong the sack-buts. [ber.
I've put him just, Sir, under the duke's cham-
Leon. It is the better.
Altea. He has giv'n me royally,
And to my lady a whole load of Portigues.
Leon. Better and better still. Go, Margarita,

The whole context proves this to have been the *sense* of the passage; but the exact *words* it is impossible to ascertain.

[39] *Taken i' th'* manner.] This being intelligible may remain in the text, but it will admit a doubt whether *matter* be not the true word: i. e *taken in the fact.* *Seward.*

Taken in the MANNER is a law-term, and is mentioned in several acts of parliament. The expression occurs also in Shakespeare. It signifies *taken in the very fact*; and it is whimsical that Mr. Seward, though ignorant of the phrase, should have explained it rightly.

Now play your prize: You say you dare be
I'll put you to your test.[40] [honest;
Marg. Secure yourself, Sir;
Give me the candle; pass away in silence.
[*Exeunt Leon and Altea. Marg. knocks.*
Duke. [*within.*] Who's there? Oh, oh!
Marg. My lord!
Duke. [*within.*] Have you brought me
Marg. I have, my lord: [comfort?
Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll
help you;

(Enter Duke, in a gown.)

Come softly too. How do you?
Duke. Are there none here? [*Noise below.*
Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.
Oh, let me bless this hour! Are you alone,
sweet friend?
Marg. Alone, to comfort you.
[*Cacafogo makes a noise below.*
Duke. What's that you tumble?[41]
I've heard a noise this half-hour under me,
A fearful noise.
Marg. The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar,
[*Aside*
And stumbles from one hogshead to another;
Two cups more, and he ne'er shall find the
way out.— [chearfully;
What do you fear? Come, sit down by me,
My husband's safe. How do your wounds?
Duke. I've none, lady;
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,
[*Noise below.*
And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you,
sweet:
Let's lose no time. Hark, the same noise again!
Marg. What noise? why look you pale?
I hear no stirring.
(This goblin in the vault will be so tippled!)
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body's ill at ease; your wounds——
Duke. I've none;
I am as lusty, and as full of health,
High in my blood——
Marg. Weak in your blood, you would say.
How wretched is my case, willing to please you,
And find you so disable!
Duke. Believe me, lady——
Marg. I know, you'll venture all you have
to satisfy me,
Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?
Is it my love, d'you think?
Cac. [*below.*] Here's to the duke!
Duke. It nam'd me certainly;
I heard it plainly sound.
Marg. You are hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, Sir, than pleasure.
What starts you make? I would not kiss you
wantonly, [husband,
For the world's wealth. Have I secur'd my
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?
Cac. [*below.*] I come, I come.
Duke. Heav'n bless me!
Marg. And bless us both, for sure this is
the devil! [you!
I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,
And spoke to you just as you would have
snatch'd me. [you:
You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts
'Would you were out o' th' house!
Duke. I would I were,
O' that condition I had leap'd a window.
Marg. And that's the least leap, if you
mean to 'scape, Sir.
Why, what a frantick man you were to come
here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,
To wound another deeper?
Duke. Are you honest then?
Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever; and
excellent honest,
And exercise this pastime but to shew you,
Great men are fools sometimes as well as
wretches. [of life,
'Would you were well hurt, with any hope
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the
body,
To get out quietly as you got in, Sir!
I wish it like a friend that loves you dearly;
For if my husband take you, and take you thus
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,
Out of his honour he must kill you presently;
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:
And for me to entreat in such an agony,
Would shew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any mind to a lady now?
Duke. 'Would I were off fair!
If ever lady caught me in a trap more——
Marg. If you be well and lusty—fy, fy!
shake not! [now,
You say you love me; come, come bravely
Despise all danger; I am ready for you.
Duke. She mocks my misery: Thou cruel
lady!
Marg. Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou be-
tray my honesty, [band,
Betray it in mine own house, wrong my hus-
Like a night-thief, thou dar'st not name by
Duke. I am most miserable. [day-light?

[40] *I'll put you to your* best.] Mr. Theobald and I concurred in changing this to *test*, and we both had quoted the same expression,

I'll put you to the test,

from the second scene of the False One. *Seward.*

[41] *What's that you* tumble?] I have inserted a conjecture of Mr. Sympson's here, as more proper to the context than the old reading. *Seward.*

The variation is, *What's that* RUMBLE? The omission of one word, and change of another, is certainly too bold, especially where the old text is good sense.

Marg. You are indeed;
And, like a foolish thing, you have made yourself so.
Could not your own discretion tell you, Sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now stand in a circle and secure;
Your spells nor pow'r can never reach my body.
Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most miserable;
'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two temples, make yourself twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.
Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt you.
Marg. You cannot go; 'tis not in me to save you:
Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink under it?
Were I the duke Medina I would fight now,
For you must fight and bravely, it concerns you; [Sir,
You do me double wrong if you sneak off,
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward;
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour, and your state, [here.
And all those dear delights you worshipp'd
Duke. The noise again! [*Noise below.*
Cac. [*below.*] Some small beer, if you love me.
Marg. The devil haunts you sure; your sins are mighty;
A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.
Duke. Preserve me but this once!
Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning: It is but death. [ing:
Duke. I would not die so wretchedly.
Marg. Out of a garret-window I will let you down then;
But say the rope be rotten; 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no mercy?
Marg. Now you are frighted thoroughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in vice,[42]
And see with clear eyes your detested folly,
I'll be your guard.
Duke. And I'll be your true servant,
Ever from this hour virtuously to love you,
Chastely and modestly to look upon you,
And here I seal it.
Marg. I may kiss a stranger,
For you must now be so.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Altea.

Leon. How do you, my lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? you were well before.
Pray, Sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too. Wife, you are a right one, [you.
And now with unknown nations I dare trust
Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord; they never prosper.
Leon. Who's this? the devil in the vault?
Altea. 'Tis he, Sir, [it.
And as lovingly drunk, as tho' he had studied
Cac. Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me, lady!
Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband cuckold!
An ocean of sweet sack! Shall we speak treason?
Leon. He's devilish drunk.
Duke. I had thought h' had been a devil;
He made as many noises, and as horrible.
Leon. Oh, a true lover, Sir, will lament loudly.
Which of the butts is your mistress?
Cac. Butt in thy belly!
Leon. There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis grown so monstrous.
Cac. Butt in thy face!
Leon. Go, carry him to sleep.
A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid well for't too.
When he is sober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.
[*Exeunt Cacafogo and Servant.*

[42] *And find what 'tis to* play the fool in folly,
And see with clear eyes your detested folly.] I have often had occasion to observe, that by a slight cast of the printer's eye, words that belong only to one line are repeated in the preceding or following one, and in that case they frequently exclude words that may be totally different in all their letters. This, I believe, has happened in the lines referr'd to, where the same word ends both; and as it does not make absolute nonsense in either conjecture, cannot easily determine to which it belongs. If the reader thinks *playing the fool in folly* not a justifiable expression, he will chuse to discard it from the first, and then *sin* or *vice* may supply the vacancy; but as I think the expression not unjustifiable, the following seems to me to bid fairest for having been the original,

And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,
And see with clear eyes your detested crime. *Seward.*

Play THE FOOL *in* FOLLY is a poor expression at any rate. We think Mr. Seward's first conjecture, of discarding the word in the first line, happier than his second, which he seems most inclined to adopt.

Enter Perez and Estifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mahound cousin? [43]
Perez. Good, Sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I'd a house, too!
(For there's no talking in the open air) [you,
My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell
I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too; I have miss'd both:
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him!
Do me the courtesy to let me see it,
See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger!
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you,
And, for my foolery, sell sope and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh hear- [tily,
You are a fool, coz.
Leon. I must laugh a little,
And now I've done. Coz, thou shalt live with me, [us.
My merry coz; the world shall not divorce
Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never
Will this content thee? [want.
Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you:
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.
Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest,
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent. [44]

Estif. If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.
Leon. Hold, this is yours; some recompence for service:
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.
Duke. And this is yours, your true commission, Sir.
Now you are a captain.
Leon. You're a noble prince, Sir;
And now a soldier, gentlemen. [45]
Omnes. We all rejoice in't.
Juan. Sir, I shall wait upon you thro' all [fortunes.
Alon. And I.
Altea. And I must needs attend my mistress.
Leon. Will you go, sister?
Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, my own blood, and my mis- [tress.
Marg. Is she your sister?
Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.
Altea. I would not deal so truly for a stranger.
Marg. Well, I could chide you;
But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.——
I'll bring you on your way, and feast you nobly,
(For now I have an honest heart to love you)
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

[43] *My* Mahound *cousin.*——
My Termagant *coz.*] In an old play, called Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, Tafata says,

'——— I am so haunted
'With a swaggering captaine, that sweares (God bless us)
'Like a very *Tarmagant,*' &c.

And Bishop Hall's Satires begin thus:

'Nor Ladie's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
'Legend I but in rhimes all richly dight;
'Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
'Of mightie *Mahound,* and great *Termagaunt.*'

Hamlet says, 'I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing *Termagant, Termagant* likewise occurs in King and No King. See note 31 on that play. *R.*

[44] *At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.*
Estif. *If I prove otherways, let me beg first.*
Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service.] The latter end of *Perez's* speech and *Estifania's* answer have some difficulties in them. I suppose the Poets meant to make *Perez* say, that he believ'd his wife honest at her peril, because, if he found her otherways he would severely punish her. She answers; let me first beg my bread before I prove otherways. The latter part of the speech, I think, evidently belongs to *Leon,* who gives Estifania part of the money which, by her assistance, he had got from Cacafogo. *Seward.*

[45] *And now a soldier, gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.*] I at first corrected this line thus,

And now a soldier, gentlemen.
Omnes. *We all rejoice in't.*

But this, as well as the old corrupt text, makes three redundant syllables to the verse. The observation of this immediately discovered a more probable corruption, viz. that the word *gentlemen,* only denotes the speakers, and is not a part of *Leon's* speech. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore reads,

And now a soldier.
Gentl. *We all rejoice in't;*

but we think his first correction was right. Three redundant syllables often, very often, occur in the plays of our Authors and their cotemporaries, and even in Rowe.

Juan. Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world shall know we're Virtue's servants.

Duke. And all the world shall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends! and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither! To those noble eyes,
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many to such fortune send
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste!
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste!

THE

LAWS OF CANDY.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

This Play is supposed to have been the joint production of our Poets; and is one of the few which are not totally ascribed to Fletcher by the panegyrists. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. It has lain long dormant; and, we believe, never received any alteration.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

CASSILANE, *general of Candy.*
ANTINOUS, { *son to Cassilane, and his competitor.*
FERNANDO, { *a Venetian captain, servant to Annophel.*
PHILANDER, { *prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with Erota.*
GONZALO, { *an ambitious politick lord of Venice.*
GASPERO, *secretary of state.*
MELITUS, *a gentleman of Candy.*
ARCANES, { *a noble soldier, friend to Cassilane.*
DECIUS, *friend to Antinous.*
PORPHYCIO, POSSENNE, } *senators.*
PAOLO MICHAEL, *a Venetian ambassador.*
MOCHINGO, *an ignorant servant to Erota.*
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

EROTA, { *a princess, imperious, and of an overweening beauty.*
ANNOPHEL, *daughter to Cassilane.*
HYPARCHA, *attendant on the princess Erota.*

SCENE, CANDY.

ACT I.

Enter Gaspero and Melitus.

Melitus. SIR, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with;
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an auditor.
Gasp. And what concerns it? [loves
Mel. The sadly-thriving progress of the
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady,
Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,[1]
Can by no character be well express'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erota.

Gasp. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best
Success your prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove: But now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,[2]
When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.
Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no these many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,
That is a monster in it?
Gasp. Here's the misery
Of having a child our prince; else I presume

[1] *Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,*
Can by no character be well express'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erota.] It is difficult, by any Etymology, to reconcile this name and character to each other. From Ερως can only be derived the attributes of *love*; and from Ηρως those of *greatness*, on which *insolence* and *pride* are indeed not uncommon, though not constant, attendants.

[2] Passionate *griefs.*] *i. e.* Griefs proceeding from *love.*

The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.
Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, master secretary, still the senate
So almost-superstitiously adores
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, considering
The outrage of his countrymen.
Gasp. The senate
Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea
By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard
Before the senate there, in open court
Professed, that the cruelty the admiral
Had shew'd, deserv'd not only fine, but death:
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace.)
Since when, upon a motion in the senate,
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it;
His reason was, because it too much savour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he, out of his own store,
Hath monied Cassilane, the general.
Mel. What, without other pledge than
Bare promise of repayment? [Cassilane's
Gasp. No, it may be
He has some petty lordship to retire to;
But thus he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,
The senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those laws
For which this kingdom is, throughout the
Unfollow'd and admir'd.[3] [world,
Mel. What laws are those, Sir?
Let me so much importune you.
Gasp. You shall; [thus:
And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received benefit, the plaintiff may
Require th' offender's life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.
Mel. By which strict law, the senate is in
Should they neglect Gonzalo? [danger,
Gasp. Right; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens,
As to a home-born patriot.
Mel. Pray, Sir, the other?
Gasp. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,
In war, in peace unparallel'd; and they
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)
Enacted, that what man soe'er he were,
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction and reward.
Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Master secretary,
The senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.
Gasp. What, so suddenly?
Mess. These letters
Will shew the causes why.
Gasp. Heav'n, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!
Mel. Your countenance, Sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.
Gasp. Oh, the best
And happiest for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.
Mel. How, Sir? [more, there is
Gasp. And what doth add some delight
Amongst the soldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher; and it stands
Doubtful between a father and his son,
Old Cassilane, and young Antinous.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gasp. The law denies it;
But, where the soldiers do not all consent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.
Mel. You ravish me with wonder and delight.
Gasp. Come; as we walk, I shall more fully inform you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, Antinous, and Decius.

Cass. Admit no soldier near us, till the
Have took their places. [senate
Arc. You're obey'd, my lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.
Dec. I shall.
Cass. Give leave, Arcanes.
[*Ex. Arc. and Dec.*
Young man, come nearer to me! Who am I?
Ant. It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget
The debt I owe my father on my knee.
Your pleasure?
Cass. What! so low? canst thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, arise;

[3] Unfollowed *and admir'd.*] Mr. Theobald chuses to read *unfellow'd*, which is certainly an improvement, though not a necessary one. *Seward.*

Theobald's reading is probably genuine, unless the Poets alluded to the well-known lines of Ovid;

——— *Video meliora*, proboque,
Deteriora sequor;

yet *unfollowed* is a harsh expression.

Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
Th' ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Tho' in my hand I did grasp thunder.
Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary,[4] but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first champion for myself
Against all interposers.
Cass. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly! I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy father's merit? Speak.
Ant. Sir, hear me: Were there not a chronicle [report
Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ yourself,
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of art or character,[5]
But only to recount your deeds in arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a precedent
Of living victory: But, as you are
Great, and well worthy to be stiled great,
It would betray a poverty of spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
If I should coward-like surrender up
Th' int'rest, which th' inheritance of your virtue, [nour.
And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in ho-
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any
That wears a sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle!
Cass. Not to me?
Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.
Cass. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?
Ant. Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The straits of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a bastard: 'Tis a cruelty,
More than to murder innocents, to take
The life of my yet-infant honour from me.
Cass. Antinous, look upon this badge of age, [years,
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a soldier; in which time
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom Crete prefer'd
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,
Thy father, both for discipline and action,
Hath so long been the first of all his nation:
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay humane, being so young, my son, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's service, and that one thy first,[6]
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?
Ant. My case observes
Both equity and precedents; for, Sir,
That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.
Cass. But he was not my father then, An- [tinous;
Thou leav'st out that.
Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his son
Inherits it; as, when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living images.
Cass. So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable boy! Oh, shall that sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,

[4] ——— *not deriv'd*
From *successary*] Mr. Theobald would read, either *from successors*, or *from ancestry*; Mr. Seward prints, *Not deriv'd* NOR *successary*. But as it is not impossible but the Authors, with their usual licence of phraseology, meant by the words, *not deriv'd from* SUCCESSARY, to signify, '*not derived from* succession,' we have followed the old authority.

[5] *Without the help of art*, or *character*.] If this be genuine, the word *character* must signify the same with rhetorick or oratory, but as the change of the particle will turn it to a verb and render it applicable to the context in its usual acceptation, I have ventured to make the change. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward chuses to read, *without the help of art*, to *character*. The old text requires no alteration, and the word *character* need not 'signify the same with rhetorick or oratory,' but *types*, or *letters*, in which sense it is used to this day. 'You know the *character* (meaning the handwriting) to be your brother's,' says Glocester in King Lear.

[6] *For one day's service, and that* on *thy first.*] Corrected in 17 0.

And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw, fresh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,
But by the treading on his father's greatness!
Thou wilt not yield?

Enter Arcanes and Decius.

Ant. My life, but not the prize
My sword hath purchas'd.
Arc. The senate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Cass. Now, Arcanes,
The——
Arc. What, Sir?
Cass. Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting stripling!
Arc. Let him have the shame on't.
'Please you withdraw on this side.
Cass. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.
Dec. My lord, be confident;
Let not your father daunt you.
Ant. Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?
Dec. On this side. See, the soldiers [nate.
Attend your pleasure. Courage, Sir; the se-
Cass. Way for the senate!

Enter Porphycio, Possenne, three Senators, Gonzalo, Gaspero, and Soldiers.

Gon. My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, tho' courted by your favours,
To take a place amongst you. I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By this,[7] tho' mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.
Poss. My lord, your wisdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship
Than your great service to the state deserves.
Porph. Will't please you sit?

Enter Fernando, with Soldiers.

Gen. What, here, my lord Porphycio?
It must not be.
Porph. My lord, you are too modest.
Gon. It is no season to be troublesome,
Else——But I've done. Your lordships are observ'd.
Gasp. Is the demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gasp. Produce him then.
Arc. Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wisdoms [pion,
Present, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Cassilane. [lesser number
Dec. Most reverend lords, you hear the
Of those who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion; I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here present before you
The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.
Speak, fellow-soldiers!
Sold. Antinous, Antinous!
Gasp. Stand by, all, save the two competitors.
Poss. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories,
Must to posterity remain: But yet
Since, by our law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.
Porph. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the course of war,
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.
Say, countrymen, are you content?
Sold. Ay, ay.
Cass. Right grave, right gracious fathers! how unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practis'd in the school of blood and slaughter, [well,
To bandy words now in my life's last fare-

[7] *Give proof of my unfeign'd humility*
By force, *tho' mean, yet more becoming place.*] To give proof of an unfeign'd humility by *force*, is an expression evidently absurd, and I have ventured to substitute the word which the context requires instead of *force*. But it may be objected, that words so totally different in all their letters as *this* and *force* could not easily be mistook for each other, either by transcriber or printer. This, I allow, has very rarely happened, though sometimes it has, as in the first scene of the Faithful Shepherdess, *fvel* was wrote instead of *goe*. But in such great changes, without the authority of an old edition, conjecture ought not to dictate any emendation, unless it can give a probable reason for the corruption; and in this case I think there is one. Every man conversant in criticism knows how often *marginal comments* have crept into the text. I imagine therefore that some person who saw the pride of Cassilane, and that his unfeigned humility, here was really a *forced* one, wrote *by force* in the margin, which the printer thinking a correction inserted in the text. *Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's emendation, though we can by no means allow that he has given 'a probable reason for the corruption.'

Your wisdoms will consider: Were there pitch'd
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) thro' the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival:
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about me, [fidence
(My fellow-soldiers) first, with what a con-
I led them on to fight, went on still, and,
As if I could have been a second nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution; in a word,
To out-do action. It boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
In martial play, was ev'n as ignorant
As childish; but I list not to disparage
His non-ability: The signal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of policy and stratagem) I met them,
I, in the fore-front of the armies, met them;
And, as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
The vollies of their shot. I, I myself,
Was he that first dis-rank'd their woods of pikes:
But when we came to handy strokes, as often
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death. I may be bold
To justify a truth; this very sword
Of mine slew more than any twain besides!
And, which is not the least of all my glory,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the general of the Venetians,
And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,
I stepp'd between, and rescu'd him myself,
Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd
The combat with the gallant general,
'Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before, myself alone,
Had more than full three quarters kill'd: A man
Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much;
But 'tis a fault of age! If to bring home
Long peace, long victory, ev'n to your capitol;
If to secure your kingdom, wives, and children,
Your lives and liberties; if to renown
Yours honours thro' the world, to fix your names,
Like blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy, or a Cretan;
Be to deserve th' approvement of my manhood, [examine
Then thus much have I done; What more,
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been, and am. Lords, I have said. [lawful,

Gon. With rev'rence to the senate, is it
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?

Poss. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of chivalry discours'd, that I confess,
I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd,
All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memory,
As this one: But who can do aught to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat [path,
More than a man. You tread a dang'rous
Yet I shall hear you gladly; for, believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,
I would not to my father, nor my king,
(My country's father) yield: If you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That miracles are yet in use. I fear
I have offended.

Porph. You have spoken nobly.
Antinous, use your privilege.

Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one suit I have to make;
'Tis just, and honourable.

Porph. & Poss. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the soldiers might all stand
Together by their general.

Poss. 'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder side! Go on, Antinous.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what my father
(This country's patron) hath discours'd, is true.
Fellows in arms, speak you; is't true?

Sold. True, true. [formance

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my per-
Took light from what I saw him do: And thus [ful,
A city, tho' the flame be much more dread-
May from a little spark be set on fire.
Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert:
First, I sought out (but thro' how many dangers, [mander,
My lords, judge you) the chief, the great com-
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our land shrunk under; him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and slew. Fellows in arms, speak you;
Is't true, or not?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. When he was fall'n,
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,

And soon renew'd the field; by whose example,
The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage,
Had got the better of the day: Our men,
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;
I follow'd them; and what I said, they know:
The sum on't is; I call'd them back, new rank'd them;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end.
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?
Sold. True, true.
Ant. Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit; which was, to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
In single fight I did, myself, without
The help of any arm, save th' arm of Heav'n.
Speak, soldiers; is it true, or no?
Sold. Antinous, Antinous!
Ant. Behold my prisoner, fathers.
Fern. This one man
Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.
Poss. We need not use long circumstance of words:
Antinous, thou art conqueror; the Senate,
The soldiers, and thy valour, have pronounc'd
All. Antinous, Antinous! [it.
Porph. Make thy demand.
Cass. Please ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.
Poss. No, Cassilane, the court
Should therein be dishonour'd; don't imagine
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.
Demand, Antinous.
Ant. Thus, my lords; to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, tho' more favour'd, [is,
Than my most matchless father, my demand
That, for a lasting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
You set up in your capitol in brass
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,
A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inscription, to succeeding ages:
'Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,
'Perpetual triumpher.'
Porph. & Poss. It is granted.
What more?
Ant. No more.
Cass. How, boy?
Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind!
Ant. My prisoner, lords,
To your most sacred wisdoms I surrender;
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the soldiers, th' other half
To the erection of this monument.
Cass. Ambitious villain!
Gon. Thou art all inimitable.——
My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:
Yet you may stay him with you, 'till conditions
Of amity shall be concluded on:
Are ye content?
Porph. We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.
Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place;
I'll thither send your largess.
Sold. Antinous, Antinous! [*Exeunt.*
Cass. I have a suit too, lords.
Porph. & Poss. Propose it;
'Tis yours, if fit and just.
Cass. Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge; a pack-horse,
To you and to the state, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd
Poss. We understand you not. [so.
Cass. Proud boy, thou dost,
And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.
Ant. Sir, Heav'n can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it. [boy
Cass. Observe it, fathers, how this haughty
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour, and his triumphs, [falshood
Engrav'd in brass: Hence, hence proceeds the
Of his insinuating piety. [blood,
Thou art no child of mine; thee and thy
Here in the capitol, before the senate,
I utterly renounce! So, thrift and fate
Confirm me! Henceforth, never see my face;
Be as thou art, a villain to thy father!
Lords, I must crave your leaves. Come, come,
Arcanes. [*Exeunt Cass. and his party.*
Gon. Here's a strange high-born spirit.
Poss. 'Tis but heat
Of sudden present rage: I dare assure
Antinous of his favour.
Ant. I not doubt it;
He's both a good man, and a good father.
I shall attend your lordships.
Poss. Do, Antinous.
Gon. Yes; feast thy triumphs with applause and pleasures.
Porph. & Poss. Lead on.
[*Exeunt Flor. Cornets.*

Manent Antinous and Decius.

Ant. 'I utterly renounce'——'Twas so;
Was't not, my Decius?
Dec. Pish! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.
Ant. And lastly parted [me,
With, 'Never henceforth see my face!' Oh
How have I lost a father! such a father!

Such a one, Decius! I am miserable,
Beyond expression!
Dec. Fy, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!
Ant. Oh, mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.
Dec. Say you do not?
Ant. True;
Put case I do not: What is Candy then
To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve
To end my days in thee.
Dec. How's that?
Ant. I'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if denied, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst, Decius, my worst! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Gonzalo and Gaspero.

Gasp. NOW to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I, give you her character; [to
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them;
Her brother, my late master, did no less.
Strong apprehensions of her beauty have
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did persuade him, that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buz into her ears, she is an angel,
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.
Gon. She should not touch it then; 'tis poets' fare. [well
Gas. I may take leave to say, she may as
Determine of herself to be a goddess,
With lesser flattery, than he a god; [ther:
For she does conquer more, although not fur-
Every one looks on her, dies in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so.
Her beauty is superlative; she knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to die for her.
Many great princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so; and now there is
A prince so madded in his own passions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.
Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,
And make me of the number.
Gasp. Sir,
Mistake me not; the service that I owe you
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold,
And go away yourself.
Gon. I thank you; I will do it. [wit?
But, pray resolve me, how's she stor'd with
Gasp. As with beauty, infinite, and more
To be admir'd at, than meddled with.
Gon. And walks
Her tongue the same gait with her feet?
Gasp. Much beyond: [so boldly,
Whatever her heart thinks, she utters, and
So readily, as you would judge it penn'd
And studied.

Enter Erota, Philander, Annophel, Hyparcha, Mochingo, and Attendants.

Gon. She comes.
Gasp. I must leave you then;
But my best wishes shall remain with you.
[*Exit.*
Gon Still I must thank you. [prince,
This is the most passionate, most pitiful
Who, in the caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been parboil'd. [you,
Phil. If I offend with too much loving
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.
Erota. You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me, with hope
That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first!
I will live free and single, 'till I find
Something above a man to equal me.
Put all your bravest heroes into one,[a]
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him;
Must, and will scorn him!
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets
That made him first a god, have lost their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.
Moch. He is mad that does not.

[a] *Put all your* brave *heroes into one.*] Corrected in 1750.

Erota. Have not all nations of the earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniclers
To make their stories perfect? For where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota stands,
It is a lasting history to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own sex envy; which glory's lost,
When I shall stick my beauty in a cloud,
And scarcely shine thro' it.[9] [must be
Gon. This woman's in the altitudes, and he
A good astrologer shall know her zodiack.
Phil. For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,[10]
But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty; otherwise, I vow
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myself up love's, or your own martyr.
Erota. So you shall please us.
Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heav'nly and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.
Erota. I can, I do, I will.
Gon. She is in her [you,
Moods, and her tenses: I will grammar with
And make a trial how I can decline you.
By your leave, great lady!
Erota. What are you?
Gon. A man,
A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that understands
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,
No woman in the universe deserves him.
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
With better judgment next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull
focus. [low is?
Erota. Knows any one here what this fel-
Atten. He is of Venice, madam; a great magnifico,
And gracious with the senate.
Erota. Let him keep then among them; what makes he here?
Here's state enough where I am. Here's ado!—— [him
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let
Look lower, and give it in petition.
Moch. Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid me tell you, [lower,
If you have aught with her, you must look
And yield it in petition.
Gon. Here's for thee a ducat.
Moch. You say well, Sir; take your own course.
Gon. I'll not grace you,
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be thro' your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for so high favour.
Erota. This is some
Great man's jester: Sirrah, begone! here is
No place to fool in.
Gon. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.
Erota. No question of it;
For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.
Gon. And, besides them, I keep a noble train, [and deep,
Statists, and men of action; my purse is large
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry;
Fortune did vie with nature to bestow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:
In Venice, at this instant, there do lie
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.
Moch. You lie more than they! Yet it becomes him bravely:
'Would I could walk and talk so! I'll endeavour it.
Erota. Sir, do you know me?
Gon. Yes; you were sister to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one: And I in Venice,
Am born a lord! equal to you in fortunes;
In shape—I'll say no more; but view!
Moch. There needs no more be said; were I a woman—— [more,
Oh, he does rarely: 'In shape—I'll say no
'But view!' Who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!
How poor another lady unto her!
Carriage and state make us seem demi-gods;
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth!

Enter Antinous and Decius.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiss your hand.
Erota. Sir, I know you not.
Anno. Oh, my noble brother! welcome from the wars!
Ant. Dear sister! [without him?
Anno. Where's my father, that you come
We've news of your success. H' has his health, I hope?

[9] *And* clearly *shine thro' it.*] *Clearly* being an evident corruption, *dimly, barely,* and *merely,* were severally proposed in 1750. We prefer *scarcely* to either of them, and, as it is not very different from the old books in the trace of letters, have inserted it in the text.

[10] Phil. *For any man to think*
Himself an able purchaser of you, &c.] Some words appear to have been lost here; the chasm Mr. Seward would supply by reading,
'Twere arrogance *for any man to think,* &c

Ant. Yes, sister, h' has his health, but is not well. [you utter?
Anno. How? not well? what riddles do
Ant. I'll tell you more in private.
Gon. Noble Sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
Since I last heard it: You're a hopeful youth,
And indeed the soul of Candy. I must speak my thoughts.
Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother. Good
Ant. I'm his servant. [Decius!
Phil. You are the patron of your country, Sir;
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all men's.
Gon. Your enemies must needs acknowledge it:
They do not think it flattery in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.
Erota Is this your brother, Annophel?
Anno. Yes, madam.
Erota. Your name's Antinous?
Ant. I am, lady, that most unfortunate man. [soldier,
Erota. How unfortunate? Are you not the
The captain of those captains, that did bring
Conquest and victory home along with you?
Ant. I had some share in it? but was the
Of the least worthy. [least
Gon. Oh, Sir, in your modesty
You'ld make a double conquest. I was an ear-witness [acted,
When this young man spoke lesser than he
And had the soldier's voice to help him out.
But that the law compell'd him, and his honour
Enforc'd him make a claim for his reward,[11]
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.
Erota. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your pardon!
Erota. Deny it not, Sir, for it is more honour [you shall,
Than you have gotten i' th' field: For, know,
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.
Ant. I may want answers, lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my sister to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.
Anno. There shall be no occasion to divide us:
Dear madam, for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country! [me,
Erota. Upon your loyalty to the state and
I do command you, Sir, not depart Candy!
Am I not your princess?
Ant. You are a great lady.
Erota. Then shew yourself a servant and
Ant. I am your vassal. [a subject,
Moch. You are a coward: I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe.
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encrease, [vassals.
When they are gone, with practice on my

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Cassilane is come to see you, madam. [tinous;
Dec. There's comfort in those words, An-
For here's the place and persons that have power
To reconcile you to his love again.
Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.

Cass. Greatness still wait you, lady!
Erota. Good Cassilane, [valour.
We do maintain our greatness thro' your
Cass. My pray'rs pull daily blessings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophel!—
Good prince!—Worthy Gonzalo!—Ha! art thou here
Before me? in ev'ry action art thou ambitious?
My duty, lady, first offered here,
And love to thee, my child, tho' he out-strip
Thus in the wars he got the start on me, [me.
By being forward, but performing less!
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursed begetting, whom I shame to father!
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of, had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness; for thou art a disease
Sharper than any physick gives a name to!
Anno. Why do you say so?
Cass. Oh, Annophel, there is good cause, my girl! [away
H' has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd
The richest jewel of my life, my honour;
Wearing it publicly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.
Ant. Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings, rather [ses!
Than grown up to a man, to meet your cur-

[11] *But that the law compell'd him* for *his honour,*
To inforce *him make a claim for his reward.*] *The law compell'd him to inforce him* seemed somewhat absurd; but I was at first a little doubtful whether I should treat it as an evident corruption, till observing that the *for* in the second line stood directly under that in the first, and that every one knows how frequently the printers make such mistakes; I was determin'd to treat it as a mistake. *Seward.*

Cass. Oh, that thou hadst!
Then I had been the father of a child,[12]
Dearer than thou wert even unto me
When hope persuaded me I had begot
Another self in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee!
Erota. How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
That, when he might have ask'd for his reward,
Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your statue in the capitol, with titles
Engrav'd upon't, 'The patron of his country?'
Cass. That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame! Gods, do a justice,
And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing believe, the subtle practices
Written within his heart! But I am heated,
And do forget this presence, and myself.
Your pardon, lady!
Erota. You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake, Cassilane, cast out o' your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.
Cass. Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll do it;
But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour; but command me
In any thing save that, and Cassilane
Shall ever be your servant. Come, Annophel,
My joy in this world! thou shalt live with me,
Retir'd in some solitary nook,
The comfort of my age! My days are short,
And ought to be well spent; and I desire
No other witness of them but thyself,
And good Arcanes.
Anno. I shall obey you, Sir.
Gon. Noble Sir,
If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: Know me your friend,
That hath and can supply you.
Cass. Sir, I am too much bound to you already;
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.
Gon. You may imagine I do speak to that end;
But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.
Cass. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you;
Mean time, my service!
Anno. Brother, be comforted: So long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I must go live with him,
And I will prove so good an orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.
Ant. Better I were neglected; for he's hasty,
And, thro' the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,
He may cast you off, and with you his life:
For grief will straight surprize him, and that often,
Must be his death; the sword has tried too way
And all the deadly instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it:
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.
Cass. Madam, my duty!
Erota. Will you be gone?
Cass. I must, lady! but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.
Excellent prince! To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell!
Moch. Thanks, honest Cassilane!
Cass. Come, Annophel.
Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, Sir?
Cass. From hence
You shall not stir a foot. Loving Gonzalo,
It must be all my study to requite you.
Gon. If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.
Cass. You are so, and you've made yourself so.
Gon. I will then
Preserve it. [*Exeunt Cass. and Arc.*
Erota. Antinous, you are my servant,
Are you not?
Ant. 'T hath pleas'd you so to grace me.
Erota. Why are you then dejected? You will say,
You've lost a father; but you've found a mistress
Doubles that loss: Be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.
Gon. And mine.
Erota. Will no man ease me of this fool?
Gon. Your fellow.
Erota. Antinous, wait upon us.
Ant. I shall, madam.
Gon. Nay but, lady, lady!
Erota. Sir, you're rude:
And if you be the master of such means
As you do talk of, you should learn good manners.
Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourself! You must, shall hear me:

[12] *Then I had been the father of a child,*
Dearer than thou wert even unto me,
When hope perswaded me I had begot
Another self in thee.] This sentence seems a little obscure. It should mean, that he had then only had one child, *viz.* Annophel, who is dearer to him than Antinous was even at the time of his birth, when hope perswaded him that he had begot another self. *Seward.*

I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue in you. [whom
Erota. I could hang this fellow now! By
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a prince,
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beauty?
Back to your country, and your courtezans,
Where you may be admir'd for your wealth;
Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you [be got
Th' opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to
But scorn, and loss of time.
Gon. Which are things I delight in.
Erota. Antinous, follow me.
[*Exit, with train.*
Gon. She is vex'd to the soul.
Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percusse the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to th' clouds.
Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?
Moch. I do love fireworks,
Because they mount; an exhalation I
Profess t' adore beyond a fixed star,
'Tis more illustrious, as every thing
Rais'd out of smoak is so; their virtue is
In action: What d'ye think of me?
Gon. Troth, Sir,
You are beyond my guess; I know you not.
Moch. D'you know yourself?
Gon. Yes, Sir.
Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I must tell you; I saw it did become you.
Cousin Gonzalo! prithee, let it be so.
Gon. Let it be so, good cousin.
Moch. I'm no great one's fool.
Gon. I hope so, for alliance sake.
Moch. Yet I do serve
The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erota.
Gon. Oh, good cousin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.
Moch. Coat? I've my horseman's coat, I must confess,
Lin'd thro' with velvet, and a scarlet outside:
If you will meet me in't, I'll send for it;
And, cousin, you shall meet me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one;
It did not come collateral.
Gon. Adieu, good cousin!
At this present, I've some business.
Moch. Farewell, excellent cousin!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Gonzalo and Fernando.

Gon. CANDY, I say, is lost already.
Fern. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.
Gon. You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them,
And sold them to their vassalage. For what
Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied
My monies, but to make them slaves to Venice;
That so, in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen her's?
Fern. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando, thus: You see how thro' this land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd:
I only gave the state of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had
A better entertainment; I was he [found
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.
Fern. But why did you?
I find no such great policy in that.
Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, nor plot:
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.
Fern. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire, than envy virtue.
Gon. Why then, by all your hopes you'll rather have [be wise.
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to
You statesman! Well, Sir, I did more than this; [sure
When Cassilane crav'd from the common trea-
Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent
An hundred thousand ducats. [him
Fern. Marry, Sir,
The policy was little, the love less,
And honesty least of all.
Gon. How-say you by that?
Go fight, I say, go fight! I'll talk no more
You are insensible. [with you;
Fern. Well, I shall observe you.
Gon. Why, look you, Sir, by this means have I got
The greatest part of Cassilane's estate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But must of force sink: D'you conceive me now?

Fern. So!
But why have you importuned the senate,
For me to sojourn with him? [13]
Gon. There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, tho' he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.
Fern. Here is a perfect plotted stratagem!
Gon. Why could you
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that shall undo them.
Fern. You're in a ready way.
Gon. I was ne'er out on't.

(Enter Gaspero.)

Peace;
Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward!
Now, worthy Gaspero, what,
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Cassilane?
Gasp. To wait upon him.
Gon. And my lords the senators sent you?
Gasp. My noble lord, they did.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you see him,
Is ev'n this kingdom's treasure: In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.
Gasp. My lord!
Gon. You may be bold. [ceive,
To trust him with your bosom; he'll not de-
If you rely upon him once.
Fern. Your name is Gaspero?
Gasp. Your servant.
Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily,
To noble Cassilane; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gasp. I shall.
Gon. I know you will.
My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.
Fern. Sir, you are now my guide.
[*Exit with Gasp.*
Gon. Thus my designs
Run uncontroul'd. Yet, Venice, tho' I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain are
Other large projects: For, if proud Erota
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too?
Oh,
'Twas prettily shov'd in! Why not? Erota
May in her love seal all sure; if she swallow
The bait, I'm lord of both; if not, yet Candy,
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd.
[*Exit*

Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, and Annophel.

Cass. Urge me no further.—Annophel!
Anno. My lord!
Cass. Thy father's poverty has made thee
For tho' 'tis true, this solitary life [happy;
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect
Chaste names from court-aspersions: There a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of ease and pleasure, [safer
Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxury and sloth.
Anno. My wishes, Sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.
Cass. 'Tis well said.
Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?
Arc. Why, Sir?
Cass. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it shew handsome? bravely handsome?
Thou'lt flatter me, and swear that I'm not miserable. [14]

[13] *For me to sojourn with* them?] It was Cassilane to whom he was to become a guest, *them* therefore seems a mistake, as the antecedent would be the Senate, not Cassilane or his family. *Seward.*

[14] *Thou wilt flatter me*
And swear that I am miserable.] There is a difficulty in the last of these lines, which Mr. Sympson would amend, by supposing a negative dropt, and would read,

And swear that I'm not *miserable.*

But this does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation. 'You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'—— This gives me an opportunity of remarking the excellency of Cassilane's Character; the faults of whose temper, tho' the finest strokes of the poet's pencil, are apt to disgust some readers. The same has happened with regard to Arbaces in King and No King; the faults of the heroes are objected to the poets, and they scarce think it possible that persons of such noble and magnanimous tempers should be distracted with such violent and frantick passions But the poets, from a deeper insight into human nature, knew, that persons of *bright parts* and *extensive capacities* are more subject to *violent passions* than geniuses of a *lower class:* Because *quick perceptions* are the source from whence chiefly spring both the *understanding* and the *passions.* The

Arc. Nothing more glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
Than to despise contempt: If you continue
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself
Enjoy all store besides.
Cass. An excellent change!
that some seven apprenticeships commanded
A hundred ministers, that waited on [diers,
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand sol-
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.
Cass. The Roman captains,
I mean the best, such as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at last to get them to some farms,
Off from the clamours of th' ingrateful great
And the unsteady multitude, to live [ones,
As I do now; and 'twas their blessing too;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.
Cass. Of injuries?
Arcanes! Annophel! lend both your hands.
So! what say ye now?
Arc. Why now, my lord?
Cass. I swear
By all my past prosperities, thus standing
Between you two, I think myself as great,
As mighty, as if in the capitol
I stood amidst the senators, with all
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more safe.
Cass. And more below'd.
Why, look ye, Sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traduced soldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,
The world miscalls my son. But by the——
Arc. Sir,
Remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.
Cass. Thou dost chide me friendly: [upon
He shall not have the honour to be thought

(Enter a Servant.)

Amongst us. Now? the news?
Serv. The secretary,
With the Venetian prisoner, desire
Admittance to your lordship.
Cass. How! to me?
What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'st thou, mean any good?
Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught else but good.
Cass. 'Tis true, they dare not.
Arcanes, welcome them. Come hither, Annophel; [*Exit Arc.*
Stand close to me; we'll change our affability
Into a form of state, and they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, and Gaspero.

Arc. My lord——
Cass. Arcanes,
I know them both. Fernando, as you are
A man of greatness, I should undervalue
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning compliments; but as you are
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You're welcome.
Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gasp. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The senate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordship's guard.
Cass. For what? [Candy,
Gasp. During the time of his abode in
To be your houshold guest.
Fern. Wherein, my lord, [bleness,
You shall more make me debtor to your no-
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.
Cass. Are you in earnest, Sir?
Fern. My suit to th' senate
Shall best resolve you that.
Cass. Come hither, secretary!
Look that this be no trick now put upon me!
For if it be——Sirrah——
Gasp. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself.
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what should concern your honour:
Who [safety,
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and
But the renowned Cassilane?
Cass. Applause [lord,
Is, Gaspero—puff—nothing. Why, young
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me,
A man forsaken? All my hospitality

The characters therefore of Achilles by Homer, of Turnus and Mezentius by Virgil, of Cassius, Hotspur and Coriolanus by Shakespeare, of Arbaces and Cassilane by our Authors, required more art, and a deeper insight into nature to draw them, than either Hector, Æneas, Brutus or Antinous by the same authors, although the latter are certainly much more amiable characters than the former. *Seward.*

It has long been determined, that perfect characters are not the most proper for the *Epopœia*, or the Drama. As to the passage in question, the whole tenor of the dialogue proves that we ought to adopt Mr. Sympson's emendation, and read,

Thou'lt flatter me, and swear that I'm not *miserable*,

The very answer of Arcanes confirms it.

Is now contracted to a few; these two,
This tempest-wearied soldier, and this virgin.
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and revels,
Or courtly antieks; the sad sports we riot it,
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage [youths,
Were held the best; not those well-spoken
Who only carry conquest in their tongues.
Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great duke's son with.
Fern. Herein
Shall my captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,
With int'rest, by conversing with a soldier,
So matchless for experience as great Cassilane.
'Pray, Sir, admit me.
Cass. If you come to mock me,
I shall be angry.
Fern. By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable!
Cass. Then, in a word, my lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect. But I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host:
Come when you please, you're welcome.
Fern. Sir, I thank you. [father
Anno. Good Sir, be not too urgent; for my
Will soon be mov'd; yet, in a noble way
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.
Fern. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service,
Than how to be your servant.
Cass. She's my daughter,
And does command this house.
Fern. I so conceive her.
Cass. D'you hear?
Gasp. My honour'd lord.
Cass. Commend me to them:
Tell 'em, I thank them.
Gasp. Whom, my lord?
Cass. The senate. [gracious,
Why, how come you so dull? Oh, they are
And infinitely grateful!—Thou art eloquent;
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
And if aught fall out in the by, that must
Of mere necessity touch an act [on't:
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.
Gasp. Why, my lord? [observe me!
Cass. Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good,
I do not rail against the hopeful springall,[15]
That builds up monuments in brass, rears trophies
With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction!—Let's be quiet.

Arc. You must not cross him.
Gasp. Not for Candy's wealth.
Fern. You shall for ever make me yours.
Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.
Arc. Who's here?
Decius!

Enter Decius.

Cass. Ha! Decius! who nam'd Decius?
Dec. My duty to your lordship! I am bold
Presuming on your noble and known goodness
To——
Cass. What?
Dec. Present you with this——
Cass. Letter?
Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.
Cass. From whom?
Dec. 'Please you peruse
The inside; you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you yourself will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.
Cass. Hey-day! [tion,
Good words, my masters! This is court-infec-
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumstance, who is the sender?
Dec. Your much-griev'd son, Antinous.
Cass. On my life,
A challenge! Speak, as thou art worthy, speak!
I'll answer't.
Dec. Honour'd Sir——
Cass. No honour'd Sirs! [tributes.
Fool your young idol with such pompous at-
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.
Cass. Rash young man,
But that thou'rt under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the law;
Of hospitality, thou shouldst repent [not
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life!
Arc. Nay then, my lord,
I can with-hold no longer; you're too rough,
And wrestle against nature, with a violence
More than becomes a father. Wherein would
Come nearer to the likeness of a God, [you
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's
A father.[16] [comforts,
Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother, if the purity
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live

[15] *Springall.*] i. e. *Youth.* The word occurs in Spenser. *R.*
[16] ——— *quite forget you are*
A man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
A father.] The pointing of this passage being regulated, the sense will be clear: 'Don't 'forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in the state of manhood, *a father.*' *Seward.*

In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother!
Fern. I am a stranger, but so much I tender
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,
At all our instances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favour.
Gasp. Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.
Anno. Am I not [name
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the
Of father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now-remaining branch
With me, of that most ancient root, whose
You are, dear Sir! [body
Cass. 'Tis well! An host of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more unnaturally!
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know
from me,
Thou art beholden to me, that I have not
Kill'd thee already: Look to it next, look to't!
Arcanes, fy! fy, Annophel! [*Exit.*
Arc. He's gone, [him.
Chaf'd beyond sufferance: We must follow
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me, [Sir,
For we must speak in private. 'Please you,
To see what entertainment our sad house can
yield?
Fern. I shall attend you, lady. [*Exit Anno.*
Gasp. How d'ye like
To sojourn here, my lord?
Fern. More than to feast
With all the princes of the earth besides.
Gonzalo told me, that thou wert honest.
Gasp. Yes, Sir,
And you shall find it.
Fern. Shall I?
Gasp. All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame!
Fern. Enough.
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.
Gasp. The lady——
Fern. The place admits no time to utter all;
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art——
Gasp. Your servant. I conceive you.
We'll chuse some fitter leisure.
Fern. Never man
Was in a moment, or more bless'd, or
wretched! [*Exeunt.*

Hyparcha, placing two chairs, Antinous and Erota.

Erota. Leave us!
Hyp. I shall. [*Exit.*
Erota. Antinous, sit down!
Ant. Madam! [sit!
Erota. I say, sit down: I do command you
For look, what honour thou dost gain by me,
I cannot lose it. Happy Antinous!
The graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it:
Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,
Must do the like. Such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last
Which dignified thy fame; greater than if
Thou shouldst go out again, and conquer further;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
Myself subdu'd by thee.
Ant. Great lady—— [Now speak;
Erota. Sit still; I will not hear thee else.
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to
battle.
Ant. I must, I see, be silent.
Erota. So thou mayst;
There's greater action in it than in clamour.
A look, if it be gracious, will begin the war,
A word conclude it; then prove no coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.
Ant. You do amaze me, madam!
I have no skill, no practice, in this war;
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but, be't as 'twill,
It is alike unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs,
However truly promising a good,
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.
Erota. Why an exile? [*Musick.*
What comfort can there be in those companions [parcha![17]
Which sad thoughts bring along? Hy-

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.
Erota. Whence comes this well-tun'd sound?
Hyp. I know not, madam.
Erota. Listen, wench. [*Song.*
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,
Let 'em play on; they're masters of their fi-
Doth't please you, Sir? [culty.
Ant. According to the time.
Erota. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they've
kept [struments.
As good time to our disposition, as to their in-

[17] *Which sad thoughts bring along* with?

Enter *Hyparcha.*

Hyp. *Madam.*] I think it pretty plain that *Erota* called her attendant; and this, with leaving out an unnecessary monosyllable, completes the measure. *Seward.*

Unless Antinous shall say he loves,
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

Enter Philander.

Phil. Let then the heart that did employ those hands [them.
Receive some small share of your thanks with
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes!

Erota. Good prince, I thank you for't.

Phil. Oh, madam, pour not, too fast, joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em.
It is enough at first, you've laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike
All your beholders in an ecstasy.

Erota. Philander, you have long profess'd to love me.

Phil. Have I but profess'd it, madam?

Erota Nay, but hear me.

Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.

Erota. And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost, [must say)
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I
To look upon this beauty; yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.
Philander, you look pale, I'll talk no more.

Phil. Pray, go forward; I would be your martyr:
To die thus, were immortally to live. [for me?

Erota. Will you go to him then, and speak
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An orator, ev'n for yourself; then how will you for me,
Whom you profess to love above yourself.

Phil. The curses of dissemblers follow me
Unto my grave, an if I do not so!

Erota. You may, as all men do, speak boldlier, [your own;
Better, in their friend's cause still, than in
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;
I will stand by, and blush, to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happiness of this life, food and rest,[18]
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with;
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.
Tell him——Philander! prince! I talk in
To you; you do not mark me. [vain

Phil. Indeed I do.

Erota. But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Erota. It may be, you have not the heart.

Phil. I have a will, I'm sure, howe'er my heart [I'll try.
May play the coward. But, if you please,

Erota. If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it; nay, I will give it you.

Phil. Oh, that a man should taste such heavenly bliss,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!

Erota. Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to, and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

Phil. Nay, madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To instruct him in the rudiments of love, [it?
When your most powerful beauty cannot work

[18] ——— *food, and rest;*
A quiet bosom, and the state I went with.
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.] The relative *these* can have no reference to any thing contained in the two preceding lines, but plainly refers to food, rest, a quiet bosom, and her state, which it cannot do, without much force, as the lines at present stand; I have therefore replaced them in their natural order. It is highly probable that the two intermediate lines were added by the Author after the former, and so being wrote in the margin, the transcriber or printer might easily mistake the place where they were to be inserted. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward places the fifth and sixth lines before the third and fourth; but in so doing he has reversed, and not replaced, 'the natural order' of the lines. Till she has, as in the old books, spoken of herself in the third person, it is absurd and inelegant to say,

Tell him withal that SHE *is better pleas'd*;

nor is the relative too distant to refer to,

The happiness of this life, food and rest.

Erota. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all the physick— [enough;
Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.
Antinous!
Ant. My lord!
Phil. Nay, 'pray,
No courtesy to me; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it:
For look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately, in tears:
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it! Prithee look up,
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the parent; and ne'er yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made so stony,
But it would love whatever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me, did beget these cares,
Which are good issues, tho' happily by him
Esteemed monsters: Nay, th' ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them those characters.
Phil. What's this to love, and to the lady? He's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine: [on;
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.
Oh, either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this:
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
'Philander, you must die, or this is nothing,'
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.
Erota. No more, Philander.
Phil. All I have done, is little yet to purpose;
But, ere I leave him, I'll perceive him blush;
And make him feel the passions that I do.
Every true lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.
Erota. No more, no more, Philander! I can endure no more: [peace
Pray, let him go. Go, good Antinous; make
With your own mind, no matter tho' I perish!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Hyparcha and Mochingo.

Hyp. I CANNOT help it.
Moch. Nor do I require it;
The malady needs no physician. Help Hospital people.
Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are so valiant?
Moch. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish woman! what wouldst thou say? thou——
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, ass, and puppy!
Moch. You do do't, I thank you.
Hyp. That you'll lose a fortune,
Which a cobler better deserves than thou dost!
Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity;
For when I am incens'd I am insensible.
Go, tell thy lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

Enter Erota and Antinous.

Erota. Do you not glory in your conquest more, [him?
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,
That yields herself your captive, and for her ransom,
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thyself? [off!
For shame, Antinous; throw this dullness
Art thou a man no where but in the field?
Hyp. He must hear drums and trumpets, or he sleeps:[19]

[19] *He must hear drums, and trumpets* e'er *he sleeps.*] It was dullness, which Hyparcha calls sleepiness, that is complained of, and I doubt not but the sense of this line is the very reverse of what it was originally, by the accidental change of a particle. *E'er* should be either *or* or *else*. I prefer the former, as Shakespeare uses it in the same sense.
'He's for a jig or tale of bawdry, *or* he sleeps.' Hamlet.
Seward.

And at this instant dreams he's in his armour.
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,
'Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No fort can hold them out.
Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourself,
Who are all excellence, should become so wretched, [made me!
To think on such a wretch as grief hath
Seldom despairing men look up to Heav'n,
Altho' it still speak to 'em in its glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came from.
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
As I the happiness that I avoid,
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto some wilderness, or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me;
For love and cares can never dwell together!
Erota. They should,
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.
Ant. What wild beast in the desart but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Tho' all the beauties of the face were veil'd!
But I am savager than any beast,
And shall be so till Decius do arrive;
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
His benediction back, he must to me
Be much more cruel than I am to you.[20]
Erota. Is't but your father's pardon you desire?
Ant. With his love; and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter Decius.

Erota. Decius is come. [prehend
Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! If I not ap-
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.
Erota. There is indeed; I prithee, Decius, speak it.
Dec. How! prithee, Decius? this woman's strangely alter'd.
Ant. Why dost not speak, good friend, and tell me how
The reverend blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines? Wept he for joy?
Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more. [you:
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve
The old man is in want, and angry still,
And poverty's the bellows to the coal,
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.
Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be! Now sure
My griefs delude my senses.
Erota. In his looks
I read a world of changes. Decius, mark,
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The news! Canst thou guess what it is?
Dec. None good, I fear.
Erota. I fear so too; and then——
Ant. It is her hand!
Erota. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well. If I were aught
But rock, this letter would conclude my miseries.
Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.
Dec. Sir, the worst is
Your father's lowness and distaste?
Ant. No, Decius;
My sister writes, Fernando has made suit
For love to her; and, to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Discover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd
By false Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our house, than generally
Candy's confusion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, Decius.
You find the sum on't, madam?
Erota. Yes, I do. [oppress'd
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart
With such a throng of cares, can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one;
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Erota. Will't please you speak my doom?
Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate man,
That is quite cast away? Oh, had you not
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news.
What would you have me do?
Erota. Love me, or kill me!
One word shall sentence either: For, as truth
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldom.
Ant. Gentle lady!
Erota. Say, must I live, or die?
Dec. My lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? Here's occasion
Of succouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd: Pray, Sir, entertain it.
Erota. What is my sentence?
Ant. What you please to have it.
Erota. As thou art gentle, speak those words again!
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secresy.
Erota. Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus then;

[20] *Be much* more crueller *than I to you.*] First folio and Seward. The intermediate copies preserve grammar, and neglect measure.

My father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him:
If you receive this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Erota. You'll love me then?
Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.
Erota. If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.
Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I seal my truth. [ingly
To-day,[20] and Decius, witness how unchang-
I shall still love Erota!
Erota. Thou hast quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.
Dec. This is well.
Much happiness to both!

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.
Erota. 'Comes as we could wish.
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where
You may partake his errand. Let him enter.
Ant. Madam, you must be wary. [*Exit.*
Erota. Fear it not;
I will be ready for him, to entertain him

(Enter Gonzalo.)

With smiling welcome.—Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.
Gon. D' you mock me, madam?
Erota. Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My gratitude a fault: I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.
Gon. The wind's turn'd; [madam,
I thought 'twould come to this.—It pleas'd us,
At our last interview, to mention love:
Have you consider'd on't?
Erota. With more than common
Content: But, Sir, if what you spake you meant,
As I have cause to doubt, then——
Gon. What, sweet lady?
Erota. Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Love's courtship is familiar; and, for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me;
I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.
Gon. And I, and I; we meet in one self-centre
Of bless'd content.
Erota. I hope my weakness, Sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so,
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day. [lain,
Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a vil-
If I love not sincerely!
Erota. 'Would I knew it.
Gon. Make proof by any fit command,
Erota. What do you mean?
To marry me?
Gon. How! mean? Nay more, I mean
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my desires; for did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.
Erota. Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.
Gon. But say your mind, and you shall be a queen.
Erota. On those conditions call me yours.
Gon. Enough.
But are we safe?
Erota. Assuredly.
Gon. In short——
Yet, lady, first be plain: Would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising,
Than any's else, tho' ne'er so near entitled
By blood, or right of birth?
Erota. It is a question
Needs not a resolution.
Gon. Good; what if
I set the crown of Candy on your head?
Erota. I were a queen indeed then.
Gon. Madam, know [him
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose
Transhap'd into an angel.
Erota. Wise Gonzalo!
I cannot but admire thee!
Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.
Erota. Gonzalo, duke of Venice!
Gon. You are mine, you say?
Erota. Pish! you but dally with me; and would lull me
In a rich golden dream. [truth.
Gon. You are too much distrustful of my
Erota. Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.
Gon. Why, thus——
Erota. You shall not;
We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels
Of such high nature are not to be trusted,
Not to the air itself: You shall in writing

[20] ——— *thus I seal my truth,*

To day, *and Decius witness how unchangingly.*] Mr. Seward expunges the words *to day*, 'as unnecessary to the sense, and hurtful to the measure;' but this is too arbitrary; and the old reading, properly stopped, is good sense, not unpoetical, nor more redundant than the measure often is. The *day* is no uncommon adjuration, and in that sense we here understand it.

Draw out the full design; which if effected,
I am as I profess.
Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care, and secresy.
Erota. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.
Gon. What is't?
Erota. Old Cassilane. [ruins
Gon. Ha? fear not him: I build upon his
Already.
Erota. I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.
Gon. As how?
Erota. We'll talk in private;
I have a ready plot.
Gon. I shall adore you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fernando and Annophel.

Fern. Madam, altho' I hate unnoble practices, [what
And therefore have perform'd no more than
I ought for honour's sake;[21] yet, Annophel,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.
Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.
Fern. All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I miss
My comforts here: The brother and the sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayst triumph.
Anno. Good Sir, I have a father.
Fern. Yes, a brave one: [piness
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the hap-
Of being but his daughter, were a dower
Fit for a prince. What say you?
Anno. You've deserv'd
As much as I should grant.
Fern. By this fair hand
I take possession.
Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.
Fern. Thou'rt all virtue.

Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.

Cass. I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more thro' tyranny
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The stile of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,
And under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquis Mountferato
To be our governor: The Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From th' emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy; they paid well, he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy, is
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest:
And hence grows all our quarrel.
Arc. So an usurer [trash
Or Lombard Jew, might with some bags of
Buy half the western world.
Cass. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: It cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian, Turk;
Bribes Justice, cut-throats Honour, does what not?
Arc. Not captives Candy.
Cass. Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a coward.——Now, Sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.
Fern. Sir, I find it.
Arc. And like it, do you not?
Fern. My repair speaks for me.
Cass. Fernando, we were speaking of—how's this?

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero with a casket.

Gon. Your friend, and servant.
Cass. Creditors, my lord, [goes,
Are masters, and no servants: As the world
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom
They've been beholden to; in which respect,
I should fear you, Gonzalo.
Gon. Me, my lord?
You owe me nothing,
Cass. What, nor love, nor money?
Gon. Yes, love, I hope; not money.
Cass. All this bravery
Will scarcely make that good.
Gon. 'Tis done already:
See, Sir, your mortgage; which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried: I yield it up again; 'tis yours.
Cass. Are you so conscionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Cass. Pish, pish! I'll not receive what is not mine;
That were a dangerous business.
Gon. Sir, I'm paid for't;
The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally seal'd:
Look here, Sir; Gaspero is witness to it.
Gasp. My honour'd lord, I am.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify,
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever,
Of any debts to me.

[21] *I ought for honour's* safety.] I have not rejected *safety* as thinking it nonsense, but because the more natural word better suits the measure. I allow that where a pause happens in the middle of a verse, a redundant syllable is often flung in by Shakespeare as well as our Authors. But one should not suppose them to vary a natural phrase on purpose to do it.
Seward.

Gasp. 'Tis plain and ample.[22]
Anno. Fortune will once again smile on us fairly! [earnest,
Cass. But, hark ye, hark ye! If you be in
Whence comes this bounty? or whose is't?
Gon. In short,
The great Erota, by this secretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Cass. Erota!—Why
Should she do this?
Gon You must ask her the cause;
She knows it best.
Cass. So ho, Arcanes! none
But women pity us! soft-hearted women!
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, Sir, if the gracious princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankful than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To disesteem her favours.
Anno. Sir, she ever
For your sake most respectively lov'd me.
Cass. The senate, and the body of this kingdom,
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholden to her: I will thank her for it;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my patroness. Come, Sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.
Gon. Fernando, I must speak with you in secret. [well.
Fern. You shall.——Now, Gaspero, all's
Gon. There's news
You must be acquainted with.[23]
Come, there's no master-piece in art, like policy. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Fernando and Michael.

Fern. THE senate is inform'd at full.
Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet?
Fern. Nor thinks
Tis possible his plots can be discover'd.
He fats himself with hopes of crowns, and kingdoms,
And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself; when, truly,
None is so grossly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.
Fern. Peace; the senate comes.

Enter Porphycio, Possenne, Senators, Gaspero, attendants.

Porph. How closely treason cloaks itself in
Of civil honesty! [forms
Poss. And yet how palpably
Does Heav'n reveal it!
Fern. Gracious lords!
Gasp. Th' ambassador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.
Porph. You're most welcome;
Your master is a just and noble prince.
Mich. My lords, he bad me say, that you may know [ought,
How much he scorns, and, as good princes
Defies, base, indirect, and godless treacheries,
To your more sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,
Or else to send him home to Venice.
Poss. Herein
The duke is royal. Gaspero, the prince
Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?
Gasp. My lords,
He will not long be absent.

Enter Philander and Melitus.

Porph. You, Fernando, [prince,
Have made the state your debtor.—Worthy
We shall be suitors to you for your presence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.

[22] Gasp. *'Tis plain and ample:*
Fortune will once again, &c.] Mr. Seward gives these two lines to *Cassilane*; and says, they evidently belong to him; but surely *'tis plain and ample* may be spoken by *Gaspero*, as witness to the acquittance; and the other line will come from either *Annophel* or *Arcanes* with much more propriety than from *Cassilane*.

[23] Gasp. *There's news*
You must be acquainted with.
Come there's no master-piece of art like policy.] This last line is a repetition of *Gonzalo's* vain opinion of his own policy, I therefore think that the whole speech belonged to him. And it is artful to make *Gonzalo* triumph in the success of his politics, when the reader knows, that he is upon the brink of ruin. If *Gaspero* is to speak it, he must be supposed to have heard from Fernando the conversation which had passed between *Gonzalo* and him. *Seward.*

Phil. Fathers, I'm
A stranger.
Poss. Why, the cause, my lord, concerns
A stranger. Please you, seat yourself.
Phil. Howe'er
Unfit, since you will have it so, my lords,
You shall command me.
Porph. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambassador, withdraw a while.
Fern. My lords, we shall.
[*Exit with Michael.*
Poss. Melitus, and the secretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo, that the senate
Requires his presence.
[*Exeunt Gasp. and Mel.*

Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.

Phil. What concerns the business?
Porph. Thus, noble prince——
Cass. Let me alone; thou troublest me;
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you do.
Poss. Forbear![24]
Who's he that is so rude? what's he that dares
To interrupt our counsels?
Cass. One that has guarded [moths;
Those purple robes from cankers worse than
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you:
But, I see,
'Tis better now to be a dog, a spaniel,
In times of peace, than boast the bruised scars,
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars.
My lords, I speak to you!
Porph. Lord Cassilane,
We know not what you mean.
Cass. Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake, ye potent
great ones) [judge,
When you yourselves shall stand before a
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: As then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye,
Let me have justice now! [fathers,
Poss. Lord Cassilane,
What strange distemp'rature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? Be sure
We'll father no man's injuries.[25]
Cass. 'Tis well.
You have a law, lords, that, without remorse,
Dooms such as are beleper'd with the curse
Of foul ingratitude, unto death.
Porph. We have.
Cass. Then, do me justice.

Enter Antinous, Decius, Erota, and Hyparcha.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'st thou?
Ant. Peace, Decius! I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatness, and your modesty?
Erota. Hyparcha, leave!
I will not hear.
Ant. Lady! great, gentle lady!
Erota. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me;
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak.
Poss. More uproars yet! Who are they
that disturb us?
Cass. The viper's come; his fears have
drawn him hither;
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile monster,
This bastard of my blood!
Erota. 'Tis justice, fathers,
I sue for too; and, tho' I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whose child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it: This old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.
Cass. Tricks, tricks,
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young
ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, lords! But I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears;
'Tis justice I require.
Erota. And I.
Ant. You speak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourself,
To mean a cruelty, which would make monstrous [you once
Your sex: Yet, for the love's sake which
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father
leave
To urge his own revenge; you have no cause
For yours: Keep peace about you!
Cass. Will ye hear me?
Phil. Here's some strange novelty.
Poss. Sure we are mock'd!
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your
Transgress'd the law? [son
Cass. Oh, the gross mists of dullness!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? First hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
An enemy, to court both death and dangers;

[24] Poss. *Forbear: Who's he that is so rude? What's he that dares?*] The first word of *Possenne's* speech, seems originally to have belong'd to *Arcanes.* *Seward.*
There needs no variation; *Forbear!* coming very properly from *Possenne.*

[25] *We'll* flatter *no man's injuries.*] A judge who pardons a criminal, or rather a judge who will not see, but endeavours to palliate the crimes of the offender, may be said to *flatter* his injuries, and therefore it was not without consulting several ingenious friends that I ventur'd to discard it: They all upon reading the passage mark'd it as an exceptionable word, and two of them conjectur'd the same emendation which I had made: Which is certainly a stronger, a clearer and a more poetical word. *Seward.*

Yet these were but additions to complete
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet;
I made him chief commander in the field
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialist:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all
My services, then got the palm of glory
Unto himself. Yet, not content with this,
He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
For this cause only, if your law be law;
And you the ministers of justice, then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.
Phil. Can this be so, Antinous?
Ant. 'Tis all true, [my faults
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd
In colours half so black, as in themselves
My guilt hath dy'd them: Were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my executioner!
Lords, I am guilty.
Erota. Thou beliest, Antinous,
Thine innocence! Alas, my lords, he's despe-
rate, [not credit
And talks he knows not what; you must
His lunacy: I can myself disprove
This accusation.—Cassilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.
Cass. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: He shall die!
Erota. The senate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers', shall not alter
My resolution: Thou shalt die!
Ant. Why, madam,
Are ye all marble?
Poss. Leave your shifts, Antinous.
What plead you to your father's accusation?
Ant. Most fully guilty.
Poss. You have doom'd yourself;
We cannot quit you now.
Cass. A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.
Erota. Thy sword? Wretched old man,
hast liv'd too long,
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd. My lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me; I still supplied
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat
Was from my purse: When he, vainglori-
ously
To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And, for requital, only made my suit,
That he would please to new-receive his son
Into his favour; for whose love, I told him,
I had been still so friendly: But then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Distracted, like a mad man, posted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself and us:
For why, my lords, since, by the law, all
mean
Is blotted out of your commission,[26]
As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,
So I accuse his father, and crave judgment!
Cass. All this is but deceit, mere trifles
forg'd
By combination, to defeat the process
Of justice. I will have Antinous' life!
Arc. Sir, what d'you mean?
Erota. I will have Cassilane's! [stream
Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the
Of your affections this way? Have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave,
Unless you send me thither in a shrowd
Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are
woman, [nest,
As the protests of love you vow'd were ho-
Be gentler to my father!
Erota. Cassilane,
Thou hast a heart of flint: Let my entreaties
My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd
Melt it; yet be a father to thy son,
Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you!
Cass. Pish! you cozen
Your hopes; your plots are idle: I am resolute.
Erota. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence, thou sorcery
Of a beguiling softness! I will stand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd. Lords,
your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess,
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a lady of her birth, so high
As great Erota; but her injuries,
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, fathers
Dec. Whither run you?
Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all
may know

[26] ——— *all* means *Is blotted out of your commission.*] The verb being in the singular number makes it probable, though not certain, that the nominative was so too; and the sense, if not grammar, requires the change. 'Since your commission allows no *mean* or midway between the death 'or absolute acquittance of the party accused.' This seems to be the sense intended. Mr. Sympson reads '*mends*, i. e. *Amends:* Death being the only amends or atonement that the law allow'd. *Seward.*

That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps,
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain and guilt run in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
Cass. Impudent traitor!
Phil. Her? Oh, spare, Antinous!
The world reputes thee valiant; do not soil
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice
As murd'ring innocent ladies will stamp on thee.
Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness,
All these about me: She is bloody-minded,
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.
Shall I have audience?
Erota. Let him speak, my lords.
Dec. Your memory will rot.
Ant. Cast all your eyes [woman![27]
On this—what shall I call her?—ruthless
When often in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,
Or name it as you list, had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live, unless I grand
What she long sued for: I, in tender pity,
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I aught from her but secrecy;
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
Had made him subject to. What, shall I heap up
Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit:
For which, since I must die, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not
Practise this art of falshood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.
Porph. If this be true——
Erota. My lords, be as the law is,
Indifferent, upright; I do plead guilty.
Now, Sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom!
Shall we be friends in death?
Cass. Hear me! The villain
Scandals her, honour'd lords.
Erota. Leave off to dote,
And die a wise man.
Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.
Phil. Will you be wilful, madam? Here's
Of love's disdain [the curse
Cass. Why sit you like dumb statues?
Demur no longer.
Poss. Cassilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye ask, and 'tis your dooms:
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.
Cass. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.
Erota. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious!
Ant. Sir,
May I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?
Cass. Yes, such a one as parents
Bestow on cursed sons! Now, now I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort. Look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,
Amidst their prime of youth and glory. Now

(Enter Annophel.)

My vengeance is made full!—Welcome, my joy!
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half-buried father's hand: I'm dead
Already, girl; and so is she, and he:
We all are worms'-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor shall you die alone. Lords, on my knees
I beg for justice too.
Porph. 'Gainst whom? for what?
Anno. First, let me be resolv'd, does the law favour
None, be they ne'er so mighty?
Porph. Not the greatest. [titude,
Anno. Then justly I accuse of foul ingra-
My lords, you of the senate all! not one
Excepted!
Poss. & Porph. Us?
Phil. Annophel!
Anno. You're the authors [mies
Of this unthrifty bloodshed! When your ene-
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not [sters
Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloy-
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge [own
Not free from danger, nor your lives your
In this most desp'rate ecstasy, my father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow. But, lords, when peace [home
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due
To my unminded father? He was glad

[27] Truthless *woman.*] I have ventured to change the epithet here by striking off a letter not but I allow the former to be good sense; but as Erota's want of compassion to Cassilan was the sole cause of Antinous's anger, *ruthless* seems to me the most natural epithet.
Seward.

To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him! The sum of all is this;
You've been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law against you all.
Cass. My royal-spirited daughter!
Erota. Annophel,
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee. [they are no places
Anno. Lords, why d'ye keep your seats?
For such as are offenders.
Poss. Tho' our ignorance
Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew [law,
How no excuse should smooth a breach of
I yield me to the trial of it.
Porph. So [left
Must I. Great prince of Cyprus, you are
The only moderator in this difference;
And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woful Candy.
Phil. What a scene of misery
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,
Drawn on thy country's bosom! And, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be stil'd thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the title
Of the destroyer! Dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of safety?
Erota. Children yet [nam'd!
Unborn will stop their ears when thou art
Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this detested deed;
The furies will abhor it!
Dec. What the sword [nour,
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of ho-
A bare,[28] cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy! Candy groans; not
That are to die. [these
Phil. 'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'st the land
Thee life and name. [that gave
Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel
The mischief of your folly.[29]
Cass. Annophel?
Anno. I will not be entreated.
Cass. Prithee, Annophel! [which
Anno. Why would you urge me to a mercy,
You in yourself allow not?
Cass. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains, remit
Th' offender, he is freed. Is't not so, lords?
Porph. & Poss. 'Tis so.
Cass. Antinous, by my shame observe
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reason long
Hath been becharm'd: Live, live, my matchless son, [bless'd
Bless'd in thy father's blessing; much more
In thine own virtues. Let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears! Rise; I forgive thee!
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,
Forgive me! I can speak no more.
Ant. Dear Sir, [don!
You new-beget me now.—Madam, your par-
I heartily remit you.
Erota. I as freely
Discharge thee, Cassilane.
Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: Your lives,
Your honours, are your own.
Phil. Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides: Please you, fathers,
To take your places.
Poss. Let's again ascend, [now,
With joy and thankfulness to Heav'n! And
To other business, lords.

Enter Gaspero and Melitus, with Gonzalo.

Mel. Two hours and more, Sir,
The senate hath been set.
Gon. And I not know it?
Who sits with them?
Mel. My lord the prince of Cyprus.
Gon. Gaspero,
Why, how comes that to pass?
Gasp. Some weighty cause,
I warrant you.
Gon. Now, lords, the business? Ha!
Who's here? Erota!
Porph. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.
Gon. Traitor?
Gasp. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor!
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy
I do arrest thee.
Gon. Me, thou dog?

Enter Fernando and Michael.

Mich. With licence
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the state of Venice.

[28] *A* brave, *cold, weak*—] As none of the epithets beside the first are ironical, I doubt not but *brave* was a mistake instead of the natural word, which I have, I believe, only restored. Mr. Sympson has sent me also the same emendation. *Seward.*

[29] Dec. *'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel*——
Cass. *The mischief of your folly.*
Porph. & Poss. *Annophel!*] The impropriety of *Cassilane's* speaking the second of these lines struck Mr. Seward, and he gave it to *Arcanes*; but we see no reason for *Decius* being interrupted by any person, nor can we believe the Poets intended he should. The last line comes very well from *Cassilane*, but cannot, in our opinion, belong to the *Senators*.

Gon. Ha!
Is Michael here? Nay, then I see
I am undone.
Erota. I shall not be your queen,
Your duchess, or your empress.
Gon. Dull, dull brain!
Oh, I am fool'd!
Gasp. Look, Sir, d'you know this hand?
Mich. D'you know this seal?—First, lords, he writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league; during which time
He would in private keep some troops in pay,
Bribe all the centinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison
The prince and greatest peers, and, in conclusion,
Yield Candy slave to Venice.
Gasp. Next, he contracted
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erota,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.
Erota. This is true, Gonzalo.
Gon. Let it be true: What then?
Poss. My lord ambassador,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the state of Candy,
Either to sentence him as he deserves,
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.
Porph. We shall advise upon it.
Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate!
A politician? fool! Destruction plague
Candy and Venice both!
Porph. & Poss. Away with him.
Mel. Come, Sir, I'll see you safe.
[*Exeunt Gonz. & Mel.*
Erota. Lords, ere you part,
Be witness to another change of wonder:
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.
Ant. Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.
Erota. Yes, Antinous,
My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too-passionate thoughts. Most noble prince,
If yet a relick of thy wonted flames [not
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush
To offer up the assurance of my faith
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.
Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity!
Erota. Let Heav'n
Record my truth for ever.
Phil. With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.
Erota. The man that in requital
Of noble and unsought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, you are beholden to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.
Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.
Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most!
Cass. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good son!
Fern. One suit I have to make.
Phil. To whom, Fernando?
Fern. Lord Cassilane, to you.
Cass. To me?
Fern. This lady
Hath promis'd to be mine.
Anno. Your blessing, Sir!
Brother, your love!
Ant. You cannot, Sir, bestow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Cass. Sayst thou so,
Antinous? I confirm it. Here, Fernando,
Live both as one; she's thine.
Ant. And herein, sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of triumph; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.
[*Exeunt*

THE FALSE ONE.[1]

A TRAGEDY.

Gardiner, the fast friend of Fletcher, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribes this excellent Tragedy to him alone; the Prologue and Epilogue, which seem to have been written for the first representation, and are much more to be depended on, speak of 'Those who penn'd 'this.' The False One was first printed in the folio collection of 1647.—We do not know that this Tragedy ever received any alterations, or that it has been performed in the course of many years past.

THE PROLOGUE.

New titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage: What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba? Sure, to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
I' th' capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious: Nor will such blame
Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we present and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew:
Let reason then first to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR, *emperor of Rome.*
PTOLOMY, *king of Egypt.*
ACHOREUS, { *an honest counsellor, priest of Isis.*
PHOTINUS, *a politician, minion to Ptolomy.*
ACHILLAS, *captain of the guard to Ptolomy.*
SEPTIMIUS, *a revolted Roman villain.*
LABIENUS, *a Roman soldier, and nuncio.*
APOLLODORUS, *guardian to Cleopatra.*
ANTONY, DOLABELLA, } *Cæsar's captains.*
SCEVA, *a free speaker, also captain to Cæsar.*
Three lame Soldiers.
Guard.
Servants.

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, { *queen of Egypt. Cæsar's mistress.*
ARSINOE, *Cleopatra's sister.*
EROS, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman.*

SCENE, EGYPT.

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[1] *The False One.*] Mr. Seward, conceiving that *a slur is cast on this play* (for so he expresses it) by Dr. Warburton's first note on the Tempest, is very copious in his defences of the False One, as 'the rival of Antony and Cleopatra.' He also gives very large quotations from Lucan;

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Achillas and Achoreus.

Achoreus. I LOVE the king,[2] nor do dispute his power,
For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd
By me, that am his subject; yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that still would be
A friend to justice, to demand the motives
That did induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,
(To whose directions he gives up himself,
And I hope wisely) to commit his sister,
The princess Cleopatra——If I said [son,
The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treaShe being by her father's testament
(Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
In all he stood possess'd of.

Achil. 'Tis confess'd, [doms
My good Achoreus, that in these eastern king-
Women are not exempted from the sceptre,
But claim a privilege equal to the male;
But how much such divisions have ta'en from
The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too sad examples:
Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent
The murders, and the massacres, that attend
On disunited government, and to shew
The king without a partner, in full splendor,
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)
Should be committed to safe custody,
In which she is attended like her birth,
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
Hath found her out a husband.

Achor. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence
Wi' th' rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down
With this disgrace, tho' insupportable,
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,
To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,
This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian
As well as Ptolomy's, will e'er approve
Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,
That should authorize it?

Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embark'd
On a rough sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preserve themselves, and give them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Achor. What's your opinion
Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much superior.

Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the several nations
From whence he drew his powers; but that were tedious. [ber,
They have rich arms, are ten to one in num-
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being master of the sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place on which they were entrench'd,
Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd
To make a publick feast. They at Dirachium
Fought with success; but knew not to make use of
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,
Cæsar himself confess'd.[3]

Achor. Where are they now? [plains;

Achil. In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian
Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,

Lucan: and endeavours to shew the superiority of the False One over the Pompey of Corneille; in all which particulars we think him too prolix and too uninteresting to be entirely copied: Nor do we believe that our Authors meant (as the Rev. Commentator on the Tempest imagines) *to break a lance with Shakespeare* on this occasion. The Prologue utterly disclaims any competition either with his Julius Cæsar or his Antony and Cleopatra, truly asserting, that although the personages are the same with those that are celebrated in those plays, the situations of those personages, that furnish the subject of *The False One*, are totally different.

[2] Achil. *I love the king*, &c.] The gross error of making *Achillas* speak this has run through all the editions. *Seward.*

We are very sorry Mr. Seward should begin a play he seems to admire, with a fallacious assertion: The first folio (in which *Ach.* stands for *Achoreus* throughout, and for *Achillas* only in one short scene, when *Achoreus* is not present) gives this speech to *Ach.* i. e. *Achoreus.*

[3] *So much I have heard*
Cæsar himself confess.] This reading supposes Achillas to have been in Greece, and in Cæsar's presence. The correction is very obvious. *Seward.*

Inur'd to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And tho' that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man,
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,
As in derision of his delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They still besiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their swords determine
Who hath the better cause.

Enter Septimius.[4]

Achar. May victory
Attend on't, where it is.
Achil. We ev'ry hour
Expect to hear the issue.
Sept. Save my good lords!
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' servant.
Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.
Achil. You're cruel;
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.
Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear't: Yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief;
I think, (and I can find no other reason)
Because I am a Roman.
Achor. No, Septimius;
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing here,
But Roman vices, which you would plant
But no seed of her virtues.
Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.
Achor. Any thing honest;
That I believe without an oath.
Sept. I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that
Invites this sad discourse; 'twill make you old
Before your time. Oh, these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Tho' you were at your prayers.
Achor. What is the subject?
Be free, Septimius.[5]
Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant relate
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does
Who sells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jealous, wife,
And who so kind, that, to share with his
Will make the match himself: Harmless conceits,
Tho' fools say they are dangerous. I sang it
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.
Achor. How? as a fiddler?
Sept. No, Sir, as a guest,
A welcome guest too; and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in't:
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens crest-fall'n appetite.
Achor. New doctrine!
Achil. Was't of your own composing?
Sept. No, I bought it
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolomies;
But the hints were mine own: The wretch was fearful;
But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
That I will own it.
Achor. And be punish'd for it?
Take heed, for you may so long exercise
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
Against religion, that your great maintainers,

[4] *Enter* Septimius.] The vulgar editions have much oftener wrote it *Septinius* than *Septimius*, and have given him the former name in the persons of the drama.—The reader will undoubtedly observe the fine moral couched under this infamous wretch's character, *viz.* 'That 'even among the grossest superstition of the Heathens, the atheistical scoffer at religion was 'the most pernicious pest of all society.' The character seems drawn with exquisite art, and our Poets have by it much excelled their master Lucan, and their competitor Corneille. In the former there is only a sketch of a fierce inhuman villain, and in the latter *Septimius* is in the first scene introduced as a privy-counsellor, makes an harangue to persuade the death of Pompey, commits the murder, and being blamed for it by Cæsar, is said to have killed himself with the same sword with which he slew Pompey: But he has absolutely no character at all, nor is it judicious to make him die the death of Brutus and Cassius; though a Frenchman may perhaps look upon the punishment of Cæsar, in the same light with the vile assassination of Pompey. *Seward.*

[5] Acho. *What is the subject?*
Be free, Septimius.] The mistake of giving this to *Achoreus* makes him speak much out of character. It is perfectly consonant to that of *Achillas*, to desire to hear Septimius's ribaldry. *Seward.*

This speech is as proper for *Achoreus* as the two next; and all three imply a contempt for Septimius, 'not a desire to hear his ribaldry.'

Unless they would be thought copartners with you,
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips.
Sept. For whores, I grant you,[6]
When they are out of date; 'till then, they're safe too,
Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
Tho' laden with the mysteries of your goddess,
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [*Exit.*
Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence
This fellow does put on.
Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.
Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as virtues do for others.
'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have grac'd,
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Observers of all kinds.[7]

Enter Photinus and Septimius.

Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now in a danger
When he should use his service.[8]
Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear.
Sept. Hell, and the furies, [me,
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon
You are my god on earth! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!
Pho. Thou art believ'd; dost thou want money?
Sept. No, Sir.
Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever follow
Thy vehement protestations.
Sept. You much wrong me; [me,
How can I want, when your beams shine upon
Unless employment to express my zeal
To do your greatness service. Do but think
A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
The powers above, and those below, against me;
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have use,
I'll put you to the test.
Sept. May it be speedy,
And something worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers; this brow was fashion'd
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
Giv'n to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,
The soldier courts you; will you wear a garment
Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?
Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou saidst as much to him.
Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
In th' ocean of your bounties: I've no friend,
Project, design, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preserve at any rate.
Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;
So, leave me for a while.
Sept. Ever your creature! [*Exit.*
Pho. Good day, Achoreus. My best friend, Achillas,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?
Achil. That we are
To enquire and learn of you, Sir, whose grave care
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolomy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter Ptolomy, Labienus, and guard.

Pho. I'll not boast
What my intelligence costs me; but ere long
You shall know more. The king, with him a Roman,
Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face.[9]

[6] Sep. *For whores, I grant you,*
When *they are out of date, 'till then* are *safe too.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[7] Observers *of all kinds.*] *Observers* and *observants* are used in the old Authors in the sense of *parasites* and *sycophants*. So, in King Lear, they are stiled,

'——— ducking *observants*
'That stretch their duties nicely.'

[8] ——— *and now in a danger*
When he should use his service.] Mr. Sympson thinks this dark, it may therefore be proper to explain it, as it seems to me a very beautiful sentiment. 'Septimius was not only a 'fugitive from Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged in 'a war with Cæsar.' One need not add how infamous such a desertion is held among soldiers. *Seward.*

[9] *The scarlet livery of unfortunate war*
Dy'd deeply on his face.] If the reader supposes the hint taken from the bleeding captain at the beginning of Macbeth, who comes to relate the fate of the battle between Macbeth and Macdonel, he will, I believe, agree, that our Authors have here not only emulated, but much excelled

Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæsar's Lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings: [pey,
But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pom-
And, tho' he followed the better cause,
Not with the like success.
Pho. Such as are wise
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise:
But more of that hereafter.
Lab. In a word, Sir,
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,
How many thousands several bloody shapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore [fury
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what
His soldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæsars, and like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;
How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers;
Or how the Roman piles on either side
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded,[9] which, in civil wars,
Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certain stand; then, how the plains [vultures,
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of
And other birds of prey, hung o'er both ar-
Attending when their ready servitors, [mies,
The soldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all sense of reason and of pity,
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;
How Cæsar with his javelin forc'd them on
That made the least stop, when their angry hands [face;[10]
Were lifted up against some known friend's
Then coming to the body of the army,
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
To waste their force upon the common soldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
He would have spar'd)——
Pol. The reason, Labienus! [he was
Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood
To pass to empire, and that thro' their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty o' th' world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The fam'd Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth.

excelled their master. But this cannot be said of their imitation of the following lines of Julius Cæsar, where the common fact of birds of prey following armies is turned to a noble omen.

'——— ravens, crows and kites
'Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us
'As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
'A canopy most fatal, under which
'Our army lies ready to give the ghost.'

Though our Authors' lines do not equal this, yet they strongly partake of the same spirit. *Seward.*

[9] *Or how the Roman piles on either side*
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons
(The sword) succeeded.] Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter among them, says,

Ensis habit vires, et gens quæcunque virorum est,
Bella gerit gladiis. Lib. viii.

The reader will observe what a noble flight of poetry our Authors have built on this sentiment. And if he will please to look over Lucan's whole description of this battle, in the seventh book, I believe he will agree that our Authors have chose the noblest of his sentiments, and expressed them with the highest dignity; that they have shewed great spirit in their additions, and as great judgment in their omissions; that they seldom fall below, but often rise above him. Whereas in the Pompey of Corneille (if prejudice does not make me too much depreciate French poetry) almost the reverse of all these appears. Lucan charges Cæsar with forbidding the dead bodies to be burned, (a thing indeed neither probable nor confirmed by history, nor at all consonant to Cæsar's temper and good sense) but on this supposition he has some of the noblest lines in his whole poem. *Seward.*

[10] ——— *when their angry hands*
Were lifted up against some known friend's face.]
Adversosque jubet ferro confundere vultus. Lucan.
The famous speech of Cæsar in this battle——*Miles faciem feri*, is variously interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, or else, that the gay handsome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This last is Florus's reason, our Authors prefer the former: But perhaps a better reason than either might be the true one. Pompey's army consisted chiefly of new-levy'd troops; now to all raw fighters, blows on the face are more dreadful and more confounding than any other; not through fear of spoiling their beauty, but that they see more of the stroke than if 'twere aimed at any other part. *Seward.*

The nobles, and the commons lay together,
And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake: Which Pompey seeing,
And that his, and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampier of his camp,
Tho' scorning all that could fall on himself,
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they should sound retreat, and save themselves:
That he desir'd not, so much noble blood
Should be lost in his service, or attend
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horse
With some few of his friends, he came to Lesbos,
And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,
He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of Parthia,
Famous in his defeature of the Crassi,
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
'Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,
And try a second day. Now, Ptolomy,
Tho' he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws [gift,
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his
(As this of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declin'd estate, as the straight'st pine
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
He flies to you for succour, and expects
The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourself.

Ptol. To say I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witness for me: Yet, being young,
And not a free disposer of myself,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little rest; and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my flesh. Good Labienus, think
The little respite I desire shall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way
To do great Pompey service.

Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you! [*Exit.*

Ptol. Sit, sit all;
It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A short deliberation in this,
May serve to give you counsel.[11] To be honest,
Religious, and thankful, in themselves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,
Tho' Pompey never rise to th' height he's fall'n from,
Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion
Is, still committing it to graver censure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus? [sell'd

Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolomy, hath counLike a religious and honest man,
Worthy the honour that he justly holds
In being priest to Isis. But, alas,
What in a man sequester'd from the world,
Or in a private person, is preferr'd,
No policy allows of in a king:
To be or just, or thankful,[12] makes kings guilty; [ports
And faith, tho' prais'd, is punish'd, that supSuch as good fate forsakes: Join with the gods,
Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched;
The stars are not more distant from the earth
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
Are lost, if he descend once but to steer
His course, as what's right guides him: Let him leave
The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked!

Ptol. Peace!—Go on.

Pho. Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns your youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd
With being a king, let not a stranger take
What nearer pledges challenge: Resign rather
The government of Egypt and of Nile
To Cleopatra, that has title to them;
At least, defend them from the Roman gripe:
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endur'd, [the world
The conqueror will not challenge. By all
Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of
What nation he shall fall with; and pursued
By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,

[11] *May serve to give you counsel to be honest; Religious and thankful, in themselves Are forcible motives.*] I have ventured to change the pointing here, and propose what seems a more natural one. *Seward.*

[12] *To be or just, or thankful,* &c.] From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a literal translation out of Lucan, and Corneille translates nearly in the same manner. He has taken great part of Lucan's sentiments, though he has not ranged them in the same order, and his translation wants much of the spirit of his original, which our Poets have extremely well preserved. *Seward.*

He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,
Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
Of sharp Pharsalian fowl; he flies the nations
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates
Are sunk in his; and, in no place receiv'd,
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
And Ptolomy, things consider'd, justly may
Complain of Pompey: Wherefore should he
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war, [stain
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
Doubted of Cæsar? wherefore should he draw
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,
Or chuse this place to suffer in? Already
We have offended Cæsar, in our wishes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of Pompey.
Achor. Great Osiris,
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!
Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in designs of state.
This sword, which fate commands me to unsheath, [quish'd;
I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanI grant, it rather should have pass'd thro' Cæsar; [us:
But we must follow where his fortune leads
All provident princes measure their intents
According to their power, and so dispose them.
And think'st thou, Ptolomy, that thou canst prop
His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.
And tho' 'tis noble[12] to a sinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd:
Tho' one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.
Achor. Most execrable counsel!
Achil. To be follow'd;
'Tis for the kingdom's safety.
Ptol. We give up
Our absolute power to thee: Dispose of it
As reason shall direct thee.
Pho. Good Achillas,
Seek out Septimius: Do you but sooth him;
He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch
To me of Labienus: 'Tis determin'd
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,
But that this hour to Pompey is his last!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, and Arsinoe.

Apol. Is the queen stirring, Eros?
Eros. Yes; for in truth
She touch'd no bed to-night.
Apol. I am sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with any hazard,[13]
To give her ease.
Ars. Sir, she accepts your will, [noble,
And does acknowledge she hath found you
So far, as if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.
Apol Did you tell her
O' th' sports I have prepar'd to entertain her?
She was us'd to take delight,[14] with her fair hand
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive
Contended to be taken: Other times, ['em,
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows, [her
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks
To his last gasp; then prouder of his fate,
Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been
To fall a sacrifice before the altar [chosen
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great Photinus,
Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit
In which she is confin'd, gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Encrease with my best service.
Eros. Oh, but the thought
That she that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint or liberty to others, should be
At the devotion of her brother, (whom
She only knows her equal) makes this place
In which she lives, tho' stor'd with all delights,
A loathsome dungeon to her.
Apol. Yet, howe'er
She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
To do my best to serve her: I've prepar'd

[12] *And tho' 'tis noble,* &c. to the end of the speech.] We apprehend this passage has been irreparably injured by corruption or omission, or both.

[13] *And wish it were in me, with* my *hazard.*] The verse requires that it should be either *my own* or *any hazard.* I prefer the latter, as it somewhat heightens the sentiment. *Seward.*

[14] *She us'd to take delight, with her fair hand*
To angle in the Nile, &c.] This description, particularly that of the stag enamour'd with his death, is extremely poetical, and one may say of it what I have heard said by connoisseurs of the famous picture of Michael and Satan by Guido, it has vast beauties, and would be a capital piece, did it not put one in mind of one upon the same subject by Raphael. I freely own, that our Authors are as far short of Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra sailing up the Cydnus. *Seward.*

It may be added, that Shakespeare himself hath been equalled at least, if not excelled, by Dryden, in his description of Cleopatra's sailing, in All for Love, or the World Well Lost. *R.*

Choice musick near her cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,
In the praise of imprisonment. Begin, boy.

THE SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Tho' your body be confin'd,
And soft love a pris'ner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and desire
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: 'Las, you wash an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
I suffer in the name!) and that, in justice,
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen;
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monsters
That reign o'er Ptolomy, make that a court
Where they reside; and this, where I, a prison?
But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Cæsar,
Tho' the great Pompey lean to Ptolomy,
May think of Cleopatra.

Apol. Pompey, madam——

Cleo. What of him? Speak! If ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happiness; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain
And kiss my hand. [for,

Apol. He's lost.

Cleo. Speak it again!

Apol. His army routed, he fled, and pur-
By the all-conquering Cæsar. [su'd

Cleo. Whither bends he?

Apol. To Egypt.

Cleo. Ha! In person?

Apol. 'Tis receiv'd
For an undoubted truth.

Cleo I live again;
And if assurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
To do me right! But how to free myself,
And get access? The guards are strong upon me;
This door I must pass thro'.—Apollodorus,
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,
Thy life was not thine own.

Apol. I am not alter'd;
And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the least assistance
That may restore you to that you were born to,
Tho' it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,
Offer my throat to serve you; ever provided,
It bear some probable shew to be effected:
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
Not loyal duty.

Cleo. Stand off!—To thee alone,
I will discover what I dare not trust
My sister with. Cæsar is amorous,
And taken more w' th' title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion; he lov'd Eunoe,
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a king; on both
He did bestow rich presents: Shall I then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
Despair his favour? Art thou mine?

Apol. I am. [to him,

Cleo. I have found out a way shall bring me
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,
As I am confident I shall, expect [chase
Things greater than thy wishes.—Tho' I pur-
His grace with loss of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home majesty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Septimius, with a head, Achillas, and guard.

Sept. 'TIS here, 'tis done! Behold you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength! Look, look again,
'tis finish'd!
That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and [terrors;

That steel War waited on,[15] and Fortune courted,
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my Achillas;
Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius; [actions.
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy
Tho' sometimes safety seek an instrument
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)
Think not she's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;
It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,[16]
Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,
I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's!
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;
The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd thee
From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew thee, [ness,[17]
Because I'll make thee sensible of thy base-
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on, [tion!
But was his conquest, and he gave thee mo-
He triumph'd three times: Who durst touch his person?
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;
Dear to the gods he was; to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?
Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius, [glorious,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, sword to sword.

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,
When none of you durst look——

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.
What hast thou got?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the service; which, tho' you rail at, [on me,
Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;
And I shall live——

Achil. A miserable villain.
What reputation and reward belongs to it,
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine:
And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
Nor bold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;
Inherit those rewards; they're fitter for thee.
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks: Go out basely!

Sept. The king will yet consider. [*Exit.*

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Photinus.

Achil. Here he comes.[18] [Sir!

Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great

[15] *That* steel *war*——] Both Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald would chuse to read *steel'd*, but the old reading is surely preferable. Substantives taken adjectively is a great beauty in poetry, and very common in Shakespeare and our Authors. *Seward.*

There appears to us an uncouthness in the *substantive* adjective in this place. We really believe, that *steel* means his *sword*, and suspect there is a small corruption in the next line; and that the two should run thus,

That steel *War waited on, and Fortune courted,*
That high plume *Honour built up for her own.*

The whole speech abounds with bold figure and metaphor.

[16] *It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at.*] Our Authors have falsified history in the character of Achillas, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achillas join'd with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion; but Septimius stabb'd him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face. *Seward.*

[17] *Sensible of* the business.] Though this is sense, yet it is so flat and unpoetical, that I hope the reader will pardon me for putting my own reading into the text, it is so near the trace of the letters, and is so much more in the spirit of the rest of the speech, that I think but a candid presumption to suppose it the Authors. Since I made this, Mr. Sympson sent me the very same conjecture. *Sew*

The first folio reads THY, and not THE *business*; Mr. Seward's alteration is therefore merely *business* to *baseness*, and does not need so much apology, nor argue so much ingenuity.

[18] *Here he comes,* Sir.] Had Achillas spoke to Septimius, it would have been *sirrah*, as before; but he was gone out, and this *Sir* seems only to have slipt in from the line below. *Seward.*

If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,
If that adored head be not yet sever'd
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.
You're young, be provident; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt;[19]
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
That easy women's eyes shall never empty.
Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done. See Achillas,
And in his hand the head.
Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!
Pho. The king is troubled. Be not frighted, Sir;
Be not abus'd with fears: His death was necessary,
If you consider, Sir, most necessary,
Not to be miss'd: And humbly thank great Isis,
He came so opportunely to your hands.
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.
Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd,
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?

(Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.)

I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.
Give me the head; and be you confident.
Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,[20]
Now this head's off!
Cæsar. Ha!
Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolomy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompence;
Thou dreamd'st of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolomy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have giv'n for't, all Egypt.
Achil. Nor do not question it,[21] most royal conqueror,

[19] ——— *fix not your empire*
Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt,
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;
Destructions darting from their looks.] Mr. Warburton observes on a passage in Julius Cæsar, p. 25, that Dionysius had complained that those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, which are so frequent in Homer, are rarely to be found in the subsequent poets and he adds, that amongst our countrymen they seem as much confin'd to our British Homer. Before I saw this, I had observed something like it in a note in the Maid's Tragedy, speaking of *poetical enthusiasm*, only adding, that no followers of Shakespeare approach so near him in these astonishing graces as Beaumont and Fletcher. The lines here quoted are a strong proof of it, and what was said above of the comparison between Guido and Raphael is here again applicable; terrible and astonishing as they are, they bring to one's mind a passage still more terribly astonishing in Julius Cæsar.

> 'And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
> 'With Até by his side come hot from Hell,
> 'Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice
> 'Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.' *Seward.*

In speaking of this emulation in the *terrible graces*, it is but justice to introduce the following lines of Ben Jonson, Catiline, act v. sc. 5.

> 'Methinks I see death and the furies waiting
> 'What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leisure
> 'For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords, &c. *R.*

[20] *Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,*
Now this head's off!] We cannot forbear observing, and regretting, that this line and half is as ridiculous, as some other passages of this scene are sublime.

[21] 'Acho. *Nor do not question*, &c.] Mr. Theobald's margin says, certé *Achillas*. And there is this proof of it, that in Lucan the whole speech to Cæsar is made by *Achillas*, (though in reality, Theodotus the rhetorician, who had joined Photinus in persuading Ptolomy to the murder, was the person who presented the head to Cæsar and harangued on the occasion, for which he afterwards met his due reward from Brutus and Cassius, who tortur'd and crucified him

Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Tho' he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this, [lances,
Nor labour'd thro' no showers of darts and
Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd [hand,
And beaten from this kingdom by strong
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune, [again:
Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right
This was a love to Cæsar.

Sce. Give me hate, gods! [ed;

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wick-
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat,
what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be render'd, [cent.
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands inno-

Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head!
See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!

Sce. He was basely ruin'd;
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar.

Cæsar. Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus? [thee on,
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome, to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was? [quets,
That never heard thy name sung, but in ban-
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee, [pey,
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pom-
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee![21]
Th' hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to out-dare the sun,[22] as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heav'n;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's-earth[23] cannot balance.

Sce. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,

him. Notwithstanding this, there is room to doubt whether the Poets designed *Achæus* to speak this, for they have given it a different turn from Lucan.

——— *nec vile putáris*
Hoc meritum, nobis facili quod cæde peractum est.
Hospes avitus erat: Depulso sceptra parenti
Reddiderat. Quid plura feram? Tu nomina tanto
Invenies operi, vel famam consule mundi;
Si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,
Quod scelus hoc non ipse facis. Lucan. lib. ix.

This is the language of villainy, boasting of merits from the greatness of it. But the speech in the False One represents the reluctance, the pangs and inward war that Ptolomy struggled through to serve Cæsar. And this spoke by a man who had a real love for virtue, gives a fine contrast to Photinus's unfeeling and confirm'd villainy. *Seward.*

We heartily join with Theobald—*certé* ACHILLAS.

[21] *I must* task *thee.*] For *task*, Mr. Seward substitutes *tax.*

[22] ——— *your* high *pyramids*, former editions.

*Built to out-*dare *the sun, as you suppose.*] To out-*dare* the sun by their height is poetical, but, *as you suppose*, greatly flattens it; for this reason both Mr. Sympson and I change it to out-*dure*, which seems to suit the context better. *Seward.*

Out-*dare* we shall not hesitate to pronounce better than out-*dure*. We do not remember to have ever met with the latter word.

[23] *All the world's earth.*] Mr. Sympson observes the expression of *world's-earth* directly answers the Latin *terrarum orbis.* *Seward.*

And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
But how he'd set his face.

Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards?

Sce. Let me give 'em:
I'll give 'em such as Nature never dream'd of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompence. [pardon,
You're young, and ignorant, that pleads your
And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.
Your ministers I must think wanted judgment,
And so they err'd: I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful: Be you most thankful; [what
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, tho' 'twere your brightest sister's, [you.
(But her you hate) I would not be behind

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!

Cæsar. I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest: [ly,
You're poor and open. I must tell you round-
That man that could not recompence the benefits,
The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Tho' I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it:
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye:
Swords, hangmen,[24] fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,[25] [queror,
And now you've found the nature of a con-
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies! [soldier,
Go, and embalm those bones of that great
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabean bed, and place this phenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæsar. You've robb'd him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him [cruelty,
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
'Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey liv'd,
He us'd you nobly; now he's dead, use him so. [*Exit.*

[24] *Swords*, hangers, *fires.*] As *hangers* gives much the same idea as swords, especially in the mouth of a Roman, I hope the reader will agree to the change of it to *hang-men*, which were proper to be threatened to the murderers of Pompey, and which afterward proved the fate of Septimius. There is something extremely noble in this passage; it even approaches to those *terrible graces* before spoke of. *Seward.*

The Reader will, no doubt, greatly admire the integrity, perspicacity, and ingenuity of Mr. Seward, when he is informed, that *hangmen* is the reading—not of that gentleman, but—of the second folio.

[25] *You wretched and poor* seeds *of sun-burnt Egypt.*] As the word *seeds* is good sense, I fear the reader would think it too great a liberty for an Editor to displace it and advance his own conjecture into the text: But where the change of a single letter gives great improvement, I think it a justice to the Authors to suppose it genuine; especially when it strongly partakes of their usual spirit. *Seeds* seems rather flat, and *weeds* was the first word that occurred as an improvement, because it makes Cæsar speak with more contempt of the Egyptians; but observing the great propriety of all our Author's metaphors, which he applies to the Egyptians, as where he calls them *the spawn of Egypt*; and again, *these beds of slimy eels*; and Septimius, *that vermin that's now become a natural crocodile*, a better reading occurred, *reeds*, to which Egypt is greatly subject from the overflow of the Nile. Thus the scriptures speaking of the *behemoth* or *crocodile*. *He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed or fens.* *Seward.*

We think *reeds* is right.

Ptol. Now where's your confidence,[26]
your aim, Photinus,
The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;
The death of him, you urg'd a sacrifice
To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin!
Where are your counsels now?
Ackor. I told you, Sir,
And told the truth, what danger would fly
And, tho' an enemy, I satisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howsoever this night please great Cæsar,
I told you, that the foulness of his death,
The impious baseness——
Pho. Peace; you are a fool!
Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em;
Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his sorrows,
Which are put on for forms, and mere dissemblings,
I'm confident he's glad: To have told you so,
And thank'd you outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.
Be confident, and proud you've done this service;
You have deserv'd, and you will find it, highly.
Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure
You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,
Both close and short enough, she may not see him.
The rest, if I may counsel, Sir——
Ptol. Do all;
For in thy faithful service rests my safety.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. Here's a strange alteration in the court;
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now
As tho' I were a rascal; no man knows me,
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,
Their doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd at,
Because I've done a meritorious murder:
Because I've pleas'd the time, does the time plague me? [me for't;
I've known the day they would have hugg'd
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence,
Open'd their hearts, and secret closets to me,
Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And th' huge[27] leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do 'em service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking, [me:
And for other principal qualities that became
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on. And he comes; now, Fortune!

Enter Photinus.

Pho. Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs me, [Roman,
A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud
Provoke me not, stir not mine anger further!
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
Tho' arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it!
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.
Sept. May't please your lordship——
Pho. Oh, Septimius!
Sept. Your lordship knows my wrongs?
Pho. Wrongs?
Sept. Yes, my lord;
How th' captain of the guard, Achillas, slights me?
Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
The times are alter'd, soldier; Cæsar's angry,
And our design to please him, lost and perish'd: [owning,
Be glad thou'rt unnam'd; 'tis not worth the
Yet, that thou mayst be useful——
Sept. Yes, my lord,
I shall be ready.
Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,
Or a hard father?
Sept. 'Tis most necessary; [Sir.
A mother, or a sister, or whom you please,
Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?
Sept. 'Tis all one.
Pho. I know thou'lt stir for gold.
Sept. 'Tis all my motion.

[26] *Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,*
The *oracles*, and *fair favours from the conqueror,*
You rung into mine ears?] Either the second line should be, *the oracles* or *fair favours*, or, what seems more probable, the particles *the* and *and* should change places. *Seward.*
The old reading, we think, needs no change.

[27] *And th' huge leviathans of,* &c.] I should not take the liberty of marking out beautiful passages, but that I am very desirous this play should meet with due regard from every reader; and I therefore beg him not to pass slightly over this passage, where a metaphor is carried on with such exquisite beauty, that it may vie with the finest strokes of this sort even in Shakespeare. *Seward.*

Pho. There, take that for thy service, and farewell!
I've greater business now.
Sept. I'm still your own, Sir.
Pho. One thing I charge thee; see me no more, Septimius,
Unless I send. [*Exit.*
Sept. I shall observe your hour.
So! this brings something in the mouth, some favour:
This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,
My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance.
Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,
And shun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em, [nourable:
Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I'm ho-
This god creates new tongues, and new affections;
And, tho' I'd kill'd my father, give me gold,
I'll make men swear I've done a pious sacrifice. [vants,
Now I will out-brave all, make all my ser-
And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Cæsar. Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends;
There is no trusting to these base Egyptians:
They that are false to pious benefits,
And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.
Ant. We'll call ashore
A legion of the best.
Cæsar Not a man, Antony; [greatness:
That were to shew our fears, and dim our
No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.
Sce. Too much too;
A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them.
There are some two or three malicious rascals,
Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus,
That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.
Dol. 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?
Sce. You are cozen'd;
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him, [ten,
But the obedience; when that's once forgot-
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!
Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
That's now become a natural crocodile,
Must be with care observ'd.
Ant. And 'tis well counsell'd;
No confidence, nor trust——
Sce. I'll trust the sea first, [me,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites
And clutches in her storms, as politick lions
Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first;
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.[28]
Cæsar. Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more compliment;
Once more, strong watches.
Dol. All shall be observ'd, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Cæsar.

Cæsar. I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.
How happy was I,[29] in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany!
When every night with pleasure I sat down
What the day minister'd, the sleep came sweetly:
But since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon,
What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman, [force,
A good, great man? I've enter'd Rome by
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample:
The dear veins of my country I have open'd,
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody streams, that in their confluence
Carried before 'em thousand desolations:
I robb'd the treasury; and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs
Plac'd there as sacred to the peace of Rome:
I raz'd Massilia in my wanton anger;
Petreius and Afranius I defeated;
Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me?
The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy,[30] [*Noise within.*

[28] *The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.*] Mr. Sympson and I both hesitated on this expression, but I believe it right, as God is the rule of good or virtue, so is the Devil of *ill*. *Seward.*

This line does not appear in the second folio; perhaps, because dropped in the representation.

[29] *How happy was I, in my lawful wars*, &c.] This soliloquy of Cæsar's is extremely judicious as well as beautiful: it was difficult to conform both to history and to poetical justice. It would be an outrage upon the former to make Cæsar unfortunate, and as great a one to have made him a perfectly virtuous character, as Corneille has endeavoured to do. How then should our Poets, who have drawn Cæsar exactly to the life, fulfil in any degree the justice that the audience demand against him? This they have finely accomplished, by shewing him in his retirement, stung and tormented with the horrid massacres that he had brought on his country, which are described with great energy. *Seward.*

[30] *The slubber'd name of an* authoriz'd *enemy.*] By an authorized enemy the Poets seem to have

I hear some noise; they are the watches, sure.
What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
Is now pass'd into Africk to affront me;
Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too;
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
And, from the relicks of their scatter'd faction, [too?
A new head's sprung: Say, I defeat all these
I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.
Are the guards fast? Who waits there?

Enter Sceva, with a packet, Cleopatra in it.

Sce. Are you awake, Sir?
Cæsar. I' th' name of wonder——
Sce. Nay, I am a porter,
A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, Sir:
An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk with 'em.
Cæsar. What hast thou there?
Sce. Ask them which stay without,
And brought it hither. Your presence I denied 'em,
And put 'em by, took up the load myself.
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;
I'm sure 'tis heavy: If you like to see it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.
Cæsar. Stay, Sceva;
I would fain see it.
Sce. I'll begin to work then.
No doubt, to flatter you, they've sent you something
Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.
May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:
I pray you stand further off; if there be villainy, [too.
Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard
Ha! what art thou?
Cæsar. Stand further off, good Sceva!
What heavenly vision? Do I wake or slumber?
Further off, that hand, friend!
Sce. What apparition, [man;
What spirit, have I rais'd? Sure, 'tis a woShe looks like one; now she begins to move too.
A tempting devil, o' my life! Go off, Cæsar,
Bless thyself, off! A bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanc'd upon my back? 'tis noble!
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;
She's sent to dispossess you of your honour;
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories. [her;
An she'd be cool'd, Sir, let the soldiers trim
They'll give her that she came for, and dispatch her:
Be loyal to yourself!—Thou damn'd woman,
Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?
And am I made the instrument of bawdry?
I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug you!
Cæsar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beast!
Sce. Thou beast?
Cæsar. Could'st thou be so inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?
Sce. Divine, or human,
They're never better pleas'd, nor more at heart's-ease, ['em.
Than when we draw with full intent upon
Cæsar. Move this way, lady: 'Pray you let me speak to you.
Sce. And, woman, you had best stand——
Cæsar. By the gods,
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love!
Sce. Oh, this sounds mangily.
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!
You'd best be troubled with the tooth-ach too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?
After so many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too, (she'll lose no time)
Carries her litter to lie soft; d'you see that?
Invites you like a gamester; note that impudence.
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia,
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he
That have receiv'd so many wounds for Cæsar?
Upon my target,[31] groves of darts still growing?

have meant, an enemy to his country pronounced so by the authority of the whole senate, as Cæsar had been by the senate of Rome. If this explanation should not satisfy, the verse will run better thus,

The slubber'd name of an unauth'riz'd *enemy.*

i. e. Of an enemy without a legal cause or legal authority. *Seward.*

Authoriz'd seems to mean only *successful.* So, he says after,

I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.

[31] *Upon my target, groves of darts still growing?*] Sceva had been a common soldier, but preferred for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieged Pompey at Dirachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a hundred

Have I endur'd all, hungers, colds, distresses,
And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me, [tune?
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my for-
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?
Cæsar. Offend no more; be gone!
Sce. I will, and leave you, [claim you:
Leave you to women's wars, that will pro-
You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell,
Cæsar! [to you;
Cleo. Now I am private, Sir, I dare speak
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!
Sce. Lower you'll be anon.
Cæsar. Away!
Sce. And privater;
For that you covet all. [*Exit.*
Cæsar. Tempt me no further!
Cleo. Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar:
I am a queen,[30] and co-heir to this country,
The sister to the mighty Ptolomy,
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preserve me. [up.
Cæsar. Speak, queen of beauty, and stand
Cleo. I dare not;
'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity, to help me,
Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.
And if it be not in thy will to right me,
And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins;
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,
And waken with their murmurs thy compassions;
Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,
And, if thou be'st a man, for despis'd beauty,
For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,
Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom,
Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
The other a base bondman, thus reign o'er me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he should be, but the title!
As thou art wonder of the world——
Cæsar. Stand up then,
And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:
Or, chuse a greater name, worthy my bounty;
A common love makes queens: Chuse to be worshipp'd,
To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,
That hath adventur'd thus to see great Cæsar,
Must never be denied. You've found a patron
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer
So great a blemish to the Heav'n of beauty:
The god of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows[33]
Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows, [monstrous;
Should I neglect your cause, would make me
To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

(Enter Sceva.)

Cleo. He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him; [tive.
The conquerör of the world will I lead cap-
Sce. Still with this woman? tilting still with babies?
As you are honest, think the enemy, [you,
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——
Cæsar. Hear me,
But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst thou not
Most greedily accept?
Sce. Not as an emperor, [others:[34]
A man that first should rule himself, then

and thirty darts stuck in his target; one had pierced his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and dash'd, with his eye ball, on the ground: Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory; and he pretending faintness, asked them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died; two soldiers believing him in earnest, came to him; the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Sceva the preservation of all Cæsar's army. I need not mention the justice with which our Poets have drawn Sceva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier-like honesty. *Seward.*

[30] *Contemn me not, because I* know, *thus, Cæsar,*
I am a queen.] For *know*, I read *kneel*, and Mr. Sympson *bow*. As she was evidently *kneeling*, I hope it is not prejudice that makes me prefer the former. The corruption, though extremely gross, had passed through all the former editions, although this play (and this only as far as I have yet examined) seems in the second folio to have been corrected by an able hand, but no man is always attentive. *Seward.*

After this positive assertion, the Reader will no doubt be surprized at the information, that, so far from ALL *the former editions* reading *know*, the very second folio, above mentioned, reads *kneel*.——In the same stile, Mr. Seward asserts, that the former copies say, (See above, col. 2, l. 15,) *in* THIS *private honour*; that they say, (p. 566, l. 11) *Cæsar* LOADS *us*; and, (p. 566, l. 32) *this* RARE *unthankful king*; assuming to himself the merit of correcting errors, some of which only appeared in the octavo of 1711.

[33] *Let fly* those *arrows.*] This is the reading of the folios, and undoubtedly right. The octavo of 1711 reads THESE, and Mr. Seward HIS *arrows.*

[34] *A man that first* would *rule himself.*] Mr. Theobald alters *would* to *should*, and puts the initial letters of his name to it, the mark by which he seems to have distinguished his favourite emendations.

As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, Sir;
Yet that's a weakness too. Hear me, thou tempter! [thee,
And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The soul of a commander, give ear to me.
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) in-
Cæsar. Fy! thou blasphem'st. [habits!
Sce. I do, when she's a goddess.
Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume [ties?
To smother all his triumphs with thy vani-
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties, [low'd,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have fol-
Proud of their chains, have waited on? I shame, Sir! [rest, Sceva;
Cæsar. Alas, thou'rt rather mad! Take thy
Thy duty makes thee err; but I forgive thee.
Go, go, I say! shew me no disobedience!
[*Exit Sceva.*

'Tis well; farewell! The day will break, dear lady;
My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,
And think upon your servant?
Cleo. Pray you, Sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæsar. The greater, I more love you;
And you must know me too.
Cleo. So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, Sir. You're too violent.
Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.
Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred)
You'll right me as a queen——
Cæsar. These lips be witness!
And, if I break that oath——
Cleo. You make me blush, Sir;
And in that blush interpret me.
Cæsar. I will do. [word,
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one
You shall believe.
Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy and Photinus.

Pho. GOOD Sir, but hear! [me!
Ptol. No more! you have undone
That that I hourly fear'd is fall'n upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a remedy.
Ptol. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your secure negligence
Has broke thro' all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me!
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;
All night she has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.
Pho. 'Would that were the worst, Sir!
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,
Sh' has made her peace with Cæsar.
Ptol. 'Tis most likely;
And what am I then?
Pho. 'Plague upon that rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——

Enter Achillas.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye're wretches!
Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.
Achil. Pardon me.
Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous watchful!
Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't.
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of houshold furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst,
Being for his private chamber, seek so stop it?
I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.
Let us consider timely what we must do,
Since she is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no pow'r to sever her,
Nor force conditions.
Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.

mendations. Mr. Sympson joins him; but I think the change rather prejudicial, for *would*, as it implies a *will* to rule himself as well as others, intimates that such a *will* is essential to an emperor, and that none are worthy of the title that have it not. Beside this, it has been some doubt with me whether the old English writers had that clear idea of the difference between *would* and *should* which we have at present, but which not one foreigner in ten thousand can be taught to comprehend, although it is certainly a very great beauty of our language, and, I believe, peculiar to it. I never yet saw a grammatical rule for it, and were it not too great a digression I would insert one. *Seward.*

Should is the reading of the second folio!

Achor. Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions——
Pho. Speak your mind, Sir. [to us)
Achor. Let us chuse Cæsar (and endear him
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister; this is safe now,
And will shew off, most honourable.
Pho. Base, [sion!
Most base and poor; a servile, cold submis-
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout counsellors;
Since we are sensible this Cæsar loaths us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pom-
Be of my mind. [pey,
Achor. 'Tis most uncomely spoken,
And if I say most bloodily, I lie not;
The law of hospitality it poisons,
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us.
Be wise, oh, king!
Ptol. I will be. Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service;
To my fair sister my commends negotiate;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on.
Achor. Crown'd with fair peace, I go.
[*Exit.*
Ptol. My love go with thee;
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!
You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus.
[*Exit.*
Pho. This for our service? Princes do their pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces.
The lowest we can fall to, is our graves;
There we shall know no difference. Hark, Achillas!
I may do something yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——
Achil. Photinus, [lously:
Whate'er it be, I shall make one, and zea-
For better die attempting something nobly,
Than fall disgrac'd.
Pho. Thou lov'st me, and I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Dol. Nay, there's no rousing him; he is bewitch'd sure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within
Grown now a woman's warrior. [him;
Sce. And a tall one;
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chastity.
Ant. Be not too angry,
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatch'd sweetness——
Dol. But why should he be fool'd so?
Let her be what she will, why should his wis-
His age, and honour—— [dom,
Ant. Say it were your own case,
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promise
Of more security than his sword can cut thro',
I do not hold it so discreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winning'st orators,
A youth that opens like perpetual spring,
And, to all these, a tongue that can deliver
The oracles of love——
Sce. I would you had her,
With all her oracles, and miracles:
She were fitter for your turn.
Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva, ['em;
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend
O' that condition I made thee mine heir.
Sce. I'd rather have your black horse than your harlots.
Dol. Cæsar writes sonnets now; the sound of war [too.
Is grown too boisterous for his mouth; he sighs
Sce. And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up, to hear him, gentlemen.
Shortly she'll make him spin; and 'tis thought he'll prove
An admirable maker of bonelace;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!
Ant. I would he could abstain.
Sce. She is a witch sure, [chantment.
And works upon him with some damn'd en-
Dol. How cunning she will carry her behaviours, [tures,
And set her countenance in a thousand pos-
To catch her ends!
Sce. She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy,[35] over-joy'd, and seem to die,

[35] *She will be sick, well, sullen,*
Merry, coy, &c.] Here our Poets follow their master Shakespeare in the character of Cleopatra; we shall find in the sequel, that they have added more of the dignity of the queen to the coquetry of the wanton, than Shakespeare has done. Corneille, in order to form an interesting amour between Cæsar and Cleopatra, has endeavoured to draw them both unexceptionably virtuous. *Seward.*

It is but justice to observe, that the intention of Shakespeare and of our Authors was not the same. The Prologue says, the spectators will find

Young *Cleopatra here, and her great mind*
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free.
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldness she did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony. *See Prologue.*

All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him: [ably,
I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damn-
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.
Ant. That thou shouldst bring her in!
Sce. 'Twas my blind fortune. [wicked.
My soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas
Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! H' has
advanc'd me,
From an old soldier, to a bawd of memory:
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore,
and rouse him; [trances
That their fierce trumpets, from his wanton
Might shake him, like an earthquake!

Enter Septimius.

Ant. What's this fellow?
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their cloaths. [no commander?
Ant. By my faith, he's brave indeed! He's
Sce. Yes, h'has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars, [shew it.
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings
Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me. [Ha?
Who dare blush now at my acquaintance?
Am I not totally a span-new gallant,
Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendship of the world? If they shun me now, [forward)
(Tho' I were the arrant'st rogue, as I'm well
Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.
Ant. Is't not Septimius?
Sce. Yes.
Dol. He that kill'd Pompey?
Sce. The same dog-scab;[36] that gilded botch, that rascal!
Dol. How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!
Sep. Gallants, and soldiers; sure they do admire me.
Sce. Stand further off; thou stink'st.
Sept. A likely matter: [lants?
These cloaths smell mustily, do they not, gal-
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trimming these cloaths, cost
Sce. Thou stink'st still. [me——
Sept. The powdring of this head too——
Sce. If thou hast it,
I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.
Ant. I smell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him,
How strong he scents of traitor!
Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much o' th' gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you should have wash'd off that, Sir;
Fy, how it choaks! too little of your loyalty,
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hir'd coward;
A dead dog's sweeter.
Sept. Ye are merry gentlemen, [me too;
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes
You speak like good blunt soldiers! and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I've done ye simple service on your Pompey;
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelve-months,
And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——
Ant. He brags on't too,
By the good gods, rejoices in't! Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!
Sce. Dog, mangy mongrel, [dier,
Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of sol-
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease,
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!
Dol. Thou art so impudent, that I admire
And know not what to say. [thee,
Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I've found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and ye're liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little desperately.
Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave commander:
And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial, [partners?
And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em;
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;
I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.
Ant. I blush,
All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him!
Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,
Thro' them I should blush too: Pray ye let's be walking. [this lesson,
Sce. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave
And let him study it: First, rogue! Then, pandar! [presence,
Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's
And, where the name of soldier has been heard of, [sart,
Be sure thou live not! To some hungry de-
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy conscience;
And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies
Attend thee still: where brute beasts will abhor thee,
And e'en the sun will shame to give thee light,

[36] *The same* dog, scab] Whom does he call *scab?* we should certainly read *dog scab.* In the same scene Dolabella says of Septimius, 'A *dead dog's* sweeter,' and Sceva almost repeats *dog-scab*, calling him *mangy mongrel.*

Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fit-
Go hang thyself! [ter,
Dol. Hark to that clause.
Sce. And that speedily,
That Nature may be eas'd of such a monster!
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Septimius.

Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold still, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;
Rude valours, so I let 'em pass, rude honours!
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain, [me;
That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon

(Enter Eros.)[37]

And here she comes: I'm sure of her at mid-
My pretty Eros, welcome! [night.
Eros. I have business.
Sept. Above my love, thou canst not.
Eros. Yes, indeed, Sir,
Far, far above.
Sept. Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me,
We are alone.
Eros. I'm much asham'd we are so.
Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,
A scarf, and some odd toys: I've gold here
Thou shalt have any thing [ready;
Eros. I want your absence. [pany!
Keep on your way; I care not for your com-
Sept. How? how? you're very short: D'you know me, Eros?
And what I have been to you?
Eros. Yes, I know you,
And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you
I lov'd you too. [were honest,
Sept. Honest? Come, prithee kiss me.
Eros. I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;
I hate their looks; and tho' I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,[39]
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand me; [thy!
I'd rather touch the plague, than one unwor-
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry,
And keep her company; she's too good for you! [*Exit.*
Sept. Marry, this goes near! now I perceive I'm hateful: [dangerous;
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows
For money seldom they refuse a leper;
But sure I am more odious, more diseas'd too:

(Enter three lame Soldiers.)

It sits cold here. What are these? three poor soldiers? ['em
Both poor and lame: Their misery may make
A little look upon me, and adore me.
If these will keep me company, I'm made yet.
1 *Sold.* The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in, makes us miserable: [at;
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd
He banquets, and we beg.
2 *Sold.* He was not wont [times,
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their for-
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.
Sept. Save ye, good soldiers! good poor men, Heav'n help ye! [story.
Ye've born the brunt of war, and shew the
1 *Sold.* Some new commander sure.
Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.
2 *Sold.* To Cæsar, for our means, Sir.
Sept. And 'tis fit, Sir.
3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sept. I grieve for't; [favours.
Good soldiers should have good rewards, and
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,
And freely speak to Cæsar.
All. Oh, we honour you!
1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are; the gods preserve you!
Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, soldiers! [*Gives money.*
Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it
'Twill keep you in good heart. [freely;
2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you!
Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions.
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be merry;
And ev'ry day I'll see you!
1 *Sold.* You're a soldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think.

[37] *Enter* Eros.] We have not made a variation here, but cannot suppose the poets intended *Eros*, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman*, to enter here as the *loose companion* of Septimius, and to profess herself *a strumpet*. The error, most probably, originated from the players, who making one person perform both *Eros* and this *courtezan*, confounded the characters together; as they have partly done with *Cloe* and the *Courtezan* in the Mad Lover, and with *Altea* and the *Fourth Lady* in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. The Poets most probably meant another woman, but they seem to have intended (perhaps from inadvertence) to name this character *Eros*.

[39] *I scorn to nourish it with* blood purchase.] A syllable seems wanting to the measure here, and an hyphen to the sense. *Seward.*

Here Mr. Seward neglects the acknowledged best copy (which we have followed) for the purpose of making an *ingenious* alteration; *i. e.*

I scorn to nourish it with THY blood-purchase.

Sept. I'll cloath ye,[40]
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for you; [you.
And at my table, where no want shall meet.

Enter Sceva.

All. 'Was never such a man!
1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Sir, [ship you.
Let us but know your name, that we may wor-
2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank—
Sept. Why call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning thief! Call him Septimius, soldiers,
The villain that kill'd Pompey!
All. How?
Sce. Call him the shame of men! [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to beat thy brains out![41]
Fling all;
And fling our curses next; let them be mortal! [over,
Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded
And painted with thy charity, to poison us?
2 *Sold.* I know him now: May never father own thee, [mory!
But as a monstrous birth shun thy base me-
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!
3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to devour this rascal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious mists,[42] to crown his villainies:
Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heav'n hated!
1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous to remember!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable house to thine;
No, not a thief, tho' thou couldst save his life for't,
Will eat thy bread, nor one for thirst starv'd drink with thee![43]
2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest dog,
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny. [*Exeunt.*
Sept. Contemn'd of all? and kick'd too? Now I find it!
My valour's fled too, with mine honesty;
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monstrous shews that man, that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me;[44]
Inspir'd with what I've done, the winds will blast me!
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact; my soul's oppress'd!
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus, and Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it shall be so!
A preparation I have set o' foot,
Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar:
My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd; [ties,
Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beau-
Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withal,
Shall be a dream.
Pho. D'you mean to shew the glory,
And wealth of Egypt?
Ptol. Yes; and in that lustre,
Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
And all her riches, of no note unto it.
Achor. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair sister,
Take heed, Sir, how you step into a danger,
A danger of this precipice. But note, Sir,
For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies;
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madness,
Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt

[40] *I'll cloath ye,*
Ye are lame.] These soldiers are before said to be *lame*; and therefore I don't discard the word, but think it more suitable to the context in this place to read *bare*. *Seward.*

[41] *Were weight enough to* break *thy brains out.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[42] *And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours*
The infectious mists.] So first folio. The second folio we have followed. Mr. Seward reads,

And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours
T' infectuous *mists*, &c.

[43] *Nor one* for thirst-starv'd *drink with thee.*] Mr. Seward chuses to read,

Nor one thirst-starv'd *drink with thee.*

[44] *I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,*
Inspir'd with what I have done: the winds will blast me.] The word *inspir'd* not only more naturally belongs to the *winds* than to the *beasts*; but it is stronger, and more poetical, to suppose the very inanimate elements sensible of and abhorring his wickedness, than merely the irrational beasts. *Seward.*

An armed guest: Feed not an eye that conquers, [coyetous.
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be
Ptol. Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me;
Let all be ready,[45] as I gave direction:
The secret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:
No more dissuading: 'Tis my will.
Achor. I grieve for't.
Ptol. I'll dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.
Pho. I fear you'll curse your will; we must obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dollabella, and Sceva, above.

Cæsar. I wonder at the glory of this king-
And the most bounteous preparation, [dom,
Still as I pass, they court me with.
Sce. I'll tell you;
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em:
When they are ours, they're worth our admiration.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. The young queen comes: Give room!
Cæsar. Welcome, my dearest!
Come, bless my side.
Sce. Ay, marry, here's a wonder!
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I ben't readiest to recant.
Cleo. Be merry, Sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achillas, Photinus, and Apollodorus.

Ptol. Hail to great Cæsar,
My royal guest! First I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy pa-
And wait myself upon thee. [late,
[*Treasure brought in.*
Cæsar. What rich service!
What mines of treasure! richer still?
Cleo. My Cæsar,
What d'you admire? Pray you turn, and let me talk to you. [ject?
Have you forgot me, Sir? How, a new ob-
Am I grown old o' th' sudden? Cæsar!
Cæsar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties banish'd?
Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæsar;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus:
We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,
Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus,
All this is nourish'd; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to discover his seven deities,
His conceal'd heads, unto thee: See with pleasure.
Cæsar. The matchless wealth of this land!
Cleo. Come, you shall hear me.
Cæsar. Away! Let me imagine.
Cleo. How! frown on me?
The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!
Cæsar. I'm sorry:
But, let me think——

Musick. Enter Isis, and three Labourers.

Isis. Isis, the goddess of this land,
Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand
And mark our customs, and first know,
With greedy eyes these watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himself shall rise, and shew,
His matchless wealth in overflow.

Labourers. Come, let us help the reverend
He's very old; alas the while! [Nile;
Let us dig him easy ways,
And prepare a thousand plays:
To delight his streams, let's sing
A loud welcome to our spring;
This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds;
This way let his wanton spawns
Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain:
How he tumbles here amain!
How his waters haste to fall
Into our channels! Labour, all,
And let him in; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty shew.
With incense let us bless the brim,
And as the wanton fishes swim,
Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away!
Our labour is our holiday.

Enter Nilus.

Isis. Here comes the aged river now,
With garlands of great pearl his brow
Begirt and rounded: In his flow,
All things take life, and all things grow.
A thousand wealthy treasures still,
To do him service at his will,
Follow his rising flood, and pour
Perpetual blessings in our store,[46]

[45] Yet *all be ready.*] Former editions. *Seward.*
[46] ——— *and pour*
Perpetual blessings in *our* store.] Mr. Seward alters the text to,
Perpetual blessings on *our* shore;

Hear him; and next there will advance,
His sacred heads to tread a dance,
In honour of my royal guest:
Mark them too; and you have a feast.

Cleo. A little dross betray me? [friends,
Cæsar. I am asham'd I warr'd at home, my
When such wealth may be got abroad! What
honour,
Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchas'd,
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt!
Nilus. Make room for my rich waters' fall,
And bless my flood;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
Encrease and good.
Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
And the merry ploughman sing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.
Let the damsels sing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may rise!
Your holy feasts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a sacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I shew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treasures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,
And after this to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head arise. [*Dance.*

Cæsar. The wonder of this wealth so trou-
I am not well: Good night! [bles me,
Sce. I'm glad you have it:
Now we shall stir again.
Dol. Thou, wealth, still haunt him![47]
Sce. A greedy spirit set thee on! We're
happy.
Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attend-
Cleo. Well, [ance!
I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,
Th' hast wrong'd her love—The rest here.[48]
Ptol. Lights along still:
Musick, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achillas, and Achoreus.

Achor. I TOLD you carefully, what this
would prove to,
What this inestimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon you: I advis'd your ma-
jesty
Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
A bait, to catch a mind bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.
Pho. I was not heard, Sir, [say,
Or, what I said, lost and contemn'd: I dare
And freshly now, 'twas poor weakness in you,
A glorious childishness! I watch'd his eye,
And saw how falcon-like it tow'r'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it
mark'd it:
I observ'd his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what commerce we held for such abund-
ance.
The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd!
Achor. He never smil'd, I noted, at the
pleasures,
But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure:
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the musick.
Most sure he has not slept since; his mind's
troubles [labour.[49]
With objects that would make their own still

[47] Ptol. *Thou wealth, still haunt him.*] This should seem to belong to one of Cæsar's captains, being a continuation of Sceva's wish, that the love of wealth might make him seize Ptolomy's riches, and so occasion a new war. I have therefore given it to *Dolabella*, as the nearest in the trace of the letters to *Ptol.* *Seward.*

[48] *Thou'st wrong'd her love*; the rest here.] The meaning of the last sentence may be; *the rest of what I intend to do and say, I keep to myself till a fit opportunity.* But Mr. Sympson conjectures the words to have been a stage direction, which I think not improbable; for the measure is more perfect without them, and they may signify, either, *let the rest of the attendance be here ready*, or that the *rest* or pause was here, it being the end of the third act. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's first explanation we think obviously, and indubitably right. That the words, *the rest here*, should mean, 'Let the rest of the *attendance* be here ready,' at a period when all *attendance* was to be dispensed with; or, that 'the *rest* or pause was here,' when the *end of the act* must have been marked in the prompt-book; are suppositions as strange as is the assertion, 'the measure is more perfect' without these words than with them, when they are indispensibly necessary to complete it. *J. N.*

[49] ——— *his mind's troubled*
With objects they would make their own still labour.] The relative *they* wants an antecedent here, which I hope I have restored, by reading *troubles* instead of *troubled.* *Seward.*

In

Pho. Your sister he ne'er gaz'd on; that's a main note: [over him.
The prime beauty of the world had no pow'r
Achor. Where was his mind the whilst?
Pho. Where was your carefulness,
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you?
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him
To seek the rest: Ambition feels no gift,[50]
Nor knows no bounds; indeed you've done most weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
Of indiscretion; and your friend has found it.
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries [perance
A soldier marches thro', and known his temIn offer'd courtesies, you would have made
A wiser master of your own, and stronger.
Ptol. Why, should I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him to make kings.
Pho. Pray be wiser,
And trust not, with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty:
To be a king still at your own discretion,
Is like a king; to be at his, a vassal.
Now take good counsel, or no more take to
The freedom of a prince. [you
Achil. 'Twill be too late else:
For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himself, to view again
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himself comes,
Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.
Ptol. What counsel, my Achoreus?
Achor. I'll go pray, Sir,
(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you. [*Exit.*
Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited, [now?
A most secure way: Whither will you fly
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your pow'r must follow.
Pho. And that diminish'd also, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You say true.
Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolomy; if they do look,
It must be in scorn; for a poor king's a monster: [courtesy,
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a
A noble one, to take your life too from you:
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, tho' outwardly
They bear fair streams? Oh, Sir, does not this shake ye?
If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a fool!
Pho. For then, Sir, [fetter'd:
Your country's cause falls with you too, and
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour. [my spirit
Ptol. No more; I'm sensible: And now
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And last, be counsell'd.
Ptol. I will, tho' I perish.
Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cleopatra, Arsinoe, and Eros.

Ars. You're so impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cause?
Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers: [know
Why should not I, a princess, make him
The baseness of his usage?
Ars. Yes, 'tis fit:
But then again you know what man——
Cleo. He's no man!
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,
Has suffer'd under the base dross of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his pow'r to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treason; [lion,
Against the truth of love h' has rais'd rebel-
Defied his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace.

In the second folio there is no *relative* THEY, as it reads, *With objects* that *would make*, &c. It is necessary, however, to read *troubles*; unless we suppose a line to be lost, signifying that his thoughts were absorbed by the treasure, *and still labour*, &c.

[50] *Ambition feels no* gift,
Nor knows no bounds.] *i. e.* Ambition does not look on any thing it has power to seize, as a gift from the owner; no present you can make Cæsar will affect him with gratitude: His sword is the arbitrator of right and wrong, and he acknowledges no other law. Cæsar himself (as Cicero observes in his offices) seems to have acknowledged this, by frequently repeating a sentence of Euripides, which Cicero thus renders; *Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas.* Mr. Theobald, either not seeing, or disapproving this interpretation, would read,

——— *ambition feels no* girth. *Seward.*

The preceding line proves *gift* to be right. *Nay, would you* give *him this, &c. ambition feels no* gift.——

Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer
The lustre of a little trash,[51] Arsinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;
All honourable soldiers are love's servants;
He is a merchant, a mere wandring merchant,
Servile to gain: He trades for poor commodities,
And makes his conquests, thefts! Some fortunate captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him;
Himself ne'er won it: He's so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold!
Ars. This is too bitter. [so foolish,
Cleo. Oh, I could curse myself, that was
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue,
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
I'd trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread on, [ing;
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempt-
Had I known h' had stoop'd at that, I'd sav'd mine honour,
I had been happy still! But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded;
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies:
Love has his angry quiver too,[52] his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, arm'd at the strongest.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too! I lose my health; I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worships;
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing!
Eros. Do not; you shall not need.

Cleo. 'Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
Any that has the heart and will to kill him!
Ars. Take some fair truce.
Cleo. I will go study mischief,
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunnings, [him!
Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

Enter Apollodorus.

Apol. Cæsar commends his service to your grace.
Cleo. His service? what's his service?
Eros. Pray you be patient;
The noble Cæsar loves still.
Cleo. What's his will?
Apol. He craves access unto your highness.
Cleo. No;
Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.
Ars. Good sister!
Cleo. None, I say; I will be private.
'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper, [body
When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my
To this unthankful Cæsar!
Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endur'd,
Cleo. Take this, [*Giving a jewel.*
And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;
There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind:[53] Bid him make love to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer——

[51] *The lustre of a little* art.] *Art* here is certainly sense, as both jewels and gold receive their lustre from the polish and refinement of art; but Mr. Sympson thinks we should read *dirt*, as they are before called the *base dross of nature*. And again, *I had* trash *enough*. The conjecture therefore is certainly a happy one, it has more of the poetic spirit than the old text. *Seward.*

Trash is nearer the text than *dirt*, is a better word, and is repeated by Cleopatra speaking of the same treasure.

[52] *Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,*
And when he finds scorn, arm'd *at the strongest.*] The second line is undoubtedly hurt both in sense and measure: Two ways of curing it hath occurred, and I have received a third from Mr. Sympson. Either, *arms him at the strongest*; or, *aims it at the strongest*; or, with Mr. Sympson, *aims at it the strongest*. The two last put the *quiver* for the *arrow*, and therefore I have preferred the first. *Seward.*

We beg Mr. Seward's pardon; they put the *arrow* for the *quiver*.—We perceive no difficulty in this line, either in measure or sense. The meaning is, we think clearly, 'When love 'meets with scorn, his quiver is *full stored* with vengeful weapons.' The measure too, pronouncing *armed* as a dissyllable, is perfect. So Antony says afterwards, p. 575,

But straight saluted with an armed *dart.*

[53] *One that will hug his mind.*] It might perhaps be clearer if we read, *one that his mind will*

Enter Cæsar.

Apol. He enters.
Cleo. How!
Cæsar. I do not use to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.
Cleo. I guess so, by your rudeness.
Cæsar. You're not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle. [anger
Why do you frown? Good gods, what a set
Have you forc'd into your face! Come, I must temper you. [ful!
What a coy smile was there, and a disdain-
How like an ominous flash it broke out from you! [you?
Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has anger'd
Cleo. Shew him a glass! That false face has betray'd me,
That base heart wrong'd me![54]
Cæsar. Be more sweetly angry.
I wrong'd you, fair?
Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries;
They are too gross! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory,
I would not speak to you.
Cæsar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I've vex'd you?
Cleo. Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me. Know, I hate you!
Let that begin the story: Now, I'll tell you.
Cæsar. But do it milder: In a noble lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows sweetness,
Shews blessed, like herself.
Cleo. And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me: 'Till you taught my nature, [der,
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thun-
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller.
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of;
You must expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd me,
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appear'd your mistress; took into your eyes
The common strumpet, love of hated lucre;
Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature, [glory,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at! [chase!
Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base pur-
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at. [you,
I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd
Call'd you 'dear Cæsar,' hung about you tenderly,
Was proud t' appear your friend——
Cæsar. You have mistaken me.
Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile, [rudely;
Was I bless'd back withal,[55] but shook off
And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treasure,
And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood slighted,
Forgotten, and contemn'd; my soft embraces,
And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd;
The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains!
Shall I endure?
Cæsar. You are deceiv'd in all this;
Upon my life you are; 'tis your much tenderness. [cozen'd:
Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
And where I love will triumph!
Cæsar. So you shall; [you;
My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the gods, [me!—
The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd
Dear mistress, shall I but this night——

will hug; but the sense is much the same. Here the character of the *majestick whore* shines forth in full lustre; and as the Prologue says,

——— *her great mind is*
Express'd to th' height.

There is, as was observed, more of the dignity of the queen than Shakespeare has given to any part of his Cleopatra; but the working up of her passions, the strength and vigour of the sentiments, and the noble strain of metaphors that every where enrich the stile, have all so much of Shakespeare's genius, that were it a fragment, I verily believe the best critics might be puzzled to distinguish it from his hand, and even from his best manner. If the reader does not agree with me, I beg the favour of his giving it a second reading, and if not then, a third and fourth. *Seward.*

[54] *That base heart* wrought *me.*] The variation is Mr. Seward's, and, as he observes, is confirm'd by Cæsar's answer,

I wrong'd *you, fair?*

[55] ——— *not a smile*
Was I blessed back with; *but shook*, &c.] The variation by Mr. Seward.

Cleo. How, Cæsar?
Have I let slip a second vanity
That gives thee hope?
Cæsar. You shall be absolute,
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any thing! [hear thee;
Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll
Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:
'Till when, farewell, unthankful!
Cæsar. Stay!
Cleo. I will not.
Cæsar. I command!
Cleo. Command, and go without, Sir.
I do command thee be my slave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.
Cæsar. Thus low, beauty——
Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee absolute,
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, conqueror! [*Exit.*
Cæsar. She mocks me too! I will enjoy her beauty;
I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him;
And, as he is imperious, so will I be.
Stay, fool, and be advis'd; that dulls the appetite, [light.
Takes off the strength and sweetness of de-
By Heaven she is a miracle! I must use
A handsome way to win—How now? What fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

Enter Sceva, Antony, and Dolabella.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst you're secure here,
And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And most lasciviously die in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.
Dol. The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to assault.
Ant. Led on [nisters.
By the false and base Photinus, and his mi-
No stirring out, no peeping thro' a loop-hole,
But straight saluted with an armed dart.
Sce. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger.[56] [quarters;
They swear they'll flay us, and then dry our
A rasher of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow? [tiny,
Bring out the lady! she can quell this mu-
And with her powerful looks strike awe into them;
She can destroy and build again the city;
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew 'em her fair breasts, [let 'em
Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and
Begin their battery there; she will laugh at 'em!
They're not above a hundred thousand, Sir;
A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,
Will fly before her heats!
Cæar. Begirt with villains?
Sce. They come to play you and your love a hunts-up.
You were told what this same whoreson wenching long ago would come to:
You are taken napping now! Has not a soldier [sider,
A time to kiss his friend, and a time to con-
But he must lie still digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you'd think——
Dol. And time too; or you'll find else
A harder task than courting a coy beauty.
Ant. Look out, and then believe,
Sce. No, no, hang danger;
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;
Charge her whole body!—When the sword's in your throat, Sir,
You may cry, 'Cæsar!' and see if that will help you. [furies,
Cæsar. I'll be myself again, and meet their
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make some shift, Sceva, [gions,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two le-
And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder [*'em.*
Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter
Sce. Now you speak sense, I'll put my life to th' hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She'll spoil your sword-hand.
Cæsar. Go. Come, let's to counsel,
How to prevent, and then to execute.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?
2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.
3 *Sold.* And I too, look'd upon him, and observ'd it;
He's the strangest Septimius now——
1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,

[56] *They are deaf to all but* danger.] Mr. Seward chuses to read *anger* for *danger*; but *danger* is good sense, and in the old stile.

And had giv'n away his gold to honest uses,
Cried monstrously.
2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;
He's blind almost with weeping.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
Should have so much kind moisture. When his mother died, [ballads!
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'st
1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough; he never lov'd his parents; [him.
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd
His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,
That she was brought abed with a buzzard, and ever after
She whistled him up to th' world. His brave cloaths too [now;
H' has flung away; and goes like one of us
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and sorrowful,
And gives the best instructions!
2 *Sold.* And tells stories
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful person,
A bloody or betraying man.
3 *Sold.* If it be possible
That an arch-villain may e'er be recover'd,
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour
To see him once again.

Enter Septimius.

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,
For here he comes.
Sept. Bless ye, my honest friends,
Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking[57] for your company.
1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?
2 *Sold.* What book's that?
1 *Sold.* No doubt, [you
Some excellent salve for a sore heart. Are
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey? [thoughts
Sept. I was, and am; unless your honest
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falshood; [gratitude!
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul in-
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs.
Take heed of pride; 'twas that that brought me to it.
2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare speech at the gallows.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd to edify us. [obedient,
Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye;
Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,
As in the use of arms; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues, [me:
Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoil'd
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least honesty;
You're never lame indeed, 'till loss of credit
Benumb ye thro'; scars, and those maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!
1 *Sold.* I cry.
2 *Sold.* And so do I.
3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!
1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave, I never heard yet.
2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to come to this.

(Enter Achoreus.)

Who's this? a priest?
Sept. Oh, stay, most holy Sir!
And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly
With what most humble sacrifice I may
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate me?
Take from my heart those thousand thousand furies, [me!
That restless gnaw upon my life, and save
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.
Achor. Orestes out of madness did his murder, [of all men,
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre, [altar,
Slew'st thine own feeder! Come not near the
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice;
Thou'rt mark'd for shame eternal! [*Exit.*
Sept. Look all on me,

[57] *Taking.*] *i. e.* Too *infecting*. So in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act iv scene iv. Mrs. Page, speaking of Herne the Hunter, says,

'There he blasts the trees, and *takes* the cattle.'

And in King Lear, act ii. scene ii. Lear thus execrates his unnatural daughter:

'——— strike her young bones,
'You *taking* airs, with lameness!'

See Warner's Letter to Garrick, p. 39. *R.*

And let me be a story left to time
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monstrous my hop'd grace at court! Good soldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness: [edness!
To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessed-
1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?
Sept. Nothing but your prayers.
2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do his worst; [us.
We've gods as well as they, and they will hear
3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Th' hast wept out twenty Pompeys.

Enter Photinus and Achillas.

Pho. So penitent?
Achil. It seems so.
Pho. Yet for all this
We must employ him.
1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:
Away; and let's to th' fort, we shall be snapt else. [*Exeunt.*
Pho. How now? Why thus? What cause of this dejection?
Achil. Why dost thou weep?
Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,
You've made me a famous villain!
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his lewdness.
Pho. He must be won, or we shall want our right-hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and must be hearten'd. [done?
Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?
Achil. It is not that; it may be some disgrace [rish'd.
That he takes heavily, and would be che-
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.
Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpose;
I'm now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee,
Those that will raise thy head.
Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough
Already in my breast.
Pho. Thou shalt be noble; [honest?
And who dares think then that thou art not
Achil. Thou shalt command in chief all our strong forces; [it?
And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify
Sept. I'm rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more and baser;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;
Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?
'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyself glorious still, tho' ne'er so stain'd,
And that will lessen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead——
Sept. I'll stop mine ears.
Achil. Will shew so in a soldier,
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely——
Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere some honesty; [thee,
And for thy penitence would not laugh at
(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty; [hope.
If they'd allow thy foolery, there were some
Sept. My foolery?
Pho. Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery.
Achil. He begins to hearken.—
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.
Sept. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering Cæsar
Labour thro' the world's deep seas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword? to cry for't?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey: He'll kill all his kindred,
And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Septimius.
Sept. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it;
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar: So mayst thou be;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.
Sept. He was poor.
Pho. And desperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sept. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raise thee.
Off with thy pining black; it dulls a soldier,
And put on resolution like a man,
A noble fate waits on thee.
Sept. I now feel
Myself returning rascal speedily.
Oh, that I had the power——
Achil. Thou shalt have all;
And do all thro' thy power. Men shall admire thee,
And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.

Sept. Off, off; thou must off;[58] off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!
Pho. Now thou speak'st nobly.
Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!
My daring shall be deity, to save me.
Give me instructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen, [raise me.
And let my wit and valour work. You'll
And make me out-dare all my miseries?

Pho. All this, and all thy wishes.
Sept. Use me then. [more.
Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt
Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my spirit![59]
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar too.
Pho. Now thou sing'st sweetly,
And Ptolomy shall crown thee for thy service.
Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace 'fore cooling.[60] [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, and Dolabella.

Ant. THE tumult still encreases.
Cæsar. Oh, my fortune!
My lustful folly rather! But, 'tis well,
And worthily I'm made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,
When all the elements conspir'd against me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; so blind and stupid,
To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me!
Dol. Be still Cæsar,
Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate
Where danger look'd most dreadful.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the king and his sister
Be buried in your ruins: On my life, [you,
They both are guilty! Reason may assure
Photinus nor Achillas durst attempt you,
Or shake one dart, or sword, aim'd at your safety,
Without their warrant.
Cæsar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be misled; but for his sister,
Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
Of blasphemy to doubt her: Ugly treason
Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;
Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is
Admit of falshood.

[58] *Off, off,* thou must off; *off my cowardice.*] Mr. Seward, ingeniously, and not unpoetically, reads,

Off, off, thou Must; *off, off, my cowardice!*

but as the old reading is neither void of sense nor spirit, and suits peculiarly well the situation of the speaker, we did not think ourselves authorized to reject it.

[59] *Lead on, to some great thing, to* weal *my spirit:*
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæsar too.] To *weal* signifies to render well or healthy, and therefore seems a stronger word than *heal*, which both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson would substitute instead of it: As *weal* is not very common in this sense, I at first reading hesitated upon it, and thought that *steel my spirit* might be the true reading, as it is a more metaphorical phrase, and common to our Authors. Thus, in the second scene of the next act, the same Septimius says;

——— *Cæsar, Ptolomy,*
Now I am steel'd, *are to me empty names.*

But upon the whole, I see no reason for any change. The two metaphors in the next line may vie with the very noblest of all that have been ever struck out by either Greek, Latin, or English Poet. The majesty, dignity and magnificence of Pompey by the cedar, and the strength, vigour, and warlike robustness of Cæsar, are as nobly expressed by the oak; nor is the choice of the verbs that accompany them less admirable. *Seward.*

Though Mr. Seward frequently speaks of the second folio as his favourite edition of this play, he oftener neglects it, than corrects from it. That copy says, WAKE *my spirit*; an excellent reading. *Weal* is at best uncouth.

[60] *Put him on apace* for cooling.] *For cooling* must mean *for fear of cooling*, or else it is not sense here: But as this seems stiff, I prefer *'fore cooling* as the natural expression. *Seward.*

Ant. Let us seize on him then;
And leave her to her fortune.
Dol. If he have power,
Use it to your security, and let
His honesty acquit him; if he be false,
It is too great an honour he should die
By your victorious hand.
Cæsar. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cause.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great Cæsar
Impute the breach of hospitality
To you, my guest, to me! I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head; and 'would they aim'd no further,
Provided that I fell a sacrifice
To gain you safety! That this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss
To their bad cause, by being present with them;
But I, that yet taste of the punishment
In being false to Pompey, will not make
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd:
With such as have not yet shook off obedience,
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.
Cæsar. This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it.
Achor. If they have any touch
Of justice, or religion, I will use
Th' authority of our gods, to call them back
From their bad purpose.
Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defensible; we may make it good
'Till your pow'rs rescue us.
Cæsar. Cæsar besieg'd? [tom,
Oh, stain to my great actions! 'Twas my cus-
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be first in the chase; nor walls, nor bulwarks [fury
Could guard those that escap'd the battle's
From this strong arm; and I to be enclos'd!
My heart! my heart! But 'tis necessity,
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it, by some glorious way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Photinus, Achillas, Septimius, and Soldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now; we are broke in;
The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,
'Twill be stil'd lawful, and we shall give laws
To those that now command us: Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the first difference
Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
And use it as our own.
Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolomy's death.
Pho. The better;
The globe of empire must be so manur'd.
Sept. Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower
Drain'd from a brother's heart; nor was she rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
By th' sack of neighbour cities, not made hers
'Till they were cemented with the blood of those
That did possess 'em: Cæsar, Ptolomy,
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.
Pho. Well said, Septimius!
Thou now art right again.
Achil. But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra?
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us sport; she shall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd, [province;
She bears her brother company: That's my
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolomy.
Sept. Cæsar shall be my task;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar!

Enter above, Cæsar, Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus, Antony, and Dolabella.

Pho. 'Tis resolv'd then;
We'll force our passage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they desir'd a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I've brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now, Photinus?
Pho. Now, Ptolomy!
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Tho' Cæsar's name were put into the scale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.
Cæsar. Presumptuous villain, [raise
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to
Thy servile hand against the king? or me,
That have a greater name?
Pho. On those by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,
Against the laws of Rome; and at the name
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus,
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronoune'd thee for an enemy to thy country.
Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause

Was crown'd with fair success. Why should
Think on that, Cæsar! [we fear then?
Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be brav'd thus?
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior? [highest point,
Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the
And must descend.
Pho. Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.
Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?
Pho. There's no hope to 'scape us:
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change
Another syllable with you.
Ant. Let us die nobly;
[*Exeunt Pho. Achil. Sept.*
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands.
Cæsar. That fortune, [Cæsar,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to
Tho' for a while she cloath her brow with frowns, [her
Will smile again upon me: Who will pay
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Whom with a strong hand she hath led triumphant [acknowledg'd
Thro' the whole western world, and Rome
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously
A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger
Must, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!
Start not; it shall be so; that while the people
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,[61]
Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,
Thro' fire, and swords, I force a passage to
My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st, follow
Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die a freeman!
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
In all my purposes. This devil Photinus
Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,
Will shake me off again: He told me so
When I kill'd Pompey; nor can I hope better,
When Cæsar is dispatch'd Services done
For such as only study their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd
With deadly hate: I learn'd this principle
In his own school. Yet still he fools me; well;
And yet he trusts me: Since I in my nature
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,
That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one
To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,
Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,
Oh, 'twere a master-piece! Ha! Curse me![62]
How's he got off? [Cæsar?

Enter Cæsar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus, Apolledorus, and Soldiers.

Cæsar. The fire has took,
And shews the city like a second Troy;
The navy too is scorch'd; the people greedy
To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
Make spoil of all: Only Achillas' troops
Make good their guard; break thro' them, we are safe.
I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt!
Sept. Stay, Cæsar.
Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?
Ant. Cut his throat. [soon?
Dol. You bark'd but now; fawn you so
Sept. Oh, hear me!
What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,
For all your good.
Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,
On festival days!
Sept. I am an alter'd man,
Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cause
To say I am a Roman.
Dol. Rogue, I grant thee. [and easy,
Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth
For your escape.

[61] *The* ensuing *flames.*] Mr. Sympson would read *consuming flames*, but I see no sort of reason for a change, *ensuing flames* means the flames which would ensue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan say, that it was the enemies ships in the harbour that Cæsar fired, as they were attempting from them to scale the palace in which Cæsar was besieged, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treasure of Egyptian, Grecian, and Eastern learning, was totally destroyed. Our Poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæsar's heroism. *Seward.*

[62] *Ha? —— me, Cæsar.*] Former editions. *Curse*, or *blast*, or some monosyllable of the like import, is, we apprehend, the word omitted here; as *pox* in some other passages of these plays, from the occasional delicacy of the transcribers and printers.

Ant. I'll trust the devil sooner,
And make a safer bargain.
Sept. I am trusted
With all Photinus' secrets.
Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be false.
Sept. Still to be true to you.
Dol. And very likely.[63]
Cæsar. Be brief; the means?
Sept. Thus, Cæsar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd [open
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.
Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.
Dol. I'll fly in the air first.
Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you shall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the rest
Of their commanders, close at counsel.
Cæsar. Good;
What follows?
Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude
Will easily disperse.
Cæsar. Oh, devil! away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,
So base a way; or owe the means of life
To such a leprous traitor! I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not dig'd for't like a mole. Our swords, and cause,
Make way for us: And that it may appear
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this sword makes for you. [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Here's a belt;
Tho' I die for't, I'll use it.
2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good
To truss a cur in.
Sept. Save me! here's gold.
1 *Sold.* If Rome [thee.
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help
2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse.
1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy sword!
Thou dost deserve a worser end; and may
All such conclude so, that their friends betray! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter severally, Arsinoe, Eros, and Cleopatra.

Ars. We are lost!
Eros. Undone!
Ars. Confusion, fire and swords,
And fury in the soldier's face more horrid,
Circle us round!
Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.
Ars. My brother seiz'd on [mult,
By th' Roman, as thought guilty of the tu-
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd
For his protection, or revenge. [out
Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransack'd.
Ars. I've lost my jewels too; but that's the least:
The barbarous rascals, against all humanity
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.
Eros. They rifled me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.
Ars. Oh, my sister!
Eros. My queen, my mistress!
Ars. Can you stand unmov'd, when
The earthquake of rebellion shakes the city?
And the court trembles?
Cleo. Yes, Arsinoe,
And with a masculine constancy deride
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
My virtues, not a mistress: Then we forsake
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield,
Or shrink at her assaults; I'm still myself,
And tho' disrob'd of sovereignty,[64] and ravish'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it: [mind,
Nay, grant they'd slav'd my body, my free
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,[65]
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
Spite of the envious weight That loads it with.[66]

[63] And *very likely.*] Mr. Seward prints, *Ay*, very likely?

[64] And though *disrob'd.*] If this be the true reading, the sentence must be an imperfect one, and be closed with a dash—; but as I don't approve of making imperfect sentences without apparent cause, I think the slight change made in the text is a much better salve. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, ALTHO' *disrob'd*; but there is no occasion for any change; the old reading conveying the same sense: 'I am still myself, and *remain so* tho' disrob'd, &c.'

[65] *Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile.*] The reader will undoubtedly have observed the art and merit of our Poets, in so often taking their images and similes from the country where the scene is laid. This is a beauty that there is not the least trace of in Corneille's Pompey; all his characters, sentiments, and language, are entirely French. *Seward.*

[66] *Spight of the envious weight* that loads it with.] *With*, here, being necessary to the verse, but not to the sense, Mr. Sympson concurred with me in changing the expression. *Seward.*

Edit. 1750 reads—*Spite of the envious weight* it's loaded with.

Mr. Seward has here given us a most strange note: He talks of the word *with*, as not being necessary to the sense, and yet it is the only word *out of four* he has left in the passage. In my

Think of thy birth, Arsinoe; common burdens
Fit common shoulders: Teach the multitude,
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,
Cannot arrive at.

Ars. I am new created,
And owe this second being to you, best sister,
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.

Eros. I still am fearful:
I dare not tell a lie: You that were born
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble
Must not presume to rival. [handmaid,

Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Tho' thou hast profited nothing by observing
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
Tho' not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearless mistress.

Enter Photinus.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms!
His weapon drawn too!

Cleo. Tho' upon the point
Death sat, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger. [passage sure

Pho. Keep the watch strong; and guard the
That leads unto the sea.

Cleo. What sea of rudeness
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?
Are duty and obedience fled to Heav'n,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Photinus,
A thing thy mother brought into the world
My brother's and my slave! But thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder
Upon that sovereignity thou shouldst bow to!
If in the gulph of base ingratitude,
All loyalty to Ptolomy the king
Be swallow'd, remember who I am,
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, suppose
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
From running headlong on to thy confusion.
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
And let me read submission in thine eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To Cæsar and my brother.

Pho. Plead my pardon?
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop
To Ptolomy, to Cæsar, nay the gods, [thus
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my essence with a sensual beast:
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,
Were aim'd to purchase you.

Cleo. How durst thou,[67] being
The scorn of Baseness, nourish such a thought!

Pho. They that have power are royal; and those base
That live at the devotion of another.
What gave birth to Ptolomy, or fortune Cæsar,
By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil,
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,
Whom I would still preserve free, to command me. [thoughts;
For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read
The story of a supreme monarchy, [tribute,
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay
Photinus' name had long since been as great
As Ptolomy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might cause;
That I and they might see no sun appear,
But Cleopatra, in th' Egyptian sphere.

Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to Cymerian darkness![68] Inconsiderate fool!
Tho' flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou believe,
Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
And that, by kings, set on thy head; all sceptres

my opinion, he has missed entirely the beautiful imagery of the Poets: 'my mind, like the 'palm-tree walling fruitful Nile, shall grow up straighter, spite of the envious weight *That* '*(fruitful Nile)* loads it with, *or dispenses on it.*' *J. N.*

[67] *How durst thou, being*

The scorn *of baseness.*] Mr. Sympson proposes a conjecture here; instead of the *scorn of baseness*, he thinks it might have been the *scum* of baseness, *i. e.* The basest part of baseness itself. The thought is certainly nervous and just; but the old reading fully equals it: 'Thou 'whom as an eunuch the basest of women would despise, how durst thou think of me?' This is finely expressed by *the scorn of baseness.* *Seward.*

The answer of Photinus proves, that he applied *the scorn of baseness* to himself, not, as Mr. Seward explains it, to *the basest of women*; and that we must here understand Baseness to be personified.

[68] Cymerian *darkness.*] This is a Latin phrase taken from the name of the inhabitants round the lake Avernus, where the supposed *Cumæan Sibyl's* Cave is shewed at this day. This vale was called the mouth of Hell, from the quantity of sulphureous and pestilential vapours ascending from all sides of it. See Virgil's description in the sixth Æneid. It retains nothing of this at present, as the country round it changes its properties and countenance from age to age.

Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?
A gelded eunuch?
Pho. Fairest, that makes for me,
And shews it is no sensual appetite,
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures
Hymen, tho' blessing a new-married pair,
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
The glorious splendour of dread majesty;
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world.
My wants in that kind others shall supply,
And I give way to't.
Cleo. Baser than thy birth!
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the earth?
Pho. They are asleep,
And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.
Cleo. Most impious!
Pho. They are dreams,
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolomy dead,
And Cæsar, both being in my toil, remov'd,
The poorest rascals that are in my camp
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
In thee, and young Arsinoe, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those gods,
That you think can protect you!
Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the mistress of my fate:
So hope I of my sister: To confirm it,
I spit at thee, and scorn thee!
Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.
Cleo. Never!
I was born to command, and I will die so.

Enter Achillas, and Soldiers, with the body of Ptolomy.

Pho. The king dead? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happiness.
Ars. Oh, my dear brother!
Cleo. Weep not, Arsinoe, (common women do so)
Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him;
But study to die nobly.
Pho. Cæsar fled?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;
It choaks my vital spirits! Where was your care?
Did the guards sleep?
Achil. He rous'd them with his sword;
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
Admits of no comparison but itself!)[69]
And, as inspir'd by him, his following friends,
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake thro' our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He went on,
But still pursu'd by us: When on the sudden
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which struck in us no less fear and amazement
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.
Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæsar!
Achil. We fall'n back, he made on; and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd: But, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident forg'd by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made away,[70]
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a chearful musick. We shower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ships:
And in their safety we are sunk; for Cæsar
Prepares for war.

age. But the vale round the *Lago del Cane*, which is very near it, has both the sulphureous and pestilential vapours describ'd by Virgil. Milton, in his *L' Allegro*, has followed Fletcher in the use of this expression. *Seward.*

[69] *Admits of no comparison but itself.*] Mr. Theobald has wrote *parallel* against this line, and seems to have design'd a note in defence of the line, which Mr. Pope and his assistants in the Bathos so ingeniously banter'd him upon,

'*None but himself can be his* parallel.'

He had certainly authorities sufficient, both in Shakespeare as well as Fletcher; but as the sentiment is in itself somewhat absurd, and the three greatest wits in Europe joined in exposing it, the laugh will always be against him.

The following description of one of the most illustrious incidents of Cæsar's life is worthy our Authors, and worthy of Cæsar. Lucan seems to have either exerted, or design'd to have exerted, all the vigour of his genius in this description; but the Pharsalia unhappily just there breaks off unfinished. *Seward.*

[70] *He made* away.] We have not alter'd the text, but strongly suspect the Author wrote, *he made* A WAY.

Pho. How fell the king?
Achil. Unable
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoreus.
Ars. May the earth
Lie gently on their ashes!
Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis
Within the searching policies of man, [not
To alter their decrees.
Cleo. I laugh at thee!
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs, and scorns
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist. [*Shout within.*
Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That plac'd his Heav'n on earth, is an assurance [me?
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting.
[*Exit*

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, and Dolabella.

Cæsar. Look on your Cæsar! banish fear
You are now safe! [my fairest
Sce. By Venus, not a kiss
'Till our work be done! The traitors once dis
To it, and we'll cry aim.[71] [patch'd
Cæsar. I will be speedy.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and train*
Cleo. Farewell again! — Arsinoe! How now, Eros?
Ever faint-hearted?
Eros. But that I am assur'd
Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too.
Cleo. He is all honour;
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserv'd him.

[71] *To it, and we'll* cry aim.] *Ay-me* is a favourite cant term of our Authors to express the whining of lovers: I believe, therefore, there can be no doubt of that being the true word in this place. *Seward.*

In Mr. Seward's first note on this play, he called Dr. Warburton 'the greatest Critic of 'our nation,' and said, that he paid 'such deference to his judgment, as not to differ from him 'without much diffidence.' After this declaration, we are surprized to observe this alteration directly against the explanation of that Author. To *cry aim* signifies to *consent to* or *approve of* any thing. The expression occurs in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act ii. scene iii. 'Though 'shalt woo her; *cry aim*, said I well?' Upon which passage the following is part of the bishop's note. 'So again in this play (the Merry Wives) *And to these violent proceedings all 'my neighbours shall* cry aim, *i. e.* approve them. And again in King John, act ii. scene i.

"'It ill becomes this presence to *cry aim*
" To these ill-tuned repetitions.'

'*i. e.* to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. 'When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well 'as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *cry aim*, *i. e.* accept 'the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Fair Maid of the Inn, act v. make the 'Duke say,

" ——— must I *cry aime*
" To this unheard-of insolence?'

'*i. e.* encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other. But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors '(those of 1711) not knowing what to make of the phrase *cry aim*, read it thus:

" ——— must I cry AI-ME,'

'as if it was a note of interjection. So again, Massinger, in his Guardian:

" I will *cry aim*, and in another room
" Determine of my vengeance.'

'And again, in his Renegado:

" ——— To play the pandar
" To the viceroy's loose embraces, and *cry aim*,
" While he by force or flattery——" *R.*

Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella, and Soldiers, with the heads.

Ars. He's come back.[72]
Cæsar. Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury!
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us.
Sce. Furies plague 'em!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:
Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter
Should have dispatch'd them.
Cæsar. All's but death, good Sceva;
Be therefore satisfied. And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,
A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome,
where Cæsar [nate,
Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the se-
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace:
And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
I' th' favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

[72] Ars. *He's come back,*
Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury.] This gross mistake of giving part of *Cæsar's* speech to *Arsinoe*, ran through all the editions till 1750, when Mr. Seward corrected it.

END OF VOLUME I.

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